THE BALE-FIRE.

DRAWN BY A. R. WAUD.] [See the Description.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VIII. JANUARY, 1872. No. I.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER I.

THE THUNDER-SQUALL.

ON a high, hilly pasture, occupying the north-east corner of Peach Hill Farm, a man and two boys were one afternoon clearing the ground of stones.

The man — noticeable for his round shoulders, round puckered mouth, and two large, shining front teeth — wielded a stout iron bar called a "crow," with which he pried up the turf-bound rocks, and helped to tumble them over upon a drag, called in that region a "stun-boat." The larger of the boys — a bright, active lad of about fourteen years — lent a hand at the heavy rocks, and also gathered up and cast upon the drag the smaller stones, on his own account. The second lad — nearly as tall, and perhaps quite as old as the other — helped a little about the stones, but divided his attention chiefly between the horse that drew the drag, and a shaggy black dog that accompanied the party.

"Come, boy!" said the man, — enunciating the *m* and *b* by closing the said front teeth upon his nether lip, — "ye better quit fool'n', an' ketch holt and help. 'S go'n' to rain."

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"Ain't I helping?" retorted the smaller boy. "Don't I drive the horse?"

"A great sight, — long 's the reins are on his back, an' I haf to holler to him half the time to git up an' whoa. Git up, Maje! there! whoa! — Jack 's wuth jest about six of ye."

"O, Jack 's dreadful smart! Beats everything! And so are you, Phi Pipkin!" said the boy, sneeringly. "You feel mighty big since you got married, don't ye? — I bet ye Lion 's got a squirrel under that big rock! I 'm going to see!" And away he ran.

"That 'ere Phin Chatford ain't wuth the salt in his porridge, — if I do say it!" remarked Mr. Pipkin. "I never did see sich a shirk; though when he comes to tell what 's been done, you 'd think he was boss of all creation. Feel as if I 'd like to take the gad to him sometimes!"

"O Jack!" cried Phin, who had mounted a boulder much too large for Mr. Pipkin's crowbar, "you can see Lake Ontario from here, — 'way over the trees there! Come and get up here; it 's grand!"

"I 've been up there before," replied Jack. "Have n't time now. We shall have that shower here before we get half across the lot."

"Come, Phin!" called out Mr. Pipkin, "there 's reason in all things! We 'll onhitch soon 's we git this load, an' dodge a wettin'."

"Seems to me you 're all-fired 'fraid of a wetting, both of ye," cried Phin. "'T won't hurt me! Let it come, and be darned to it, I say!"

This last exclamation sounded so much like blasphemy to the boy's own ears, and it was followed immediately by so vivid a flash of lightning and so terrific a peal of thunder, from a black cloud rolling up overhead, that he jumped down from the rock and crouched beside it, looking ludicrously pale and scared; while the dog, dropping ears and tail, and whining and trembling with fear, ran first for Jack's legs, then for Mr. Pipkin's, and finally crouched by the boulder with Phin.

"You 're a perty pictur' there!" cried Mr. Pipkin, with a loud, hoarse laugh. "Who 's afraid now?"

"Lion, I guess, — I ain't," said Phin, with an unnatural grin. "Only thought I 'd sit down a spell."

"It 's as cheap settin' as standin' — as the old hen remarked, arter she 'd sot a month on rotten eggs, an' nary chicken," said Mr. Pipkin, whose spirits rose with the excitement of the occasion.

"There 's a good reason for the dog's skulking," said Jack. "He 's afraid of thunder, ever since Squire Peternot fired the old musket in his face and eyes. Hello! another crack!"

"I never see sich thunder!" exclaimed Mr. Pipkin. "Look a' them raindrops! big as bullets!"

"It 's coming!" cried Jack; and instantly the heavy thunder-gust swept over them.

"Onhitch!" roared out Mr. Pipkin, in the sudden tumult of rain and wind and thunder. "I must look out for my rheumatiz! Put for the house!"

"We shall get drenched before we are half-way to the house," replied Jack, dropping the trace-chains. "I go for the woods!"

"I 'll take Old Maje, then," said Mr. Pipkin.

But before he could mount, Phin, darting from the imperfect shelter of the rock, ran and leaped across the horse's back. As he was scrambling to a seat, holding on by mane and harness, kicking, and calling out, "Give me a boost, Phi!" Mr. Pipkin gave him a boost, and lost his hat by the operation. That was quickly recovered; but before the owner, clapping it on his head, could get back to the horse's side, the youthful rider, using the gathered-up reins for a whip, had started for the barn.

"Whoa! hold on! take me!" bellowed Mr. Pipkin.

"He won't carry double — ask Jack!"

Flinging these parting words over his shoulder, the treacherous Phin went off at a gallop, leaving Mr. Pipkin to follow, at a heavy "dog-trot," over the darkened hill, through the rushing, blinding storm.

Jack was already leaping a wall which separated the pasture from a neighboring wood-lot. Plunging in among the reeling and clashing trees, he first sought shelter by placing himself close under the lee of a large basswood; but the rain dashed through the surging mass of foliage above, and trickled down upon him from trunk and limbs.

Looking hastily about to see if he could better his situation, he cast his eye upon a prostrate tree, which some former gale had broken and overthrown, and from which the branches had mostly rotted and fallen away. It appeared to be hollow at the butt, and Jack ran to it, laughing at the thought of crawling in out of the rain. He put in his head, but took it out again immediately. The cavity was dark, and a disagreeable odor of rotten wood, suggestive of bugs and "thousand-legged worms," repelled him.

"Never mind!" thought he. "I can clap my clothes in the hole, and have 'em dry to put on after the shower is over."

He stripped himself in a moment, rolled up his garments in a neat bundle, and placed them, with his hat and shoes, within the hollow log.

"Now for a jolly shower-bath!" And, seeing an opening in the woods a little farther on, he capered towards it, laughing at the oddness of his situation, and at the feeling of the rain trickling down his bare back. A few more lightning flashes and tremendous claps of thunder, then a steady, pouring rain for about five minutes, in which Jack danced and screamed in great glee, — and the storm was over.

"What a soaking Phi and Phin must have got!" thought he. "And now won't they be surprised to see me come home in dry clothes!"

The wind had gone down before; and now a flood of silver light, like a more ethereal shower, broke upon the still woods, brightening through its arched vistas, glancing from the leaves, and glistening in countless drops from the dripping boughs. A light wind passed, and every tree seemed to shake down laughingly from its shining locks a shower of pearls. Jack was filled with a sense of wonder and joy as he walked back through the beautiful, fresh, wet woods to his hollow log. He waited only a minute or two for his skin to dry, and for the boughs to cease dripping; then put in his hand where he had left his clothes. His clothes were not there!

Jack was startled: in place of the anticipated triumph of going home in dry garments, here was a chance of his going home in no garments at all! Yet who could have taken them? how was it possible that they could have been removed during his brief absence?

"Maybe this is n't the log!" He looked around. "Yes, it is, though!"

No other fallen trunk at all resembling it was to be seen in the woods. Then he stooped again, and thrust his hand as far as he could into the opening. He touched something, — not what he sought, but a mass of hair, and the leg of some large animal. He recoiled instinctively, with — it must be confessed — a start of fear.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT JACK FOUND IN THE LOG.

JACK'S first thought was, that the creature, whatever it might be, was in the log when he placed his clothes there, and that it had afterwards seized them and perhaps torn them to pieces. Then he reflected that the hair he touched felt wet; and he said, — "The thing ran to its hole after I put the clothes in, and it has pushed 'em along farther into the log. Wonder what it can be!" It was evidently much too large for a raccoon or a woodchuck: could it be a panther? or a young bear? "He 's got my clothes, any way! I must get him out, or go home without 'em!"

Naked and weaponless as he was, he naturally shrank from attacking the strange beast; nor was it pleasant to think of going home in his present condition. It was not at all probable that Mr. Pipkin and Phin would return to their work that afternoon; and he was too far from the house to make his cries for help heard. He resolved to call, however.

"Maybe I can make Lion hear. I wonder if he went home." He remembered that the frightened dog was last seen crouching with Phin beside the rock, and, hoping he was there still, he began to call.

"Lion! here, Lion!" and, putting his fingers to his mouth, he whistled till all the woods rang. Then suddenly — for he watched the log all the while — he heard a tearing and rattling in the cavity, and saw that the beast was coming out. Stepping quickly backwards, he tripped over a stick; and the next moment the creature — big and shaggy and wet — was upon him.

"You rogue! you coward! old Lion! what a fright you gave me! What have you done with my clothes? you foolish boy's dog!" For the beast was no other than Lion himself; frightened from his retreat beside the boulder, he had followed his young master to the woods, and crept into the hollow of the log after Jack had left his clothes in it.

Jack returned to the log, and with some difficulty fished out his garments. He unfolded them one by one, holding them up and regarding them with ludicrous dismay. Lion had made a bed of them; and between his drenched hide and the rotten wood, they had suffered no slight damage.

"O, my trousers!" Jack lamented. "And just look at that shirt! I 'd

better have worn them in fifty showers! So much for having a dog that 's afraid of thunder!" And he gave the mischief-maker a cuff on the ear.

Jack recovered everything except one shoe, which he could not get without going considerably farther than he liked into the decayed trunk.

"Here, Lion! you must get that shoe! That 's no more than fair. Understand?" And showing the other shoe, he pointed at the hole.

In went Lion, scratching and scrambling, and presently came out again, bringing the shoe in his mouth. Encouraged by his young master's approval, and eager to atone for his cowardice and the mischief he had done, he went in again, although no other article was missing, and was presently heard pawing and pulling at something deep in the log.

"After squirrels, maybe," said Jack, as, dressing himself, he stepped aside to avoid the volleys of dirt which now and then flew out of the opening.

He thought no more of the matter, until the dog came backwards out of the hole, shook himself, and laid a curious trophy down by the shoe. Jack looked at it, and saw to his surprise that it was a metallic handle, such as he had seen used on the ends of small chests and trunks, or on bureau-drawers. He scraped off with his knife some of the rust with which it was covered, and found that it was made of brass. At the ends were short rusty screws, which, upon examination, appeared to have been recently wrenched out of a piece of damp wood.

"It 's a trunk-handle," said Jack. "Lion has pulled it off. And the trunk is in the log!"

He grew quite excited over the discovery, and sent the dog in again for further particulars, while he hurriedly put on his shoes.

Lion gnawed and dug for a while, and at last reappeared with a small strip of partially decayed board in his mouth.

"It 's a piece of the box!" exclaimed Jack. "Try again, old fellow!"

Lion plunged once more into the opening, and immediately brought out something still more extraordinary. It was a round piece of metal, about the size of an American half-dollar; but so badly tarnished that it was a long time before Jack would believe that it was really money. He rubbed, he scraped, he turned it over, and rubbed and scraped again, then uttered a scream of delight.

"A silver half-dollar, sure as you live, old Lion!"

The dog was already in the log again. This time he brought out two more pieces of money like the first, and dropped them in Jack's hand.

"Here, Lion!" cried the excited lad. "I 'm going in there myself!"

He pulled the dog away, and entered the cavity, quite regardless now of rotten wood, bugs, and "thousand-legged worms." His heels were still sticking out of the log, when his hand touched the broken end of a small trunk, and slid over a heap of coin, which had almost filled it, and run out in a little stream from the opening the dog had made.

Out came Jack again, covered with dirt, his hair tumbled over his eyes, and both hands full of half-dollars. He dashed back the stray locks with his sleeve, glanced eagerly at the coin, looked quickly around to see if there was any person in sight, then examined the contents of his hands.

"If there 's no owner to this money, I 'm a rich man!" he said, with sparkling eyes. "There ain't less than a thousand dollars in that trunk!"

To a lad in his circumstances, five-and-twenty years ago, such a sum might well appear prodigious. To Jack it was an immense fortune.

"And how can there be an owner?" he reasoned. "It must have been in that log a good many years, — long enough for the trunk to begin to rot, any way. Some fellow must have stolen it and hid it there; and he 'd have been back after it long ago, if he had n't been dead, — or like enough he 's in prison somewhere. Here, Lion! keep out of that!" and Jack cuffed the dog's ears, to enforce strict future obedience to that command. "Nobody must know of that log," he muttered, looking cautiously all about him again, "till I can take the money away."

But now, along with the sudden tide of his joy and hopes, a multitude of doubts rushed in upon his mind. How was he to keep his great discovery a secret until he should be ready to take advantage of it? The thief who had stolen the coin might be dead, — but was it not the finder's duty to seek out the real owner and restore it to him? Already that question began to disturb the boy's conscience; but he soon forgot it in the consideration of others more immediately alarming.

"The thief may have been in prison, and he may come back this very night to find his booty! Or the owner of the land may claim it, because it was found on his premises"; and Jack remembered with no little anxiety that the land belonged to Mr. Chatford's neighbor, the stern and grasping Squire Peternot. "Or, after all," he thought, "it may be counterfeit!"

That was the most unpleasant conjecture of any. "I 'll find out about that, the first thing," said Jack; and he determined to keep his discovery in the mean while a profound secret. Accordingly, after due deliberation, he crept back into the log, and replaced the piece of the trunk, with the handle, and all the coin except one half-dollar; then, having partially stopped the opening with broken sticks and branches, he started for home.

CHAPTER III.

"TREASURE-TROVE."

TAKING a circuitous route, in order that, if he was seen emerging from the woods, it might be at a distance from the spot where his treasure was concealed, Jack came out upon the pasture, crossed it, took the lane, and soon got over the bars into the barn-yard. As he entered from one side he met Mr. Pipkin coming in from the other.

"Hullo!" he cried, with a wonderfully natural and careless air, "did ye get wet?"

"Yes, wet as a drownded rat, I did! So did Phin, — and good enough for him, by hokey!" said Mr. Pipkin. "Where 've you been?"

"O, I went into the woods. Got wet, though, a little; and dirty enough, — just look at my clothes!"

"I 've changed mine," remarked Mr. Pipkin. "Was n't a rag on me but what was soakin' wet. I wished I had gone to the woods."

"I 'm glad ye did n't," thought Jack, as he walked on. "Oh!" said he, turning back as if he had just thought of something to tell, — "see what I found."

"Half a dollar? ye don't say! Found it? Where, I want to know!" said Mr. Pipkin, rubbing the piece, first on his trousers, then on his boot.

"Over in the woods there, — picked it up on the ground," said Jack, who discreetly omitted to mention the fact that it had first been laid on the ground by Lion.

"That 's curi's!" remarked Mr. Pipkin.

"What is it?" said Phin, making his appearance, also in dry garments. He looked at the coin, while Jack repeated the story he had just told Mr. Pipkin; then said, with a sarcastic smile, — "Feel mighty smart, don't ye, with yer old half-dollar! I don't believe it 's a good one." And Master Chatford sounded it on a grindstone under the shed. "Could n't ye find any more where ye found this?"

"What should I want of any more, if this is n't a good one?" replied Jack. "Here! give it back to me!"

"'T ain't yours," said Phin, with a laugh, pocketing the piece, and making off with it.

"It 's mine, if I don't find the owner. 'T is n't yours, any way! Phin Chatford!" — Phin started to run, giggling as if it was all a good joke, while Jack started in pursuit, very much in earnest. "Give me my money, or I 'll choke it out of ye!" he cried, jumping upon the fugitive's back, midway between barn and house.

"Here, here! Boys! boys!" said a reproving voice; and Phin's father, coming out of the wood-shed, approached the scene of the scuffle. "What 's the trouble, Phineas? What is it, Jack?"

"He 's choking me!" squealed Phineas.

"He 's got my half-dollar!" exclaimed Jack, without loosing his hold of Phin's neck.

"Come, come!" said Mr. Chatford. "No quarrelling. Have you got his half-dollar?"

"Only in fun. Besides, 't ain't his"; and Phin squalled again.

"Let go of him, Jack!" said Mr. Chatford, sternly. Jack obeyed reluctantly. "Now what is it all about?"

"I 'll tell ye, deacon!" said round-shouldered Mr. Pipkin, coming forward. "It 's an old half-dollar Jack found in the woods; Phin snatched it and run off with 't. Jack was arter him to git it back; he lit on him like a hawk on a June-bug; but he ha' n't begun to give him the chokin' he desarves!".

"Give me the money!" said the deacon. "No more fooling, Phineas!"

"Here 's the rusty old thing! 'T ain't worth making a fuss about, any way," said Phin, contemptuously. "Ho! Jack! you don't know how to take a joke!"

"You *do* know how to take what don't belong to you," replied Jack. "Is it a good one, Mr. Chatford? That 's what I want to know."

"Yes, I guess so, — I don' know, — looks a little suspicious. Can't tell about that, though; any silver money will tarnish, exposed to the damp. I 'll ring it. Sounds a little mite peculiar. Who 's got a half-dollar?"

"I have!" cried Phin's little sister Kate.

In a minute her piece was brought, and Jack's was sounded beside it on the door-stone; Jack listening with an anxious and excited look.

"No, it don't ring like the other," observed the deacon. Jack's heart sank. "Has a more leaden sound." His heart went down into his shoes. "It may be good, though, after all." It began to rise again. "We can't tell how much the rust has to do with it. Should n't wonder if any half-dollar would ring a little dull, after it had been lying out in the woods as long as this has." And Jack's spirits mounted again hopefully. "I 'm going over to the Basin to-night," concluded the deacon. "I 'll take it the watchmaker, and have him test it, if you say so."

"I wish you would," said Jack. "And — I 'd like to know who it belongs to."

"That 's right; of course you don't want it if it 's a bad one, or if you can find the real owner to it."

"I meant," faltered Jack, — "of course I would n't think of passing coun-

terfeit money, and I don't want another man's money any how, — but — I found it on somebody's land. Now I 'd like to know if — that somebody — has any claim to it, on that account."

"I don't think he 'd be apt to set up a claim, without he was a pretty mean man," said the deacon.

"Not even if 't was Squire Peternot?" said Mr. Pipkin. "Guess he 'd put in for his share, if there was any chance o' gittin' on 't!"

"Nonsense, Pippy! If 't was a large sum, he might, but a trifle like this, — you 're unjust to the squire, Pippy."

"I have n't said it was the squire's land. But suppose it *was?* And suppose it had been a large sum," queried Jack, — "could he claim it? What 's the law?" And, to explain away his extraordinary interest in the legal point, he added, laughingly, — "Just for the fun of it, I 'd like to know what he *could* do if he *should* try Phin's joke, and set out to get my half-dollar away!"

"I really don't know about the law," the deacon was saying, when Lion barked. "Hist! here comes Peternot himself! Say nothing; I 'll ask him. He 's bringing his nephew over to see us."

"He 's kind of adopted his nephew, hain't he, sence he heard of his son's death?" said Mr. Pipkin. "I 've seen him hangin' around there."

"No, — he only wants to get him into our school next winter."

"Ho! a school-master!" whispered Phin, jeering at the new-comer. "Say, Jack! I bet we can lick him!"

"Don't look as if he had any more backbone 'n a spring chicken," was Mr. Pipkin's unfavorable criticism, as the gaunt and limping squire came to the door with his young relative.

"Good afternoon, neighbor," said the deacon, shaking hands first with the uncle, then with the nephew. "You 've come just at the right time. We 've a legal question to settle. Suppose Jack, here, finds a purse of money on my place; no owner turns up; now whose purse is it, Jack's or mine?"

"Your land — your hired boy — I should say, your purse," said the squire, emphatically.

"But suppose *you* find such a purse on my land?"

"H'm! that alters the case. How is it, Byron? My nephew is studying law; he can tell you better than I can about it."

Peternot thought this a good chance to bring the candidate for the winter's school into favorable notice; and the candidate for the winter's school made the most of his opportunity. He was a slender young man with a sallow complexion, a greenish eye, a pimpled forehead, and a rather awkward and studied manner of speaking. In rendering his opinion he was as prolix as any judge on the bench. He began with a disquisition on the nature of law, and finally, coming down to the case in point, said it would be considered a case of treasure-trove.

"What 's that?" Jack eagerly interrupted him.

"Treasure-trove is treasure found."

"Then why don't they say treasure found?"

"'Sh, boy!" said Mr. Chatford, good-naturedly, smiling at the youngster's impatience of long-winded sentences and large words. "What 's the law of — treasure-trove, I believe you call it, Mr. Dinks?"

"I don't think there 's any law on the subject," replied the student of Blackstone, picking his teeth with a straw.

"No law! then how can such a case be decided?"

"Custom, which makes a sort of unwritten law, would here come in."

"Well, what 's the custom?"

Thereupon Mr. Byron Dinks became prolix again, speaking of English custom, which, like English law, creates precedents for our own country. The meaning of his discourse, stripped of its technical phrases and tedious repetitions, seemed to be, that formerly, treasure-trove went to the crown; that in more modern times it was divided — in a case like this — between the finder and the man on whose premises it was found; but that he did n't think any precedent had been established in America.

"We 're about as wise now as we were before," remarked Phin's elder brother Moses, standing in the kitchen door.

Mr. Chatford gave him a wink to remain silent, and said, — "How are we to understand you, Mr. Dinks? To use your own expression, A finds money on B's premises; now what would be your advice to B?"

"Supposing B is my client? I should advise him to get possession of the money, if he could. Possession is nine points of the law."

"Well, but if he could n't get possession?"

"Then try to compromise for one half. Then for a quarter. Then for what he could get."

"Very good. Now what would be your advice to A?"

"A is my client?"

"Yes, we 'll suppose so."

Spitting and throwing away his straw, Mr. Byron Dinks said with a laugh, "My advice to A would be to pocket the money and say nothing about it; keep possession, any way; fight for it."

"Thank you," said the deacon, with quiet irony in his tones. "Now we know what the law is on this subject, boys."

"I don't see, for my part, that it differs very much from common sense," remarked the simple-minded Mr. Pipkin, — "only it takes more words to git at it."

"I 'm sure," said the squire, "my nephew has given you all the law there is to govern such cases, and good advice to his clients. 'T ain't his fault if people can't understand him."

"I guess we all understand the main point, now we 've got at it," said Deacon Chatford. "Hang on to your money, Jack."

"You 've got it," said Jack, more deeply glad and agitated than any one suspected.

"So I have. Well, I 'll tell ye when I get home from the Basin to-night whether it 's good or not. Walk in, gentlemen."

And the deacon entered the house with his guests.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE LITTLE DUNBARS,

AND THEIR "CHARMING CHRISTMAS PLAN."

"WHAT, set up a doll-shop?" cried Elly.

"Why not?" answered Harry and Patty in a breath.

"Why, O, because, — because, — it will seem so poor, and the Drake girls and Milly Rogers will make fun of us, and won't 'sociate with us!"

"Well, we won't 'sociate with them, to begin with then!" flashed out Harry, indignantly.

"'*Seem so poor!*'" Patty quoted. "We can't seem much poorer than we are, Miss Elly. I heard mother talking to Uncle Timothy the other night about taking boarders. Now! Guess you would n't like to have mother do that, Elly Dunbar. Think how she 'd have to work!"

"Uncle Timothy 's rich; should think he might help us if we were so poor," wailed Elly.

"O, how mean of you, Elly! We don't want to live on other people, and Uncle Timothy is n't our own uncle, only Aunt Ann's husband."

"How you going to set up a doll-shop, I should like to know!" asked Elly, after this rebuff.

"Dress up our two French dolls that are as good as new, in new suits, and make up piles of pretty doll-clothes for different sized dolls and send out little written circulars inviting people to come to our 'opening' just as milliners and dressmakers do!" Patty rattled off in answer to this question.

"And we can take the little office for the show-room," put in Harry here.

The little office was once used by a physician, and was one small room with a door of its own, opening upon the alley-way at the west side of the house they lived in. And to explain another point: Harry is not a boy, but a girl, whose name is Harriet, but whom everybody calls Harry, because Harry seems short and sweet and breezy, just like Harry herself.

"But what made you think of a doll-shop?" asked Elly, still thinking of Milly Rogers and the Drake girls, who would, as she expressed it, look down upon them, and make fun of them.

"I thought of it," answered Patty, "because I remembered that Miss Glenn, the dressmaker, said this fall that she had constant application from her customers to make suits for dolls. And after I heard mother talking to Uncle Timothy, it came into my head that I might set up a doll's dress-making establishment for the holidays, which would set me up in the world as dolls' dressmaker ever after," Patty concluded, laughing.

"And mother knows?" asked Elly.

"And mother knows; and what 's more, heartily approves," replied Patty. "And as for Milly Rogers and the Drake girls, Elly Dunbar, no really sensible people think anything of their opinion. They are purse-proud, which is the meanest kind of pride, — I heard Will Evans say of them the other day."

Elly pricked up her ears. Will Evans was great authority, as the best boater and base-baller, the head of his class, and dear old Governor Evans's son deserved to be.

After this, though she wore rather a long face, and grumbled occasionally, nobody heard Miss Elly quote the Drake girls and Milly Rogers again. Elly was the youngest, and the fine lady of the family. Blunt Harry called her the snob of the family, because she was always looking at the outside of things, always thinking what people would say, always like a great many foolish older people ashamed of being poor, and trying to cover it up. And this was the reason the doll-shop disturbed her. But Uncle Timothy coming in one day found all three of the girls hard at work. He thought at first it was only the usual Christmas preparation. All at once he spied out one of Harry's little circulars ; it was the announcement of an opening of dolls' suits written in Harry's best style upon square note-paper. "What ! what ! what ! " he commenced, and then they had to tell him all about it. They expected nothing but that he would declare it the greatest nonsense in the world, and other disagreeable, discouraging things, for Uncle Timothy was what people call "crotchety." But not a word did he say for at least five minutes. He sat looking down at the circular while Patty told her plans, and when she ended, made two or three of his queer jokes, and pretty soon rose up and muttered in his usual way something about going home. And just as he stood by the door, what do you think he did ? He dropped into Patty's lap a twenty-dollar bill, saying, —

"Folks that set up in business ought to have backers ! " And the next minute he popped out before anybody could say a word.

"O ! " cried Patty ; "Well, I never ! " cried Elly ; and "Three cheers for Uncle Timothy ! " shouted Harry.

"Those who help themselves the Lord helps," said Mrs. Dunbar, softly.

"And Uncle Timothy is the Lord's messenger, is n't he ? " put in Patty, just as softly.

"But whoever would have thought of its being Uncle Timothy," commented Harry, — "Uncle Timothy, who always had such a close grip on his pocket ? The thing of it is, he 's completely taken by storm finding out what bees we are. He 's always talking about his respect for the working classes, and now he 's showing it."

They all laughed at Harry's outburst, and then they all worked the merrier for it. And how they worked ! Like bees, indeed ! so that the week before Christmas found the little shop all ready for opening.

"O, *does n't* it look lovely ? " exclaimed Patty, standing off in contemplation of the general scene. And indeed it did look lovely. In the first place the whole room was decorated with evergreens, in festoons and wreaths ; and before the window stood a table on which were placed the two French dolls ; one of which, a tall, blond beauty, had her golden-hair combed back in Pompadour fashion, with a little blue bonnet perched on the top. Then such a suit of brown-poplin with plush trimmings, and a dear little plush muff and tippet, and a pair of little button-boots on her feet ; real little

boots, which were the crowning triumph of Patty's ingenuity, for she had made them all herself, even to cutting out the thick soles; these she fastened to the uppers with *Spaulding's Glue*, and then neatly trimmed the sides with a sharp knife, and blacked them with French dressing. Harry declared they looked like grown-up boots, and old Mr. Stein, the cobbler round the corner, said that they ought to be sent to the State Fair, they were such miracles of ingenuity. The other doll was a brunette, and dressed for evening, in a pink silk with white tarleton overdress, her hair tied up with pink ribbons, pink slippers on her feet, a laced pocket-handkerchief tucked into her hand, and a white opera-cloak, trimmed with pink plush, flung round her shoulders.

Besides these triumphs of art and industry, there were four models, — lay-figures such as you see in shop-windows, only these were doll-figures, and doll-figures in good earnest, for they were old doll bodies, on which were hung and draped the most charming winter suits. On one corner of the table was a pile of waterproof cloaks of various doll sizes, and on another corner were dolls' night-gowns, and ruffled petticoats; in short, it seemed as if Patty had thought of everything that any doll could possibly wear. Harry had sent round her circulars the week before, and one of them coming under the observation of an editor of one of the daily papers, he had been so pleased with it that he had inserted it in his columns with a very pretty notice of what he called "the Misses Dunbar's charming Christmas plan."

"We shall have a rush," laughed Harry, when she saw this. But when the blinds were fairly thrown back on the morning of the opening day, both Harry and Patty felt very anxious about the success of this "charming plan." It was nine o'clock when the blinds were thrown back. Two or three boys, snow-balling each other, gave up their play and clustered round the window.

"Well, if that flax-head ain't a stunner!" and "O my, Billy, look at her boots!" were some of the exclamations that Patty and Harry overheard. And presently, across the street, came running two little girls, and presently, again, two more little girls, and another brace of boys, until there was quite a little crowd.

"We 're having a rush outside, any way," said Harry, laughing. But as the minutes flew by, and the old clock in the hall struck the half-hour, and the rush was still outside, and not one customer inside, the little Dunbars began to feel very anxious. Tick, tick, tick, — almost an hour, and nobody had turned the handle of the little office door.

"O Harry, what if" — began Patty, but never finished that sentence, for suddenly click, clack went the little office-door, and click, clack came in a little troop of high heels and their owners, — three grown-up young ladies.

"This looks like business," thinks Patty, and while she is in attendance upon them click, clack goes the door again, and a whole bevy of little girls and big girls make their appearance. By half past ten Patty had forgot to listen to the click, clack of the door, for the "rush" had fairly set in.

At the close of the morning Harry whispered this glorious news, — "Patty, I 've sold the yellow-headed one!"

Patty felt as if she had come into a fortune; for the "yellow-headed one," as Harry called the blond doll, was marked $25.

Everything was going on as pleasantly as possible, when the door opened to admit Milly Rogers and the Drake girls. It was like an east-wind blowing in, they were so sharp and cool and penetrating in their remarks and questions, speaking to Harry and Patty, whom they had known intimately all their lives, in the chilliest and most distant manner. But Harry knew better than anybody how to take the wind out of such inflated sails.

"How-de-do, girls?" she called out, familiarly.

Milly tried to keep up her distance and her patronage, but Harry pulled it down by another kind of patronage, — a good-humored, easy way of old acquaintance, which made Milly's airs and graces ridiculous. Harry rather enjoyed this, but she suffered too, — as we all suffer when we are brought in contact with foolish people who try to hurt us, even though our sense be more than a match for their nonsense. In the midst of this skirmishing, when Milly was trying her very best, or her very worst, to be disagreeable and annoying, and the Drake girls were seconding Milly to the best of their ability, and Harry was getting sick and tired of the ignoble strife, and Patty's cheeks showed how hurt and worried she was, and poor little Elly was peeping through a crack in the door and thinking everything had turned out just as she had said it would, — in the midst of all this, click, clack went the door, and somebody cried out in a great, sweet, ringing, jovial voice, — "How-de-do, Patty, how-de-do, Harry?"

It was Will Evans; and straight he came up to Patty and Harry, shaking hands and laughing and talking, and asking after their mother and Elly all in a minute. Such a minute as it was! It changed everything, just as a strong, sweet whiff of out-door air will change a stifling in-door atmosphere.

"Is n't this jolly, though?" he went on, looking at the dolls and the dolls' finery, the sacks and the suits, the sets of furs, and all the rest of the pretty arrangements.

"I 'd no idea that Patty and Harry had such a shop-keeping talent," here put in one of the Drake girls, with that meaning impertinence which is so offensive.

"O, Patty and Harry have a talent for everything that 's nice and sensible, I find," quickly retorted Will Evans, with a sparkle in his eyes that boded mischief.

There were two or three small shots like these, the Drakes and Milly Rogers getting the worst of it every time; and then to make the Dunbar triumph more complete, who should walk in but Will's mother, as full of heartiness and admiration as Will himself. She thought with the editor, that their undertaking was a "charming Christmas plan"; she had come round to tell them so, and to buy something for her Molly's Christmas present. This "something" turned out to be the brunette doll, with a navy-blue street suit for it, a set of seal-skin furs, a waterproof cloak, a little black-velvet hat, and two or three of those dainty ruffled petticoats and night-gowns. And she wanted to know if Patty *could* get her a pair of leather boots like the other doll's, and Patty was sure she could and would.

When the Drake girls and Milly Rogers saw how things were going they began to think it was time for them to leave. As they were moving towards the door, in came Mrs. Dunbar. She never could see the cross-grains in people; and speaking with Mrs. Evans, she spoke just as sweetly to Milly and the Drakes, forgetting all about Harry's account of them, and thinking of them only as Patty and Harry's early playmates.

Harry's cool manner of taking them down, and Will Evans's sharp shots, had silenced and rebuffed these silly worldly girls, and taught them a good lesson or two, perhaps; but Mrs. Dunbar's gentleness and her real unconsciousness of their folly, her sweetness going out to them as if she expected to meet sweetness in return, made them really abashed and humble before her. Will Evans looked on in amazement.

"Our sharp-shooting is very rough work to that," he whispered to Harry.

"Yes, I always feel as if my way was a very poor way when I see mother's way; but then 'we must all work according to our light,' as Aunt Burdick says," Harry concluded, with that sly fun of hers which made Will laugh as it did everybody else. And, laughing, Will went away with his mother, while Patty and Harry went back to their shop-keeping with renewed spirits.

When the shop-keeping for that day came to an end, they found themselves very tired, but as Harry said, very jolly; for it had been a great success, and even if they should sell much less through the week, they might think they had done very well. But the whole week proved almost as busy as the first day. Dolls were brought in to be fitted, and new orders received for fresh suits, which Patty, aided by her mother and Elly and a sewing-machine, made up, while Harry served as saleswoman. At the end of the week they counted up their profits.

"One hundred dollars clear, and an established business!" cried Patty.

"What do you mean by an established business? are you going to keep a dolls' shop forever?" asked Elly.

Patty laughed. "No, not forever I hope; but I mean that I shall have plenty of dolls brought me to dress after this."

And her words proved true. Dolls' clothes get out of fashion like real flesh-and-blood people's clothes, and spring brought her a long list of orders, which she found time to carry out in early morning hours, and part of the long afternoons, which her school-session left her. With Harry and her mother and Elly "lending a hand" in all their spare moments, this dolls' dressmaking went on in the most delightful manner; *went* on,—*goes* on now. At a certain window, in a certain street, in a certain city, at this very moment three little brown heads are bending over a handful of work, like little brown bees. Passers-by look up to nod, and say to each other, "There are the three little Dunbars, at their dolls' dressmaking."

What another spring may bring forth for the little Dunbars we cannot tell; but if they go on as they have begun, we may safely predict success, for "The Lord helps those who help themselves."

And so we take leave of the little Dunbars.

Nora Perry.

BERTHA'S DREAM.

(*Suggested by some Drawings by Froelich.*)

LITTLE BERTHA, from town, had played all day
On grandfather's farm, — hunting eggs in the hay,
Feeding the chickens, and driving the cows,
And "helping" her aunts in the dairy-house;
She had watched the milking, and taken her turn
With the boys at the tall, old-fashioned churn;
And, tired at night, she had gone to bed,
With visions of wonderful things in her head, —
Calves and chickens and cackling hens,
Big pigs, little pigs, grunting in pens,
Nests full of eggs, and churns full of cream,
Then, falling asleep, she had dreamed a dream, —
A very queer dream!
In the ghostly old garret she dreamed this dream.

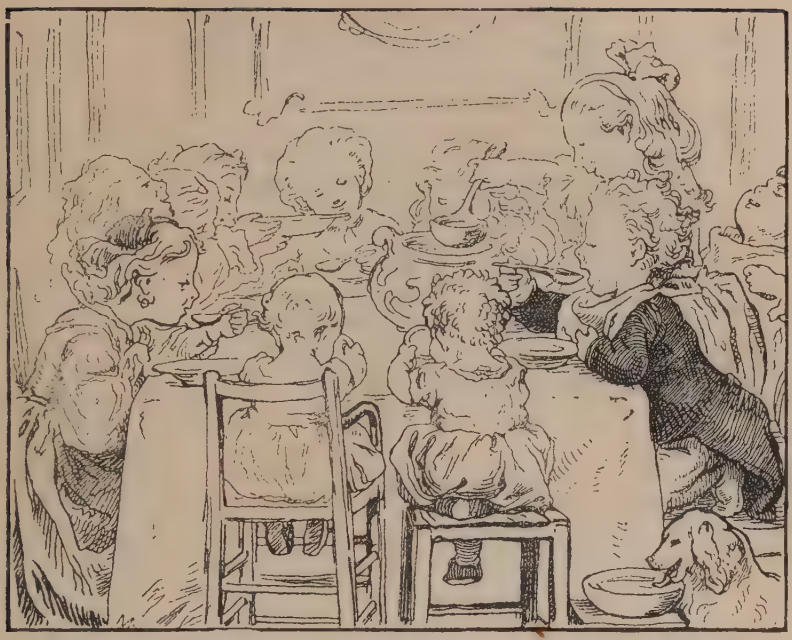
The world was a farm, and the work was fun;
The workers were children, and she was one.
All one country was coops and sheds,
And baskets and pullets and little girls' heads;

She had nothing to do, but just to make
Little capes for the chickens, or run and break
Her hatful of eggs, then fill it again;
Or wait for some very polite old hen
That was sure to meet her half-way, and beg
For the loan of her lap while she laid her an egg!
The laziest hen of them all would lay
Hundreds of eggs in a single day, —
Yes, sir, in a day!
Hundreds and hundreds of eggs in a day!

Then all one country was barns and mows,
And farm-yards fragrant with new-milch cows,
And lowing heifers with switching tails,
And queer little maids with the queerest of pails!
Such queer little maids! — and she was one;
And there was no end of the work to be done.
Some milked the heifers, and some brought home
Great buckets brimming with snow-white foam;
One drank all the milk, and one got a fall,
Poor little milkmaid, bucket and all!
There were thousands of milkmaids, just like her,
And she never could count all the cows there were, —
Such herds there were,
With thousands of milkmaids just like her!

Then all were dairy-maids, busy as bees,
Patting their butter, and making cheese,
In a country all covered with tubs and cans,
And tables and benches and firkins and pans;
While an endless army of odd little chaps,
In the funniest jackets and high-peaked caps,
Were churning the rich cream, every one
At his churn, like a soldier beside his gun!
'T was a forest of churns, and an army of boys,
And they shook the ground with a rumbling noise;
All up through the valley, and over the hill,
There were churns beyond churns, and more churns still!
You could see them still,—
Millions of churns, and more churns still!

Then work was over, and all went in
To the loaded tables, and made such a din
Rattling the dishes and forks and knives,
You would think they had never before in their lives
Had anything half so good to eat:
Some had bread and some had meat,
Some had turkey and some had soup,
And some had eggs, just brought from the coop;
And spoons were jingled, and broth was spilled.
There were rooms above rooms, and all were filled,



For all the children she saw before
Ate supper there, and as many more, —
Yes, indeed, and more!
All there were in the world, and as many more!

But even while Bertha, who dreamed the dream,
Was cutting her meat she woke with a scream,
For a waiter just then on her head let fall
A whole roast turkey, platter and all!
She rubbed her forehead (in tossing about,
She had bumped the bed-post, I 've no doubt).
And O, how hungry and grieved she was!
And O, how vexed with herself because
She delayed so long, to cut her meat,
Instead of beginning at once to eat!
And she said, "If I live a billion years,
I shall always wish I had boxed his ears, —
That waiter's ears, —
Even though I should live a billion years!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT.

IF you don't believe it, go and ask the first Honorable Member of the Association for the Preservation of Camphorated Caterpillars, whom you may chance to meet. Though, why anybody *should n't* believe it, is more than I can see. And, in fact, I never saw anybody who did n't believe it. But then, I never saw the King of Siam; and we all know that the King of Siam did not believe that there was ice in the world, "because," said he, "I cannot walk on water, and I never saw any water that could be walked upon." So perhaps there are a plenty of people who do not believe in the Great Sea-Serpent of 1817.

Now if you come across any of these people, when you have heard what I have to say, ask them if they have ever heard the story of the Princeton student who had been studying Berkeley? And tell them that you don't know what a Princeton student should study Berkeley for, but that you have understood that it was for the purpose of learning how Nothing was Anything but Ideas, and how Ideas were Anything; and how when a man rode a horse to town, and was run away with, it was not the horse that ran away with him, but only an idea of a horse; and how when he fell down stairs and bumped his head, he had no occasion to groan about it since it was not his head which he had bumped, but only his idea of his head. And tell them how, one morning, the Princeton student had hot mush for breakfast; and how he took one mouthful, immediately forgot his manners, and roared loudly. And how the Professor sternly asked him what was the matter? And how the Princeton student, with the tears in his eyes, and

his tumbler of water at his mouth, said: "Sir! That was the hottest Idea I ever got hold of!" And tell them that if the Great Sea-Serpent is an Idea, it is the most Sea-Serpent-like Idea you ever got hold of.

Sitting here at my window with me, this July morning, and, looking Gloucester harbor up and down, and over and across, you would not believe yourself that anything so horrible as a Sea-serpent *could* get into it. You would see, away at your right, the town — and such an unhappy, dirty, fishy town it is, that you never will want to see it much nearer than a mile away at your right — as dim and delightful as a morning dream. You would see the heights of the opposite shore as green as Eden, and you would see the dingy sails of two or three dozen idle little schooners, lighting up as if they were made of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the lifting mist; and you would see the mist itself, as if you saw a veil of burning lace thrown over the rocks, — to keep them from freckling, you wonder? And you would see strange colors on the rocks and in the stranded weeds, and strange boys splashing barefoot in the colors, and people fishing as if they fished for fancies, and as if they sailed in their own thoughts, and bathing as if they bathed in sunbeams, — and more boys on the beach, walking on their heads, (Barnum was here week before last,) and more boys yet paddling crazy boats about after crazy drift-wood, and more boys besides (poor little fellows!) away out in the solemn black School Ship, down on its July trip, lying silent and guarded, out by the reef of Norman's Woe.

In fact, you would see so many boys, that the only natural thing about the Great Serpent would seem to be that he was discovered by a boy.

It happened on an August morning, in the year 1817; and my only regret about that is, that my birthday came a little later in the month, or I might have seen it myself, before I undertook to tell you about it, and *then* where would the Society of Camphorated Caterpillars have been?

It happened off the very rock on which I sit to write. It is an island, this rock, at least when the tide is in; and there are wild roses on it, and a water-rat; and the harbor throws out a round, green arm, and loops it in, roses, rat, and all; and it is a very pleasant place; I hardly believe in the Serpent myself when I get up here.

But it really was an August morning, in the year 1817, and there really was a boy, and he came over after a real cow, who had wandered off this way, over the grass and through a little gate, — who knows but *she* saw the Great Serpent first, after all? At any rate, here she was, and here the rock was, and is, and here the boy was, when the water just below my feet here stirred — it was a calm morning — and rippled and grew brown.

"I declare!" said the boy, "What a tremendous spar!" And he called another boy. "Let 's have it!"

"All right," said boy No. 2.

So they tried to stick it, and draw it in. But it behaved curiously for a spar. In the first place it *wriggled*. In the next place, it did n't. It had gone, vanished. It had ponderously squirmed and was not.

The boys did not draw it in. I think, on the whole, it was just as well.

That spar stayed in the harbor a fortnight, and the poorest fisherman on shore made no effort to draw it in to add to his winter's fuel.

That "spar" was seen by hundreds of people during its visit to Gloucester, and "ten depositions," says the "History" of this enterprising town, "were given in, all of them agreeing as to the size, shape, and motion of this wonderful creature, as well as in less important particulars."

The Great Sea-Serpent was estimated to be from seventy to one hundred feet in length; the two ends of it could not be seen at once with Gloucester's best telescope. It was about as large round as a half-barrel, and of a dark brown color. Its back was covered with singular bunches; some said eight, some said twenty in number. The creature was said to have a head in appearance and size like a horse's. It made a track in the water visible for half a mile. When on the surface, it seemed to move about a mile in four minutes; but when underneath, judging by the motion of the water, it travelled at the fair rate of a mile in two minutes. It had a tongue like a harpoon, about two feet in length, which it darted out when disturbed. Sometimes it amused itself by playing in circles upon the face of the water. When it was tired of this hideous waltz, and wanted to go to the bottom, instead of diving or swimming down, or even turning to "look before it leaped" like most fish, it simply dropped; sank like lead; went all at once.

On the 14th of August there came a little girl (she afterwards married the boy whose cow discovered the serpent; and, though I don't suppose that was a matter of much interest to the serpent, it may be of some to those "Young Folks" who are beginning — a very bad beginning! — to read novels) from over the opposite side of the harbor where the hills are as green as Eden, into the dingy little town which looks like a dream from the rock with the roses and the rat on it. The little girl had heard nothing of the "spar," it so happened, and when she struck into a great crowd of silent people on Gloucester beach she was puzzled enough. And when she saw on the water a little boat with men in it, and not thirty feet from the boat a monster with a head like a horse's, and a forked tongue, and brown bunches on his back, and a tail that seemed to stretch across the harbor, making as straight for shore as the tide, she was so frightened that she dropped on a stone by the edge of the crowd, and would have fainted, if she had been old enough to know how. For *she* had been reading stories, too, even in Gloucester, and even in 1817, and there was a story that she read once, and had never forgotten, and never would. It was how Andromeda came down to the beach, and how the dragon came out of the sea, and how Andromeda would have been devoured (poor little thing!) by the dreadful creature, if it had not been for Perseus.

Her mother said that story was not true. Now she knew better. There was the Dragon himself. She felt like Andromeda from head to foot. Would Perseus find his way to Gloucester beach? She sat down on the stone and shut her eyes. She would not move. She dared not look.

In a minute there was a horrible noise. I know all about it, for Andromeda's daughter told me herself.

"It 's the Dragon!" thought Andromeda.

"It 's the gun!" said the crowd on the beach, who had not been reading stories, and who had kept their eyes open, instead of sitting down to wait for Perseus. True enough, it was the gun. The men in the boat had shot the Dragon, and the noise echoed and re-echoed out to sea. "He 's hit!" cried the crowd. And so it seemed. "He 'll swamp the boat!"

For a minute the crowd on shore thought it was all over with the daring marksmen; and as for the marksmen themselves, the History of Gloucester does not relate what *they* thought!

For a minute, the ugly creature made for shore, and made for the boat, still as straight as the tide. Within thirty feet of the boat he suddenly turned. He seemed to have forgotten both the shot and the boat. In the breakers that the bending of his huge body made he whirled and put out to sea.

So he seems to have been a very amiable Dragon, after all, and not to have had a sensitive disposition, either. And so the men in the boat put ashore, a trifle pale about the mouth, but too much disappointed, I suspect, at not having caught the Dragon, to thank him for not sending them and their boat and their gun to the bottom with a whisk of his mighty tail. And so Andromeda left her stone and her fright, and the golden mist came up the harbor, and she married Perseus, and never saw the Dragon more.

The Dragon amused himself, however, for a while thereafter, by racing up and down the harbor like a huge regatta, and finally slipped away, as all distinguished summer visitors will in time.

It was said to have been seen at Long Island again, on the 5th of October in that very year; and two years after, the staid old town of Marblehead received a visit from him. After the departure of what Gloucester people call, by courtesy, in capitals, the GREAT Sea-Serpent, the town, not contented with its honors, claimed the arrival of two more. One was indeed, if we may credit the opinion of the Association for the Preservation of Camphorated Caterpillars, the young of this curious creature. It was found on Good Harbor Beach in a swamp, and was caught and killed by a farmer with a pitchfork. It was of a green color and about four feet long. The other was nothing but a rather large horse-mackerel. So easily the bean-stalk of a wonder scales the skies!

Old records tell us, more than once, of a sea-monster of the nature of a serpent. Penobscot Bay aspired to one in 1809. In 1689 the incredulous New-Englanders heard of the existence of a "sea-serpent or snake, that lay quoiled up like a cable on Cape Ann. A boat passing by, with English aboard and two Indians, they would have shot the serpent, but the Indians dissuaded them, saying, that if he were not killed outright, they would all be in danger of their lives."

In testimony whereof, I refer you to that famous and useful volume, the "History of Gloucester"; and if you had only been occupied with that, instead of reading novels, think how much trouble you would have saved me!

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

SKATING SKETCHES.

Going on the Ice.

On the Ice.

A Truant caught.

"Look out for your Legs!"

SANTA CLAUS.

IN his crystal palace in the Polar Sea,
Santa Claus harnessed, in tandem three,
The Ursa Major and the Minor Bear,
With the Flying Horse to lead the pair.
They snuffed the wind of sleet and snow,
They pawed the ground in their haste to go,—
Santa Claus' team in tandem three
At his palace gate in the Polar Sea.

That palace built of ice and snow,
Begun in the ages long ago:
Its walls were laid the very day
The Christ-child in the manger lay;
And all its crystal bells were rung
When first the Bethlehem shepherds sung.

And Santa Claus now, in the Christmas cold,
Gathers his gifts for young and old;
Lights up his palace on every side
And opens the icy shutters wide;
Puts on the frost-work steps a star
To keep the swinging door ajar
And show the way for his tandem three
To find the gate of the Polar Sea.

Because the icebergs are rough and tall,
He takes his course above them all;
And his tandem three, as if at play,
Go dashing down the milky-way.
The Northern lights are blazing high,—
'T is his palace lamps on the midnight sky!
That flash of light is a shooting star,
A spark from the wheel of his rolling car!

'T is Santa Claus' coming which looks like day,
And fades the stars of the milky-way!
You hear not the sound of the north-wind cold,
But the whiz and whir of his car of gold!

So put out the fires lest they should melt
The icicle sword in his starry belt;
We 'll take a nap, and then we 'll see
If Santa Claus brought for you and me
Some wondrous gift, with his tandem three,
From his crystal halls in the Polar Sea.

Margaret Mason.

THE DOCTOR AND THE "BLACK SQUIRREL."

O you know — does the world know — that the famous Dr. H——, whose "syrup" now invigorates all lands, once spent a whole summer up in a certain little rustic neighborhood in northern Maine?

To be sure, the world had not then recognized him as a great genius. I go out past that little heap of smoky stones, across the road in the pasture, and am amazed to think what a part they have borne in the sanitary welfare of the globe!

And memory goes back to a night in June, hoeing-time with us then as now. The day's work was done; twilight and dusk were falling. A half-dozen of us, boy-neighbors, were lying under the great balm-o'-gilead-tree, planning for the Fourth-of-July and talking over one thing and another, when from out the shadow of the butternut-trees, which skirted the road, there emerged a stranger; a tallish man in plaid trousers and double-breasted waistcoat, sauntering leisurely along, swinging his cane, and looking this way and that. On the grass in the shadow we were silently eying him, when suddenly spying us out, he stopped, looked a moment, then glancing around caught up half an old sled-stake lying by the path, and, with a "Hullo there, you young cubs!" sent it whirling high in the air, with an aim which, in a second more, would have landed it in the midst of us. We jumped up and sprang away to avoid this salutatory missile.

"Come out here, every one of you." The act, though rather violent, was evidently sportive; we all edged out toward him. "Here, you boy with the sheep-skin face!" seizing me by the collar. "How is your mother?"

I hastily explained that, for various family reasons, I was at that time residing with my grandparents.

"Just so. How 's your grandmother, then?" I gave him to understand that the old lady was in a fully average state of health. "Glad to hear it. I 've come to make you all a visit. Run in and ask her if I can stay a few days; then go to the village for my carpet-bag."

But old "Aunt Kip Foster," on her tri-monthly orbit, had got round to us that afternoon, and taken possession of the spare-room with all her bags and bundles; and grandmother could n't accommodate him.

"Guess we can keep you, over to our house," said Tom Edwards, when this was announced.

"Come on then, —" taking Tom by the collar, and marching off with him.

"Is n't he a queer stick!" was the general exclamation. And the whole neighborhood was soon of the same opinion.

He was a young doctor from the city, Mrs. Edwards reported the next day; and he wanted to stay a week or two if she would keep him, — he was "rusticating"; though just what sort of a process that might be was n't so clear to the dear old ladies.

In the course of a week the doctor had made a general acquaintance with all the boys about; was a boy with us in his way. Wherever he went a troop followed. And he amused himself by playing off all sorts of rough tricks on us, from throwing our thumbs out of joint, and instantly setting them with a most excruciating snap, which he actually did, to "turning us wrong side out," which he did n't actually do, but made us implicitly believe he could on occasion.

Week after week went by. Why the doctor, such a great man as he evidently was, should be spending the whole "season" up there "doing nothing," was a mystery to all the old farmers, — one they never solved. Since then, however, I 've formed a theory relative to the object of that visit.

The doctor had avowed himself an amateur botanist. Every few days he would make an excursion down into the "cedar swamp" and bring up great bundles of one and another kind of weeds growing there. But he did n't attempt to classify, arrange, or press them, — not at all. On the contrary he used to borrow Mrs. Edwards's brass kettle, cram them into it, and then boil them down. We boys helped him build a stone arch (still to be seen out in the pasture) to set the kettle in; for after the first mess, Mrs. Edwards would n't have it in the house; for of all the nauseous stews, — but never mind!

What mortal use he put, or meant to put, the liquor to, was for some time a problem with us. But one morning Tom and I caught him turning a dose of it down "Old Vete" (the dog) with a junk-bottle. After that we were in the secret, and were privately instructed to lure in all passing dogs. The *modus operandi* was to entice them into the pig-house, give them a dose (good deal of growling about swallowing it) and detain them over night to observe the effect. Patients soon began to get scarce. We killed several dogs outright; and buried them clandestinely among the pig-weeds behind the sty. Generally, though, they would *scoot* out the moment a crack in the door was opened in the morning; and it 's needless to say we never got the same dog into our infirmary twice. Whenever any of the doctored dogs had business past the place, they would put their tails between their legs and go by like a dart.

Well, not more than a year after, the doctor's name began to appear in

all the newspapers, in connection with "The Greatest Discovery of the Age." "A Common Weed growing wild in Our Pastures had been Discovered to possess Properties that would Cure," etc., etc. I have no need to expatiate. The world knows all about it. The doctor is now a man of immense wealth. Last week I saw his income stated at one hundred thousand dollars per annum. So my theory is, that a vision of Patent Medicine was in the doctor's head during that summer he spent with us. And, seeing he 's made so good a thing out of it, I really think he ought to "pony over" something handsome for the use of the "brass kettle" and the dogs he killed getting it up.

But Botany did n't occupy all his time. Another specialty of his was squirrels; he delighted in their active motions and knowing ways. Out in the old butternut-tree, hanging from the lower branches, he had no less than half a dozen cages, — wooden ones hastily made, — containing a noisy assortment of them. All day long they *chickered* and *chirred*, the doctor often lying at full stretch on the grass beneath watching them; now and then cracking a big "oilnut" to toss up through the gratings. One cage of "grays," large as cats almost, were his especial pride; he took them with him when he returned to the city. "And if I could only get a black one," he used to say, "my squirrel-garden would be complete, and I should be perfectly happy."

When the township was first settled, there used to be black squirrels here. The old folks speak of them, and describe them as larger than the "grays" and black as jet. But there are none now; at least, there has n't been one seen about here for twenty years. But nothing would convince the hard-headed doctor; he knew there must be black squirrels about. He had with him a great volume of Natural History, and proceeded to show from it that black squirrels were still quite abundant in the Maine forests. And one day, coming in from one of his weed expeditions to the swamp, he declared he had seen one.

We all knew better; it might have been a black mink, or a skunk, like enough. He owned to having merely got a glimpse of it, but *knew* it was a black squirrel, and forthwith carried down all his traps to set for it, — I need hardly add without success.

At the end of his first fortnight with us, a phenomenon on the doctor's countenance began to attract our attention. His mustache, which had been jet black when he came, was fading into a sickly yellow. The change seemed to be radical too; that is, it began at the roots and worked out to the very tips. At first we had feared for his health. Even a doctor might die! But he continued hearty and frolicsome. At length, just as conjecture grew weary, Tom whispered his suspicions to me, that the mustache had been colored with some kind of dye, and was now just outgrowing it.

The summer went by; and the since prosperous doctor went away forever. We missed him. In spite of all the outrageous tricks he used to play off on us we had rather liked him. He was one of those peculiar men who will nearly kill a fellow by way of sport, without raising any permanent resentment.

"Kind of sorry the doctor has gone," said Tom, a few days after his departure, as we strolled past the stone arch, where the old kettle had boiled out the problem of the future Panacea. "How he used to knock us about, though! Pretended to be only holding my hand, and threw my thumb out of joint, on purpose, — Moses! how that hurt! I meant to pay him for that; but he got off before I saw a chance. Suppose he really did see a black squirrel down in the swamp?"

"No indeed!"

"Tell you what!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly. "We might have *sold* him on that!"

"How?"

"Why, got up a black squirrel for him."

"How could we make a black squirrel?"

"Oh! take a big gray one and *black* him!"

"What with, for pity's sake?"

"Well, — with *hair-dye!*" cried Tom. This idea struck us so funnily that we had to roll on the grass and laugh over it. "And we might do it now!" shouted Tom, jumping up; "and send it to him!"

"Agreed!" That afternoon we set all our old box-traps, and soon captured plenty of squirrels; though it was several days before we got one large enough to suit our notion. Meanwhile Tom had gone down to the village, some miles below, and procured from the barber a bottle of "hair-dye." The next thing was to *dye* the squirrel. A difficult job too! For he was an *old settler*, and resented all handling with savage bites. But we found a pair of old leather gloves; and then took him, trap and all, up into the garret, to prevent an escape in case he should break loose during the operation. Drawing on the gloves, I undertook to hold him, while Tom scrubbed in the dye with an old hair-brush, in spite of a most vigorous squirming. (Our red and sandy-haired friends will know how to sympathize with us.) To prevent the fur from becoming matted and streaky we held him up in the sun and brushed till he was dry.

At the end of an hour we had a black(ed) squirrel; also some blackened hands which defied all soap and water. A cage-box, to send him on in, was now needful. We made one about two feet square, with strong ashen bars on one side; and putting in the squirrel, with a quantity of oilnuts, directed it to the doctor, from "his young friends in Maine." Down at the village, we put on a "Please give this young gentleman a safe passage," and placed it in the hands of the expressman.

"All we 've got to do now," said Tom, as we rode homeward, "is to let the thing work itself out."

In a few days came a joyful letter from the doctor, starting off with, "My dear Boys," — thanking us over and over again for the B. S.; dilating on the joy he felt in showing him to all his friends who had never before seen one; and winding up with a reminder that he had told us there were black squirrels about there.

"All right, doctor!" cried Tom, rubbing his blackened hands together as I read the above. "We 'll wait a bit."

Three weeks passed. "Should think his hair would begin to grow out by this time; doctor's mustache did," remarked Tom one evening. But another week passed, and another, when one night came a second letter, directed in a destructive-looking hand and launching out with, —

"YOU LITTLE SCAMPS: You don't know what a scrape you 've got me into. More than a thousand people have called to see that squirrel; and now he 's coming out a 'pepper-and-salt' all over. My office-boy says it 's nothing but a gray squirrel colored; and I believe him. What the —— (unmentionable) did you daub on to him?"

Next day we sent the following, —

"DEAR DOC.: Nothing in the world but hair-dye; same thing you put on your mustache. Better put some more on him. Keep him black. Best and *only thing* you can do now. Perhaps some of that 'fire-weed' juice would answer. We 'll get you up another if you say so.

"Remember putting our thumbs out, Doc.?

"Yours,

"TOM *and* KIT."

The doctor did n't resume the correspondence; and we never knew how he came out with his "black squirrel."

C. A. Stephens.

THE BALE-FIRE

(See the Picture.)

IN the olden time, when New England was a struggling colony; when settlements were few and far between; when even Boston was but a straggling village by the sea, — before the telegraph was thought of, or other means of communication between distant points practised, — then beacon-fires were nightly lighted upon the hill-tops, to guide the mariner into port, or to convey glad or ill tidings through the land. Indeed, so seldom were they the harbingers of good news, that they were called by our forefathers "bale-fires."

Massachusetts was then an almost unbroken forest, with here and there a clearing where some adventurous Puritans, — perchance old members of Cromwell's sturdy Ironsides, — had established a settlement, and carved out farms from the gloomy wilderness. Carefully would these old pioneers watch the peaks, on whose tops were piled the materials for the bale-fire, which was often a rallying-point as well as a warning, when the red-skinned and redder-handed Indian swooped down upon the outlying settlements, burning and slaying without mercy.

Then hastily seizing sword and musket, and equipped in breast and back plates, with a steel morion for head-gear, these grim citizens would hasten to the assembly, and, informed by the fires now blazing from hill to hill, march at once upon their savage foes.

A. R. W.

CATCHING SANTA CLAUS.

ONE damp, rainy morning, when Christmas was near,
A shout from my nursery fell on my ear;
There, romping and playing in merriest glee,
Was the happiest group you ever did see.
There were Harry and Julia, Lucy and May,
To say nothing of Puss and her kittens, or Tray.
When I opened the door, such a sight met my view!
I wish I could paint it and show it to you.

The little ones there, all armed with long sticks,
Were poking and prying, high up in the bricks
Of the chimney, — because they said that they knew
Santa Claus was up there; they declared it was true;
For while they were playing and dancing about,
The soot and the ashes came tumbling out:
'T was Santa Claus peeping, to see them at play,
And knocking it down as he scrambled away!

"And, O mother!" cried Lucy (the baby was she),
"*I* saw him as plain, — O, as plain as could be!
I saw him, I know it! I saw his big foot,
And 't was covered all over, with ashes and soot;
And if sister had only caught hold of it quick,
We 'd have pulled him right down here, our dear Old St. Nick!
We never would hurt him, but treat him *so good*,
And wash his face clean, and give him some food;
And we would n't put any bad soap in his eyes,
And he should have half of my cakes and my pies;
And he 'd give me a doll with bright yellow hair,
And a rabbit and cat and a big candy pear.
O mamma! do just call him! I know he 's up there!"

I bade them be patient, — in time he 'd be here,
With his bag and his sleigh and his tiny reindeer;
And the stockings of good little children he 'd stuff
With candies and toys, till they cried out, "Enough!"
But to bad ones, who cried or quarrelled or fought,
A bundle of switches was all that he brought.
And I especially begged, for the sake of my floor,
That they 'd throw away sticks, and molest him no more,
But let him stay quietly, just where he pleased, —
That the more he would give them the less he was teased!

THE STORY OF THE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM.

MORE than six hundred and fifty years ago there reigned in England a King, named John. They called him *Sansterre*, or Lackland, for, unlike his brothers, he had received from his father no fiefs.

He was the son of Henry Plantagenet, a good king, as kings went in those rude times, who governed England for thirty-four years. His mother was Eleanora of Aquitaine, who was in her day the prettiest girl in France. But she was a wilful little woman, and full of craft. She married the French King first, but, not liking him on account of his monkish ways, she procured a divorce, and told Henry Plantagenet, who was young and handsome and gay, that she would like to marry him. He accepted the modest proposal, not that he loved Eleanora, but because the union would add to his dominions several charming provinces. Henry loved Rosamond Clifford — Fair Rosamond — whom he had met in the beautiful valley of the Wye, and who was the prettiest girl in all the world.

The marriage proved an unhappy one, as is usually the case where the

woman does the courting. Henry soon discovered what a wily, wilful little woman she was ; he tried to curb her, and a terrible time he had.

Richard succeeded his father. It was he who made the most romantic crusade of the Middle Ages ; who was married at Cyprus in flower-time ; who fought with noble Saladin at Acre and Jaffa ; and who was discovered, when imprisoned in a gloomy old castle on the Danube, by the harp of Blondel the Troubadour.

Then came John, in whose veins flowed the worst blood of King Henry's family. Pretty Prince Arthur, Geoffrey's son, had the best claim to the crown, but somehow John got himself crowned, and he began to reign so terribly that the hearts of the barons quaked within them, and so, for a time, he silenced all opposition. He was as cunning as bad Queen Eleanora, and he loved to make mischief as well. He would order that a man should be killed, apparently with as little compunction of conscience as he would have ordered a butcher to slay a sheep. Most bad kings have been notable for some good qualities ; King John, as far as we know, had none.

You have heard of Nottinghamshire, for there was Sherwood Forest, the scene of the exploits of the bold outlaw, Robin Hood. In Nottinghamshire there was an old town, far removed from the great centres of life and activity, called Gotham. The inhabitants were of good Saxon stock, and they hated the whole race of Norman Plantagenets. These people had learned something of the sweets of liberty from bold Robin, "all under the greenwood tree."

One day there came a report to Old Gotham, that King John was making a progress, and would pass through the town. Now it was an old custom in feudal times, that the course that a king took, in passing for the first time through a district or a shire, should become ever after a public highway. The people of Gotham wanted no public highway to their town, no avenue that would open their retreat to the Normans, and put them more easily in the power of brutal kings. And they hated John, as we have told you. So they held a council, and resolved that the feet of John Lackland, the murderer, should never dishonor the fair town of Gotham.

Bold resolutions were these, and worthy of the times of Robin Hood, but the people understood that it would be a foolhardy work to oppose the progress of the king openly. They must rely upon their wits. The men decided to go in a body and fell large trees across a certain upland, over which the royal party must pass to enter the town, as on each side of the elevation lay impassable swamps. This they accordingly did, making a barrier through which mounted horsemen would find it difficult to break, and which would compel a party like the king's to turn off by another way.

When King John came to the eminence, and found his progress arrested, he was greatly incensed, and, finding a couple of rustics near the place, he demanded of them who had constructed the barrier.

"The people of Gotham," answered one of the rustics.

"Go you to Gotham," said the king, "and tell the people from me, that as soon as I return to camp I will send a troop to slit their noses."

The two rustics ran off, terribly frightened, and reported the cheerful intelligence at Gotham. O, then there were stirring times in that old town! The people never knew before how precious their noses were. What was to be done?

They called a convention. Now there were wise men in Gotham, and, when the convention met, these wise men expressed their opinions, not only on the nose question, but on public affairs in general.

One of them, Philip Fitz-Peter, said that when Charles the Simple inquired of the Northmen what title their leader bore, they answered, "He has no title, we are all equally free." "Now," said the speaker, "I believe that all men by birthright are equally free, and that all this maiming and nose-slitting at the king's command is a crime against human rights."

Here the Gothamites took off their hats in approval, and shouted, "Hi! hi! hi!"

"We have been governed," he continued, "by the bad blood of France long enough. I hope to see the day when kingcraft will go with a bridle, when the people shall arise in their strength and make laws to govern the king."

These bold sentiments took the people somewhat aback, but they bowed a little, and cried, faintly, "Hi! hi! hi!"

The next speaker, one Gurney, was of a lugubrious turn. He said that if the people of Gotham should escape by having their noses slit, they would do well. He then told some of the bad deeds of Queen Eleanor, and some of the cruelties practised by King Richard, and related how that King John had recently caused the murder of twenty-seven young Welshmen in order to punish the people of Wales.

But Fitz-Peter replied, "Our wits have prevented King John from setting his foot in our town, and our wits are able to save our noses." This opinion was received with great satisfaction, all the people shouting, "Hi! hi!" But how should they accomplish the end?

Now, chief among the wise men of Gotham was Ralph Leofric, a prophet. He at last stood up with a very knowing look, and said, "I have heard of many people who were punished for being wise, but I never heard of a person who ever was punished for being a fool. When the king's troops come, let us each imitate a safe example, and act like a fool."

At this the people all shouted, "Hi! hi! hi!" So they decided to rely on their wits for the safety of their noses, by acting like fools.

One morning, very early, as a party of bowmen were leaving the town for hunting, a troop appeared with a fierce sheriff at their head. The bowmen were terribly scared, and the question passed round as to what they should do. They hit upon a plan, and threw away their hunting-gear. When the sheriff came up he found the old men rolling great stones up a hill, and the young men bending over and grunting, as though they were in great distress.

"What are you doing?" demanded the sheriff of one of the old men, who was tugging away at a stone.

"We are rolling stones up hill for day."

"You old fool!" said the sheriff. "Go home and go to bed, and day will come itself."

"Why," returned the man, as though greatly astonished, "I never thought of that. How wise you be! You are the wisest man I ever did see!"

"And what are *you* doing?" asked the sheriff of one of the young men.

"We do the *grunting*," was the prompt reply.

"The old men do the lifting, and the young men do the grunting!" exclaimed the sheriff. "Well," he added, in sudden good-humor, "that is the way the world goes everywhere!" And he galloped away, leaving the men unharmed.

The sheriff next met four old women, with brooms on their shoulders.

"Whither away?" asked the sheriff.

"To the priest's, to be married," said they all.

"To the priest's, to be married?"

"We go every morning to be married," answered one of the old crones, "and we have been for the last forty years!"

"Then why are you not married?"

"The priest says that we do not bring the right thing. We carry something new every morning."

"But why do you not take a *man?*"

"A MAN!" exclaimed the old woman, leaping straight into the air. "A MAN? I never thought of that! How wise you be! Why, you are the wisest man that I ever did see!"

The sheriff next met some men who had started on a journey, each of whom carried on his back a door.

"Why do you carry that door?" asked the sheriff of one of the travellers.

"Left my money at home."

"Then why not leave the door at home too?"

"Afraid of thieves."

"Afraid of thieves? Then leave your door at home to protect your money."

"They can't break in, because, you see, I 've got the door."

"Leave your door at home, and take your money with you."

"I never thought of that. How wise you be! You are the wisest man that I ever did see!"

The sheriff let the travellers pass on unmolested.

"The people are all fools here," he said.

"It would be bad to harm such simple people," said his comrades.

"Fools all," said the sheriff.

"Fools all," said the horsemen.

"Let us go back," said the sheriff, "and report to the king that all the people in Gotham are fools."

"Right," said the men.

So they returned to the king, and reported that Gotham was a place of fools. And the men of that place were called, in derision, The Wise Men of Gotham from that day.

Hezekiah Butterworth.

CRUSOE LIFE

CHAPTER I.

I TAKE LEAVE OF MY FRIENDS.

MOST children have read the history of Robinson Crusoe, and I dare say nearly every boy has wished, as he read, to be a Robinson Crusoe himself. I am about to narrate my own actual experience of such a life for five months and ten days, and I will leave my young readers to judge of its pleasantness. I assure them beforehand that every word of the story is positively true. I shall simply relate my adventures without any exaggeration. I can readily give proof of its reality, if any be needed.

In the month of September, in the year 1857, I was living in the northern part of New Zealand, at a place called by the natives Kororarika. By the English settlers and American whalers, many of whom go there every year to procure fruits, vegetables, fire-wood, and fresh water, the place is called Russell, or the Bay of Islands. It is a beautiful, deep-sheltered bay, where all the ships in the world might ride safely, and its bosom is studded with many small islands, inhabited and cultivated by the Maories (pronounced *Mowries*). Two bold promontories guard the entrance, raising their gaunt rocky heights some nine hundred or one thousand feet sheer out of the Pacific Ocean; two grand but terrible sentinels of the mouth, serving as landmarks to sailors a long way out at sea. The southern rock is called Cape Brett. Some twenty miles from it, in an easterly direction, are a group of rocks seen only at low water; over these the waves always dash in a wild, tumultuous manner, marking their place by a wide-spread sheet of white foam.

I was then staying at Captain Bolger's, the good-tempered and hospitable harbor-master and pilot, and frequently went out with him to meet the American whale-ships and bring them into harbor. From him I gained all the little knowledge of sailing I ever had, and I must confess that was very little.

I was walking one day along the beach of the small settlement, when I noticed a new boat, and on inquiry found it was for sale. It was a small open boat about sixteen feet long, with a mainsail and a jib, — just such a one as would do to sail about the harbor on a fine day, or to go fishing in. This boat I bought, with sails and oars, for eighty dollars. After that I went sailing nearly every day with Jem Bolger, the Captain's son, — a lad about sixteen years old, but a good sailor.

After I had had the boat about a month I aspired to a longer voyage, — no less a one than to the rocks outside the harbor, for a long day's fishing. As it was somewhat dangerous for an open boat to venture so far out in the open sea, a very fine day and suitable wind had to be chosen. I waited several days very impatiently for the wind to blow a mild northeaster, — or *marangar*, the summer wind of New Zealand. It came at last, and indeed all too soon and too fatally for me, as the result will prove.

It began to blow gently from the northeast on the last Sunday night in the month. I accordingly prepared for starting the next morning early, despite Captain Bolger's strong dissuasion, and the fact that I could not persuade any one to go with me: well had it been for me to have listened to one so much more experienced than myself!

Monday morning came fresh and clear, with a nice, steady breeze from the same quarter. Quite early I called Captain Bolger, who, grumbling a little, got up, and, looking out, shook his head.

"I don't think the wind will last all day," was his first remark. "You had better put off your excursion altogether."

I was not, however, to be thus easily dissuaded, but made his daughters get up and prepare my breakfast as soon as possible. This they did, and moreover packed for me a small basket with some meat and bread and potatoes. I had got my fishing-tackle all ready over-night, and procured also a bottle of brandy. I had made a small locker under the end seat of the boat, where I stowed away all the things. I took also with me a coil of new rope for a second anchor, and some large rocks to tie to it. I also, fortunately, as it afterward turned out, took a pair of large, warm blankets, in case I should land elsewhere on the coast and have to stay out all night. Thanks to Captain Bolger for the last, though I laughed at his suggestion at the time. I tried hard to persuade Jem to go with me, but he steadily refused.

As soon as breakfast was over, Captain Bolger and Jem went with me to see me off and help arrange the boat. I then bid his daughters, laughingly, "good by." "Take care of yourself," was the response, "and be sure and come back to-night." I promised to try to do so, and then started for the boat.

The sun was just rising in all his glory, and bathing the ocean with a golden glow. The tiny wavelets washed on the beach with a soft, musical ripple. The breeze was gentle and steady, and in the right direction both for going out and returning. Seemingly I could not have chosen a more delightful or propitious time.

We put the things in the boat, hoisted the mast, and got ready the sails. Even then Captain Bolger tried to induce me to stay; I would not listen, but laughed at his fears. A few natives who were encamped on the beach came down also to see me off. The Captain gave me a few last hurried instructions how to manage and how to steer. In case the wind fell or changed he advised me to make the best of my way immediately to any safe landing on the coast, and not attempt to reach the harbor. If blown out to sea, there were two or three small islands, he said, about eighty miles off in a southeasterly direction; I had better steer for them; "and there," said he, "you can live like Robinson Crusoe, for no one lives on them or ever visits them, except by chance."

I thanked him for his information, and laughingly jumped into my boat. I hoisted the sails, and in a few minutes was out of sight round a jutting point of land. The breeze blew fresh and steady, and I had no difficulty

either in steering the boat or altering the sails, but ran down towards the rocks, going about six knots an hour.

As soon as I had started I found I had forgotten to bring with me my pocket-compass and sun-glass. I generally lighted my pipe with the latter. I was vexed at my carelessness, but I had a few matches in my pocket, and I thought they would do until my return. Return! ah, how little can we forecast the future or know what even an hour may bring forth!

CHAPTER II.

I AM LOST AT SEA, AND CHASED BY A SHARK.

I LIGHTED my pipe with a match, and sat enjoying the swift, smooth motion of my boat and the pleasant day. I made the rocks in about four hours, — at about ten o'clock, as near as I could tell by the sun. I dropped a little grapnel at the bows, and, tying a large rock to the rope, let it out at the other end of the boat. I had already lowered the two sails, and I now prepared and baited my fishing-lines and threw them overboard. I caught several fine, large fish; one so heavy I could not pull it in, and had to let it go. I then felt hungry, and, getting my basket, began to eat my dinner.

As I was eating I noticed for the first time that the wind had quite gone down. Not a breeze rippled the surface of the sea, which rose and fell in long, glassy swells. I was seriously frightened, for I felt sure another and perhaps contrary wind would arise, and then what should I do? I felt I could not manage the boat alone, and I then for the first time regretted my foolish expedition.

There was no time to waste, however, in useless sorrow. I determined to haul up my anchors and try to pull ashore before the wind rose. I immediately attempted this, but found, to my increased alarm, that the tide was ebbing strongly, and a swift current setting outwards into the open sea. However, I would not yet give up all hope; I put out the oars and pulled as if life and death hung upon my efforts. And so they did. I soon found to my great despair that I could make no headway against the current and tide combined, and that I drifted farther and farther out to sea.

A breeze now came dancing and rippling across the waves, but alas! as I had feared, it was also dead against me, blowing directly off shore. I grew almost frantic with fright. I hoisted the sails with no small difficulty, and tried to beat against the wind, but soon found I lost as much in tacking as I gained, and still drifted swiftly and surely out to leeward. To make matters still worse, the gaff of my mainsail broke, and down came the sail, almost carrying me overboard and knocking off my hat, which floated away out of reach.

I now sat in the boat a few moments, as if stupefied by this new calamity; then a sort of cold despair crept over me and seemed to benumb all my faculties. I looked over the wide ocean and then to the fast receding shore,

and a cold shiver crept through me as I groaned out, "O my God! I am lost, I am lost! What shall I do?"

I was so frightened I utterly forgot Captain Bolger's directions, and when they did recur to my mind I never for a moment thought of following them. How could a little open boat like that I was in live to run over eighty miles of the wide ocean?

All this while the boat was drifting, drifting, swiftly, surely out to sea, and the shore seemed but a faint line in the hazy distance. O how faint, how very faint it had become! I felt no hunger, I felt not the cold, but sat and let the boat drift on, on, on, the image of despair. I hardly dared *to think;* it almost drove me wild. I could not bear to look around. It all seemed to me as if I was in a long, horrid dream.

How long I remained thus I can hardly say, but when I rose and tried to shake off my stupor the sun was fast going down in the west. Soft, bright, golden clouds seemed to open to let it down, and a single star floated amid its setting rays. I drearily thought how much I should have admired it if on shore, but how sad, how solemn it seemed now, for I could not hope ever to see it rise again. The full moon in all its beauty was opening the gates of the east as the sun sank to rest.

"Thank God, thank God for that!" I exclaimed, fervently; "at least I shall be spared the horrors of a dark night." I shuddered to think how horrible that night would have been to me if dark and moonless. Still how dreary it all seemed! What a change a few hours had wrought in my position! Whither should I drift to? What would be the end of it all? Should I be missed by my friends, and would they seek for me? All these questions passed again and again through my dazed mind.

Captain Bolger's advice at last recurred to me, and I thought, "Why should I not try to follow it? I can never again reach the place I have left. The land has utterly disappeared, and nothing but water, cruel, mocking water, meets my sight. I am now fairly out in the open sea, and it may be days, nay, weeks, months, before I fall in with any passing ship. I can steer by the moon, and I must soon have food, for I have but one or two more meals left."

I then tried to divert my thoughts by mending my gaff, which took me some little time. I then hauled up my sails once more and resolved to steer a southeasterly course, which I could easily do with the wind then blowing. O, how long and how dreary seemed that night! It seemed to be years that were passing instead of hours.

I once happened to look behind at my boat's track through the water, and saw, to my indescribable horror, a huge shark following in my wake. What a thrill of fear ran through me as I watched it follow me! I steered in another direction, but it immediately turned and pursued me. Every moment I expected it would attack me and upset my boat. Silently I and my horrible attendant kept on our way all night.

How eagerly, how anxiously I watched for the coming dawn I cannot say. At length it came; slowly a pale light suffused the east, slowly

it reddened, and tiny flecks of golden clouds decked the sky. The red, coppery color softened into orange; and then, at length, the sun seemed to emerge with a sudden rush from the sea, and all its waves danced and glittered with the glorious light. Long and anxiously I gazed around, shading my eyes with my hands. No land met my aching sight. Still nothing but the glittering, mocking waters wherever I looked. Again I burst into tears.

"My home! my friends!" I murmured. "Farewell! I shall never, never see you any more."

I felt hungry and faint, and pulling out my basket ate a portion of the food. I dared not eat much, for fear of suffering from future hunger. I then drank a little brandy and water for the first time. The shark still kept close behind me, but I did not fear it so much then. The same wind blew steadily, and I was going on in the same course, looking anxiously for the islands mentioned by Captain Bolger.

About noon I saw before me what I at first took to be a bank of clouds low down on the horizon. I watched them closely and observed that they never changed their outline, but gradually grew sharper and more distinct. I then began to think it might be land that I saw. Land! The thought came like a beam of hope to my soul. I could hardly turn my eyes away for a moment, and as I drew nearer and nearer and found it was indeed land, and most likely one of the islands, I cannot describe my joy.

I ran down steadily towards it, and found it was land rising in sharp peaks about one thousand feet high, conical shaped, and wooded to the top. I rounded a long rocky point and came into a narrow bay. As I entered it the shark left me. Just then a solitary flying-fish rose out of the water in front of my boat, and flew towards the shore. I fondly fancied this a favorable omen.

Rev. R. D. Carter.

NATIONAL EMBLEMS.

IN all ages men have been fond of emblems, that is, of objects representing one thing to the eye and by the power of association suggesting another to the mind. Thus a sceptre, or the picture of one, indirectly calls up the idea of sovereignty; and, in like manner, an anchor is taken to stand for hope, a sword for martyrdom, a palm for victory, a cypress for mourning, a balance for justice. In heraldry, the figures emblazoned on shields and coats of arms are often emblematic of personal or family claims, characteristics, or achievements. The origin and history of such devices furnish a curious subject for investigation. A peculiar interest attaches to those used to distinguish particular nations, notably England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

The emblem of England, as is well known, is the rose. In the year 1455, the Plantagenets of the house of York and those of the house of Lancaster — both being branches of the royal family — engaged in a long and furious struggle for supremacy. The adherents of the house of York adopted a white rose as their distinguishing badge, while the partisans of the house of Lancaster selected a red rose, — both being apparently derived, in some way not accounted for, from a golden rose which was the badge of Edward I. From this circumstance the feuds between the two factions became known as the War of the Roses. After desolating England for thirty years, they were ended by the victory of Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, over Richard III., in the year 1485, and by his accession to the throne as Henry VII.; for his mother being of the house of Lancaster, and his wife (the eldest daughter of Edward IV.) of the house of York, he united in his own person the claims of both contending parties. Since that date a rose of blended white and red has been the emblem of England. By royal warrant, issued in 1801, on occasion of the union of Great Britain with Ireland, it was ordered that the arms of the United Kingdom should bear the rose of England, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland, all ingrafted on the same stem.

The thistle as the emblem of Scotland — of which country it is not probably a native, and where it is rarely found wild — can be traced back to the time of James III. (born 1453, died 1488), who is thought to have adopted it as being a fit illustration of the royal motto, *In defence.* The present national motto, *Nemo me impune lacesset*, "Nobody shall provoke me with impunity," which was adopted by James VI., is certainly a no less appropriate illustration of the emblem. Tradition tells us, that, about the year 1010, in the reign of Malcolm II., the Danes invaded Scotland, landing in Aberdeenshire, at Buchanness, — the most easterly point in the kingdom, — with the intention of commencing operations by storming or surprising an important fortress there. This they attempted to do under cover of darkness. Their presence in the vicinity being unknown, they expected to

accomplish their purpose without much difficulty; but, to prevent all chance of premature discovery, they judged it best to take off their shoes. Having done so, they advanced without opposition or detection until they reached the moat, and victory seemed to be almost assured to them; for they had but to swim across and climb the walls with their scaling-ladders, and the castle would be theirs. But

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley."

The moat proved to be dry, and overgrown with thistles. These pierced their bare feet, and extorted an involuntary cry of pain, which aroused the sleeping garrison, who, rushing at once to arms, sallied from the gate, fell with fury upon the Danes, and utterly routed them. The thistle having thus been the means of preserving Scotland, it was thenceforth adopted as the national emblem.

This legend will do to go with that which assigns as the reason why the shamrock was taken as the badge of Ireland, that St. Patrick made use of this plant, with its three leaves on one stem, or rather its one leaf compounded of three leaflets, to illustrate the mystery of three persons in one Godhead, when preaching to the pagan Irish concerning the Trinity, a doctrine which they found it hard to comprehend. Whether the shamrock is some species of clover or the wood-sorrel is a point on which antiquaries are not agreed; but the national verdict has decided in favor of the small white clover (*Trifolium repens* of botanists), which in "the ould country" is worn in the hat by all patriotic Irishmen on St. Patrick's day (March 17).

The emblem of Wales, the leek, is not an heraldic bearing, but merely a popular badge. In accordance with a custom like that just mentioned as prevailing among the Irish, the Welsh have been in the habit, from time immemorial, of wearing a leek in the cap on the 1st of March, the anniversary day of St. David, their tutelary saint. This custom is said to have originated in the circumstance of some Welsh troops wearing leeks, on a certain occasion, when going into battle, in order to distinguish themselves from their enemies. What this "certain occasion" was, is altogether uncertain. Some say it was the battle of Cressy or Crécy (1346), and that the Welsh followers of Edward, Prince of Wales, — better known, from the color of his armor, as the Black Prince, — being suddenly called to the charge from their bivouac in a garden, picked the leeks which were growing in it, and stuck them in their helmets, as a token by which they might be known to each other. This is the account of the matter which Shakespeare, in his play of Henry V., puts into the mouth of Fluellin. Others affirm that the wearing of the leek originated in an order of St. David to the Britons, or aboriginal Welsh, under Cadwallader, the last of their kings, who, about the year 540, fought a great battle with the Saxons, and gained a signal victory over them. In "The Famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," — written, towards the end of the sixteenth century, by Richard Johnson, — in which the patron saints of England, France, and various other nations are represented as redoubtable knights-errant, "Sir David" is made

to say to his men, as he leads them into action in his last battle near Constantinople, "For my colors or ensign do I wear upon my bayonet, you see, a green leek set in gold, which shall, if we win the victory, hereafter be an honor to Wales; and on this day, being the first of March, be it forever worn by Welshmen in remembrance thereof!" The champion saint's injunction, however, is at the present day little regarded; but on the national holiday a gilt leek is still carried in processions, a silver one is presented to the head-master at Eton by the Welsh boy of highest rank in the school, and the plant itself decorates the mantel-shelf in most Welsh houses.

M. S. R.

TWO LITTLE ROGUES.

SAYS Sammy to Dick,
"Come hurry! Come quick!
And we 'll *do* and we 'll *do* and we 'll *do!*
Our mammy 's away,
She 's gone for to stay,
And we 'll make a great hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
We 'll make a great hullabaloo!"

Says Dicky to Sam,
"All weddy I am
To do, and to do, and to do.
But how doesth it go?
I so ittle to know.
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo!
Thay, what be a hullabawoo?"

"O, slammings and bangings,
And whingings and whangings;
And very bad mischief we 'll do!
We 'll clatter and shout,
And knock things about,
And that 's what 's a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
And that 's what 's a hullabaloo!

Slide down the front stairs!
Tip over the chairs!
Now into the pantry break through!

Pull down all the tinware,
And pretty things in there!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
All aboard for a hullabaloo!

Now roll up the table,
Far up as you 're able,
Chairs, sofa, big easy-chair too!
Put the lamps and the vases
In funny old places.
How 's this for a hullabaloo?
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
How 's this for a hullabaloo?

Let the dishes and pans
Be the womans and mans;
Everybody keep still in their pew!
Mammy's gown I 'll get next,
And preach you a text.
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!
Ri too! ri loo! loo! loo! loo!
Dicky! hush with your hullabaloo!"

As the preacher in gown
Climbed up and looked down
His queer congregation to view,
Said Dicky to Sammy,
"O, *dere* comes our mammy!
Se 'll *pank* for dis hullabawoo!
Ri too! ri loo! woo! woo! woo!
Se 'll *pank* for dis hullabawoo!"

"O mammy! O mammy!"
Cried Dicky and Sammy,
"We 'll never again, certain true!"
But with firm step she trod
To take down the rod, —
O, then came a hullabaloo!
"Boohoo! boohoo! woo! woo! woo!"
O, then came a hullabaloo!

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

AN ADIRONDACK DEER-HUNT.

THERE were only three of us, Charlie, Will, and I, but we enjoyed ourselves as thoroughly as though the party had been composed of a dozen ; for we were all jolly fellows, and we made the best of camp-life. That Monday night we had set apart for a regular deer-hunt. During the afternoon we made everything ready. The "jack," as it was called, a large lantern fixed upon a pole and set upright in the bow of the boat, was freshly cleaned and filled ; the double-barrel, Charlie's favorite weapon, was carefully inspected and then loaded with a dozen buck-shot to each charge ; and we had examined our revolvers, satisfied that, should a deer show himself anywhere within ten rods of their muzzles, he was "a gone deer."

At last evening came, and a beautiful evening too ; no moon, but a clear sky, each star shining with particular brilliancy, and not a breath of air stirring. About nine o'clock, everything being arranged, we started. The usual number for a deer-hunt is two, one to paddle and one to shoot ; but as there were only three of us, and taking two would necessitate the leaving of one alone at camp, we were all to go. Either because my eyes were the sharpest, or for some other unexplained reason, I was selected to take my place in the bow with the gun, directly under the jack, which, with its wick turned full up and elevated as it was about a foot above my head, threw a strong light about ten rods ahead. If necessary, the light could be turned in any direction by simply turning the pole supporting the jack. Charlie took the paddle, — for oars are never used in night-hunting on account of the noise they make, — and Will, with his revolver loosened in its holster, sat on the seat in the middle of the boat. When everything was ready, with a gentle push we floated off ; and, as Charlie's paddle began its strong and measured stroke, we swiftly glided away toward the foot of the lake. We were on a chain of lakes of which there were six. The one we were camping near was the fourth, and from that we intended to run down through the third and second into the first and then back again.

For something more than an hour we glided on with no sound but the distant whine of some hungry panther, a loon's scream, or the occasional rustle of the lily-pads against the side of the boat. Through the third lake we went, and into the second. The place for deer was along the edge of these lakes, where they were accustomed to come to drink, or feed upon the tender water-grasses ; so of course we were running close to the shore, and our strong light, as it steadily gleamed ahead, illumined for an instant the tall pines and hemlocks, and then suffered them again to sink into darkness as we sped on, reminding one of the giants of old, whom we wakened but to glance at, and then allowed to doze away into slumber again.

Already more than two thirds of the second lake had been passed when a " Hist ! " from Will quickened my drowsy senses, and, peering into the night, I saw, just in

the full glare of our jack, a magnificent buck, with head raised and ears thrown forward, gazing with wondering eyes at the strange phenomenon which had so suddenly startled him from his feeding. With raised hand I signalled Charlie to stop paddling, and in a moment we lay motionless. Grasping with both hands the gun, I raised it, but as I glanced along its barrels I felt it tremble and shake too much to risk a shot. Angry at myself, I lowered it a moment, and then with a quick motion I threw it again to my shoulder and pressed the trigger. A sharp report, a sudden bound, and then a splashing in the water followed. Scarcely knowing what I did, I turned the gun in the direction of the noise and fired again. All became still, and as the boat slowly swung around, throwing the light full on the shore, we saw our game lying half in the water, motionless, and to all appearance dead. With a shout, for we were too excited to keep still any longer, Charlie urged the boat toward him. We were already within a couple of rods of the shore when, without warning, the buck sprang to his feet and with a mighty bound stood trembling in the bushes, the blood pouring from an ugly hole in his neck.

"Shoot! shoot quick!" I fairly yelled. Will's revolver answered my cry, and once more, with a convulsive spring, the magnificent animal fell, — this time really dead. Well, we got him into the boat and up to camp; how, I can scarcely tell, for we were all of us half wild with excitement. Was it not grand! And then, too, it was the first deer any of us had ever seen in its native woods. During the remainder of our stay we killed other deer and shot different kinds of game, both large and small, but nothing to us had so wonderful a charm about it as did that first buck, killed in that night deer-hunt in the Adirondacks.

F. Emerson, age 17.

THE STORY OF A CROSS.

Ah, many, many strange things have I seen and heard; but the strangest and most beautiful of all is that I should be what and where I now am, — a Christmas Cross, hung high in the chancel above the altar! Still above me are the letters I. H. S., which mean Jesus Hominum Salvator, — Jesus, the Saviour of men; and far below me are the minister and the people. I see them kneeling in the bright light to pray to that dear Saviour. Then I hear the organ peal forth joyously; they "shout the glad tidings" and "exultingly sing" on this blessed Christmas night.

Now the beautiful sounds have ceased, and the church is silent and dark; but the stars shine in the sky, as they did so long ago, — the bright stars that I have always loved, and toward which I was slowly climbing, when, as a tree, I waved my branches in the gentle breeze, or tossed them in the wintry blast.

In the early springtime the children came, and the May-flowers awoke from their sweet slumber at the sound of their laughter. The tiny buds burst into rosy flowers, beneath the rustling leaves, and their fragrance rose to greet the little ones. The birds sang merrily through the long summer days, and told wondrous tales of the south-land, to which they journey when the storm-winds come. They sang of the orange-groves, and the lovely flowers, and of a sky ever blue, in that far sunny clime.

When the birds had flown, and the snow fell softly, and decked me all in white, when the wintry wind swept wild and free o'er the forest, how glorious was my life! On such a day my death-blow came, and I fell with a crash and a groan.

My brave life is over, but my sorrow is changed to joy; and the moon looks down through the lofty windows, and smiles upon me as of yore.

E. B.

OUR PICNIC-PARTY.

It was a lovely day in that most perfect of months, June. We — meaning Pa, Ma, Harry, Rob, Addie, and myself were spending the summer at Aunt Helen's, on the Hudson. On this particular afternoon my two cousins, Nellie and Dick, and I were lounging in various graceful attitudes under the trees, reading. But books, no matter how interesting, were almost a bore on such a lovely day, and I threw mine down with a sigh.

"Let me see," I said, reflectively. "To-morrow 's the 23d of June. Why, it 's my birthday, sure enough!"

"So it is!" exclaimed Dick, looking up from "Tom Brown at Rugby," "and we ought to do something to celebrate it."

"Let 's have a picnic," said Nellie, after a few moments of silence.

"Where could we have it?" I asked, doubtfully. "Here?"

"No, take the yacht and go up to Silver Spring."

"Good for you, Nell," said Dick, clapping his hands approvingly. "But how will mother like it?" he added.

"Fortunately ma and Aunt Belle are going to New York to-morrow, to be gone all day," replied Nellie.

"It would be great fun, but I don't think we ought to do it," I ventured.

"Don't be a goose, Mabel," said Nellie. "Of course, I know it 's dreadful; but after it 's done ma won't care in the least. If she knew of it beforehand, she 's so afraid of our being drowned that it would spoil all her pleasure. So you see," she added, laughing in spite of herself, "that it 's merely consideration for ma's feelings that impels me to conceal it from her."

"Such an affectionate daughter!" murmured Dick, admiringly.

When Nellie set her heart upon anything she generally carried her point; and so, after a great deal of debating and objecting, we decided to go.

The next morning Nellie and I were so unusually sweet-tempered, and so *very* anxious to help our respective mammas off, that they appeared rather suspicious. But our faces were expressive of nothing but the blankest innocence; and whatever misgivings Aunt Helen had, she kept them to herself, and only said: "Now, girls, I trust you to take care of the house and Addie. Don't let the boys go off gunning, and don't —"

"Carriage 's ready, mum; and James says as how you 've only five minutes to get down to the cars in, mum," announced cook, putting her head in at the door.

"Very well, Bridget; I 'll be down directly," answered Aunt Helen; and apparently forgetting what she had intended to say, she gathered up her gloves, parasol, and travelling-bag and followed ma down stairs.

"Gracious! *was n't* that lucky?" whispered Nellie, as she and I meekly brought up the rear. "Ma was just going to say 'don't go away from the house' as Bridget opened the door."

After a slight commotion, caused by Addie's falling off the piazza, dangerously near the horses' feet, the carriage drove off.

"Where 's Dick?" I asked, as nurse carried Addie screaming into the house.

"Down at the boat-house; and he sent Harry up a few moments ago to say that if we did n't hurry we could n't go to-day. So do get the "grub," as Dick calls it, while I hunt up some shawls and books" and Nellie flew off up stairs.

Darting into the storeroom, I hastily filled a large wicker basket with cake, pie, biscuits, sandwiches, peaches, and lemons (for lemonade).

"Will that do?" I asked of Nellie, meeting her at the foot of the stairs, with her hat and sack on, and her arms full of shawls and books.

"Yes; all right. Get your things and come on, or nurse will be down to see what we 're about."

I caught my hat and sack off the hook in the closet, and, running down stairs, joined Nellie on the piazza. Then, taking the basket between us, we hurried through the garden, and down the long path that led to the river. Here we found the boys impatiently awaiting us, and, getting on board the yacht, were about to start, when — "Bless me! if here is n't Pud!" (our nickname for Addie) cried Rob. "What shall we do with her?"

"Take her back to the house," suggested Nellie.

"No, I 'm goin' wid you," cried Pud, nearly tumbling into the water in her endeavor to reach the boat. We pulled her on board, and, as 't was getting late, resignedly concluded that we 'd have to take her with us.

Dick gave the yacht a shove to get it clear of the shore, and then seated himself at the helm. The boat started swiftly up the river, and we felt that we could once more breathe freely. After fifteen minutes' sail I ventured to say, "Don't you think we 've passed it, Dick?"

"No, here we are"; and as he spoke the boat glided slowly into a little cove to the right. We scrambled on shore as soon as the keel grated on the sand, and the boys drew the boat a little way out of the water. Then, taking the basket and the books, we repaired to "Silver Spring," a lovely little stream hidden in a patch of woods not far distant.

I, for one, never enjoyed myself more than I did that afternoon. Harry had, unknown to the rest of us, brought a croquet set, and after we had eaten the "grub" and exhausted several other games he brought it out of its hiding-place in the cabin. Dick drove in the wickets for us, and we were soon deep in the fascinating game, — so much interested, indeed, that we did not notice how ominously black the sky had been growing until we felt the rain-drops on our faces. Then we looked around us in consternation. Dick took out his watch, — for he had one, which, added to the dignity of his sixteen years, made him feel almost a man, — and announced that it was four o'clock. We knew that it would not have done for us to stay any later, even if it had not been raining. So we gathered our things together, and, dragging Pud after us, started for the boat. A great deal of precious time was consumed in getting it into the water; and then, just as we were fairly afloat, Nellie discovered that she had left two of the shawls at the spring.

Of course we had to go back, and by the time we were ready to start a second time the rain was pouring in torrents. The yacht was a very small one, and what was called the "cabin" was only a little dark hole with no means of ventilation, and filled with old ropes and fishing-lines. We preferred to remain on deck; and there, although wrapped in shawls, we were drenched to the skin.

It was a sorry-looking party that slowly and mournfully descended from the boat at our shore. We hurried up to the house with all possible speed, and found it in an uproar. Ma and Aunt Helen had, on account of the rain, come home somewhat earlier than either they or we expected, and, not finding us in the house, had despatched the servants in two or three different directions to look for us. They were beginning to be very anxious when they were relieved by our arrival. We

"'fessed," received a long lecture, and were then sent to bed. "For fear we should catch cold," said Aunt Helen. "To meditate on our sins," corrected Nellie. The next week or two we were as hoarse as ravens, and concluded that among the things which generally "cost more than they come to" could be reckoned a Picnic-Party.

Mabel Colby, age 15.

Orange, N. J.

SOMETHING ABOUT MY GRANDMOTHER.

My grandmamma is a charming old lady. She is French, you must know, and has many of the peculiarities of that nation. A brisk, busy little body she is, even now; one would think she had discovered the "secret of perpetual motion." She has very bright, restless black eyes, which do not need the aid of spectacles, — no, indeed! she looks with distrust upon such inventions. I have often thought her eyes must be something as St. Paul's were.

The roses of youth are well dried in her cheeks. She has a trim little waist; in her youth she was remarkable for her taper form, and many a time, dwelling upon this, her favorite topic, with unfeigned pleasure, she has told me of the compliments she has received from Lord Such-an-one, and the Rev. This-one, — "very wealthy and talented, by the way, my dear."

A very neat white kerchief is folded over her bosom, fastened with an ancient pin containing some of "dear Joseph's hair." An antique watch ticks complacently at her side. She has two pockets, one containing her snowy handkerchief, her gold-bordered snuff-box, and a few coppers for change; the other — whenever the children see her hand go into that pocket their eyes involuntarily shine brighter, for may-be within it will be found a stray peanut, a few caraway-seeds and cloves, a little cake such as only grandmamma can make, or, better still, an orange or a rosy-cheeked apple for some well-behaved child. She wears a very large white cap with a dainty lace border falling gracefully against the short, bobbing curls, — old ladies' indispensable ornaments, you know. Her small hand is set off by wide, full ruffles, and her trim little foot and ankle are seen to good advantage, for the dear old lady follows the fashion of long ago, — short dresses, — reminding one of what the poet says, —

> "Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, peep in and out."

Her house is a long, old-fashioned, one-story dwelling, with everything wonderfully neat about it, like her neat self. She seldom occupies more than two rooms, a chamber and a parlor. The bed has one of those old-fashioned canopies, the huge white curtains sweeping down and gracefully looped away at the sides. It is provided with the whitest of linen, and a coverlid made by herself arranged in various little ornamental ways, — such as squares, stars, and the like, of divers colors. Here is one with a groundwork of green, variegated with little sprigs and flowers; that piece was once part of a dress she wore at the time "Joseph was a courtin' her," and indeed every little piece has its private history. Stiff, high-backed chairs are arranged in faultless order about the room; and in one corner stands an antique bureau, with very shining brass handles. A few pictures of long-faced saints, angels with crossed hands and outspread wings, grace the walls. The floor is scrupulously clean, with here and there a piece of rag-carpeting made by her own hands.

So much for the chamber; now come to the parlor. Take off thy shoes, for it is

holy ground! Gaze with the eyes, but handle not with the hands! You can hardly see; we will open the ponderous shutters and raise the windows, and let in the cool air and the cheerful sun. What a mellow light it throws over the old-fashioned room and furniture! I will venture to say the first thing that meets your eye will be that startling portrait upon the wall. That is grandmamma's "Joseph." "A most correct likeness of the dear man," she would probably tell you. Opposite this picture is another, in worsted-work, representing a man and woman standing with clasped hands by a tomb, over which bends a weeping-willow. This is her own work; and down at this side, in large worsted letters, is her name, with the date, — "Marie Adèle, March —." See that old cabinet! It is filled with the gorgeous costumes of my ancient relatives; yards of old perfumed point-lace, and many very sacred relics of my departed and lamented grandfather. It is kept under lock and key. The furniture, you see, is very heavily carved. Here stands a table covered with the miniatures of — I should certainly think — the whole of the past generation. What a stiff, uncomfortable-looking old sofa! There stands a rocking-chair, — how odd it looks by the side of this ancient furniture! It really has a very inviting appearance, and was purchased for the sole use of some old and decrepit friends, I suppose, — for you must know that my grandmother once every year has a tea-party, to which she invites all her old lady acquaintances for miles around.

If you never attended an old lady's "tea-party," I advise you to do so at the first opportunity. At half past five they walk into the garden to view the grounds and the enchanting prospect; at six they again adjourn to the house, where they take tea. Confidence reigns, and the whole time is occupied in discussing some very important topics, long-ago triumphs, the art of bread-making, receipts for cakes, etc. Shortly after they retire to the chamber, where they prepare to go, first taking many precautions to guard themselves from the evening air. With many motherly injunctions from grandma, they take their leave.

Long live my grandmother! May her days be happy, and when the messenger comes for her, may she follow him peacefully and willingly to join "her Joseph"!

Louie Anthony, age 16.

Worcester, Mass.

AN ECHO.

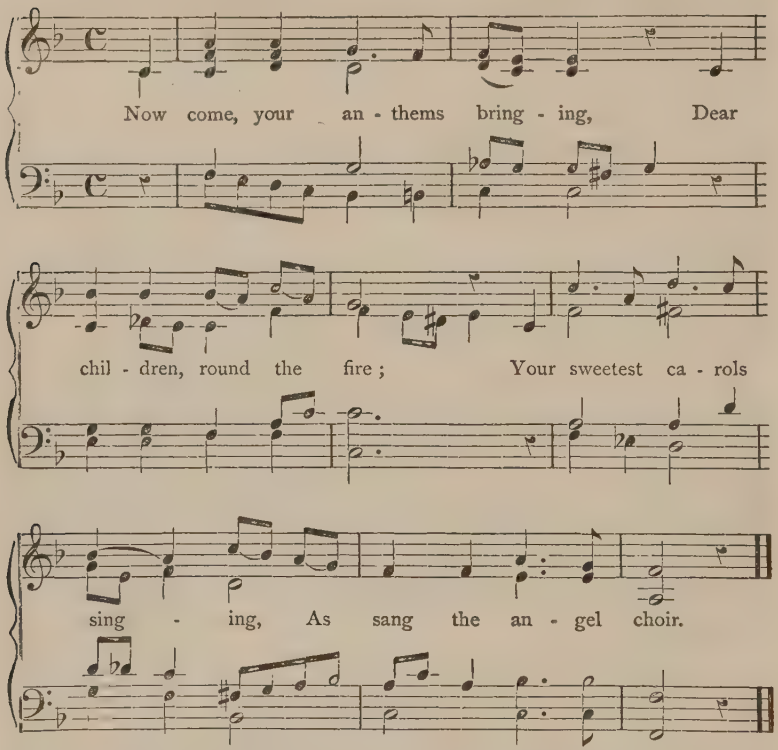
Christmas is coming! The blessed season of peace is very near us, but the brave and gentle heart that for so many Christmas-tides beat with ours and for ours is silent. The "old, old fashion" of death came upon him, and the great Carolist departed; and as he went, and the Spirit of Christmas Future covered its face and wept, he murmured softly, "Lord, keep my memory green!"

And so with the joy of this coming Christmas will mingle a sad, tender remembrance of the sweet singer whose songs seemed to bring nearer to us the thought of the Divine love. He will know now how dearly we held him, for on this sadly joyful Christmas millions of hearts will lay their most precious gift at his feet as they could never do before. The evergreens may seem a mockery, the holly-berries less bright than when he sang them, the chimes may echo mournfully; but as the Spirit of Christmas Past breathes over everything on that day, and our hearts soften under the kindly teachings of the dead, let us bow our heads reverently before the thought of him, and thank the Love that first gave us the beautiful feast for that "older fashion yet, of immortality."

Lottie Adams, age 15.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN. WORDS BY J. V. B.



For still the lovely story
Is dear to old and young;
And still the child of glory
By children shall be sung.

O bright the fairy-dances
Of firelight on the wall;
And sweet the tender fancies
Where home-love fills the hall;

And sweet the children's voices,
The holy child that sing,
When all the house rejoices
With songs and carroling!

And older hearts, confessing
The spell, attend the throng,
With grateful voices blessing
The prophet in their song.

So while to heaven ascending
Our joyful carols ring,
O, in our hearts are blending
The joy and love we sing!

CHRISTMAS-TREE. — AN ACTING CHARADE.

SCENE I. — CHRISTMAS.

CHARACTERS.

SANTA CLAUS.	CHARLEY.
MARY.	MAGGIE.
BOB.	SALLIE.
SAM.	MARIA.
JOHN.	WILLIE.
TOM.	SUSIE.
FRANKY.	PETER.
MAUD.	MINNIE.
ROBERT.	BABY (*the smallest child who runs alone*).

SCENE, *a sitting-room in a very dim light. Centre of background, a fire-place with a dark curtain hanging across it. A line, stretched across the top of curtain, is hung with seventeen empty stockings, varying in size, baby's short sock in the centre.*

Curtain rises to soft music. After a moment, sleigh-bells are heard very faintly, as if at a distance; the jingle comes nearer and louder till it falls with a crash behind the chimney curtain.

The curtain parts in the centre, and SANTA CLAUS *bounds into the room with a pack of toys and sweets upon his back.*

SANTA CLAUS. Well, here I am! Expected too, I see!
Those empty stockings surely gape for me!
To fill them all, I must not long delay,
For I have much to do ere peep of day.
I 've many pretty things to greet the sight
Of little folks who soundly sleep to-night,
Dreaming of Santa Claus, his reindeer sleigh,
And of the gifts he brings on Christmas Day.
Now let me see!

(*Takes off his pack, and begins to fill stockings*).

There 's blue-eyed little Mary!
To her I 'll give this beautiful canary.
It will not sing, but it will squeak instead,
And it does not require to be fed!
Charley a long-tailed chestnut horse will find;
And Bob an organ, that a tune will grind.

Dear little Maggie must have a new doll ;
And Sam will surely like this pretty Poll.
Hulloo ! What is John's stocking doing here ?
John ! John ! You 'll disappointed be, I fear !
There 's nothing for a bad boy in my pack,
Except this rod, to lay across his back !

(*Puts a long rod in* JOHN'S *stocking.*)

My little bird who flies around each year,
To gather news about the children dear,
Down on my shoulder did this morning fly,
To tell me naughty John had told a lie !
For such a fault my anger is severe,
So John must have no toys nor sweets this year.
Sallie 's too big for toys and cakes to look ;
What shall I leave for Sallie ? O, a book !
A book of Fairy Stories, bound in blue,
And I will leave one for Maria too.
Why, bless my heart ! What tiny sock is here ?
This surely must belong to baby dear !
Baby must have a rattle and a ball,
And this white dog to baby's share must fall.
An orange and a bon-bon too go here, —
Baby must always have the best, that 's clear.
Willie a trumpet wants, and Tom a kite ;
In this nice work-box, Susie will delight !
Franky a horn, Peter a drum will prize,
And pretty Maud a blue-eyed doll that cries.
A top and whistle fall to Robert's share,
And Minnie shall have this great sugar pear.
Tut ! tut ! my pack is emptying fast I fear,
I must go home again when I leave here,
And fill it up once more. No child to-morrow,
Must o'er an empty stocking weep in sorrow.
Here still are nuts and things for all to eat,
Bon-bons and grapes the little ones to treat !
But not too many, or I have a fear,
Dr. Physic-them-all will come in here.
Are all these stockings filled ? Yes, every one !
My task in this room for to-night is done !
Soft eyelids closed in sleep will soon awake !
A Christmas stocking every child will take.
Good wishes go with all ! Each girl and boy,
Their Christmas day begin and end in joy !
Good night ! good night ! Sleep, little children, sleep !
Before the dawn of Christmas day shall peep,
Or merry voices rise in gladsome play,
Santa Claus must be many miles away.
Next year I 'll make them all another call.
Good night ! good night ! A merry Christmas all !

(*Straps on his pack again, and goes behind chimney curtain. The sleigh-bells are heard again, loud at first, but growing fainter, until they seem to die away in the distance. Soft music again, during the continuance of which the light in the room grows gradually brighter as if at the approach of daylight. When the room is brightly lighted, the music ceases, and children's voices are heard, shouting, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"*)

(*Enter* MARY, BOB, SAM, JOHN, TOM, FRANKY, MAUD, ROBERT, CHARLEY, MAGGIE, SALLIE, MARIA, WILLIE, PETER, MINNIE, *and* SUSIE *leading the* BABY. *They all run to the fireplace, each child taking a stocking. Every child is dressed in a long white night-gown and little white night-cap.*)

MARY. O my!
BOB. Do see!
SAM. What lovely things are here!
TOM. How pretty!
FRANKY. Is n't Santa Claus a dear!
MAUD. I never saw so many charming toys!
ROBERT. We surely should be happy girls and boys!
CHARLEY. Oh! Oh!
MAGGIE. Ah! Ah!
SALLIE. I 've got a pretty book!
MARIA. I 've got another!
WILLIE. Mine 's a trumpet!
PETER. Look!
MINNIE. O, what a splendid Christmas! See!
SUSIE. What a fine work-box has been left for me!
JOHN. O dear! O dear! I have n't got a toy,
Only a rod is left for a bad boy.

(JOHN *goes in a corner and sits down, digging his knuckles into his eyes, as if crying. The others form a ring round the baby, who sits on the floor, with its toys.*)

CHILDREN (*waving stockings and toys and singing*). *Air, "We'll be gay and happy still."*

Santa Claus has been to see us,
Toys he 's left for one and all!
Every heart is full of pleasure,
After Santa makes a call!
So we 'll sing and dance and cheer!
Christmas comes but once a year!
We will sing and dance and cheer!
Christmas comes but once a year!

Chorus of drums, horns, trumpets, and whistles.

JOHN (*singing dolefully in the corner*).

Santa Claus has been to see us,
But he 's left no toy for me!
If a little boy is naughty,
Santa Claus will angry be!
So all bad boys heed and fear!
Christmas comes but once a year.

ALL. So all bad boys heed and fear,
Christmas comes but once a year!

Chorus as before. [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — TREE.

CHARACTERS.

GEORGE. HERBERT.
FRANK.

SCENE, *a sitting-room. Curtain rises, discovering* GEORGE *just entering the room.*

GEORGE. Nobody here! I met no one on the way! I shall escape this time, but I will never play ball near the flower-garden again. (*Takes a book and sits down.*) I am all out of breath with such a run!

(*Enter* FRANK *and* HERBERT.)

HERBERT. Poor Willie! he is in another scrape!

FRANK. He is always in trouble! What 's the matter now?

HERBERT. You know the little orange-tree uncle brought mamma from New Orleans?

FRANK. O yes. Mamma thinks more of that than of anything else in the garden.

HERBERT. Willie has broken it all to pieces!

FRANK. O, I 'm so sorry! How did he do it?

HERBERT. He threw his ball at it, and knocked over the pot it was in. It was very small and the fall broke it. Papa is going to punish Willie very severely, he says, not for breaking the tree, but for telling a lie about it.

FRANK. O, that is bad. A lie?

HERBERT. He said he did not break it.

FRANK. And are you sure he did?

HERBERT. O yes, papa found him trying to put the tree back into the pot. He said he found it lying on the ground, and was trying to put it up again.

FRANK. I never knew Willie to tell a lie. He is very careless, but he is generally truthful.

HERBERT. Father has sent him to his room. If he does not tell the truth by dinner-time, he will be punished both for carelessness and falsehood.

FRANK. Poor Willie! I am very sorry. Come, let us look at the tree, and see if we cannot remedy the mischief!

[*Exit* HERBERT *and* FRANK.

GEORGE (*coming forward.*) They did not see me! O, how mean I feel! Instead of going to papa to tell him I accidentally broke mamma's orange-tree, I ran away, and poor Willie, trying to mend my mischief, is suspected, not only of the carelessness, but of falsehood. How badly he must feel to think papa suspects him of telling a lie! I am glad papa has not punished him, for I can run now and tell him I broke the tree! It will teach me one lesson, — never to wait before confessing a fault.

[*Exit* GEORGE. *Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — CHRISTMAS-TREE.

Curtain rises, discovering numerous curtains of blue gauze behind it. These curtains rise one after another during the singing of a hymn. CHILDREN *sing, hidden from the audience, any suitable Christmas hymn. At the last line the last gauze curtain is raised, revealing a tall, handsomely dressed Christmas-Tree. After a moment or two, for the audience to see it, the curtain falls, or if the charade precedes actual Christmas festivities, the gifts are then distributed.*

S. Annie Frost.

ENIGMAS.

No. 1.

Seven letters of the alphabet form the family name of one of America's famous men.

My 7, 3, 6, 4 tell what my subject is to all our hearts.

My 4, 6, 1, 2, what he has never been.

My 4, 6, 7, what he has never done.

My 1, 6, 7, 3, what he has proved himself, but which cannot always be applied to his enemies.

My 3, 6, 4 is a portion of the head. Prefix my 2 to these numbers, and it is a function of the last.

My 4, 3, 6, 5 is a specific quantity of something of which this page is a part.

My 2, 6, 5 is a well known and abundant export from the West, and is also an ancestral name in the annals of a family, some of whose descendants have recently become famous.

My 2, 3, 7 is a bird.

My 2, 6, 4, 3, my 5, 6, 4, 3, and my 4, 6, 5 are all varieties of animals. This last combination also expresses a powerful war-vessel.

My 5, 3, 6, 7, though found transposed in his 7, 6, 5, 3, will not be found in his character.

My 5, 3, 1, 2, is what he prepared and cast about his enemies.

My 1, 3, 6, 4 is the state in which he left some fields of warfare.

My 1, 6, 5 is an abbreviation of the name of his uncle.

My 5, 6 abbreviates his maternal ancestor.

My 1, 2, 3 is a feminine term. Drop my 1 and add my 4 it is still feminine.

My 5, 6, 7, the last three letters of his name, are decidedly masculine, and, using them to express my *whole*, I will only add that, "Take him for all in all, we ne'er may look upon his like again."

A. B. C.

No. 2.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My *first* is in tack, but not in nail.

My *second* 's in tub, but not in pail.

My *third* is in bud, but not in root.

My *fourth* is in branches, but not in shoot.

My *fifth* is in rain, but not in snow.

My *sixth* is in boy, but not in beau.

My *seventh* 's in youth, but not in man.

My *last* is in tin, but not in pan.

My *whole* is the name of a very disagreeable part of arithmetic.

Cora Bell.

No. 3.

I am composed of 6 letters.

My *first* is in pencil, but not in pen.

My *second* 's in boys, but not in men.

My *third* is in blow, but not in squall.

My *fourth* is in slip, but not in fall.

My *fifth* is in tree, but not in bush.

My *sixth* is in crowd, but not in push.

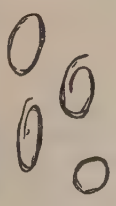
The name of my *whole*, if you did but know it,

Is that of a famous British poet.

Addie V. K., age 11.

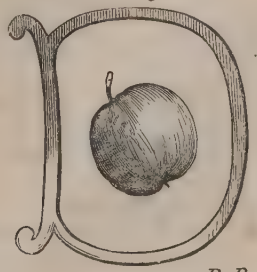
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 4.



"*Ed. Ward.*"

No 5.



P. B. L.

PUZZLE BOUQUET.—No. 6.

1. An animal and a sounding instrument.
2. A fop and a beast of prey.
3. An animal and an article of dress.
4. Falsehood and want.
5. A spice and a place for coining money.
6. An adjective meaning stiff and a flower.
7. A figure (or number) and a feature of the face.
8. A singing bird and an equipment used in riding.
9. An article of food and a drinking utensil.
10. An English city and haughtiness.

Isabella A.

CHARADES.

No. 7.

My *first* is made for light.
If you are my *second* you will not see it.
My *whole* is made to cover my *first*.

H. M. T.

No. 8.

My *first* our houses cannot do without.
My *second* is called a great consoler, especially by men.
My *whole* is indispensable to my *first*.

E. & G.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 9.

H. E. P.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 10.

My first may be found in my fifth and my second,
Affording relief amid sand-wastes and heat.
My third a comparative word must be reckoned,
Which prudent ones ponder, and oft stay their feet.
My fourth is the genitive case of a stream
You may read of in Cæsar,—that monarch supreme.

H. T. C.

No. 11.

My first is untrue.
My second is a foreigner.
My third is a border.
My fourth is a river of France.
My fifth is to enter.

Annie S.

No. 12.

1. A river well known to every American school-boy.
2. A pastime much in vogue amongst Englishmen.
3. A standard of measure.
4. A German Emperor.

& & &

BURIED PLACES.—No. 12.

1. A beautiful child receives admiration from every one.

2. I send some nectarines, hoping they will prove nice.

3. The music was of a most sombre strain.

4. They thought I could play croquet, but I can't.

5. A great savant was Baron A. von Humboldt.

6. Admiral Dupont was the hero of Port Royal.

7. There is a bear's den very near our house.

8. Don't wake Nap, lest he bite you.

9. Naughty Jack Bambo stoned the cat.

10. Won't a Rio Janeiro trader be glad of a cargo of ice?

11. Yes, I am going to sail to-morrow for Europe.

12. My Papa rises every morning at six.

13. It is true that hens will hatch ducks' eggs.

14. "The good ship Union," and I am her steward.

15. Brazil has a large trade in diamonds.

M. N. N.

ANAGRAMS.—No. 13.

Fill the blanks in the three following examples with a word of four letters and its transpositions.

1. I ran my head against a —— and was thus brought to a sudden —— in the very —— where the —— of my —— and kettles were lost last year.

2. The miner —— from his couch and worked till his hands were —— when there appeared two bucks and two —— who kicked over his sieve and spilt all his ——.

3. The jockey asked the horse's ——, and inquired respecting his ——. "Sir," I said, "I will never sell him to a —— man." "——," solemnly responded James.

Fill the blanks with a word of three letters and its transpositions.

4. It is quite an —— to secure a —— without the aid of ——.

W. T. Gannett.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 14.

Edward A. J.

ANSWERS.

95. 1. Eel 2. Chub. 3. Perch. 4. Shad. 5. Salmon. 6. Shark. 7. Cod. 8. Smelt. 9. Ray. 10. Dace. 11. Sole. 12. Halibut.

96. *One rod* makes an *acher* (acre).

97. 1. Horse — shore. 2. Stew — west. 3. Sport — ports. 4. Stage — gates.

98.

R E N T
E V E R
N E R O
T R O T

99.

P A N
A L E
N E T

PRIZE PUZZLE.

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

THE young friends of the mountain in Oregon, town in Florida, town in Ohio, and town in Virginia had a pond in New Hampshire and a town in Ohio time at their games.

In the "Menagerie," a fort in Montana was a mountain in Vermont; a fort in Utah made an excellent river in Wisconsin, while a town in Western New York was equally good as two towns in Pennsylvania! The mountain in New Hampshire took the part of islands in Lake Huron, a county in Illinois was a river in Minnesota, and a town in Tennessee a cape of Maine! All the little ones were put into the town in North Carolina. At last the creek in Nebraska and the town in Arkansas bid the other animals a fort in Arizona, which made such a river in New York, that a town in Illinois said she should think she was in a town in Arkansas!

While they played a town in Virginia, a county in Michigan hurt her lake in Minnesota, in trying to get a town in Minnesota's chair: for a town in Kentucky, she was told that she was a town in New Jersey.

After that, they had tableaux. The smallest boy was an inlet of one of the Gulf States, and fair-haired town in Indiana insisted on being a county town in Arkansas. The roguish boy took the creek in Wyoming part, and held a town in Tennessee, instead of a town in Virginia, to the nose of the boy whom the town in Georgia had pronounced a river in Maine; which, of course, set him a-branch of Virginia!

Then a lake in California gave this charade: —

Of my second, I wish my first to be;
My whole is a town in Georgi — ae!

A very little boy gave: In my second grows my first. *Ans.* A point of New England.

Some of the others were as follows: —

My first wears my second. *Ans.* A town in Florida.

If my second were not my first, what a squealing there would be! *Ans.* A town in Massachusetts.

If my first gets out of my second (my whole being a town in South Carolina), what will she do? *Ans.* A town in Georgia.

If my second were secured by my first (my whole being a town in New York), the cause of a town in Georgia would be advanced. A bright boy remarked that a town in Tennessee, faithfully applied, might be efficacious!

Leave out my second, and you have my whole. *Ans.* A river in Wyoming.

My second, if you do my first (my whole being a town in Iowa), we shall all believe what a town in Illinois says, and that you are the daughter of a river in Virginia.

The capital of a Southern State seeing the capital of an Eastern State a river in Iowa, thought it was time for a town in five of the Western States; they acted upon his suggestion, each thanking the other for a river in Maine time.

And now, if "Our Young Folks" do not meet with a town in New York in reading this county of Iowa, they should not give up the first town in Illinois, but take for their motto a town in Mississippi; for to lose a town in New Jersey is a town in Michigan to another town in Illinois.

For answers to this puzzle, by subscribers under sixteen years of age, the following prizes are offered: —

For the best interpretation, making sense of the narrative by the insertion in their proper places of the right geographical names . . $10.00
For the second best 7.00
For the third 5.00
For the fourth 3.00
For the fifth 2.00

Answers to be sent in before the 15th of February next, each accompanied by the writer's full name, age, and address.

Members of families in which "Our Young Folks" is taken, including those who receive it regularly from the newsdealers, are classed as subscribers.

HERE is a capital version of our last month's Picture Story: —

HOW TOMMY RODE THE HORSE TO WATER.

Out in the garden one fine day,
Sat their mother with Tommy and May,
Just as the groom came by that way,
Leading the horse to water.

"Jonas," said Tommy, "just let *me* go!
I can ride on a horse, you know;
Oh! and I 'll drive him just as slow,
Down to the side of the water."

Mother assents after some delay;
Now see Tommy, so proud and gay,
Looking with triumph down at May,
And riding the horse to water.

Nearing the streamlet, he does not shrink —
Dobbin steps soberly o'er the brink,
Bends his head lower to take a drink, —
Take a good swallow of water.

May stands watching behind the bar;
Tommy sits forward an inch too far, —
Suddenly, *souse!* like a shooting star,
Down he goes into the water.

Mother and Jonas have seen the deed,
Down to the rescue they quickly speed;
Tommy is drawn like a wet seaweed
Out of the shallow pond-water.

Dobbin stands gazing with wondering eyes,
Tommy himself shows some surprise; —
Next time maybe he 'll be more wise,
Riding the horse to water.

MAY KRINKLE.

Here is another, which we print that our readers may see how the same subject is treated by different writers: —

Boy Tommy, pouting, seems to say
To farmer Johnson, wife and daughter,
"If I 'll be very careful, may
I ride old Dobbin down to water?"

Consent was given; off he goes
On neck, instead of back, astraddle;
With happiness he overflows,
Though riding on a blanket saddle.

The brook is reached, — the horse's head
Goes down to drink, as Nature taught her,
While "law of gravitation" sped
Poor Tommy from the neck to water!

In haste good farmer Johnson came,
Soon picked him up, a dripping speck, —
Which taught him, should he try again,
To ride the back and not the neck!

IDA A. WENDELL.

Other poetical versions were sent in by M. M. C., Allie W. Wheeler (age 12), and Fred B. Stevenson (same age); and prose versions by Della Morris (age 13), Edith Allen (11), Hattie M. (11), May Bowen (11), Mark M. Reamer (10), and Lucy A. Barbour (age 8½).

This month, in place of a Picture Story, we give some Skating Sketches, which it will require some ingenuity to make much of, in either verse or prose. Who will try them?

Our next number will contain a Picture Story of "How Sammy went Coasting."

CHURCHILL, KANSAS, November 3, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have been so much interested in Professor F. M. Gray's article on "Prairie Chickens" ("Our Young Folks" for November), that I venture to write a short note, thinking it may interest the "Young Folks" to know the difference between Illinois and Kansas prairie-chickens.

Professor Gray says, "The eggs are from eight to ten in number, about one third the size of a common hen's egg, of a dusky white color, with reddish-brown spots." All I ever saw in Kansas were half as large as a common hen's egg (if anything a little larger), of a dusky white color, with *no* spots. We have several times found a prairie-chicken's nest, and never found less than ten eggs, and sometimes there would be sixteen eggs in one nest.

My sister, in coming from school one day, nearly stepped on a prairie-chicken that flew up, leaving a nest of fourteen eggs. She brought them home, and put them under a sitting hen, taking away some common eggs which were nearly hatched. In two weeks we had fourteen little prairie-chickens. They were not, as Professor Gray says, "nearly the color of the dry leaves and grass," but the loveliest canary color, spotted with black. Unlike most birds when young, these were covered with the softest down. They were about half as large as a common chicken, and made the sweetest little sound, very much like a canary's. I can give no idea of the beauty of that nestful of little birds. As soon as they were well out of the shell they left the poor mother-hen, and started out of the nest, but were punished for leaving her, as three were immediately eaten by the large hens. We put the rest in a large box, feeding them with wheat, Indian-meal and water, and worms, but could not keep them, and within a week they were all dead.

I remain the "Young Folks'" constant reader,

SADIE WELLINGTON.

HUGHES HIGH SCHOOL,
CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 30, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Will some of our "Young Folks" please to give me an answer to these questions: Who was the most powerful king of England, and what distinguished his reign? also, Who invented the magnetic needle?

Respectfully,

A SCHOLAR.

G sends the "Letter Box" a couple of questions: —

1. If a compass were placed on the North Pole, which way would the needle point?

2. What is the origin of the expression "Showing the white feather"?

Who will answer them?

Our Young Contributors. Accepted: "*Will's Exploit*," by Fern; "*To Madge*" (poem), by Willie Wilde; "*Ole Bull*," a story of a monkey, by Stella Prima; and "*Italian Houses*," by W. S. Walsh.

Again this month we have received a number of excellent contributions, to which, for want of space, we are unable to award more than *honorable mention*. First among these is an essay on "*Trees*," by Edith Goodrich, sent by her teacher, who says that she "sometimes give her composition class fifteen minutes to write an exercise in," and that this was done in that time. Next come — "*A Boy's First Day at School*," by George G. McRoy, describing many a lad's experience; "*Our Search for Dr. Yan Tay*," by Charles W. Ames, a humorous description of the Chinese quarters of San Francisco; "*The Little Brook I remember*," by Edith M. Childs, — very good for a girl of thirteen; "*My Home*," by Spinnie, a girl of twelve; "*Daisy*," a story of a kitten, by E. T.; a pleasant account of "*A Day in Venice*," by Jennie Snider; "*Our Trip to Donner Lake*," by Ella E. Tolles, age twelve, who tells an interesting but harrowing story of a party of emigrants lost in the snow; "*A Strange Dream*," by Will; "*The Wissahickon*," by S. E. M.; a lively essay on "*Tears*," by Alice T. Bradish; "*Not Much of a Story*," by Genie M. Wilde; "*Winter*," a poem, by Chauncy C. Jencks; "*Clouds*," by Filbert; "*Sunbeams*," by Barbara Douglass; and "*A Ride with Santa Claus*," by Barbaroux.

New Books. — Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have added to their Illustrated Library of Wonders a little volume of "Mountain Adventures," containing descriptions of the most famous mountains of the globe, and accounts of expeditions to their almost inaccessible summits. Some of these narratives — selected from the writings of Tyndall, Whymper, Desor, and other daring travellers — are full of thrilling incidents, as well as of valuable information, and we can cordially commend them as delightful reading for a winter's evening. They have all the romantic interest of the journeys of Kane and Hayes in search of the North Pole, — which indeed these explorations of the loftiest snow-clad peaks of the world, in many respects, strikingly resemble.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard have just issued an admirable little book, which will be eagerly thumbed by thousands of boys and girls these winter nights. It is "The American Home Book of In-Door Games, Amusements, and Occupations," — a title which but imperfectly indicates the rich and varied character of its contents. It is hard to say what one cannot find in it, in the way of diversions and useful hints for the home circle. It is a handsome volume, well illustrated, and strong enough to stand — what it will have — a deal of handling.

The same firm issue "The Model Sunday-School Speaker," by Anna Monroe, — a collection of dialogues and miscellaneous pieces for Sunday-school exercises and exhibitions.

They have also commenced the publication of "Half-Hour Recreations in Popular Science," to be issued in monthly parts (at 25 cts. each), and composed of familiar lectures and essays on scientific subjects. The first number, containing interesting articles on "Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora" and "Recent Solar Researches," gives promise that we are here to have a work which is greatly needed, and which will be warmly welcomed.

Messrs. Lee and Shepard publish an extensive list of excellent books for the holidays, which our readers will find announced in our advertising sheets. Among these we would call particular attention to a series of four neat little volumes, — the "Dick and Daisy" series, by Miss A. F. Samuels, comprising "Adrift in the World," "Fighting the Battle," "Saved from the Street," and "Grandfather Willy's Luck."

The same firm have also issued American editions of "The Infant's Delight," and "The Children's Treasure," two showy little English quartos, brimful of pictures, songs, and stories.

Our serial, "A Chance for Himself," begun in this number, although designed to be complete in itself as a story, is, as we have already stated, a sequel to "Jack Hazard and His Fortunes," which new subscribers will do well to read, if they would learn something of the previous history and adventures of the hero, — or shall we say heroes, counting Lion one?

"Jack Hazard" is now published in book-form, fully illustrated, and will be mailed (postage paid) to any address, on receipt of the price ($1.50). It can also be had of all booksellers.

Toronto, Canada.

Dear "Young Folks":—

I have often heard it said that American girls were not a bit like Canadian girls. I have never been able to ascertain the exact points upon which they differed, but I *have* found *one* upon which their opinions are unanimous, and that is — a very great admiration for "Our Young Folks." I don't know any Toronto girl but myself who is a subscriber, and I used greatly to enjoy taking my magazine to school and reading "Our Young Contributors" to the girls; but being the only possessor of it in the school, though a great honor, was attended with one disadvantage, — I was constantly being asked to lend my books, and would often get them back with dear, cunning, little Minerva's face (isn't it Minerva?) so obscured by finger marks, that not a trace of wisdom was to be seen in it, so I decided that the only way to remedy the evil would be for the borrowers to

become subscribers. This I proposed, and received some promises which I hope will be fulfilled at the beginning of the new year. . . . .

If any of you American "Young Folks" would like a Canadian correspondent, you will find a very eager one in

Yours truly,

BERTTIE CLARK.

J. B. Bettinger writes us from Sewickley, Pa.: "In your Sunday Department of *October* the question is asked; "What Prophetess lived in a college?" and in the *November* number the answer is correctly given, according to the *authorized version*. HULDAH. 2 Kings xxii. 14.

"The word *college*," he adds, "occurs only twice in our English Bible (2 Kings xxii. 14, 2 Chron. xxxiv. 22), and whatever meaning our translators attached to it, it is almost certain that the word did not mean what *college* now means."

He then proceeds to show, by an array of learned quotations (almost too learned for "Our Letter Box") from Josephus, and from various ancient versions of the Scriptures, that the *college* of Huldah was probably a *collection* of houses about the old town, — in other words, "the new part added to the old city of David." Huldah, therefore, lived in *the suburbs*, and not in an institution of learning.

LOWELL, Sept. 21, 1871.

EDITOR OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

DEAR SIR: Will you inform me where I can find a drama suitable for a company of about a dozen children, from the ages of seven to seventeen, to engage in? I would like it as a home entertainment for a small circle of friends upon a winter's evening.

Last Thanksgiving we produced "The Carpet," a charade in "Our Young Folks" of 1869. It was pronounced a perfect success by the indulgent grandparents, uncles, and aunties, and I am very desirous of finding another as suitable for our purpose as that.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. H. B. SHATTUCK.

We should think that some of the other charades or little dramas which have appeared in "Our Young Folks" would answer your purpose. We know of nothing better. The best collection of short plays for school and parlor entertainments, with which we are acquainted, is Baker's "Social Stage," in one vol., published by Lee and Shepard.

"*One Little Girl*" *at the Detriot Female Seminary.* — We cannot tell "who first used butter." The word occurring in Greek and other dead languages shows that it was known to the ancients. It was probably discovered and used by the earliest pastoral races of the world.

WHEATLAND, IOWA, October 25, 1871.

DEAR SIRS: Some months ago I read a very interesting article in the "Young Folks" on Burying Beetles, and, as I have had an adventure with them, you may be interested in the following narrative. One day in August or September (I forget which), as my brother and myself were walking to the river on the railroad track, we suddenly came across a dead mouse, over and through which were running perhaps forty beetles; they were about the size of a common beetle, and with light spots on the back. We looked at them a little while and then walked on toward the river. When we came back we managed to capture a pretty good sized one. My brother wrapped him up in his handkerchief. The beetle meanwhile made continual efforts to escape, and several times nearly succeeded in doing so. When we got home, we placed him under a tumbler with a rag saturated with camphor; this maddened him, and he made furious efforts to escape, but did not succeed, and, after watching his struggles for some time, we observed something crawling on his back; several similar objects appeared, and soon his back and sides were nearly covered. They looked like small, white spots, and were nearly transparent, but examined under the microscope they appeared very much like small beetles, and we came to the conclusion that they were. We saw at least a hundred crawl off from his body, and on to the table, finally disappearing, we knew not where, but probably they betook themselves to some obscure corner, for we did not notice them again. Having got rid of these animals he became more calm, but still continued to try to escape, but gradually his efforts grew feebler, and finally ceased altogether. The dead beetle lay around the house some days, but it soon got lost, and I have not seen a Burying Beetle since. I hope some correspondent will explain to us where those little animals came from, and all about them.

Yours respectfully,

H. S.

O. — WE cannot print the rules for playing the game of backgammon.

The best fine-pointed pens are those of Blanzy, Poure, & Co., to be had of first-class stationers almost anywhere.

BOSTON, October 24, 1871.

DEAR EDITORS, —

Having taken your charming little magazine ever since its first number was published, I take the liberty of writing to you and asking a few questions, and at the same time of telling you how I love the dear little book that gives me so much pleasure and instruction. And now for the questions.

1 Can you tell me what books to read to learn the most of Queen Elizabeth and her reign?

2. What is the best book of English Literature?

3. Who is the best music-teacher in Boston?

4. How much would a good but not expensive edition of Dickens's works cost?

Hoping you will favor me with answers to these questions, I remain an admirer of the "Young Folks" and its Editors.

JESSIE H. CHITTENDEN.

Answers. 1. There are several good histories of the period, but read especially Froude's "History of England" and Scott's "Kenilworth."

2. Underwood's Hand-Book is the best book of selections, with an introduction and brief biographical sketches.

3. Where there are so many good teachers it would be hard to say which is the best.

4. J. R. Osgood & Co.'s "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens's Works in 14 vols. at $1.50 a vol. would probably suit both your taste and your means. The same may also be had in 7 double vols, at $12.25 the set.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

If I were sure that it would be done, I would leave it to some one better able than I, to answer a little more satisfactorily the question of "Ignoramus" in the November "Letter Box."

It is *never* correct to use an adverb to qualify a verb not used in an active sense, therefore, it is *always* wrong to say "he is looking badly," when you refer to his appearance and not to his *manner* of looking. The objection here is in using the word bad, when some other adjective would be more appropriate and proper.

In all doubtful cases use the following test. If the verb may not take an object after it, and may be exchanged for "appears," "seems," "is," "has the appearance of," etc., an adjective must be used, which will be proved by trying a list of adjectives, for if one be wrong in that place, all will be.

For instance: why did not "Ignoramus" say, "and is still looking very pale*ly* and thin*ly*?" It would be as correct as to say badly, miserably, feebly, etc., and is quite as incorrect as the phrase "he is nicely," for one verb is no more active than the other. How many well-educated people we hear saying, "The fields are looking beautifully." Would they say "they are looking greenly"? I hope "Ignoramus" will persevere, and notice some other errors into which people of much culture and good education continually fall; for it is much to be desired, that our noble English language should be written and spoken with the utmost purity.

K.

Let us test our correspondent's "test." We find that we can say "the fields are *beautiful*," "the man is *pale*," or "*thin*," or "*feeble*," etc., but not that "the man is *bad*," when he is simply sick. We say that the fields are looking *beautiful*, when they *are* beautiful; we also say that they are then looking *well*, and here we use an adverb where, according to "K.," we must not. The adverb tells *how* they looked; the adjective describes the fields as they looked to *be*.

Grace H—— wishes to know the answer to this charade, which she says was "written by Macaulay":—

Cut off my head, and singular I am,
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear.
Cut off my head and tail, and strange to say,
Although my middle 's left, there 's nothing there.
What is my head cut off? A sounding sea.
What is my tail cut off? A roaring river,
Beneath whose eddying waves *I* peaceful lie,
A parent of soft sounds, though mute forever.

E. B. M. asks: "Can any member of 'Our Young Folks' tell me with what nation the use of postage-stamps originated?"

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Fred M. Cornell, 350 Clermont Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (chemistry, electricity, and miscellaneous subjects).

Carrie, Box 323, and *Allie*, Box 315, Amherst, Mass. (desire girl correspondents about 14 years old).

Mary E. Clark (age 15), Box 223, Chambersburg, Penn.

Clara, Lock Box No. 1, Gallipolis, Ohio.

"*Pearl*," Box 320, Cazenovia, N. Y. (miscellaneous).

Chipmunk, P. O. Box 2712, Philadelphia, Penn. (literature and miscellaneous subjects, fun included).

May Reiley, Clinton, La. (wishes correspondents between 13 and 14).

Margie Henderson, Linden Hall, Litiz, Lancaster Co., Pa. (music, reading, and fun).

Mary H. Hazlett, Canton, Stack Co., O. (age 13, would like to correspond with some New England girl).

Harry E. Hamilton (age 14), Box 639, Hannibal, Marion Co., Mo.

Julia I. Carter, Care of Miss Ritter 104 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y. (wit and humor).

Bob White, Box 2635, Philadelphia, Pa. (amateur papers, gardening, and out-door sports).

F. L. Walker, 163 Willoughby St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"*Virginia*," Lock Box 11, Marietta, O. (age 16, fond of music, skating, and horseback-riding).

"*Nellie*," Lock Box 89, Marietta, O. (age 17, fond of dancing, skating, and fun).

A. R. D., Box 1777, Boston, Mass. (age 14; miscellaneous subjects).

"*Mabel*" (age 16), Box 77, New Britain, Connecticut.

Harry C. Winters, Dubuque, Iowa.

Zellie Elder, Bangor, M. (age 16).

Jennie M. Druse (age 12), Wapello, Louisa Co., Iowa.

Mary Bennett and *Ruth Bennett*, Box 924, Concord, N. H.

Erwin and *Charles*, Box 1015, Haverhill, Mass. (age 17).

Paul Tuckerman, Box 606, New York City (hunting, boating, and reading).

E. C. Richardson, Box 1202, Baltimore, Md.

"MASS CAP'N, I DONE DE BES' I KNOWED,—I KEP' DE BOOTS!"

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.] [See the Story, "Tobe's Monument."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VIII. FEBRUARY, 1872. No. II.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH JACK COUNTS HIS CHICKENS.

PETERNOT and his nephew took their departure, after making a short call. Then the family sat down to the supper-table, and the merits and prospects of the candidate for the winter's school were discussed in a manner that ought to have made his ears tingle. Then, while the boys harnessed the mare and brought her to the door, the deacon changed his clothes, and at last started for the Basin.

"Don't forget to ask about that half-dollar!" said Jack, as he held the gate open for the buggy to pass through.

"Glad you reminded me of it, — I *should* have forgotten it," replied the notoriously absent-minded deacon.

Jack wished he could have found some excuse for going with him, but he could not think of any.

"How can I wait till he gets back, to know about it?" thought he, as he stood at the gate and watched the buggy and Mr. Chatford's black hat disappear over the brow of the hill.

His revery was interrupted by Moses, who, noticing the boy's unusual conduct, — for Jack was ordinarily no dreamer when there was work to be

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Phin, leaning over the back of his chair, whispered to Jack. "See what a fool I can make of him!"

At that Mrs. Pipkin, who had a keen ear and a sharp temper, flared up.

"Mr. Pipkin!"

"What, Mis' Pipkin?" — meekly.

"You 've worked long enough on that whiplash. He 's making fun of ye, — and that 's all the thanks you 'll ever get for helping him. Take hold here and pare these apples while I slice 'em up."

"In a minute. I can't le' go here jes' now," said Mr. Pipkin.

Whereupon Mrs. Pipkin laid down her knife and the apple she was paring, and looked at her husband over the rim of the pan in perfect astonishment.

"Mr. Pipkin! did you hear my request?"

"Yes, I heerd ye, but — "

"Mr. Pipkin," interrupted Mrs. Pipkin, severely, "*will* you have the kindness to pare these apples? I don't wish to be obliged to speak again!"

"What 's the apples fer, — sass?" said Mr. Pipkin, mildly.

"Pies, — and you know you 're as fond of pies as anybody, Mr. Pipkin."

"Wal, so I be, *your* pies. I declare, you do beat the Dutch with your apple-pies, if I do say it. There, Phin, I guess you can go along with the belly now. If it 's for pies, I 'll pare till the cows come hum!"

Thus disguising his obedience to his wife's request, Mr. Pipkin took the pan and the knife, and Mrs. Pipkin recovered from her astonishment.

"Jack might pare the apples and let Phi braid!" Phin complained, getting into difficulties with his whiplash. "Darn this old belly!" And he flung it across the room.

"Phineas! you shall go to bed if I hear any more such talk," said Mrs. Chatford, as sternly as it was in her kind motherly nature to speak. Then looking at Jack in the corner, — "How happens it you are not reading your book to-night? It 's something new for you to be idle."

"O, I don't feel much like reading to-night," said Jack, whose heart was where his treasure was.

"He 's thinking about his half-dollar, — waiting to know if it 's a good one," sneered Phin.

"Should n't wonder if that half-dollar had dropped out of old Daddy Cobb's money-box," remarked Mr. Pipkin, taking a slice of apple.

"Mr. Pipkin! these apples are for pies!" said Mrs. Pipkin, in a warning voice.

"Daddy Cobb's — money-box! what 's that?" faltered Jack, fearing he had found an owner to the coin.

"What! did n't ye never hear tell about Daddy Cobb's diggin' for a chist o' treasure? Thought everybody 'd heerd o' that. There 's some kind o' magic about it, — hanged if I can explain jest what. The chist has a habit

o' shiftin' its hidin'-place in the ground, so that though Daddy 's a'most got holt on 't five or six times, it has allers slipped away from him in the most onaccountable and aggravatin' manner. He has a way o' findin' where it is, by some hocus-pocus, — hazel-wands for one thing ; then he goes with his party of diggers at night, — for there 's two or three more fools big as him, — and they make a circle round the place, and one reads the Bible and holds the lantern while the rest dig, and if nobody speaks or does anything to break the charm, there 's a chance 'at they may git the treasure. Once Daddy says they had actooaly got a holt on't, — a big, square iron chist, — but jest 's they was liftin' on't out he jammed his finger, and said 'Oh!' and by hokey! if it did n't disappear right afore their face an' eyes quicker 'n a flash o' lightnin'!"

Jack listened intently to this story. He did not believe that his treasure was the one Daddy Cobb had been digging for so long, — but might it not elude his grasp in the same way?

CHAPTER VI.

"ABOUT THAT HALF-DOLLAR."

At every sound of wheels Jack started ; and more than once he imagined he heard a wagon stop at the gate. Still no deacon ; would he never return? Jack watched the clock, and thought he had never seen the pointers move so slowly.

Three or four times he went to the door to listen ; and at last he walked down to the gate. It was bright, still moonlight, — only the crickets and katydids were singing, and now and then an owl hooted in the woods or a raccoon cried.

"There 's a buggy coming!" exclaimed Jack. He could hear it in the distance, — he could see it dimly coming down the moonlit road. "It 's Mr. Chatford!" He knew the deacon's peculiar "*Ca dep!*" (get up) to the horse.

"That you, Jack?" said the deacon, driving in.

"Yes ; thought I 'd come down and shut the gate after you," replied Jack.

Mr. Chatford stopped at the house, and Jack ran to help him take out some bundles. Then the deacon drove on to the barn, and Jack hurried after him. Still not a word about the half-dollar.

"You can go into the house ; I 'll take care of Dolly," said Jack.

"I 'll help ; 't won't take but a minute," said Mr. Chatford. "I 've got bad news for you."

"Have you?" said Jack, with sudden faintness of heart. "What?"

"For you and Lion," added the deacon. "Duffer 's got another dog. He made his brags of him to-night. Said he could whip any dog in seven counties."

"He 'd better not let him tackle Lion!" said Jack.

"I told him I hoped he would n't kill sheep, as his other dog did. Take her out of the shafts ; we 'll run the buggy in by hand."

The broad door of the horse-barn stood open. Jack led the mare up into the bright square of moonshine which lay on the dusty floor. There the harness was quickly taken off. Not a word yet concerning the half-dollar, which Jack was ashamed to appear anxious about, and which he began to think Mr. Chatford, with characteristic absent-mindedness, had forgotten.

"By the way, I 've good news for you ! " suddenly exclaimed the deacon.

Jack's heart bounded. "Have you ? "

"I saw Annie over at the Basin. She wants to go home to her folks to-morrow. Would you like to drive her over ? She spoke of it."

"And stay till Monday ? " said Jack, to whom this would indeed have been good news at another time.

"Yes ; start early, and get back Monday morning in time for her to begin school. Then she won't go home again till her summer term is out."

"Maybe — I 'd better — wait and go then." Jack felt the importance of early securing his treasure, and, having set apart Sunday afternoon for that task ("a deed of necessity," he called it to his conscience), he saw no way but to postpone the long-anticipated happiness of a ride and visit with his dear friend. Yet what if the treasure were no treasure ?

"As you please," said the deacon, a little surprised at Jack's choice. "Moses will be glad enough to go. See that she has plenty of hay in the rack, and don't tie the halter so short as you do sometimes. Now give me a push here," — taking up the buggy-shafts.

"Oh ! " said Jack, as if he had just thought of something, — "I was going to ask you — about that half-dollar ? "

"I did n't think on 't," said Mr. Chatford, standing and holding the shafts while Jack went behind, — "not till I 'd got started for home. Then I put my hand in my pocket for something, and found your half-dollar. Help me in with the buggy, and then I 'll tell you."

The deacon drew in the shafts, Jack pushed behind, and the buggy went rattling and bounding up into its place.

"Did you go back ? " asked Jack, out of breath, — not altogether from the effort he had just made.

The deacon deliberately walked out of the barn, and carefully shut and locked the door ; then, while on the way to the house, he explained.

"I had paid for my purchases out of my pocket-book, or I should have found that half-dollar before. However, as I had promised you, I whipped about and drove back to the goldsmith's. He was just shutting up shop. I told him what I wanted. He went behind his counter, lit a lamp, looked at your half-dollar, cut into it, and then flung it into his drawer."

"Kept it ! " gasped out Jack.

"Yes ; 't was as good a half-dollar as ever come from the mint, he said. He gave me another in its place."

Jack could not utter a word in reply to this announcement, which, notwith-

standing his utmost hopes, astonished and overjoyed him beyond measure. As soon as he had recovered a little of his breath and self-possession, he grasped the deacon's arm, and was on the point of exclaiming, "O Mr. Chatford! I have found a trunk full of just such half-dollars as that!" — for he felt that he must tell his joy to some one, and to whom else should he go? But already the deacon's other hand was on the latch of the kitchen-door, which he opened, — and there sat the family round the table within.

"What is it, my boy?" said Mr. Chatford, as Jack shrank back and remained silent. "Oh! you want your half-dollar. Of course!" putting his hand into his pocket.

"I don't care anything about *that*," said Jack. He took it, nevertheless, — a bright, clean half-dollar in place of the scratched and tarnished coin he had given Mr. Chatford that afternoon.

Mr. Chatford stood holding the door open.

"Ain't you coming in?"

"No, sir, — not just yet."

Jack felt that he must be alone with his great, joyful, throbbing thoughts for a little while; and he wandered away in the moonlit night.

CHAPTER VII.

HOW JACK WENT FOR HIS TREASURE.

In the forenoon of the following day Annie Felton dismissed her little school half an hour earlier than she was accustomed to do, and went to her Aunt Chatford's house, to dine with her relatives and prepare for the long afternoon's ride. She was greatly surprised when told that Jack was not to accompany her.

"Did Uncle Chatford speak to him about it?" she inquired of her aunt.

"Yes, but for some reason he didn't seem inclined to go. That just suited Moses; he was glad enough of the chance."

"Jack has found a half-dollar, and it has just about turned his head," remarked Mrs. Pipkin.

"A half-dollar?" repeated Annie, wondering if such a trifle could indeed have so affected her young friend. No, she could not believe it. Then why had he willingly let slip an opportunity which she had thought he would be eager to seize?

Soon the men and boys came in to dinner, — Moses in high spirits, and with his Sunday clothes on; Jack jealous and unhappy.

"Why didn't I leave *that* till another Sunday? or get it one of these moonlight nights?" he said to himself; and he almost cursed the money which had caused him to decline so pure and sweet a pleasure.

The manner in which Annie met him did not relieve his bitterness of heart. She was kind to him, — as indeed she always was to everybody, — but he could see plainly that she felt hurt and disappointed. Both were silent at the dinner-table; and he had no opportunity to speak a word

to her privately until she came out to get into the buggy, which he had brought to the door.

"I wish I was going!" he said to her, with tears in his eyes.

"Why did n't you wish that before?" she replied with a forgiving smile. "You could have gone."

"Yes — only — I could n't! I 'll tell you all about it some time. I can't now. It 's a great secret. But don't whisper it. I — I ought not to have said a word about it, since I 've no chance now to tell you everything; but I could n't bear to have you go off thinking I did n't care for your invitation."

O, what a beautiful look beamed upon him from her sympathizing blue eyes! She reached him her hand.

"I trust you, Jack!"

"Do you?" he cried, eagerly, a bright smile flashing through his tears.

"Good by. There comes Moses." And Annie made room for her cousin in the buggy.

All the family came out to see them off, and Jack went to open the gate for them. Annie gave him a smile, and moved her lips with some sweet, inaudible meaning as she passed him; but Moses, good fellow though he was, cast upon him a look of contempt, and flourished his whip, driving proudly away beside his beautiful cousin.

Jack, much as he thought of his hidden treasure, now for the first time in his life felt the utter worthlessness of money compared with the good will and companionship of those we love, — a truth which it takes some of us all our lives to discover.

The sight of Annie Felton always stirred the nobler part of his nature; and now, going back to the house, he began to blame himself for having taken hitherto a purely selfish view of his treasure.

"All I 've thought of has been just the good it was going to do *me!*" And he said to himself that he did n't deserve the good fortune that had befallen him. Now to bestow it all upon her he felt would be his greatest happiness.

"And give some to you, precious little Kate!" was his second thought, as the gay little creature came running with Lion to meet him. In like manner his benevolence overflowed to all, — even to sharp-tongued Mrs. Pipkin, — after Annie Felton had stirred the fountain.

Twenty-four hours seemed long to wait. But the time for securing his treasure at last came round. He walked to church in the morning with Phin and Mr. Pipkin, but, without saying a word to anybody of his intentions, he at noon came home alone across the fields. He found, as he expected, Mrs. Chatford keeping house.

"Why, Jack!" said she, "why did n't you stay to Sunday-school and the afternoon services?"

"Don't you want to go this afternoon?" replied Jack, evasively. "There will be some of the neighbors riding by, who will carry you. I 'll take care of the house."

"You are very kind to think of me," she said. "But I don't think of going. You 'd better eat your luncheon, and go right back."

Jack longed to tell her everything on the spot, but feared she might disapprove of his going to bring home the treasure on the Sabbath. "After all 's over, then she 'll say I did right," thought he. So he remarked, carelessly, "There 's a new minister to-day, — I don't like him very well. I guess I 'll go over and see Aunt Patsy a little while this afternoon."

"If you do, I 'll send a loaf of bread and one of the pies we baked yesterday," said Mrs. Chatford.

This was what Jack expected; and it gave him an excuse for carrying a basket. He took off his Sunday clothes, putting on an every-day suit in their place, lunched, and soon after started with Lion. He made a brief visit to the poor woman, and then set out for home by the way of the woods.

On the edge of Aunt Patsy's wood-lot he paused and looked carefully all about him. Not a human being was in sight. A Sabbath stillness reigned over all the sunlit fields and shadowy woods. There were Squire Peternot's cattle feeding quietly in the pasture. A hawk was sailing silently high overhead. As he turned and walked on, two or three squirrels, gray and black, ran along the ground, disappearing around the trunks of trees to reappear in the rustling tops, and it was all he could do to keep Lion still.

"Look here, old fellow!" said he, "remember, you are not to bark to-day!"

From Aunt Patsy's wood-lot he entered the squire's, stepping over a dilapidated fence of poles and brush. The snapping of the decayed branches broke the silence; then, as he listened, he heard, far off, the bells for the afternoon service begin to ring. It was a strange sound, in that wildwood solitude, so shadowy and cool, and full of the fresh odors of moss and fern.

The bells were still ringing, and their faint, slow, solemn toll filled Jack's heart with an indefinable feeling of guilt as he reached the log where his treasure was, and reflected upon the very worldly business that brought him there.

He did not reflect long, — he was too eager for the exciting work before him. Having walked on to the farther edge of the woods, to see that nobody was approaching from that direction, he returned, and began to pull out the sticks which he had stuffed into the end of the log.

"Everything 's just as I left it, so far," thought he. "Wonder if my money-chest will dodge a fellow, like old Daddy Cobb's!"

The opening clear, he put on an old brown frock which he had brought in the basket, laid his hat and coat on the ground, told Lion to watch them, and entered the log headforemost. The treasure, too, was where he had left it. His body stopped the cavity so that he could see nothing in its depths, but his groping hand felt the little trunk and the coin that had fallen out of its broken end.

"I 'll take this loose money out of the way first," thought he; "then maybe I can move the trunk."

He had nothing but his pockets to put the coin into, and those his frock covered. "I 'll find something better," thought he. Backing out of the log, he pulled off his shoes, and re-entered with one of them in his hand. This he filled with all the half-dollars he could find about the end of the trunk, which he then tried to move.

"It 's stuck in a heap of rotten stuff here," he muttered, "and I shall break it more if I pull hard on it." So he resolved to empty it where it was.

He was half-way out of the log, bringing after him his shoe freighted with coin, when he was startled by a sudden bark from Lion. Leaving his shoe, he tumbled himself out upon the ground in fearful haste, to find a stray calf in the bushes the innocent cause of alarm. For keeping guard too faithfully poor Lion got a box on the ear.

After waiting awhile, to see if anything more dangerous than the calf was nigh, Jack brought out his shoe, poured its rattling contents into the basket, which he covered with his coat, and then went back into the log. This time he took both shoes in with him, which he filled, and emptied one after the other into the basket. Another journey, another, and still another, and he began to think there was more coin than he could carry home.

"I can get it away from here, though, so nobody can tell on whose land

I found it," — which he seemed to think a very important point to gain. "I 'll leave the little trunk where it is, — only take out the money."

He had gone into the log for the last time, and got the last of the money, filling both shoes quite full, and was bringing them out with him, — he had actually got them out, leaving one at the entrance to the opening, and holding the other in his hands, — when Lion, notwithstanding his previous punishment, uttered a very low, suppressed growl.

Jack looked up from under his tumbled hair, — and there, not three yards distant, with his horn-headed cane, regarding with grim amazement the boy and his shoes full of coin, stood Squire Peternot!

J. T. Trowbridge.

MOZART AT THE FIRESIDE.

AUTUMN nights grow chilly, —
See how faces bloom
By the ruddy firelight,
In the quiet room!

Mother's amber necklace,
Father's beard of gold,
Rosy cheeks of little boys
All glowing from the cold,

Basket heaped with barberries
Coral red and bright,
Little Silver's shaggy fur
All shining in the light!

Barberries bright they 're picking,
And smile and do not speak:
Happy little youngest boy
Kisses mother's cheek.

First mother's and then father's;
And nestles his pretty head
In the shining fur of Silver,
While he picks the barberries red.

At the piano sitting,
One touches the beautiful keys:
Silent they sit and listen
To magical melodies.

Heavenly, hopeful, cheerful,
Balm for the saddest heart,
Rises the lovely music
Of the divine Mozart.

The children hear the birds sing,
And the breezes of the May,
And the voices of running brooklets
That babble the livelong day.

But mother and father listen
To a deeper undertone, —
Like a strong arm, full of comfort,
Round tired mortals thrown.

"Courage!" murmurs the music;
"Patience! Behold the light!
God 's in his heaven always,
And morn comes after the night."

O children, when your summer
Passes and winter is near,
When paths grow rough beneath your feet
And the days are chill and drear, —

Remember the mighty master
Still touches the human heart,
Speaking afar from heaven,
The wonderful Mozart!

He can bring back your childhood
With his strains of airy grace,
Till life seems fresh and beautiful
Again, for a little space:

With voices of lofty sweetness
He shall encourage you,
Till all good things seem possible,
And heaven's best promise true;

Till health and strength and loveliness
Blossom from mire and clod,
And the sad, old world looks bright again
With the cheerfulness of God.

Celia Thaxter.

THE NORTHERN HARE.

THE most of us boys would consider rabbit-hunting very tame sport. But did you ever realize that the fox, the lynx, the fisher-cat, the mink, the weasel, and the ermine depend almost wholly on the rabbit or hare for their food? Even the big black bear is often obliged to fall back upon a hare diet. And then of the birds, the owl, the hawk, and the eagle are all equally dependent. In fact, it may truly be said that the hare furnishes the every-day food for a large per cent of animal nature. Little, timid, much despised creatures that they are, they fill the wilderness to its full capacity of supporting them. They breed in myriads, and have no weapon of defence, save flight. They are the prey of every prowler of the forest.

Down on the lower border of my grandfather's old farm there was a turned-out field which we used to call the ten-acre lot. It was a rough, uneven tract; and after one or two fruitless attempts to till it, grandfather had turned it out again; "given it back to Nature," he used to say. Nature took it back. Forthwith there sprang up all over it a dwarfed growth of scrubby poplar and white-birch, with plenty of sumac and briers and thistles. And now this old field, abandoned by man, became a paradise for hares. The place swarmed with them, and their burrows or nests. If any of the family were sick and wanted rabbit broth, or if traps were to be baited, we would take our bow-guns and run down to the ten-acre lot. On going in among the bushes, ten or a dozen would often start up in one little drove. Then all we had to do was to let fly, — sure of hitting some of them.

Rabbit was our common name for them;

though our species (in Maine) differs considerably from that found in Massachusetts, and is much larger and swifter of foot.

Our northern hare is about two feet from the nose to the hind feet. Its head is short, eye full, and forehead receding. The ears are long, large, and rather open; tail very short. The hind legs are long with but four toes, the fore legs are short, with five toes. The feet are well covered with long coarse hair, which makes a good brush, when dry, for many purposes. The hair on the body is also long and loose, always whiter under the body; and in the winter white all over. But in summer it is of a yellowish-brown, varying to a red-brown. Next to the body there is a soft, loose fur of a silky texture, and leaden colored on the back. This fur keeps its color constant. It is only the long hair that changes when the snows come. The weight of the northern hare is from five to seven pounds; though I once caught one in a snare that weighed ten pounds and a half; but this was up near Moosehead Lake, where they are much larger than in the southern part of the State. And, generally speaking, the higher up we go above the sea level — in this State, at least — the larger we find the hare.

It is rare that one finds a hare in good condition. I never yet saw one that could be termed "fat."

Two years ago, while three of us boys were camping out at Seeboomook Meadows, we were obliged, from scarcity of game, to live on hare venison for a week; and a pretty lean time we had of it too. We found the meat quite destitute of flavor, and, judging from our feelings, of nutrition as well. It is very light-colored, and looks as poor as it tastes.

Hares multiply very fast. I never saw less than three in one litter; often

there are five, and I once found six of the little fellows, cuddled in a nest. Commonly there are four; and I know of no more amusing sight than one of these families, when the leverets are about a week old. The old hares are then very attentive and watchful, and will rise on their hind legs to look around, at the slightest sound. They rear two litters in a season.

Our northern hare does not often burrow in the ground, but makes a nest of soft, dry grass and moss under a brush-heap, or beneath the thick foliage of low evergreens. The young nurse for about three weeks, when they gradually leave the nest and mother to take care of themselves. I have often picked them up in the woods; and when you find one, you may be almost sure that the rest of the litter are within a few rods of you. They are born with a good dress of brown hair, eyes open, and teeth well cut through.

Hares live chiefly on the buds and tender twigs of small bushes and annual plants. They are especially fond of yellow-birch twigs.

If any of the boys should desire to trap a few of them in an easy way, let them go into some neighboring wood or swamp, and chop down a shrubby birch. "Limb" it down and scatter the browse about; then set your traps among it. Ten to one you will have a rabbit by morning.

The voice of the hare, when frightened or hurt, is a shrill, high note, uttered rapidly on the same key. It has a very sad, plaintive sound. Some have compared it to the filing of a saw in a saw-mill. They also emit a low, peculiar grunt when near each other, which seems to be a sort of language by means of which they make known their wishes and wants.

A camp-fire always attracts them. While camping out, we used frequently to shoot them in the evening, after we had lain down and everything was still. They would then come up in sight of the fire. They stamp with the feet like sheep, the sound of which, when they are jumping about a camp, often resembles the steps of a heavy animal. One night I recollect that we all got a great fright from one that came into our camp and leaped plump upon one of the boys while asleep. He sprang up with a shout, which waked us all in a twinkling. It was some minutes before we found out that it was only a rabbit that had charged upon us.

Hunters depend almost wholly on the hare for bait for their traps, when trapping the larger game.

While at our old camp at Seeboomook Meadows I remember that one evening we wanted to set a trap for a wildcat that had been hanging round for several nights. To bait it we needed a hare; and as there were plenty of them all about us, I caught up a pole and ran out to knock one over. But I had to go farther than I had expected to find one.

It was growing dusk and I was about turning back, when I happened to espy one, "budding" from a low bush several rods ahead. Between me and him there were a couple of largish stones. I crouched down and crept up, keeping out of sight behind them. Reaching the stones I peeped over; there sat the hare not a rod off, browsing leisurely. He had n't heard me. I was just raising my pole to hit him, when from behind a little shrub spruce

there bounded out a big Canada lynx with an eager, raspy growl. The hare doubled about and then dived into a hole under some old roots close beside the stones behind which I was hiding.

The Lynx tore and dug at the roots a moment, then finding he could n't get at the hare, stood up and fairly screeched with rage. He was a savage-looking chap, I assure you. Better believe I kept still as a mouse, and was very glad to see the creature walk off.

C. A. Stephens.

TOBE'S MONUMENT.

THE "seven days' fight" was ended. Hundreds of our brave boys lay with white, still faces upturned to the sky on the slopes of Malvern Hill, or moaned away their lives in the marshes along the Chickahominy. The worn, battered remnants of the "grand army of the Potomac" were encamped at Harrison's Landing, on the James, waiting for transports to take them back to Washington. Here, on this desolate sand-plain, without a single tree for shelter from the July sun that blazed down in torrid fierceness; with no green thing, not even a blade of grass, in sight; behind them the enemy, before them the river; it seemed as if all the horrors of the Peninsular campaign were eclipsed by this.

It was "after taps," — a sultry, southern summer night. No sound broke the stillness save the measured tread of the sentinels, the lapping of the river against the bank, or the shrill cry of some night bird from the marshes. On the extreme edge of the encampment, on the side nearest the enemy, a sentinel paused in his walk and peered curiously out into the darkness, where, just beyond the limits of his beat, rose a huge rock overgrown with

gray moss. "Certain sure," he said to himself, "something moved out yonder. If the Johnnies are at their tricks again, it's time I gave the alarm. But that rock could n't hide many of 'em, either. I guess I 'll wait a bit, and maybe — there it is again now!" A dark object moved out from behind the rock, then suddenly disappeared, as if the earth had opened and swallowed it up.

"Well, now, that 's cur'ous," soliloquized the soldier. "I don't believe in sperits that 'll vanish into air while you 're looking at 'em; but there hain't been no airthquake to open the ground and swaller up that, whatever it is; and what 's become on 't? That 's what I 'd like to know."

His desire for knowledge seemed likely to be gratified, for the object appeared again, slowly moving towards him. He raised his musket to his shoulder, taking careful aim, then lowered it again. "Pshaw!" he said, "it 's nothing but a dog." He was resuming his walk, when the supposed quadruped rose suddenly, and walked along on two feet, in a manner so unmistakably human, that the sentinel levelled his musket once more, and shouted "Halt!" The apparition dropped again, and rolled itself into a ball. "Advance and give the countersign!" There was neither sound nor movement, and the order was repeated. The ball unrolled itself and crept a little nearer; and a faint, childish voice said, "Ain't got none, Massa."

"Well, there now," said the sentinel. "If it ain't just a little darkey, and I guess I 've frightened him half to death. Come here, Snowball!"

The child crept up, and said, tremblingly, "'Deed, Massa, I ain't got nuffin ter gib yer."

"Well, who asked you to give me anything?"

"Yer done ax me fer gib yer suffin jes' now; and I ain't got nuffin 'cep' my clo'es what I got on."

"Well, you need n't fret; I don't want 'em. They would n't fit, even if there was anything to 'em but holes. But just tell me where you went to, after you came out from behind that rock."

"Went down in de hole, Massa."

"What hole?"

"Dar 's a big hole down un'erneaf de rock, an' I 'se hidin' in dar all de day, waitin' fer de dark, so 's ter come in ter de Unions."

"Oh! that 's the game is it? Now I 'll have to hand you over to the corporal. Corporal of the guard! Post two."

The call rang out through the still night, and hundreds of sleepers started to their feet and seized their arms; for all day the rebels had been shelling them from the other side of the river, and the probabilities of a night attack had been freely discussed. The corporal hastened to "post two," and found the sentinel with his hand on the shoulder of a little black boy, who between fear, fatigue, and hunger was unable to give any account of himself. "I 'll take him to Captain Leigh," the corporal said; "he 's officer of the day. Maybe *he* 'll be able to get something out of him."

The Captain stood in front of his tent, looking out into the night, when the corporal and his charge approached.

"Captain," said he; "here 's a boy just come into the lines. Either he never had any wits or they 've all been scared out of him, for he can't seem to tell anything about himself."

"Very well, you can leave him here. I 'll talk to him in the morning." At the first sound of the Captain's voice the boy drew nearer to him, as knowing instinctively that here he had found a friend. "You can go into the tent," said the Captain; "and go to sleep till morning."

Captain Leigh's untasted supper stood where it had been placed hours before. His thoughts were in his Northern home that night, and he had no heart to eat. The boy looked wistfully at the food, and the Captain said, "Eat that if you like."

"De hull on't, Mass Cap'n?"

"Yes, if you want it."

He ate like some starved wild animal; then dropped on the ground, curled himself up like a little dog, with his arms across his face, and slept. The hundreds who had been wakened so suddenly, finding that there was no further alarm, also lay down to sleep again; and the camp once more lay quiet under the starlight.

"What is your name?" was Captain Leigh's first question the next morning.

"Name Tobe."

"Is that all?"

"Dat 's all, Mass Cap'n."

"How old are you?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Nobody nebber done tole me dat ar."

"Where have you come from?"

"Come f'um de back o' Richmon', Mass Cap'n."

"What did you come here for?"

"All de res' ob 'em runned away; an' ole Mass he wor so mad, I wor jes' feared o' my life. 'Sides I t'ought I mought fin' my mammy ef I got 'mong der Unions."

"Where is your mother?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. Ole Mass done sol' her down in Georgy las' corn-shuckin', an' I ain't nebber heerd ob her sence. But I t'ought mebbe she mought ha' runned 'way too, an' I 'd fin' her wid der Unions."

"Well, now what are you going to do?"

"Dunno, Mass Cap'n. I 'd like ter stay 'long wid you."

"What can you do?"

"Kin wait on yer, Mass Cap'n; kin shine up boots; an'—" brightening up, as his eyes, wandering round, caught sight of the horses—"kin clean de hosses right smart."

"You are not big enough to take care of a horse."

"'Deed I is, Mass Cap'n; an' I ain't feared o' no hoss. Ole Mass allus sot me ter 'tend ter de hosses dat nobody else could n't manage. Dey allus lets me handle 'em ef dey 's eber so debblesome. Jes' yer try me, Mass Cap'n, an' see ef I ain't telled yer de troof."

"If I keep you with me, you must be a good boy, and do as I tell you."

"'Deed I will, Mass Cap'n. I 'se do ebery word yer say, sho 's yer bohn."

So when the troops left Harrison's Landing Tobe went too, in charge of the Captain's horse and baggage; and, when the steamer was fairly underway, brightened into a new creature, as every revolution of the wheel placed a greater distance between himself and "ole Mass."

"Mass Cap'n," he asked one day, "whar is we gwine at?"

"Either to Washington or Alexandria. I don't know exactly which."

"Will dar be one sto' up dar, Mass Cap'n?"

"Yes, there are plenty of stores. What do you want from one?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, please jes'—" and he stammered and caught his breath, apparently overwhelmed by the magnitude of his desires.

"Well, out with it; what wonderful thing do you want?"

"Please, Mass Cap'n, buy me one banjo?"

"A banjo! what on earth do you want of that?"

"Kin play de banjo right smart; an' dance too. Ki! Mass Cap'n, I plays fer yer all de time."

"There 'd be rather 'too much of a good thing' about that!"

"Is yer gwine git it fer me, Mass Cap'n?"

"I don't know. I 'll see when we get there."

If friends from home had been at Washington or Alexandria, to welcome the "Peninsular veterans" on their return, they would scarcely have recognized those they sought in that crowd of ragged, haggard, war-worn men. Hair and beard uncut and uncared for for weeks formed an effectual disguise. Said one officer, "I lost my brush and comb a month ago; and since then I 've let my horse lick my hair down once in a while, by way of a brushing." There were crownless and rimless hats; sleeveless and skirtless coats, sometimes no coat at all; pantaloons with the legs half torn away by briers; boots without tops, and tops without soles. The "grand army of the Potomac" looked more like an assemblage of bandits and pirates than regularly enlisted United States Volunteers.

But pay-day came. Everybody got "fixed up"; and Tobe fell heir to an old cavalry uniform. It did n't fit, to be sure. The pantaloons came up to his shoulders, and were rolled up in great bunches round his ankles. The jacket came down to his knees; and the sleeves hung like yawning caverns, into which his hands disappeared so far, that it seemed doubtful whether he would ever find them again. But there were the gilt buttons and cavalry stripes; and Tobe's inmost soul rejoiced over them.

He was so absorbed in his clothes that he seemed to have forgotten the banjo; when, one day, the Captain suddenly held one up before him. His eyes dilated till they seemed to cover half his face; and he gasped out, "Yer gwine gi' me dat ar, Mass Cap'n?"

"You said you wanted a banjo, did n't you?"

"I knows I axed yer fer buy me one; but I t'ought mebbe yer would n't gi' me de clo'es an' de banjo too."

"Well, which will you have, the clothes or the banjo?"

Tobe answered never a word, but pulled off his jacket, and laid it at the

Captain's feet. Captain Leigh laughed. "Well," he said, "if you want a banjo as bad as that you shall have it. Here, take it."

"Whar mus' I put de clo'es at, Mass Cap'n?"

"You need n't put them anywhere. Keep them on."

"Does yer mean fer gi' me de clo'es an' de banjo too?" And understanding at last that it was really so, Tobe gave vent to his feelings in a prolonged "Ki-yi!" then stood on his head, kicking his heels in the air, till, his voluminous garments proving too much for him, he lost his balance and rolled over. This sobered him. He picked himself up, and walked off, carrying the banjo as if it were a baby.

After that there was no lack of music. Tobe played all day, and only stopped at night when the Captain sent him to bed. With Tobe, going to bed meant rolling himself in a blanket on the floor of the Captain's tent, with a stick of wood under his head for a pillow. Roused by a sudden noise one night, Captain Leigh started up and looked around, and there sat Tobe in the middle of his blanket, drumming away on the banjo.

"Tobe," said the Captain, "what on earth are you doing with that thing this time of night? I 've a great mind to break it!"

"'Deed, Mass Cap'n, I 'se dreffuI sorry I done woke yer; but sho's yer bohn I wor dreamin' somebody done broke dat ar; an' I jes' wan' ter try him, ter see ef he all right."

"Well, you know now, so stop your noise."

Tobe lay down; but for several nights slept "with one eye open," to watch his treasure.

It proved that Tobe had told the truth about his skill in taking care of horses. Captain Leigh's horse had never looked so well as now, and the Captain was delighted. Tobe turned out, moreover, to be a very good boy. The Captain could always depend upon everything being done precisely as he directed, and he had never known Tobe to tell an untruth. In fact, he was growing very fond of this poor little waif, who had no friend in all the world but himself. But the army is not a very good place for boys. So one day Captain Leigh said, "Tobe, how would you like to go North?"

"Whar 's it at, Mass Cap'n?"

"I mean my home at the North. I 'm thinking of sending you there."

"When is yer gwine, Mass Cap'n?"

"I am not going at all now; but I want you to go as soon as possible."

"Does yer mean ter sen' me away from yer, Mass Cap'n?"

The grief and consternation in the boy's face were pitiful to see. Captain Leigh was touched, and answered him very gently.

"Yes, I want to send you away from me now, because it will be better for you. But when the war is over I shall go home; and then you can stay with me always, if you are a good boy. I am afraid that if I keep you with me in the army, you will learn things that I should be sorry to have you learn, and that will make a bad boy of you."

"I allus does jes' de t'ings yer tells me, Mass Cap'n."

"I know you do. You have been a good, faithful boy; and just because

you do what I tell you so well, I want to send you to my home, to do what Mrs. Leigh will tell you."

"Dat ar yer mudder, Mass Cap'n?"

"You 'd better not ask *her* that," laughed the Captain. "No, Mrs. Leigh is my wife. I want you to run of errands for her, and do what work she will give you in the house. And I have three children; two little girls and a baby boy. I want you to go with them when they go out to play, and take care of them. My home is in a very pleasant place, in the country, with a large, beautiful garden all around the house. Don't you think you will like to go there?"

"Ef yer goes too, Mass Cap'n."

"But, my boy, I can't possibly go now; and I don't think it would be right for me to keep you here, where you will surely learn what you ought not; and where I may even lose you entirely. You know we sha' n't stay here always; and on a march I can't keep you with me; you 'll have to go in one of the baggage-wagons, and the rebels may catch you, and carry you down South again."

This had never entered into Tobe's calculations. Once "wid der Unions," he had thought himself safe forever. He turned almost white with terror, and gasped out, "I 'se do jes' de t'ing yer say, Mass Cap'n. Ef yer tells me ter go, I 'se go. An' I 'se do ebery word de Missus say, an' look af'er de chillens de bes' I knows, ontel yer comes dar. On'y please come right soon, Mass Cap'n." And as the Captain left the tent Tobe laid his face upon his banjo, and cried as if his heart would break.

Captain Leigh found a brother officer who was expecting to go home on furlough, and who readily agreed to take charge of the boy in whom his friend was so deeply interested. So it was settled that Tobe, with his cavalry suit and banjo, should start for the North the next day.

But that night there came news that made everybody give up all idea of "furloughs" or "going home." The Richmond government, determined upon the execution of their threat, to "make the North feel the war as she had not yet felt it, by carrying it into her own territory," had organized "the grand raid"; and all along the slopes of the Maryland hills, and through the quiet Pennsylvania valleys, the Rebels sang their famous "raiding song," to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee."

"Old Stonewall, the Rebel, he leans on his sword,
And as we are mounting speaks loudly the word;
Now let each cavalier who loves honor and right,
Follow close on the feather of Stuart to-night.

CHORUS. "Come, tighten your girth, come slacken your rein,
Come, buckle your blankets and holsters again;
Try the click of your trigger, and balance your blade,
For he must ride sure who goes 'riding a raid.'

"There 's a man in the White House with blood on his mouth;
If there 's knaves at the North, there are braves at the South;
We have three thousand horses, and not one afraid,
We have three thousand sabres, and not a dull blade.

"Come, tighten your girth," etc.

An order came for Captain Leigh's regiment to march at daylight.

"Tobe," said the Captain; "you can go in one of the baggage-wagons. Strap up my blanket and poncho, and take them along; and these boots, take particular care of them, for it 's not often I can get a pair of cavalry boots to fit as they do."

"Yer need n't be feared, Mass Cap'n; I 'se take keer ob 'em de bes' I knows."

The main body of the raiders were reported on the line of the South Mountains, making for Gettysburg. Scouting expeditions were sent out from the Northern army in all directions; and a body of troops, including Captain Leigh's regiment, were ordered to proceed by the shortest route to Gettysburg, and head the Rebels off. Hurriedly they marched across Maryland, and reached Emmettsburg, near the Pennsylvania border line. Leaving Emmettsburg, the road crossed a spur of the South Mountains. Here one of the baggage-wagons broke down. The driver of another wagon stopped to help his comrade. These being in the rear, the troops passed on, ignorant of the disaster; and the two wagons were left alone on the mountain. In one of them was Tobe, with the Captain's boots; over which he kept constant watch. The men worked busily at the wagon, and Tobe sat watching them. Suddenly a trampling of horses' feet was heard, and a party of cavalry came round a turn in the road.

"That 's good," said one of the men; "there 's some of the boys. If they 'll wait a few minutes, we can go along with 'em."

"'T ain't none of our boys," said the other, after a keen glance; "them 's Rebs."

At the word Tobe slid down in the bottom of the wagon under some blankets, and lay silent and motionless, with the boots clasped in his arms.

As the soldiers advanced, the officer said, apparently in reply to a question, — "No, let the men go. We can't do anything with prisoners here; but we 'll look through the wagons, and if the Yanks have anything we want, why, 'all 's fair in war.'"

They reined their horses by the wagons, and, after a few short, sharp questions, proceeded to break open trunks and bags, and appropriate their contents. The General sat on his horse, a silent inspector, till from one trunk was drawn a perfectly new, handsome overcoat. "I believe I 'll try that on," he said. "It looks to be just about my fit." Then as he buttoned it up, "That could n't fit better if it had been made for me. Whose trunk is this? Ah! here 's the name. Major Barton, —th Cavalry. See here," to the teamsters; "just give my compliments to Major Barton, and tell him I 'm greatly obliged for the coat; it 's just what I needed. When he has another like it, I shall be happy to meet him, — or his trunk."

The soldiers were about finishing their examination, when one of them said, "What 's that under the seat of that wagon?"

"Oh! nothing but a torn blanket," said another. "'T ain't worth taking. We 've got all we want."

"There may be something under it, though."

He pushed aside the blanket with his sabre, and there lay Tobe, endeavoring, but unsuccessfully, to hide the boots under him.

"Ah!" said the soldier; "this is worth while. Here 's just what I wanted. Come, boy, hand over those boots, quick."

"'Deed, Massa," said Tobe, "I can't gib 'em ter yer. Dey 'longs ter Mass Cap'n; an' he done tole me take keer ob 'em mos' partic'lar."

"Can't help that. I 've got to have 'em; so pass 'em along."

"Please, Massa," began Tobe, — but the Rebel cut him short.

"Will you give me those boots? If you don't do it, and in double-quick time too, I 'll put a ball through your black skin. I won't ask you again. Now, will you give them up?" And he pulled out his pistol.

"'Deed, Massa, I can't; kase Massa Cap'n —"

There was a sharp click, a flash, a long, sobbing moan; and Tobe lay motionless, the boots still clasped in his arms, and great drops of blood slowly gathering upon them.

"Enemy in sight," shouted a picket, riding up.

The officer hastily gave an order, and the Rebels dashed off at furious speed a few moments before a party of Union cavalry, with Captain Leigh at their head, appeared riding from the opposite direction.

A few words sufficed for explanation. Captain Leigh laid his hand on Tobe's shoulder, and spoke his name. At sound of the voice he loved so well his eyes opened, and he said, faintly, "Mass Cap'n, I done de bes' I knowed. I kep' de boots."

"O Tobe!" groaned the Captain, "I wish you had given them up. I would have lost anything rather than had this."

"Mass Cap'n —"

"Yes, Tobe, what is it?"

"De little chillens, Mass Cap'n. I meaned ter wait on 'em right smart. Tell 'em —" his voice grew fainter and his eyes closed.

"Yes, my boy; what shall I tell them?"

"Tell 'em I did n't lose de boots; I kep 'em — de bes' — I knowed."

There was a faint sigh, a flutter of the eyelids, and the little life that had been so truly "de bes' he knowed" (ah, if we could all say that!) was ended.

Very reverently Captain Leigh lifted the boots all wet and stained with blood. "I will never wear these again," he said; "but I will never part with them. They shall be Tobe's monument."

In the hall of Captain Leigh's house is a deep niche; and in it, on a marble slab covered with a glass case, stands a pair of cavalry boots with dark stains upon them; and on the edge of the slab, in golden letters, is the inscription: —

"In Memory of Tobe,
Faithful unto Death."

Elizabeth Kilham.

HOW SAMMY WENT COASTING.

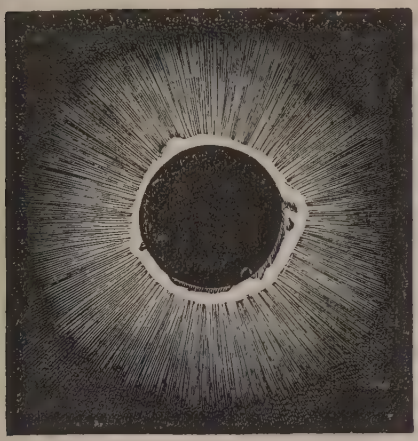
WHAT THE STARS ARE MADE OF.

WHEN I was quite small, I lived a good deal in the country. On bright summer mornings the first thing that caught my waking eyes was the sunlight streaming in through the vines around my window. Sunrise gave to me, as well as to the birds and flowers, the signal for awakening. Such was the eagerness with which I welcomed the early sunbeams, that I think if I had been brought up among pagans I should have learned without much trouble to worship the great luminary. I believe that all children, certainly most little ones, are alike in that respect. The heavens are full of marvels for them, and suggest questions innumerable. As for myself, I wanted to know what the sun was, and how the stars were lighted, and what made them fall sometimes; and my curiosity extended even to the rainbow. Ever since I have been full of interest in everything relating to the sky. I shall take it for granted that my readers are equally anxious for knowledge, and try to give them an inkling as to the nature of these heavenly bodies, with some idea of the manner in which their composition was discovered.

I shall confine myself chiefly to the sun and fixed stars. The moon, examined with a telescope, is found to be a dreary volcanic waste of huge mountains, vast craters, and forlorn deserts. There is no water visible upon its surface, no clouds can be seen around it, and most of its volcanoes seem to have quenched their fires. It is a dead world. The other planets, which move with our own earth around the sun, are supposed to be very much alike, and some of them, perhaps, may be inhabited. But we do not know so much about them as we might justly wish to know. About the sun and stars, however, and also about the nebulæ, we have learned a great deal. The nebulæ are the dim clouds of light seen in various parts of the heavens, the Milky-Way being the most conspicuous. We can even tell of what substances these various bodies are composed, and find out much about what is going on in them to-day. The light which they send to us is the telltale, and a most reliable one. It tells us that the stars are really suns, or rather that our sun, which is one million two hundred and seventy-three thousand times as large as the world we live in, is merely a small star, possibly so small as to be insignificant in comparison with some of its more distant kindred.

Let us begin with the sun, and see what that is made of. First, we can point a telescope at it, and find out how it looks; then we may examine its light with a proper instrument, and see what that has to say. But our telescope must be provided with suitable apparatus for lessening the brilliancy of the sun's rays, and protecting our eyes. Now, upon looking at the sun, it is seen to be an immense luminous globe, with a strangely mottled surface. Here and there black spots appear upon it, of various shapes and sizes, some of them being more than one hundred and eighty thousand

miles long. These spots are constantly changing in appearance, varying both in form and dimensions, and are found to be cavities in the outer surface of the sun. Some of them are like whirlpools, revealing to us the fact that the centre of the vast globe is less brilliant than its exterior. And yet the blackest of the spots is probably brighter than the brightest red-hot iron. They seem black to the eye because the surrounding portions of the sun's surface are so much more brilliant than they. In short, the immense globe presents the appearance of a huge fiery ball, surrounded by a tumultuous atmosphere of heated vapor, which is constantly in commotion.



If we look at the sun during an eclipse, this opinion will be confirmed. For, just at the moment that the moon completely hides the mighty centre of light from our view, long rose-colored flames and streamers of light will shoot out all around it. These flames, or protuberances, as they are called, are sometimes ninety thousand miles in length, and change their shapes most strangely. Now they resemble trees in form, now outlandish animals, and now delicate moss. They have almost the variety of frost-pictures. The accompanying cuts will serve to illustrate these prominences. The first is a view of an eclipse. The black centre represents the moon, and the shaded mountainous projections close to it the protuberances. The other pictures are photographic views of prominences.

Now let us pay our respects to the sun's light. Of course you all know that there are different kinds of light. You have seen the gorgeous colors so often displayed in fireworks, and you have heard that they are produced by burning certain chemical substances. Now the sun's light has its peculiarities, just as much as these. Let us see what the rainbow has to say about it. At certain times in the day, when the solar rays slant through the scattered drops of a retreating shower, the sky is arched by a bow of

seven colors, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. If we allow common white light to pass through a triangular fragment of glass, — a prism as it is called, — we shall get the same colors in the form of a confused spot. The cut-glass pendants of a chandelier often produce such spots upon the wall. But if the light be admitted to the prism through a narrow slit in the window-shutter, and after passing through the glass be made to fall upon a proper screen, we shall have, instead of a mere spot, a lengthened band of color, in which each hue may be studied by itself.

These colors were first explained by Sir Isaac Newton, about two hundred years ago. He proved that white light, such as we get from the sun, is a mixture of different kinds of light; or, in other words, that one of its rays is really a bundle of rays of the seven primary colors. The glass prism separates these rays, so that they no longer seem blended.

But if white light is a mixture of various tints, what shall we say of red, or green, or blue light? Are these, as we commonly have them, simple colors, or will they give us mixtures when analyzed by a prism? Let us see. For the purpose of analyzing light, an instrument called the *spectroscope* has been devised. It was invented about a dozen years ago by two German philosophers, named Kirchoff and Bunsen. And, young as the instrument is, it already ranks with the telescope and microscope in importance, and may safely be called one of the most astonishing inventions of our century. But as there are several different forms of the spectroscope, I will speak only of the simplest and most common. It consists mainly of two short telescopes, and one or more prisms. Sometimes several prisms are used, and a longer band of light is obtained than would be given by one alone.

One of the telescopes is closed at the outer end by a plate of metal having in it a very narrow slit. The light to be examined is admitted through this slit, passes through the telescope, is analyzed by the prism which is enclosed in a dark chamber, and is examined through the second telescope. The whole apparatus, telescopes and all, need not be more than a foot and a half across. In fact, there are simpler spectroscopes, which may be carried in the vest pocket. Suppose now a ray of sunlight be examined with the instrument. We shall see a long band of color, beginning with red and ending with violet, in which each tint may easily be studied apart from the others. The band, moreover, is crossed by a multitude of fine black lines, each of which always has a definite position. The heaviest of these lines, of which there are myriads, is in the yellow part of the band, and is known as "Frauenhofer's line D." For, having been first carefully studied by a German named Frauenhofer, these lines are named in his honor, and for convenience the more prominent ones are known by a few of the letters of our alphabet. The whole band, lines and all, is called the *solar spectrum.*

Now let us look at the red light of the firework-makers. The color of the flame is due to certain compounds of two metals, — strontium and potassium. But now we have no long band of color, only scattered bright lines

with dark spaces between them. It is as if nearly all the spectrum had been blotted out, leaving merely these lines as its remnants, of which many are red and orange, one blue, and one violet. Of these, one red line and the violet are produced whenever any substance containing potassium is burned; the others being due to strontium. So that if we wish to know whether any substance contains strontium or potassium, all we have to do is to put it, with proper precautions, in a suitable flame, and examine the light with the spectroscope. If the metals are present, we shall see their lines; if absent, the lines will be absent also. This method of detecting various substances by means of the spectroscope is called *spectral analysis.*

If we take green fire, which generally owes its color to compounds of the metal barium, we shall get lines which characterize that metal, and so on with other colored flames. Thus, common salt, which contains a metal named sodium, will give a deep yellow color to a flame. Just dip the moistened end of a bit of wire into the salt-cellar, hold it in the flame of a spirit-lamp, and you will get this color. And if you examine the light with the spectroscope you will see one bright yellow double line, and none of any other color. This line is always produced by substances containing sodium. $\frac{1}{180,000,000}$ of a grain of the metal can be detected this way. In short, there are many substances which give peculiar tints to flames, and the spectroscope will always tell with certainty to what substances the color of such a light is due. By means of the instrument four new metals have been discovered. One, indium, resembles zinc; while thallium, which colors a flame magnificently green, is something like lead. The other two, cæsium and rubidium, are like the metal potassium, which is found in potash, saltpetre, and many other substances. These two metals were discovered by Professor Bunsen in the following manner. He was analyzing the water of a mineral spring, and thought to examine it with the spectroscope. He did so, and, to his astonishment, found lines belonging to no known substance. He at once knew that some unknown substance must be present, and set to work to obtain it. He boiled down forty tons of the water, and, as his reward, procured two hundred grains of the two new metals.

It is found, however, that the color of each flame is due to the vapor of the substance giving it. And since there are many substances which cannot be changed into vapor by the heat of a common lamp or gas-burner, it is plain that we must heat them more strongly in order to get characteristic light from them. These bodies are generally dealt with by putting them between the two poles of a powerful galvanic battery. Then they are vaporized, emit light, and give definite spectra. By this method iron can be detected with the spectroscope, giving some seventy bright lines of its own. And so on with gold, silver, and other metals. But the point to be remembered just here is, that whenever a light forms a spectrum consisting of bright lines with dark spaces between, it is given off from a heated gas or vapor. On the other hand, if a spectrum consists of a long band of the seven primary colors, without any dark lines in it, the light from which it is produced is due to a heated solid. Red-hot iron emits light giving such a band.

Now I have already mentioned the nebulæ, those clouds of light seen in various parts of the heavens. Some of these the telescope has shown to be merely star-clusters, in which the stars seem close together on account of their vast distance from us; but others, even with the most powerful instrument, have remained mere patches of faint light. But this light, in the spectroscope, gives a spectrum of bright lines. And so we learn that these faint nebulæ, millions upon millions of miles away, are really huge clouds of intensely heated gases. And not only that, but we can tell with much certainty from the lines which we obtain, what substances the nebulæ are composed of.

There are three kinds of spectra, however, with which we have to deal. Two of these have been already described; namely, that consisting of scattered bright lines, and that which is seen as an unbroken luminous band. The third kind is given by the light of the sun and stars, and, as you remember, is a brilliant band of color crossed by many fine black lines. What does this mean?

If we examine the bright lines in the spectra of the metals, we shall see that each one has a fixed place. That is, if a metal gives a line which is just in the middle of the yellow part of the spectrum, that line will always be in the middle, and never anywhere else. So that if many yellow lines are seen, you can say safely, this one is due to this metal, and that one to that, their difference in position telling us what to say. Now, very remarkably, many of the black lines in the sun's spectrum correspond exactly to bright lines given in the spectra of various chemical elements. As I have already stated, iron gives a spectrum of about seventy bright lines. And in the solar spectrum we find a black line corresponding to each one of these. The explanation of this is very simple. It has been found that whenever the light emitted from a solid is passed through that given off by a gas, and then examined with the spectroscope, a bright spectrum containing dark lines is formed. That is, if you have a flame which gives the yellow sodium line, and put just behind it a magnesium or an electric light, instead of getting the uninterrupted bright band of the latter, you will have a band with a black line where that of sodium ought to be. So here we see a reason for the black lines in the solar spectrum. The sun consists of an intensely heated centre, which is either solid or liquid, surrounded by an atmosphere of luminous vapor. The light from the centre passes through that of the atmosphere, the bright lines which the latter should give disappear, and we have a brilliant spectrum full of dark markings. And those black lines tell us with certainty that many substances familiar to us are in the sun's atmosphere in a state of vapor. Iron, which is not vaporized to any extent by our hottest furnaces, is there; and so also are sodium, magnesium, zinc, nickel, aluminum, and many other bodies. And if we point the spectroscope at the red flames which shoot out around the sun during an eclipse, we shall get a spectrum of bright lines which tells us that those terrible fiery tongues, thousands of miles long, are chiefly hydrogen gas.

Looking at the fixed stars, we shall find that some of them contain sub-

stances not yet found in the sun, but quite familiar to us. Thus, the bright star Aldebaran, which lies near the Pleiades in the southern sky in winter, is known to contain bismuth, antimony, quicksilver, etc. In short, by studying the rainbow, we have forced it to tell the secrets of the stars. We know that the heavenly bodies are made of nearly the same materials as the earth, and that the sun and stars have solid, fiery centres, with atmospheres of heated vapor outside. And we know, too, that such furnace-like globes cannot be inhabited by beings like ourselves. Some day in summer, when you are groaning over a heat of ninety degrees, just look up at the sun and remember that a thermometer placed in its coolest portions would have to reach at least fifty thousand degrees in order to mark the temperature. And then, if there is any force in imagination, you ought to feel chilly all the rest of the day.

F. W. Clarke.

SNOW-SONG.

THE little bird chirps in the sun,
And flutters and hops to and fro:
His tiny light tracks, one by one,
He prints on the new-fallen snow.
Little birds, sing!
Sun, give his wing
A flicker of gold as you go!
Make a smooth path for him, Snow!

The child in the sun is at play;
His footfall is light on the snow:
His curls catch a swift golden ray
Of the sun, while the merry winds blow.
Little child, run!
Shine on him, Sun!
Blow him fair weather, Wind, blow!
Make a white path for him, Snow!

The little bird's home is the sky,
Or the ground, or a nest in the tree.
The little child some day will fly
From his doorstep, new regions to see.
Bird-like and free
His sunny flight be!
And wherever on earth he may go,
His footprints be whiter than snow!

Lucy Larcom.

HOW TO MAKE A SET OF CHESSMEN OUT OF OLD SPOOLS.

MANY of the readers of "Our Young Folks," no doubt, would like to know how to make a set of chessmen; and learn to play that noble and beautiful game, which has been a favorite pastime with kings, and the great men of history, as well as with common people and children, for thousands of years. And I want to tell you how you can whittle empty spools, such as are lying about by the dozen in almost every house, into a very good set, — one which you will prize the more for having been of your own manufacture. Almost every boy likes to whittle, when there is something which he wants and can make; and I don't see any reason why girls should not learn how to use a jack-knife too.

The first thing to be done is to *sharpen your knife.* Then take the two largest spools of a nearly equal size which you can find, — those that measure an inch and three quarters in length are a good size, — and lay them aside for the kings, to be whittled last, as they are a little harder to make than the others; and begin the set by making the two queens from spools a little smaller. Whittle out each queen from a single spool in this shape (Fig. 1); the dotted lines showing the part to be cut off. Then cut out a head for each queen like Fig. 2, from a stick of pine or some other soft wood, leaving the lower, straight part just large enough to fit tightly into the hole in the spool, and hold the head and body together. Fig. 3 shows the shape of the queens when done. Like all the other figures, it is drawn about half the actual size of the chessmen.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

The castles, or rooks, as they are sometimes called, are easy to make, and in the game are next in value to the queens. There are four of these, and for them you want four large-waisted spools; such as have little room for winding anything on, and are used for twist. Take those which are as nearly alike as you can find, and square off the upper part, leaving the upper end a little larger than the part next to it, as seen in Fig. 4. The dotted lines show the part of the spools to be whittled down on four sides so as to leave the upper part of the castle nearly or quite square, and the upper end shaped like Fig. 5. For stopping up the holes in the rooks as well as in the other pieces, you want something as near the color of the wood as possible. Bread wet with milk and a few drops of molasses, mashed very fine, and partly dried, does very well. You will have to keep crowding in more for a few days, as fast as it dries and shrinks away. Or the holes can be neatly plugged with wood.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 4

Fig. 5.

The way to make the four bishops is to whittle out four small wooden books, and glue one to the top of each of four spools alike in shape, and a little smaller than those of which you made the queens and rooks. The books should be only large enough to cover the holes in the spools, as you see in Fig. 6.

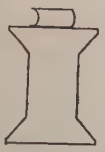


Fig. 6.

For the four knights which are needed in your set, cut two small spools in two, so as to make of the ends of them four bases, upon which you can fasten the knights' heads. Cut the heads out of some soft wood, to imitate a horse's head; with a stem reaching down from the neck to hold the head to the base. A good piece of shingle will be thick enough to make them of; and it will help you, to mark out on it, first, the outline of the horse's head and neck, like Fig. 7; having the ears and stem point in the direction of the grain of the shingle. Cut to your marks square across, and shape the sides and round off the corners where it is necessary afterwards. Fig. 8 shows a knight when done.

Fig. 7.

Fig. 8.

There are sixteen pawns to make, having bases like those of the knights, and roundish heads fastened on by stems in the same way as the other pieces which are in two parts. Fig. 9 shows the shape of the pawns; in which the dotted lines show the stem reaching down through the base, which is made of the end of a spool. Being of the least value in the game, the pawns should be smaller than the other pieces.

Fig. 9.

To complete the set you need now only the two kings. And having had some experience in making the others, you should make these look the best of all. Fig. 10 is a side view and Fig. 11 a front view of the kings. The dotted lines show the part of the spools to be cut off, or rather whittled down into the shape of the upper part of a man's body without the arms. The head and neck are of another piece of wood, and are fastened on like the heads of the knights and pawns. It won't be worth while to make any features on the kings' faces, but just give the general shape of a man's head.

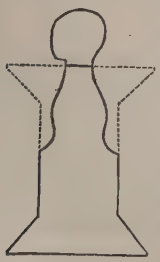


Fig. 10.

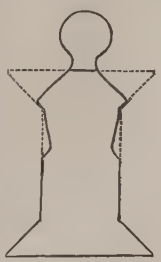


Fig. 11.

After you have scraped the pieces clean and smooth with sand-paper or broken glass, half of each kind — viz. one king, one queen, two castles, two bishops, two knights, and eight pawns — should be stained a dark red; then all should be varnished, and they are done.

A. D. Millerd.

PATIA'S RECEPTION.

IT was discouraging to begin life with such a name! "Had it not been for somebody's great-aunt I should be called Blanche, or Rose, or Ethel; but now —"

"Now, Patia Patch, you can't help yourself," her teasing brother George used to say in reply to her complaints; "but if you are not a '*cross* Patch' we will try and put up with you!"

A merry, sunshiny little girl she was in the main, a great favorite with her playmates, and especially with Lu Waters, her next-door neighbor.

"Patia always lets you choose," her friend declared; and as Lu wanted to choose upon all occasions, this was fortunate.

"Look here!" Patia's head, in a very confused and surprising state of hair-dressing, popped through a hole in the hedge which served for post-office or private consultations. "I can't go round the garden now, I must get ready for school; what do you think, Lu? Mother says I may have a party Saturday."

"Goody!" screamed Lu, in approval.

"But would n't you have a reception instead?"

"Yes," said the other, decidedly; "of course. What *is* a reception, Patia?"

"Why, you know, — everybody knows, — it 's a — *reception!*"

"Oh!" answered Lu, not much wiser. "Is it a kind of party, such as folks have when they are married?"

"I am not going to be married! how foolish you are, Lu! It is a party, only it is a reception. You understand now?"

"You might as well say, 'It 's Monday, only it 's Tuesday'; but I don't care," added Lu, carelessly. "Are you going to write notes to the girls?"

"Cards," corrected Patia, who had been studying her mother's basket on the parlor table. "Come over this afternoon and help me, won't you? Nell has pasteboard enough to spare."

"When I had parties, I used to get my company together in the recess at school, and say, 'Girls, I want you all to come!' and I had no more bother about it," the elder sister suggested. "You are taking a great deal of trouble, it seems to me."

But Patia's mind was made up firmly.

I shall not attempt to give the details of that long and anxious discussion, which ended in the children's carrying to patient Nell this form to be copied in her neatest printing-hand: —

"Reception.

"Patia Grant presents her respects, and invites you to be at her house Saturday P. M. at 2 o'clock *precisely*.

"P. S. Be sure and come and bring your dolly.

"PATIA GRANT."

"I suppose that will do?" observed Patia, drawing a long breath, and piling the blank cards about the writing-desk.

"Just as you please, dear, and I will attend to the business now," Nell answered, bravely choking down the laugh which nearly upset her; the small effort at gentility was so like older ones on a different scale! I must do Miss Grant the justice to say that she executed her part of the affair handsomely. The word "Reception" in large German text was a credit to art; indeed, but few of the invited guests could make it out, and that gave such an air of distinction to the thing! "How many? fifteen, did you say? I thought Miss Stearns had more scholars."

"Fifteen whom I wish to ask," Patia said, rather doubtfully.

"How many whom you prefer not to have?"

Nell's clear eyes glanced deep into the disturbed ones which were looking earnestly overhead into the airy distance.

"Why, just Rachel Peters; she would not come any way, I guess."

"What ails her? is she sick, or naughty?"

"No," declared Patia, desperately; "but she sweeps the rooms, and wears her mother's cape-bonnet, — a big calico one. Ain't she queer, though, Lu?" — with a giggle, which Lu echoed.

"If she is poor, I suppose she would not enjoy a good play in the garden, and a warm supper, and a sing round the piano after tea?"

"Perhaps she might," answered Patia, slightly crestfallen; "but she would not be dressed like others, and I am sure she has n't a doll. I told every girl to bring her doll."

"You could not lend her one?" Nell was working busily while she put these uncomfortable questions.

Patia turned to Lu, but Lu was examining a penwiper in the shape of a scarlet rose; she never *did* help one out of a hard place, though she wore beautiful clothes and kissed her friends very often.

"Make the case your own; if you were Rachel Peters, would you like to be left out of Patia Grant's reception?"

"No!" was the honest reply, sent from a true heart which guided its owner into pleasant and kind deeds.

"My mother says that parties are always spoiled by the people you have to invite, and it 's the same with girls," remarked worldly-wise Lu.

"If Rachel Peters is here, we need n't have much to do with her; she might have the solitaire-board while we play with the dolls."

"Lu Waters, I am ashamed of you!" exclaimed Nell Grant, indignantly. "What a selfish and mean idea to treat a poor girl in that way, because she is poor! Mother will not allow *you* to come!"

"Are you vexed?" asked Lu, opening her blue eyes calmly. "I don't mind about Rachel Peters, if Patia likes to ask her."

Rebukes made no impression upon the child, and Nell concluded, as she had done often before, that Lu had no tender spots to hit: which was a mistake; because every one has a tender place, even if selfishness and self-will guard it.

There was a rustling all over the room when the girls had taken their seats next morning, and the opening exercises of the school were rather impatiently attended to, for on the centre of each desk lay a pink envelope containing the card!

Exactly alike, and not one left out. If ever Patia Grant was thankful, it must have been when sixteen instead of fifteen pairs of hands reached for her invitation. Why, she could more easily have given up the concern than have had one solitary being made unhappy by neglect! Indeed, if Lu Waters had not suggested it, such a cruel proposition would not have entered Patia's head; and as Lu Waters was never taught better at home, allowance must be made for her. If we look back of things in this world, we always have to be charitable, girls.

My little heroine had not sailed into smooth seas yet, however. The girls were delighted with their cards, and ready enough to come; but Rachel Peters must have a doll, and of a large assortment only two were fit to exhibit at a reception. Patia thought soberly. Rosabella, the elder of her family, was slightly discolored by age, and the finest arrangement of gown and hat would not cover several large cracks on the back of her neck and head.

"She only needs trepanning to make a beauty of her," Fred Grant declared, and when his sister asked the meaning of that fearful word, he explained that doctors could enlarge people's brains by boring into their skulls; one additional seam would divide Miss Rosabella's "top-knot" into a chart, and Dr. Fred was aching to practise surgery!

Patia was fond of her shabby doll, as mothers are of their homely children. "She is good and useful, and I had so much comfort with her before the Countess came," was her reflection that night as she opened a bureau drawer. Under a sheet of cotton-batting lay the Countess, a large and splendid wax-doll; a royal lady every inch. Patia held her up to the light, while her fair curls glittered; her pink satin dress, with its gold trimmings and black velvet bodice, was good enough for Victoria, and her silken hose and satin slippers were so perfect a fit! Beside the clothes she wore, was a plumed hat and a velvet mantle in a shiny bandbox made for them.

Only last week Mrs. Grant's sister in Paris had sent the lovely Countess, as a present to her pet niece; at the reception Patia was to introduce her to American society, but —

"Rachel Peters is coming, and I shall be mean if I give her old Rosabella to hold," the poor child said, with her eyes full of tears. Would n't you have cried too?

It is easy to say that a shabby doll is much better than none, that the faded and limp clothing would suit better the style of her visitor; but Patia had been told to reason in a more liberal way. "As ye would that others —" and the rest; the words kept floating round her and did their work faithfully.

Saturday afternoon was so bright and warm, it was plain that somebody beside Patia Grant was holding a reception. Birds and bees and wind and sunbeams hastened to that feast where the guests are never crowded, and the world may look on at the merry-making.

There are few pleasanter sights than a cluster of little girls, dressed in their nicest and behaving their best, — I mean "old-fashioned" children, of whom there are still specimens in nooks and corners of the earth.

Lu Waters was somewhat uneasy in a white robe ruffled to the waist, and Patia noticed that she stood most of the time (it was not designed to sit down in); but she looked as dainty as "the Countess," who was being handed about in the midst of loud exclamations over her beauty and magnificence.

"Why, if there is n't Rachel Peters, *dressed* —" The speaker stopped at this word, uttered as slowly as if poor Rachel went undressed to school.

"Dressed how?" asked Lu Waters, hastily, turning as the gate opened to admit a new-comer, and whispering to her next neighbor, "Who has fixed her up?"

A buff calico and white apron, a new pair of shoes, and a straw hat trimmed with blue, were becoming enough to the little girl, who was neither awkward nor plain when tolerably clad. She looked so smiling and happy in her fresh suit, I think she met with perhaps a warmer greeting than any of the company, for while they wondered at the improvement, the children were glad to see it, and anxious to put her at ease.

Nell Grant *might* have told a story, but she never did; so I will leave you to guess through whose means Rachel's good fortune came to her.

"Am I to hold this? I 'ad rather take your every-day baby, Patia," she said, when the wax-doll was laid in her arms by its fortunate owner. "I like best to look at this one without touching her, for fear of doing mischief." And she persisted, though Patia was sincere in offering her the Countess.

Between ourselves, Patia found her ladyship rather dull, as very fine people are apt to be, when they move by rule and have only splendid cheeks and clothes to exhibit.

Rosabella could be rigged in several costumes, and unless one *would* take a rear view she was quite good-looking; misfortune gave a pensive expression to her scarred face; while the Countess smiled blankly, and was sewed into her satin gown.

Nell Grant hovered about the party at a respectful distance, appearing directly if she were needed, and vanishing when she could be spared. One pair of grateful eyes followed her flitting, and now and then a brown hand was slipped into hers for a confiding pressure, after which Mrs. Grant was informed that Rachel Peters was a dear child, and deserved encouraging.

Patia, tired and satisfied, stood at the gate bidding good night to the company as they departed, and as the last couple strolled off she heard them saying, eagerly, "Have n't you had a splendid time?"

"O yes, perfect! but do you see any difference between a party and a reception? I don't."

"Not a bit; I guess Patia don't; except one is a big word and the other little!"

And Patia thought them about right.

Charlotte M. Packard.

CRUSOE LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

THE WRECK OF THE BOAT.

IT was nearly night when I landed on the island, and the wind was beginning to freshen. How glad I was I had reached it before it blew too hard! I found a steep, pebbly beach, and, without noticing the state of the tide, I pulled my boat as near as I could, and, letting out my anchor at the bows, threw on shore my blankets; then, tying a rope to the thwarts, I leaped out, carrying it with me, and tied it to a tree growing out from the rocks. Unfortunately I left my fishing-tackle, sails, and food and bottles in the boat. I was too wearied to care for aught but rest and sleep; so, gathering some dry grass for a bed, and rolling myself up in the blankets, I lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

How long I slept I cannot say, when I was rudely roused by a loud roaring and a grating noise. I sat up and rubbed my eyes. For a few moments I was quite bewildered; then my boat met my sight. It had been high tide when I anchored it, and the tide receding had left it to the mercy of the waves, which had risen during my sleep, and now washed over it with great violence. I saw it would soon be broken if not removed, and I jumped up and ran to it.

I found it full of water, and the sails washed out and thrown upon the rocks, whose sharp points had almost torn them to pieces. My fishing-lines also were gone, and my bottles of water and brandy all broken. I sincerely grieved over their loss both then and afterwards. My boat, however, was my chief thought now, and how to save it from ruin. By the moon's light I saw, about fifty yards off, an opening in the rocks, which the waves did not seem to enter. I resolved to try and pull it there; with no small toil I managed to get out the water, and, taking the oars, I leaped in and commenced pulling. I had not got more than twenty yards off the beach and into deep water when I heard a dull, sullen roar, and, looking quickly round, saw a huge breaker, white-crested, and ready to break, rolling swiftly towards me. I dropped the oars and had barely time to wrap my arms and feet round the boat's thwarts, when it came.

A loud crash followed, and I felt myself and the boat rolled over and over and driven furiously forward; a roar was in my ears, and a sudden violent shock tore me from my hold and flung me choked, blinded, and sorely bruised upon the sharp flinty rocks. There I sat stunned and confused for some time, and when I could again see clearly I found my poor boat had broken its keel, and a huge jagged rock had torn through its side.

Here was an irremediable misfortune! What could I do now? How ever could I get home again? I put my hands in my pockets, and found I had also broken my poor pipe and spoilt forever the few matches I

still possessed. Here was trouble on trouble, and, all forgetful of my life being saved, I broke out into passionate lamentations, and bewailed my sad fate with a bitter outburst of tears.

This now was my condition. I had landed on a small uninhabited island, and my whole possessions were a broken boat, a rope, some tattered sails, a few pieces of broken glass, a pair of blankets, and a pocket-knife. Alas, how different my position from even poor Robinson Crusoe's, whilst I shared his fate! It was useless to weep; that would not mend matters. I therefore slowly rose and clambered over the rocks back to my blankets.

There I sat down again and tried to plan out the future. A horrible dread fell upon me. What if there were no fresh water on the place! But I knew there must be, or the trees could not grow; still it might be out of reach. I started up immediately to seek for it, and went up the beach towards the hills and forests.

I found a belt of rocks hemming in the flat gravelly plain I was on, which consisted of about four or five acres, as near as I could tell. At the farther end of the rocks was a deep gully, down which, to my inexpressible joy, tumbled a small stream, which fell trickling into a pool at the bottom. O, what a relief it was to rush forward and bathe my hands and face, and then take a long deep draught! I fell on my knees, and from my heart thanked God for this inestimable blessing. Then, somewhat quieted, I returned to my blankets, and tried to think what to do next.

Food, — where should I look for it, and how should I obtain it? I remembered how I had cut my hands and face on the rocks, with the sharp oyster-shells with which they were covered. Here, then, was an abundant supply for my immediate wants, and until I could look more about me. I took a stone and went thither. I dared not use my knife, for fear of breaking it, and it had become now invaluable to me. I tore my hands sadly in trying to break open the oysters, but managed to make a meal off them.

It was now once more daylight, and I went to see if I could do aught with my boat, but found it broken beyond any mending I could do. I looked long and earnestly for my fishing-lines, but could not find them. I then came on the beach and went round the rocks to look for a cave, but could not find any suitable for my purpose. There was a very small one, but the water dripped down on the floor, and it would not do for a habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

I BUILD MY HOUSE AND MAKE A FIRE.

All that day I walked about in a listless manner, scarcely able to realize the full extent of my misfortune, and not knowing what to do first. It was fine weather, and I did not feel the need of shelter. I was like one in a dream, and could not settle down to any work. O, how I wished for a gun and ammunition, with a few tools! But of what use were wishes then?

The next night I lay down on the grass with my blankets as a covering,

but was roused by a heavy shower, which wet me to the skin. I got up cold and shivering, and the necessity of a house to shelter me first came into my mind. But how was I to build one? I had lived among the native New-Zealanders for some time as a prisoner, and had seen how quickly and easily they built their huts of reeds and grass, and thought I could build one like them if I could only procure the materials. I noticed a fringe of long reeds round the pond, which I thought would do, and I resolved to cut some down as soon as it was day.

Having washed myself and eaten my breakfast of oysters, I went down to the pond. I found, as I expected, an abundance of reeds, or *raupo*, as the natives call them, and plenty of young trees or shrubs, called *manuka*. These shrubs grow straight and slender, and are easily cut down. They make an excellent framework to tie the reeds on. I therefore set to work and cut down the reeds, tying them in long bundles, and then cut the sticks for the frame. I found a native flag or lily called *korari*, from which the New Zealand flax is made. It is a long, narrow leaf, — about six or seven feet long and three or four inches wide; it splits very easily, and is as strong as whip-cord. The Maories scrape the skin off with cockle-shells and twist the fibres into fishing-lines, ropes, etc. It grows in low swampy grounds, and I found a large cluster of it at the bottom of my pond. I gathered a large bundle of it to tie my reeds on the sticks. I was sadly afraid of breaking my knife, and had to use it very cautiously.

Getting all ready for my house took me a whole week, and to put it up and finish it, another week. Three or four Maories with hatchets would

have built it in two or three hours. I made the roof of wide palm-leaves tied down with a long, wiry creeping vine I found in the forest.

All this time I had no fire, and lived on nothing but oysters. It was a hard and painful task getting them; I cut my fingers sadly, and seldom

got more than would satisfy the cravings of hunger. Oysters are very good, stewed or scalloped, or cooked with bread and butter, but they are not so nice where you have to break them off hard rocks and eat them raw; with nothing else, you would soon tire of them; at least I did, and I often wished for Robinson Crusoe's grapes and raisins.

I cannot describe in words how lonely I felt at night, without a fire to warm, cheer, or lighten me. The nights closed in early, as they always do near the tropics, and there was little or no twilight; almost as soon as the sun set it became dark. I cannot tell you how sad it was, sitting all alone looking over that restless sea, and listening to its mournful dashings on the beach. My own voice startled me, and when I thought how entirely I was separated from every living being, and how helpless I should be if I fell sick, how long I might have to remain without hearing the sound of a human voice, — perhaps until I died and my bones, whitening on the beach, might alone tell to some chance voyager touching at the island the story of my fate. When I thought of all this, I can assure you there were no charms in that Robinson Crusoe life of mine.

How I longed for the companionship of a fire! I planned many ways to get one, but did not succeed. I tried my knife and a piece of flint I found on the beach, but although I could get faint sparks, I had no good tinder to catch or retain them. I had frequently seen the natives rub two sticks together and obtain fire, and when among them had also tried the experiment, but without succeeding; — it was too tiresome, and made my arms ache too much. Now, however, I resolved to try again, and persevere until the feat was accomplished. I had finished my house, and got a comfortable bed of dry moss, grass, and a springy sort of vine. What I most needed now was fire.

I waited for a fine, still day, when scarcely a breath of wind was blowing, and then made my preparations. I got first a flat piece of soft wood about eighteen inches long and three or four wide, and cut smooth on one side. I next procured a small round piece of hard wood called *puriri*, and cut it something like a thick lead-pencil with a blunt point. I then gathered a lot of dry grass and small fir twigs, and placed them in a heap near by. I placed the flat piece of wood on the ground with its end near a rock, to keep it from moving. I then stripped off my clothes, and, taking the round stick, placed its point on the flat slab, and commenced rubbing it up and down, rolling it at the same time between my hands. I thus worked a small groove in the slab, and a small lot of tiny shavings gradually heaped up at the end of it.

As I quickened the motion the smoke curled up in little clouds, but no fire or spark. My wrists and arms began to ache, and the perspiration broke from every pore and ran fast down my face. Still I persevered, although almost despairing of success. I dared not stop a moment to rest, for if I did all my toil would have been in vain. My only chance of success was in never relaxing until the heap at the end of the slab took fire. I was about to give up in despair when a single spark flew up in the air and died

out. The sight made me quicken my efforts; I made about a dozen more passes up and down as rapidly as I could, and to my inexpressible joy the heap took fire.

I dropped my stick hastily, swept the heap into the fine, dry grass, and, wrapping this together, waved it swiftly about in the air. It burst into a flame! I then laid it on the ground and put on it the twigs. I soon had a blazing fire. And from that time forward until I left the island it was my chief and sole concern to keep it alive, — to tend it day and night.

I found I had sprained my left wrist in the effort, but at the time I cared not for that, I was so overjoyed at my success. I still, however, bear the marks of the injury, and shall do so for the remainder of my life.

Rev. D. R. Carter.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I 'M a proken-hearted Deutscher
Vot 's villed mit crief und shame;
I dells you vot der drouple ish:
I doos n't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh?
Ven you der shtory hear
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so shtrange und queer.

Mein moder had dwo liddle twins,
Dey vas me und mein broder;
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von ov der poys vas "Yawcup,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name;
But den it made no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell! von ov us got tead, — .
Yaw, Mynheer, dat ish so!
But vedder Hans or Yawcup
Mein moder she ton't know.

Und so I am in drouples,
I gan't kit droo mein hed
Vedder I 'm Hans vot 's lifing,
Or Yawcup vot is tead!

Charles F. Adams.

WHO STOLE THE BABY?

"RUB–A–DUB, DUB! Rub-a-dub, dub! Rat-tat-tat!"

It was Johnny Holmes beating his new drum which his uncle had given him, making noise enough to drive a whole neighborhood distracted.

He was playing soldier, going through the most unheard-of evolutions, calling to an imaginary regiment, who were supposed to "halt!" and "forward! march!" whenever he gave the word of command.

The back-yard, with its high brick wall and its solitary shade-tree, was transformed by Johnny's imagination into the most enchanting of parade-grounds. He had the whole field to himself, and could have things all his own way; for no one of his imaginary followers thought of countermanding or disobeying orders.

His two sisters, Mollie and Flora, were in the play-room, attending to the toilets of their largest dolls, named respectively the Lady Geraldine and the Lady Clara, who were going out to a full-dress reception in honor of the marriage of their cousin, the Lady Glendora. There was a good deal of discussion as to whether the young ladies should wear their pink silks looped with white roses or their white silks looped with red roses; and the debate ran so high, and took up so much time, that the matter had to be compromised by dressing one in white and the other in pink.

O, how lovely they were! The Lady Geraldine, who must have been half a yard in height, was really queenly, with her white silk trailing as much as three inches behind, and slightly raised in front to show the tiny white slipper; and the Lady Clara, not a whit less graceful and dignified, was completely fascinating in her pink drapery.

Placing upon their heads a bonnet the exact size of a pumpkin-seed, and shaking out their finest embroidered pocket-handkerchiefs scented with the finest of double-distilled essence of peppermint, the young ladies were pronounced ready to step into their family carriage, which at that moment drove up in the form of an overturned ottoman, into which they both passed with all the grace imaginable, and were supposed to be whirled away.

It was Monday morning. Mrs. Holmes was looking over her housekeeping accounts, having given strict orders to Biddy to take care of the baby, and on no account to allow her own quiet to be disturbed.

Biddy, who was very busy that morning, getting the clothes in readiness to send out to the laundry, having in addition the dish-washing, sweeping, dusting, etc., on her hands, considered her duty with respect to the baby performed when she had planted him in the centre of the floor, surrounded by all the tin cups, pans, and spoons she could muster, devoutly hoping and fervently believing he would make such a racket among them all as would keep him quiet without further effort on her part.

As the baby was only a year old, and could not walk alone, she had at least no fears of his running away while her back was turned. So Johnny

drummed until it was a wonder he did not pound a hole in the drum-head, and the little girls proceeded to set forth a most bountiful feast, consisting of two cookies, an apple, and some lemon-drops, of which the wedding guests, including Lady Glendora's relatives to the fifth degree, were invited to partake.

The long summer morning was drawing toward a close when Mrs. Holmes, having added her columns of figures over and over again, to be certain there was no mistake, and having arrived at a surprisingly large sum total, pushed away pencil and paper, and walked down to relieve Biddy of the care of the baby.

"Biddy!" she called, from the top of the kitchen stairs, "bring up the baby; I will take care of him now."

"Indade, mum," replied the girl, "he is n't here at all, at all. Has n't yes got him already?"

"Do you mean to tell me the child is n't here?" asked Mrs. Holmes, her anxious face appearing half-way down the stairs.

"Why, you see, mum," explained Biddy, "I was busy, loike, with me mind on me work, and took no notice until yer ladyship called, whin it sthruck me, all of a suddin, that I had n't heard the blissed child fur quite a spell, and that he must have crept up stairs to yes."

"Indeed he has n't," said the mother, looking hurriedly about; "but he may have crept into the back-yard." So, with Biddy at her heels, she stepped into the paved court, and closely searched every corner, but no baby was there.

"Rub-a-dub, dub! Rat-tat-tat!" sounded Johnny's drum; until his mother was forced to catch the drum-sticks out of his hands before she could make her voice heard.

"Johnny, have you seen your little brother?"

No, Johnny had not seen him; and the alarmed mother rushed up to the play-room, hoping that Mollie or Flora had taken him away.

"Why, no, mamma," said Flora. "The wedding festivities are just over, and the newly married couple are about to start on a trip to Europe, and we have n't had time to *think* of baby."

The now thoroughly alarmed mother instantly commenced a most vigorous search of the whole house. Biddy was in despair and in tears. Her mistress had called her a careless girl, and her reputation was lost unless the baby were found. So she peered into the most unheard-of places, evidently thinking to find the child laid away on one of the pantry-shelves, or playing bo-peep with her from behind the sugar-jar, or hidden in the depths of the coal-scuttle.

"Och, murther! bad luck to me for a forgetful gurrl! O, whirra, whirra! me heart is broke. Whatever shall I do, and the poor darlint lost and gone? Och hone! Hear the poor mither calling the swate babe! Biddy Murphy, ye deserve to do penance for a week for bringing sore trouble to thim as has been kind to yes!"

Again and again was the house searched "from turret to foundation

stone," or rather from garret to cellar; but no baby rewarded the search. Evidently he was not on the premises. Arguing that a child who could not walk must have been carried away, Mrs. Holmes was forced to the conviction that some one had entered the kitchen while Biddy's back was turned, and made off with the unconscious babe; and being a spirited little woman, after the first natural ebullition of maternal feeling, she speedily rose to the occasion and sent Biddy off after the chief of police.

Biddy, in her zeal to repair her negligence, ran half a mile, at her best rate of speed, and had hardly sufficient breath remaining to enable her to tell her story; but she managed to make the man understand what was wanted of him, and he immediately accompanied her back to her mistress.

When the case was fully stated to him, he looked grave, walked all about the kitchen, glanced keenly at the pile of tin-ware Biddy had placed at the child's disposal, paced slowly about the back-yard and gave Johnny's neglected drum a kick, questioned Biddy sternly, and looked all the while as non-committal as you can possibly imagine. The fact was, the sharp man was at his wits' end. Mrs. Holmes awaited his decision, the three remaining children clinging to her skirts, their scared, white faces showing that they realized what had happened.

After looking the ground over for the third or fourth time, the chief returned to the weeping Biddy. "My girl, you say there was no one here between the time your mistress left the baby in your charge and the moment she called you to bring him to her?"

"Not a livin' soul, sir. May the blissed saints niver hear me prayers, if it 's a lie I 'm tellin' yer honor! No livin' soul, barin' the laundry man, who drove up to the area gate after the basket of clothes for the washin' that I carried out to him myself."

"Ah!" said the chief with a brisk air; "so you sent off a basket of soiled clothes? What laundry do you patronize, Mrs. Holmes?"

She gave him the street and number.

"I think I 'll run over and take a look at the establishment; meanwhile, make yourself as comfortable as may be under the circumstances. I think I have a clew to the person who carried off your child."

Mrs. Holmes begged him to use his utmost exertion, declaring she should never know a happy moment if her darling was not found.

"I don't see what idea he has in his head," she said to Biddy, after the man had politely bowed himself out. "Only to think of his posting away to the laundry when my poor child may be in the hands of some cruel person who is bearing it farther and farther away!" And Mrs. Holmes burst into tears, and Johnny and Mollie and Flora imitated her, and Biddy went down upon her knees and called upon all the saints in the calendar to lend their aid in this time of trouble.

An hour passed. It was hard waiting. Mrs. Holmes had grown very nervous; the children, seeing her distress, had retired to a distant corner and spoke only in whispers. Biddy groaned and crossed herself at intervals, and vowed all sorts of penances, provided the baby might be found, when

a quick pull at the street door-bell thrilled them all; and when, with trembling hands, Biddy had unfastened the door, who should appear but the chief of police, and what should he have in his arms but the stolen baby!

O, such a shout of joy as went up from that mother's heart!

The chief explained that the moment he heard of the clothes having gone to the laundry just previous to the disappearance of the child, the idea struck him that baby had gone there too. And sure enough, the little fellow had been found, nicely curled up among the clothes, fast asleep and apparently as well content as if tucked in his pretty crib at home.

The dear little chick-a-biddie! He little knew how much anxiety he had cost his friends.

So the question of "Who stole the baby?" was answered.

Mattie Winfield Torrey.

A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE.

IN the early evening
Playthings are put away,
And the babies come together
Their sweet good-night to say.
One to mamma clinging,
Two on papa's knee;
O the curls and dimples
Are a pretty sight to see!

In their dainty nightgowns,
Never half so fair;
White arms soft and curving,
Little pink feet bare;
Every pose so graceful,
Every motion free;
O, there 's no denying
It 's a pretty sight to see!

After lavish kisses,
The last "good night" is said,
And then the little fairies
Go trooping off to bed.
And when upon the pillows
They cuddle down, all three,
O, then my sleepy darlings
Are a pretty sight to see!

Fanny M. Barton.

"ARKINSAW SALL."

AMIZETTE LONGLY and I had been papawing down in Chippewa Range the livelong day.

I 've never told you about Amizette. She 's the daughter of the Indian missionary — a white girl, by the way, and the sweetest one west of the Mississippi, I think.

We 'd had such a happy time! Fairy painters had been making the woods into a wonderful picture-gallery. Every floating spray of foliage was a beautiful design of rarest coloring. The luscious papaws were so plump and plentiful, we had nothing to do but to fill our baskets and then feed them out to the little wild pigs that scampered through the timber with greedy snouts and saucy freedom. They were not the real wild pigs, of the *Sus scrofa* kind, or we should not have been papawing down there. They were domestic pigs, whose mothers had escaped from prison pens to rear their families in the ancestral freedom of timber life.

"What glorious fun we 're having!" exclaimed Amizette, tumbling upon the ground beside me, looking flushed and pretty from the excitement of a squirrel-chase. "I 'd like to turn into a hamadryad every Indian summer."

"And return into Amizette Longly after the summer queen has eloped with all the pretty things?" I said.

"Yes, of course. But how quiet it is! We can hear even the sound of the falling ivy leaves. Ah! What 's that?" said Amizette, starting up and nervously clutching my hand.

Two sharp reports of a gun, following each other in quick succession, rang through the woods with startling effect.

"Some hunter. Quite near us, too," I said.

"I hope it is n't any of those vagabond Sacs. They 're strolling the country everywhere. Should n't a bit wonder. Suppose we hide," said Amizette in a low, cautious tone.

"No, I think" — whatever I thought was interrupted by a loud outcry, followed by the sound of heavy blows and the pitiful "ki-yi"-ing of a dog. The outcry grew into fierce threats, uttered by a shrill voice, the blows and howls redoubling meantime.

An instant after, a cadaverous-looking hound sprang forward, and with a touching show of instinct came crouching at the feet of Amizette and me, whining piteously for protection.

"I 'll settle ye with a charge o' buck-shot, ye lazy, thievin', no 'count — Jewhillikins! what gals be ye?"

An especial artist might have found a subject in the singular-looking girl who suddenly vaulted into sight, and, surprised into a momentary halt by Amizette and

me, stood poised upon the log she had mounted, in an attitude not unlike that of a tigress brought to bay.

The girl was tall and muscular; dressed in a sort of bloomer costume, a short, loose sack and trousers, made of course green stuff. A pair of "long-legged cow-hides" incased her enormous feet. A broad-brimmed hat, of the *brigand* style, but partially concealed a mass of hair from which the weather had stolen every hint of character and color. Her waist was girt by a shiny black belt, to which were fastened a powder-flask and shot-pouch. The curious costume was completed by a buckskin game-bag, suspended from the left shoulder, from which protruded the legs of prairie-chickens, rabbits, and other game. A pair of the oddest eyes — I think they were green in color — looked warily out from a sharp, resolute, wicked face.

"What gals be ye?" again demanded the strange huntress in an imperative voice.

We explained to the best of our ability.

"What be ye doin' ter my purp?" she said, frowning at Amizette, whose hand rested caressingly upon the dog's head.

"You 've been beating him," said Amizette, reprovingly.

"What business o' yourn is that yer?" inquired the girl, angrily.

"Why need you treat him so? poor fellow!"

Amizette's gentle, compassionate tones contrasted sweetly with the high, harsh voice which replied: "He 's ben chawin' a per-rairie hin. I 'll larn him ter glut the game I 've broke the wings of!"

"But he must have been hungry; and you have game enough already," remonstrated Amizette.

"Heave aside thar, gals, both on ye, while I putt a charge o' buck-shot inter his onery hide," ordered the girl, levelling her gun in a determined manner.

I had always thought Amizette was timid. I had never seen her moved with so much courage before. Her dark blue eyes grew quite magnificent as she placed herself before the hound, exclaiming: "Cruel, cruel girl! will you shoot a poor dumb beast, for nothing but to gratify an angry spirit?"

The girl lowered the gun in pure astonishment, and, resting her elbow on the muzzle, took the measure of Amizette and me, very much as a giantess might survey two pygmies of inferior "get up."

"I kin pop ye both over, and the purp in the balance, ef ye say the word," she said, with suppressed wrath.

We had no weapons of defence, or who can say whether a tragedy might not have immortalized the spot? But it happened that an accident supplied the place of a tragedy, to our relief, but to the youthful virago's harm.

Leaning on the muzzle of a gun is never a safe position. The girl was heavy, and the log must have been soft with decay. At any rate it crumbled. A loud report horrified our ears, and the girl fell to the ground with a smothered groan.

"Poor girl!" cried Amizette, as we both sprang forward, shaking off the lethargy of fright which had seized us.

"Ye need n't shield the brute no longer. My hide 's tuck the charge instid o' hisn," she said, faintly.

A stream of blood trickled over her hand from beneath her sleeve.

"Why don't ye laugh, 'n clap yer hands, 'n cackle over my downfall?" said the girl, trying to raise the wounded arm.

"Where is the wound? will you let us try to bind it up?" said Amizette.

"Up thar above the bender. 'T ain't 'nough ter skeer ye inter two white owls.

Knot them thar wipes as tight as ye kin round the hole, 'ceptin' ye 'd a leetle ruther I 'd bleed away, which I 'spect ain't fur from a hit."

We examined the wound just above the elbow. It was not very deep, but bled profusely. We followed the girl's directions, tying our handkerchiefs tightly around it, and then Amizette brought water from the creek, while I raised the tousled head into my lap.

"Perhaps you would tell me your name?" I ventured, after the cool water had revived the wounded huntress a little.

"What biz is that o' yourn?" she inquired, with faint resentment.

"O, none at all. I just thought I 'd like to know," I answered, quite meekly I suspect.

The girl was silent for some time, and then saluted our ears with the euphonious name, "Arkinsaw Sall."

"Do you live in this region?"

"What biz — No, gal, we 's migratin' through."

"From Arkansas?"

"Yes, yes, gal. Bother yer clack! Why can't ye button yer lips?" answered the girl, butting me impatiently with her head.

Amizette laughed, and I grew silent at once. We sat for some time, listening to the chirpings of some rollicking squirrels in the trees above us, and the heavy breathing of the girl, who seemed to have fallen into an uneasy sleep. Amizette and I began to grow anxious over the situation.

"What shall we do? We can't go off and leave her here," whispered Amizette.

"I 'm sure *I* don't know," I said, perplexed.

"Do you suppose she has any friends about?"

Amizette's question was answered by "Arkinsaw Sall" herself, who suddenly started up, saying, "The wagin will be 'long derectly, and I 'd 'vise ye ter pick up yer traps 'n clar out afore it heaves in sight."

"But we 'll have to leave you alone," said Amizette.

"I 'd jest 'vise ye ter *clar out!* That 's what 's the matter," repeated the girl, in ominous tones.

Neither Amizette nor I cared to risk any second encounter, so, hastily gathering up our empty baskets (we had intended to spend the time we devoted to Arkinsaw Sall in filling them for the last time), we prepared to flee the spot, no wise reluctantly.

"Good by, 'Arkinsaw Sall,'" said Amizette, good-naturedly.

The girl refused the offered hand, but said in a tone slightly spiced with admiration: "Ye 're a plucky leetle booby. Ef it had n't been fer *yer* blamed interference the hound would a kicked the bucket and I 'd a been on the tramp. But I can't say I hate it, fer he 's wuth a dozen common brutes. Why, he 'll hunt two days without a bite o' grub."

"Except when he gluts a prairie-chicken," I could n't help saying, maliciously.

"Dern ye both — good day, good day," she said, sinking back with a suppressed groan. The faithful hound had crawled close up to her. Resting her head upon him she lay quite still, her long, faded hair half covering the lank, brown body of the dog. And that was the last we saw of "Arkinsaw Sall."

Theodora.

Prairie Grove, Kansas.

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

"HERE we go up, up, up!" sang Sister Kate, dolefully. "Will, dear, are we *ever* going to reach the top?"

"No, Kate," said I, "I don't believe we are"; and I did n't.

We had started from Dresden that morning, intending to visit the principal points of interest in the Saxon Switzerland, and return the same evening, as we had done several times during the previous summer. It was uncomfortably warm in the city, although it was yet early spring; but when we got well in among the mountains, we found the ground covered with snow to the depth of six inches; however, we determined not to turn back, for neither of us relished the prospect of being laughed at; so now, in consequence of our obstinacy, we found ourselves at six o'clock in the afternoon, half-way up the "Great Winterberg," thoroughly tired out.

We kept on for a short time, but at last Kate gave out, and, sitting down on the snow, informed me that she "could n't and would n't go another step." I knew that it would be useless to argue with her, so I waited patiently, until, finding the snow rather wet, she got on her feet again; and then, holding out my stick for her to hang on to, I "towed" her up the mountain.

It was seven o'clock when we reached the little inn at the top. The landlord and his wife met us at the door. They were a funny-looking couple; *he* was a little bit of a dried-up man, not over four and a half feet high, with weak eyes, and a few patches of gray hair on his head; *she* stood full five feet nine inches high, and was broad in proportion. How they stared at us! It was something unprecedented in their experience, — a visitor at that season of the year; but

"The accents of that unknown tongue"

satisfied them; they wondered no more. We were simply "verrückte Amerikaner" (crazy Americans), and with a grunt the landlady began to make ready our supper.

We made a capital meal, and afterward amused ourselves with the visitors' book until about nine o'clock, when we asked to be shown to our rooms. The landlady took a candle in each hand, and led us through a low, gloomy passage, to the foot of a flight of very steep stairs. We climbed up as well as we could, and found ourselves in another passage-way, even gloomier than the first, with small doors opening from it on all sides. It was a ghostly-looking place, and I could not help thinking of that terrible scene in one of Reade's novels, where Gerard and Denis of Burgundy are attacked by robbers in the French inn.

The rooms which Kate and I were to occupy were on different sides of the passage, but directly opposite each other, much to our mutual satisfaction; for I confess that I am not a courageous youth, and I saw *her* looking askance at every dark corner that we passed. I bid her good night, shut the door of my room, and drew a chair to the window, the view from which was one of the most beautiful that I had ever beheld. The moon was at its full, and just rising above the wild Bohemian mountains, flooding the summits of the hills around us with its mellow light, and shining on the surface of the river miles away. Before going to bed I examined carefully the fastenings of the room, and found the door so warped that neither the lock nor the latch was of any use. I erected a pile of chairs against it, in such a manner that the slightest push would throw them down, and awaken me; I then placed my pocket-pistol under my pillow, and, blowing out my light, crept into bed.

I had slept for some hours, when I became conscious of a curious shuffling and stamping in the passage. It continued for a while, and I then heard the latch of

my door rattle. I was wide awake in an instant, and listened intently. The latch was shaken again, and then came a heavy blow against the door, which burst it open, and sent my carefully balanced pile of chairs flying in all directions. My heart made one leap into my throat. I took the pistol from under my pillow, cocked it, and then, keeping perfectly quiet, fixed my eyes on the open door. I waited some time, but nothing happened; and I was beginning to think that the robber had been frightened away by the noise, when I heard something moving in a far corner of the room. In a tremulous voice I demanded, "Who 's there?"

All was quiet, I could almost hear my heart beat.

Again I asked, this time a little louder, "Who 's there?" and added, "If you don't speak, I 'll fire!"

In answer came a thundering crash, which I knew at once must have been occasioned by the fall of the washstand; and, looking toward the place where it had stood, I saw a pair of bright spots, like glowing coals, peering at me through the darkness. I raised my pistol, took deliberate aim, and fired. The fiery orbs shot up full three feet into the air; there was a fall, a struggle, and all was still.

I sprang from my bed, and ran out into the hall, where I met the landlord, who had been aroused by the falling chairs, and had come tearing up stairs with a light to see what was the matter.

"Quick!" said I, "call the men; there 's a robber in my room, — I have shot him."

Under any other circumstances, I should have laughed outright at the little man's fright; he turned white as a sheet, and I verily believe would have run away, if his wife had not just then appeared on the scene, followed by a score of retainers, male and female; most of them rather airily attired, and armed with various household implements. At this reinforcement mine host regained a portion of his courage, and explained the matter to his wife.

"Well," said she, when he had finished speaking, "if there is a robber there, why don't you go and bring him out?"

"But, my dear," expostulated the little man, "he may be only wounded."

"And what if he is?" retorted she. "Wait a minute, *I* 'll have him out!" And, snatching a broom from one of the maids, she marched majestically along the passage toward my room, the rest following cautiously.

She had reached the door, and was about to go in, when a sudden draught of air extinguished the light, and we were left in total darkness. The women screamed, and the men, supposing that we were attacked, threw down their weapons, and put for the stairway, leaving the landlady and myself alone.

Just then Kate opened her door, and asked, "Wh-wh-what 's the matter?"

"Hurry up, Kate, bring a match," said I.

She brought it, and the candle was relighted; the men came sneaking up stairs again, looking very much ashamed of themselves, and we moved in a body into the room.

"There he lies," I whispered, pointing to a dark object on the floor.

The landlady advanced a few steps, held the light over her head, and, gazing steadily at the body for a few moments, turned on me a look of withering scorn, and burst into a roar of laughter.

Reader, make a faint effort to imagine my feelings. There on the floor, where I had expected to find a ghastly human corpse, lay the body of an enormous goat! He had wandered in through some open door, had been locked in, and, poor fellow, was trying his best to get out, when a shot from my trembling hands settled his anxieties forever.

Will.

AN EVENING'S AMUSEMENT.

LAST summer I spent two very pleasant weeks at the Delaware Water Gap, where the time passed rapidly amidst rambles in the woods, wading in the river, and visiting the beautiful waterfalls and cataracts, which abound in this neighborhood. There were about forty people in the house where I was staying; and a party of the younger ones decided to arrange a few tableaux. Accordingly an evening for them was appointed, and the performers were preparing their costumes, when a happy thought occurred to me; I would send to Philadelphia for the June number of "Our Young Folks," which contained a description of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Work." My proposition was hailed with delight, and I immediately wrote home for the number. The programme was as follows: —

1. Monastery Bells. 2. Belle of the Analomink House. 3. City and Country Lover. 4. Skeleton in every House. 5. Gypsy Camp. 6. "Last Lay of the Minstrel." 7. Rebecca and Rowena. 8. The Light of other Days. 9. Miss Lillie's first Flirtation. 10. A Favorite Watering-Place. 11. Taking the Veil. 12. The Four Seasons. 13. Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Work.

The first tableau, "Monastery Bells," disclosed the nuns kneeling around the crucifix, telling their beads.

The "Belle of the Analomink House" was my little cousin, Carrie Bell, who stood on a table facing the audience and smiling, as if she enjoyed the fun.

The "City and Country Lover" was pronounced one of the best. The first scene discovered the country lover sitting on a table whittling a stick, and looking "things unutterable" at the young lady by his side, while the city lover was just entering the room. In the second scene the tables were turned, for the young lady had coquettishly retreated from her country lover, and suffered her lover from the city to possess himself of her hand.

The "Skeleton in every House" was a hoop-skirt!

The "Gypsy Camp" consisted of a party of gypsies, encamped around a fire; some telling fortunes, others playing cards, and all presenting a wild and gypsy-like appearance. The fire was improvised by setting three long sticks upright, and tying them together at the top, from which was suspended a kettle, hanging over a pot on the ground. A lamp, burning brightly, was placed in the pot, producing the desired effect.

"The Last Lay of the Minstrel" was a newly laid egg.

"Rebecca and Rowena," a scene from "Ivanhoe," represented Rebecca kneeling before Rowena, presenting her with a casket of costly jewels.

"The Light of other Days" was a lighted candle.

"Miss Lillie's first Flirtation" was greeted with loud applause. Miss Lillie was standing on a chair, hanging her head, and extending her hand for the bouquet of flowers, which a youthful gentleman was offering her.

When "A Favorite Watering-Place" was announced, a large bough of a tree was visible, and after a little thought, the audience pronounced the watering-place to be Long Branch.

"Taking the Veil" represented a young girl just entering a convent; the nuns kneeling around her with lighted candles in their hands, while two priests stood before her, one cutting off her long, dark hair, whilst the other read the fatal words which severed her from the world. It was a very pretty scene.

"The Four Seasons" quickly followed, displaying the caster, containing salt, pepper, mustard, and vinegar.

The tableaux — twelve in number — being concluded, "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-Work," the great success of the evening, was announced. One of the ladies in the audience introduced the exhibition in Mrs. Jarley's customary words: —

> "If I know'd a donkey wot would n't go
> To see Mrs. Jarley's wax-work show,
> Do you think I 'd acknowledge him? O no, no!
> Then run to Jarley's."

The room in which the figures were placed was rather too small to accommodate them to advantage, but we arranged the "block-heads" as well as we could under the circumstances. The dresses for Mrs. Jarley and Little Nell were easily obtained, and the Chinese Giant was enveloped in curtains, patchwork quilts, and shawls, and, to crown all, he had a green lamp-shade on his head. It was a very warm evening, and the perspiration was streaming down his face.

The Dwarf was easily dressed, although we were undecided whether "it" ought to be a boy or a girl; so, to "split the difference," we took a boy and dressed him in my clothes. The hair for both the Chinese Giant and the Dwarf we were obliged to dispense with, as we had nothing of which to make it.

For Mrs. Winslow, a young lady of eighteen quickly transformed herself into a woman of fifty, by powdering her hair, wearing a ruffled cap, and spectacles on her nose. Her baby was a pillow dressed in a waterproof cloak!

The Mermaid displayed her vanity by looking in a little hand-glass, and combing her hair.

The Boy that stood on the burning deck had his clothes on hind side before, and, in place of a trumpet, held a large funnel in his hand.

Captain Kidd brandished his sword over his Victim, who wrung her hands, and groaned in agony.

Bluebeard was an excellent figure too, holding in his hand a huge pasteboard key; and the Siamese Twins presented a ludicrous spectacle, — for one was tall, the other short, and bearing no resemblance to each other, although they were brothers.

I was Little Nell, and when the doors were opened, I was dusting off the figures with a broom, as no feather-duster was attainable, and a broom would make the burlesque more laughable. When the time came to wind up the figures, I had a patent spring clothes-pin provided for the purpose, which took the place of a watchman's rattle. I wound them up so vigorously that my fingers smarted after the operation.

Mrs. Jarley's address caused much laughter; the whole performance was considered a great success, and a vote of thanks was presented to me for sending for "Our Young Folks." I am unworthy the thanks, and hope G. B. Bartlett will accept them in my stead.

When I began to write this, I had no intention of saying so much, but I think it is nice for the subscribers of "Our Young Folks" to tell each other how to enjoy themselves, and make "something out of nothing."

Laura Bell, age 14.

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

A PLAY FOR BOYS.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CHIPPLE, *a broken-down merchant and invalid.*
EDWARD, *his son, a lad of thirteen.*
HARRY LOFTON, *a returned Californian, formerly a boy in* MR. CHIPPLE'S *store.*
LANDLORD.

SCENE. — *A poorly furnished room in a tenement house.* MR. CHIPPLE *enters, leaning on* EDWARD'S *shoulder.*

MR. CHIPPLE. Oh ! ah ! (*with a grimace of pain, pressing his hand on his side.*)

EDWARD. You are worse, dear father !

MR. C. O no ! better, better ! I shall soon wear out this rheumatism — oh ! ah ! — (*aside*) if it don't wear me out !

ED. I wish I could help you !

MR. C. You do, you do, Edward ! You are my comfort, my support.

ED. I will be, when I can get something to do. Yesterday I went to all your old friends I could find, but 't was the same with them as with the rest ; they *hoped* I 'd find a place, but *they* had nothing for me. It seemed hard, when I thought of you ! (*with emotion.*)

MR. C. Never mind, my boy. (*Seats himself.*) Oh ! ah ! well, well ! But it *was* hard ! I have helped more than one of them out of trouble in my day, and — 'm ! that leg ! (*stretches it out with difficulty*) — one would think they might have done something for my son.

ED. (*places his father's feet on a footstool*). I 'll try again to-day. I 'll find some business, if it 's only that of a rag-picker. (*Arranges table, with glass, newspaper, etc., at his father's elbow.*)

MR. C. There 's one who would not give you the cold shoulder, — 'm ! ah ! — if you could only go to him.

ED. Who is that ? I 'll go !

MR. C. But you can't, you know. I mean dear Harry Lofton. He 's thousands of miles away. I don't know why, but I think of him constantly this morning. Such a bright, frank, young face ! — but that was twelve years ago. He is a man now ; yet I can think of him only as a lad like you.

ED. (*setting the room to rights*). There, father ; I 'll leave you now for an hour. Here 's your pipe, with matches, when you want to smoke. And your newspaper. And your medicine. (*A loud knock.*) Who can that be ?

MR. C. The landlord for his rent, I suppose. It is due to-day.

Enter LANDLORD, *with stout cane, and hat on his head.*

LANDLORD. Yes, sir. Due this morning. (*Takes paper from his hat.*)

MR. C. You are prompt, sir!

LANDLORD (*puts hat on his head again; holds cane under his arm*). I am, sir. And I trust I shall find you prompt. (*Hands paper.*) Shall I receipt?

MR. C. A chair, Edward. Be seated. (EDWARD *places chair.*)

LANDLORD. I have no time to lose. (*Stands holding out paper.* EDWARD *shakes his fist at him behind his back.*)

MR. C. We are old acquaintances, Mr. Tilt.

LANDLORD. Don't count on that, sir.

MR. C. I do not. But I can't help (*changes position in chair*) — ah! m! — recalling a little scene that took place in my counting-room seven years ago. You were not quite so prompt then as you appear to be this morning. You owed me a small debt, then due. You came to ask for longer time in which to pay it. I gave you all the time you asked.

LANDLORD (*pompous and indignant*). I did not call here to be insulted! (EDWARD *mocks him in pantomime.*)

MR. C. Nor do I mean to insult you. But, as I said, I am curiously reminded of that scene. You took off your hat then. If I asked you to be seated, you were grateful; you were not pressed for time. Do you remember?

LANDLORD. What has all that to do with this? (*Shakes paper in* MR. C.'s *face.*)

MR. C. Nothing, — only *one good turn deserves another*, Mr. Tilt. I gave you time; give me time, and I 'll manage somehow to pay you this little bill for rent.

LANDLORD. I 'll give you half an hour! In half an hour I shall call again. (*Stalks out.* EDWARD *stalks after him.*)

MR. C. Edward! Edward! be civil even to your enemy.

ED. I wanted to put my fist into him!

MR. C. That would have done no good. Yet I can hardly blame you. How he did fawn and cringe, when he came to ask a favor of me! And now — (*moves in his chair*) oh! ah!

ED. (*mocks the* LANDLORD). *I 'll give you half an hour! in half an hour I shall call again!* (*A knock.*) That is n't *his* knock! (*Runs to the door.*)

Enter HARRY LOFTON.

H. L. Can you tell me where Mr. Chipple — Mr. Amos Chipple — lives?

ED. This is the house, sir.

MR. C. That 's my name.

H. L. (*regards him with astonishment*). You, sir! — Mr. Chipple!

MR. C. What is left of me. What can I do for you, sir? Pray, be seated.

H. L. (*aside*). He does n't know me! — I called to inquire — I knew you years ago — (*with emotion*). Is this your son?

MR. C. That is my Edward; and a blessing he is to me!

ED. Good by, father. (*Going.*)

MR. C. Good by, boy! (ED. *goes out; his father gazes earnestly after him.*) Your pardon! he never leaves me but I think, what if he should never come back? Do sit down! It 's a comfort to have a friend look in — though I can't recall your name.

H. L. You are changed, too. Your son is a fine-looking lad.

MR. C. He is the grief of my heart!

H. L. Grief, sir?

Mr. C. Ay, because I cannot do more for him. He was at school; no boy ever took more delight in his books; he was all ambition. And, sir, just as he should have been entering the high school — But it 's no use repeating a sad story!

H. L. Yes, I am deeply interested. Have you other children?

Mr. C. A daughter — oh! ah! I am racked with rheumatism, sir! — married to a most extraordinary man.

H. L. How so?

Mr. C. He has genius, sir; absolutely, genius!

H. L. Genius, — for what?

Mr. C. For getting himself and everybody else into trouble. His talents that way are truly wonderful!

H. L. Not a very desirable quality in a son-in-law!

Mr. C. I set him up in business three times. But it was like setting up ten-pins to be bowled down again. At last — ah! (*easing his leg.*)

H. L. He involved you in his ruin!

Mr. C. The worst of it was, exposure on a journey which I made in winter, to help him out of his difficulty, gave me this terrible — 'm! ah! I 'm as full of pains as a quiver is full of arrows.

H. L. Do you have medical attendance?

Mr. C. Not much! how can I afford that, when I can't even pay my rent? I 'm past mending. A perfect wreck. Health, fortune, everything gone. Only Edward left. He has never complained, but I know how hard it was for him to leave school and devote himself to me!

H. L. A noble boy! But you had another, — an adopted son, I believe.

Mr. C. You mean Harry, — Harry Lofton.

H. L. That was his name. He was a poor boy when you discovered him.

Mr. C. Such a ragged little fellow as he was! He came into my counting-room one day, and asked for employment. "Won't it do if I give you a dollar?" said I. "Thank you," said he, "but I 'd rather you would give me work so I can earn a dollar." "Where is your father?" I asked. Said he, "I have n't any father"; and his eyes fell. "And your mother?" said I, rather suspiciously. "My mother is a good woman!" said he, proudly. "It is n't her fault that I am ragged. We are very poor, and she is sick, and when she can sew at all she has to sew for the shops." The story touches you, sir.

H. L. Go on! I knew something of what you did for this boy.

Mr. C. I could n't turn him away. "Take this hatchet," said I; "make kindlings of those old boxes in the yard, and you shall have your dollar."

H. L. If you had offered me a kingdom — (*checks his enthusiasm, as* Mr. C. *regards him with surprise*) — I could not be made so happy as I dare say you made that poor little boy!

Mr. C. You would say so, if you could have seen him as he ran off with the hatchet. He made lively music with it all the forenoon. Then once more he showed his bright face in the counting-room.

H. L. You thought he had come for his dollar!

Mr. C. (*with another look of surprise at his guest*). Yes. "You 've come for your pay?" said I. "No, sir. I 've come to ask you to look at the kindlings first, and then to give me the money, if I have earned it." What could you do with such a boy as that?

H. L. When you looked at the kindlings, and said "Bravo! well done, my boy!" (*checks himself again*) — if you did say so?

MR. C. (*with a look of puzzled astonishment*). I believe that is exactly what I said!

H. L. And that pleased him, I warrant!

MR. C. Pleased is n't the word. He took the dollar, and hugged it, and said, "O, won't my mother be glad!" What *could* you do with a boy like that? "What is your name?" said I. "Harry," said he, — "Harry Lofton." "Well, Harry," said I, "it is true, as I said, that I have no place in my store for you; but I 'll make a place." He burst into tears. I have never forgotten that moment; I never wish to forget it!

H. L. Nor he! he never forgot it! that is, if he was the boy I take him for. He proved faithful?

MR. C. Faithful to his mother, till she died. Faithful to me, as long as he stayed with me. He never shirked a duty, and he never deceived me in anything. He was like my own son.

H. L. But he left you?

MR. C. When he had been with me five years his health declined; he seemed to be going the way his mother went; she, poor thing, was consumptive. The doctor prescribed a voyage at sea. So we parted. I have never seen Harry Lofton since!

H. L. But you must have heard from him?

MR. C. Yes; he landed in California, and, the climate agreeing with him, he concluded to remain. He wrote to me for a while; but it is now two years since his letters stopped coming. He has grown rich, I hear.

H. L. Ah! Strange how soon men in prosperity forget their benefactors!

MR. C. Never charge my Harry with ingratitude! If he stopped writing, it was because business cares prevented me from answering his letters. And no doubt he has cares of his own.

H. L. But if he is prosperous, he should now do something for you. *One good turn deserves another.*

MR. C. That 's very true; though every person does n't think so. If it was in his way to do for my son now what I did for him! — but that 's out of the question; a continent lies between us.

(EDWARD *re-enters in haste.*)

ED. I saw the landlord coming back, and I hurried home. I 'll lock him out!

MR. C. No, no! That won't pay anybody's rent.

ED. Then he will turn us out!

Enter LANDLORD. EDWARD, *in despair, turns away;* LOFTON *confers with him aside.*

LANDLORD. Half-hour is up!

MR. C. And I am no richer than I was half an hour ago, I am sorry to say.

LANDLORD. Then you will not pay?

MR. C. If you will not grant us a few days' grace —

LANDLORD. Not a day!

ED. (*receives money from* LOFTON). O, thank you! thank you! — Let me look at that bill, if you please. (*To the* LANDLORD.) All right. Please sign.

LANDLORD. I thought you could raise the money! (*Signs receipt.*)

ED. There it is! (*Flings it on the table.*)

MR. C. Edward! how came you by that?

ED. Our kind friend here —

MR. C. Kind, indeed! What miracle, sir, has brought you to our relief?

H. L. Do you remember one of your favorite maxims used to be, — *One good turn deserves another?* You instilled that principle of action into the heart of Harry Lofton, and he has never forgotten it.

MR. C. But, sir! —

H. L. When you took him into your service, you paid his mother's rent. Now I take your son into my service, and — *one good turn*, you know.

MR. C. Bless my heart! Is it — can it be —

H. L. Don't you know me?

MR. C. Harry! Harry Lofton! (*Rises to embrace him.*) My own Harry! Why, you dear boy! you — oh! ah! (*Claps hand on side.*)

H. L. I *have* prospered, as you heard. But all I have and all I am I owe to you. As soon as I heard of your misfortunes I wrote to you, then started immediately, and it appears I have arrived before my letter.

MR. C. Brave Harry! just like you, Harry! Edward! this is Harry Lofton!

H. L. Your brother Harry!

LANDLORD (*advances obsequiously; hat off*). Allow me! (*Shakes* LOFTON'S *hand.*) You have got rich out there in California, I hear. Rejoiced, I am sure! Mr. Chipple, I congratulate you! (*Shakes* MR. C.'S *hand.*) I beg you will continue to occupy this house as long as you please.

H. L. As you have warned him out once, Mr. Chipple notifies you in return that he leaves your house within an hour. I have better lodgings already provided for him. Come, Father Chipple! I have a carriage at the door. You must take your rheumatism out of this damp, unwholesome house the first thing. (*Lifts* MR. C. *up.*)

MR. C. Edward! is n't this wonderful?

LANDLORD. Good day! good day, friends! (*Goes out, bowing obsequiously.*)

ED. You have two to lean on now, father! (*Supports him on one side;* LOFTON *on the other.*)

MR. C. My son Edward! my son Harry! This is too much! too much, Harry!

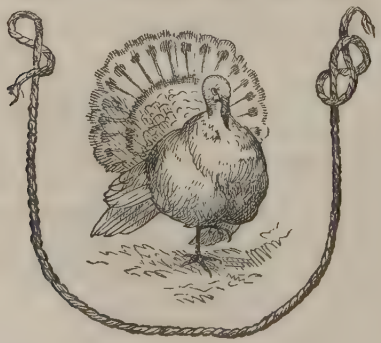
H. L. No, it 's simple justice, since — *one good turn always deserves another.*

[*They go out.*

J. T. Trowbridge.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 15.

What the Czar would like for his dinner.



C. Clinton.

CHARADE.—No. 16.

My first.

Upon the rolling prairie,
Within the valley deep,
In forest and in meadow,
Upon the mountain steep,
Around the rich man's villa,
Around the poor man's shed,
To children and dumb creatures dear,
Be thou alive or dead.

My second.

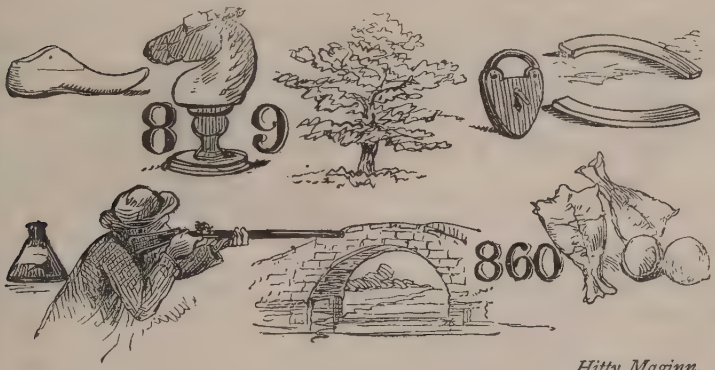
O what a greedy mouth is here!
'T is truly stretched from *ear to ear.*
Your master feeds you all the day;
You never seem to bid him stay.
The whole of autumn's golden store
You gladly take, and gape for more.
Yet, freely as you thus receive,
With equal freedom do you give.

My third, or whole.

Gay good-morning, pretty fellow!
Clad in suit of brown and yellow.
Brighter eyes I 've seldom seen,
Knees and elbows rather lean.
Too much exercise I fear
For this season of the year.
What! you can't a moment stay?
Skip away, then, skip away!

Laura D. Nichols.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 17.



Hitty Maginn.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—No. 18.

1. He received a —— from being in the injured ——.
2. Our pet lamb stands in the —— and ——.
3. Fanny empties many a —— by making tatting ——.
4. If Jack takes —— he is sure to —— a cup of water.

H. T. C.

BURIED CITIES.—No. 19.

1. What! lantanas do you raise,
When for heliotropes each lady prays?
2. Said John to Ned, "When can you write?"
Said Ned to John, "I can to-night."
3. Feldspar is my lady's wear,
Its pearly beads adorn her hair.
4. A cackling hen tells all she knows,
And straws do show how the wind blows.
5. Let your cap rest on your head,
Take it off when going to bed.
6. I saw the woman ill, away from her home.
To her parents and friends I fear she 'll never come.
7. Sambo got a banjo and a new guitar.
I think you 'll find this city comes from very far.

Grace W.

ENIGMAS.

No. 20.

I am composed of many thousand letters, but of ten in particular.
My *first* is in jump, but not in skip.
My *second* 's in face, but not in lip.
My *third* is in scatter, but not in disperse.
My *fourth* is in hack, but not in hearse.
My *fifth* is in peach, but not in plum.
My *sixth* is in hand, but not in thumb.
My *seventh* is in zone, but not in belt.
My *eighth* is in haddock, but not in smelt.
My *ninth* is in wander, but not in move.
My *tenth* is in mend, but not in improve.
My *whole* is well known to "Our Young Folks."

Ada Mason.

No. 21.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 3d, 6th, 1st, and 7th is a mineral substance.
My 5th, 1st, 2d, and 4th is an atmospherical effect.
My 3d, 6th, 4th, and 7th is neither hot nor cold.
My *whole* is a source of misery.

Raleigh.

No. 22.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in pear, but not in plum.
My *second* 's in wax, but not in gum.
My *third* is in peel, but not in pare.
My *fourth* is in wheel, — my *whole* is there.

Willie.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 23.

1. A kind of currency in use in the United States.
2. Decorated.
3. Noses.
4. One of the signs of the zodiac.
5. To put in tune.
6. Smaller.

Lyndsay M. Brown, age 11 years.

A NOSEGAY. — No. 24.

1. A charge to a friend.
2. A time of day.
3. A shrub and a wine.
4. Sadness and a newly married person.
5. A class of single people, and what is continually troubling them.
6. A wise man.

C. A. Lyndes.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 25.

C. Clinton.

PUZZLE. — No. 26.

T T T
T
T T T T
T T T

Bobinette.

ANSWERS.

1. Sherman.
2. Cube Root.
3. Cowper.
4. Barbadoes (Bar *bad* o's).
5. Indianapolis (*In* D *an* apple *is*).
6. 1. Harebell. 2. Dandelion. 3. Foxglove. 4. Lilac. 5. Peppermint. 6. Primrose. 7. Tulip. 8. Larkspur. 9. Buttercup. 10. London Pride.
7. Window-blind.
8. Stove-pipe.
9. "The man that hath no music in himself,
   Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils."

[(The)(me an)(t hat) (hat h) (gno)(me ewe *sick*) (inn) (hymns elf) is fit (four) (trees *on*) (stratagem s)(and) (S P oils)].

10.

O A S I S
A R A B Y
S A F E R
I B E R I
S Y R I A

11.

F A L S E
A L I E N
L I M I T
S E I N E
E N T E R

12.

O H I O
H U N T
I N C H
O T H O

12. 1. Rome. 2. Venice. 3. Brest. 4. Utica. 5. Avon. 6. Troy. 7. Denver. 8. Naples. 9. Boston. 10. Ontario. 11. Siam. 12. Paris. 13. Athens. 14. Amherst. 15. India.

13. 1. Post, stop, spot, tops, pots.
2. Rose, sore, roes, ores.
3. Name, mane, mean, amen.
4. Art, rat, tar.

14. Elegy (L E G) in a Country Churchyard.

THIS little letter from Japan is the composition of a lad of eleven years : —

NAGASAKI, September 4, 1871.

MY DEAR AUNTIE FOSTER : —

It seems hardly possible that a year has passed since I wrote to you the first letter (about the kite flying festival) which you were so kind as to have printed in the "Young Folks." Since then I have learned to compose and write letters better ; and I will now tell you a little about another festival called the "Bon," or feast of lanterns, which, like the kite-flying festival, is celebrated annually.

Nagasaki is an exceedingly old town of one hundred thousand inhabitants. In consequence of its great age and the number of people, there are here many thousands of graves. I suppose that there must be at least four or five hundred thousand people buried on the hills round about.

On the nights of August 29, 30, and 31, the Japanese are required by the priests to illuminate the burial-places of their ancestors. The first night they only illuminate the graves of those who have died during the year ; the second night, the graves of those who have died in the last four or five years ; and the third night, the graves of all.

The dead are buried on the tops and sides of very high hills ; and you can form but little idea how beautiful these look, studded with hundreds of thousands of lanterns. The Japanese when they go up to light their lanterns bring their families and chow-chow with them, and also their beds or straw mats, so that they may eat, drink, smoke, laugh, talk, and sleep in ease and contentment. They also let off fire-crackers and send up rockets and small fire-balloons, so that, after all, they have a pretty good time of it. In the middle of the last night they launch large straw junks or boats filled with rice and other eatables and also combustibles. After the tide has taken them off from the shore they are set on fire by means of a slow-match, where they speedily burn to the water's edge.

The Japanese expect to meet with the spirits of their ancestors while they are up at the graves, and for this reason they take up food for them to eat, but not finding them there they eat the food themselves, which I think shows their good sense. They launch the fire-boats to convey food to their ancestors who have perished in the sea.

I remain

Your affect. Nephew,

R. T. GIBBONS.

P. S. I forgot to say that the Japanese when they bury their dead put them in small tubs in a sitting posture, or else burn them, and then bury their ashes in vases or small boxes which they put in the ground, so that you can bury many Japanese in a very small space of ground.

R. T. G.

AN anonymous correspondent sends the "Letter Box" these conundrums, and promises more : —

Why is a dog a mischief maker? Because he is a tail-bearer. (Tale.)

If the stars are really inhabited, what kind of vegetation would you expect to find on them? Star grass.

What flower can you see on a stormy winter's day? Snow Drop.

If all the people in the world went travelling, where would the bashful ones go? To Flushing.

If one man were going one way and another man another way, where would both go? To Rhodes. (Two roads.)

Where did Neptune's wife make her bread? In the trough of the sea.

Plant a toad, and what will come up? Hop vine.

Why are the hands of your pocket timepiece like faithful sentinels? Because they are always on the watch.

When is a field of corn social? When it has stalks. (Has talks.)

Why is a baker always ready for a sea voyage? Because he makes daily provision for a sale.

R. M. Walsh asks : "When and how did chess originate? Are there any Greek or Roman openings extant in books? If so, in what books? Or are regular openings a modern invention, and if so, to whom do we owe the first one? I shall be much obliged," he adds, "to any one who will answer these questions."

Charlie W., who is fitting for college, wants to know why a semicolon is sometimes used in Latin instead of a period, as a sign of abbrevia-

tion; for example, in *Vino ciboq; gravatus*, that is, *Vino ciboque gravatus*. The explanation is this. Before the invention of printing, the scribes used the arbitrary character ȝ to stand for the termination of any word. As the Old English ȝ (ze) happened to be identical with this character, it was used for it in early printed books; but when the present "Roman" style of letter was substituted for the Old English it was seen that a semicolon (;) bore a closer resemblance to the old sign of contraction than the tailless z; and hence the former was usually adopted instead of the latter. In "viz.," however, for *videlicet*, the Roman z is used for the termination, as it also is in "oz." for ounce (Low Lat. *oncia*). In Fitz — meaning *son*, as in *Fitz*gerald — we have a remarkable example of contraction and corruption. The *z* represents the termination *us*, while the *t* was originally nothing but an *l* with a line drawn through it as a sign of an omitted *i* following it. Hence, *Fitz* is historically the same as *filius*, and those who first pronounced it *fits* were guilty of as great a blunder as any one would be at the present day who should read "oz." as a regular word of two letters, rhyming with *Boz* or *was*. But prescription in language as in law sanctions many abuses; and *Fitz*, though originally an illegitimate word — and therefore fitly used to signify an illegitimate son — has long since acquired a title to be regarded as a component element of the English language.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I wonder if the boy who wrote the history of the "Dresden Pillow Fight" in the October number of the "Young Folks" thought the account of that battle would be read by some little American boys only twenty miles from the scene of the conflict?

My brother and I came to Dresden last February to be educated in Germany, but we found so many American and English boys there, that our mamma preferred sending us here to Freiberg where we would be obliged to speak German, for there are no other American boys here. At first we were a great curiosity, and were, when on the street, surrounded by as many boys as we would be in America, if we had a hand-organ with a monkey. But now we have become naturalized citizens of Deutschland, and it is as easy for us to speak German as English. We board in the house of the Herr Ober-Director of the "Bürger Schule," and there are six German boys in the house, but we have no chance for a "pillow fight," I assure you.

In all of our studies we have German text-books. One hour every day we are taught religion, for at fourteen years of age every German boy is confirmed, and there is no regular Sunday school. Sunday among the Germans is a grand holiday, and the theatres and concerts are always full Sunday evenings.

Freiberg is a very old city, and there is a cathedral here in which all the Electors of Saxony are buried. The city has a high wall around it, and old towers. It is quite famed for its silver-mines, and there are many thousand miners here. I send you a photograph of one in costume.

It seems as though I was writing to an old friend now, for I have taken the "Young Folks" from the first year it was published, when I could not understand it all. One story I well remember was "Humbling Thumbling," but that was long ago. But the "Young Folks" never seemed so dear to me as now, when it comes from over the wide ocean, and it is the only English I am allowed to have. My papa sends that every month, and we sometimes translate the stories into German for the boys.

I wish some of the readers of the "Young Folks" would write to my brother or me; we will answer either in German or English, whichever is preferred. I could tell you many interesting things about our voyage across the Atlantic, and what we saw in England, and what we have seen in Germany, for we visited many interesting places on our route here. And I could tell you about the "Passion Play" at Ober Ammergau, which has been the grand Mecca for all tourists this season. But this letter is already too long to allow it, so I will close by giving you our names, ages, and address.

WILLARD P. SMITH, *age* 11.
CARLTON R. SMITH, *age* 9.
FREIBERG, KINGDOM OF SAXONY.

McL. — The person referred to by Tennyson ("Dream of Fair Women") as one

> "who clasped in her last trance
> Her murdered father's head,"

is probably Beatrice Cenci (pronounced *bay-ah-tree'chay chen'chee*), a Roman girl of surpassing beauty and of a most gentle and amiable disposition, who, in the year 1599, conspired with her mother-in-law and her brother to kill her father, being urged to this terrible deed by his cruelty and wickedness, which were so extreme and revolting as to be not only almost incredible, but almost unspeakable. They were, however, soon discovered, and were put to death. While we cannot but condemn the crime, we must bear in mind the fact that Beatrice could not obtain justice from the Pope (Clement VIII.), who had done a very profitable business in selling pardons to her father for the many enormities of which he had been guilty, and who lost by his death a very sure and copious source of revenue.

Subscriber, of Washington, D. C. — The most practical and instructive work that we know of on locomotives is "Locomotive Engineering and

the Mechanism of Railways." By Zerah Colburn. London, 1871. It is in two folio volumes, the first of which contains the text, while the second consists of plates. On the steam-engine in general, see a treatise by J. Bourne (London, 1866), and another work, by the same author, entitled, "Recent Improvements in the Steam-engine" (London, 1869). You can probably find these works in the Library of Congress or in the Library of the Patent-Office.

May. — Hallowe'en is the evening preceding the feast of All Saints (otherwise called All Hallows), which occurs on the first of November, and commemorates the life and death of those saints and martyrs to whom individually no particular day is assigned in the ecclesiastical calendar. For an account of the customs observed in Great Britain on this high festival, see Brand's "Popular Antiquities" (Bohn's edition, London, 1849), Vol. I. page 377. If you have not access to this work, or to Chambers's "Book of Days" (where may be found — Vol. II. page 538 — an account of the sports practised in the Middle Temple, London, on this anniversary), read Burns's poem entitled "Hallowe'en" for a description of the superstitions and doings of his countrymen on the recurrence of the holiday.

G. A. L. — The words "Kyrie, eleyson, Christe, eleyson," at the end of Longfellow's "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year," are Greek, printed in English letters, and their meaning is, "O Lord, have mercy! O Christ, have mercy!"

May C. — The State of Massachusetts is called a "commonwealth" because it has a free, popular, or representative form of government, which secures to a greater degree than any other the *common weal*, welfare, or good. The word *wealth* anciently meant the same as *weal*, and both words are allied to *well*. Any republican state or government may with propriety be styled a *commonwealth*.

Lovell, considering February rather ill-treated in having only 28 days assigned to it, — or in leap-years 29, — inquires why two, or at least one, of the seven other months numbering 31 days each could n't be docked of a day, and so make all the months consist of either 30 or 31 days. The suggestion is an interesting one, for "thereby hangs a tale."

The old Roman calendar having fallen into such confusion that no fewer than 67 days had been lost out of it, Julius Cæsar undertook to rectify it. He formed, and by public edicts established, a new calendar in which every other month, beginning with January, had 31 days, excepting February, which in ordinary years had only 29, but in leap-years 30. Proud of his success, and ambitious of being remembered by posterity, he called the month following June after himself, — *July*. This had previously borne the name of *Quintilis*, or the fifth month, the year having anciently begun in March.

Notwithstanding the care with which the new calendar had been devised, within 36 years an error of three whole days crept in through the carelessness or the ignorance of the priests, whose business it was to intercalate the extra day of each leap-year. This mistake was corrected by Augustus Cæsar, who, in imitation of his uncle, changed the name of the month *Sextilis* (following July) to *August*, and, thinking himself entitled to have as many days in his month (which had previously comprised but 30) as there were in his uncle's, took one from poor February, which could least afford the loss, besides altering all the months which followed his own.

STOCKTON, CAL., November 21, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I have taken "Our Young Folks" for seven years (with the exception of one), and I intend to as long as I am able. . . . .

Your contributor, "M. S. R.," in his article, "A few Words about Oaths," gives as the origin of the term "*dickens*" the word *devil*. I think he is mistaken. My opinion (whatever it may be worth) is that it is a corruption of the word "*diggings*." It arose during the excitement caused by the discovery of gold in California, in the phrase "Go to the *diggings*," and has been corrupted into "Go to the *dickens*." From this use it has had many others, as "What in the dickens," etc.

Yours truly, J. M. L.

This new derivation of the word is ingenious enough to be the true one; but unfortunately "dickens" was introduced into English speech long before the gold "diggings" of California were ever heard of, indeed, — before California itself was discovered. Shakespeare makes one of his characters say: "I cannot tell what the *dickens* his name is."

ALBANY, N. Y., December 16, 1871.

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS," Boston, Mass: —

In the January "Letter Box" *Grace H.* wishes to know the answer to a certain charade, which, she says, was "written by Macaulay." The answer is COD. Making the required changes produces, OD (*odd*), CO (*company*), O (*nothing*), C ("*a sounding sea*" literally "*sounding*"), D ("*a roaring river*," — the "*Dee*," in West of England, — on which is situated the old town of Chester), beneath which lies the COD (*fish*), a parent of "*soft sounds*" ("*air-bladders*" — well known in Yankee land in "*tongues and sounds*"), and "*mute*," of course.

S. ARDINE.

Answered also by Lolita Lammot, "Alice," and Clarence Schmertz.

BESS AND BEN.

DRAWN BY DANIEL FISHER.] [See the Poem.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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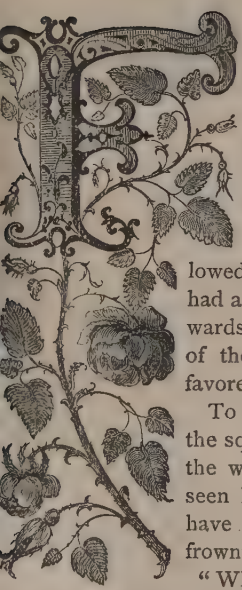
A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER VIII.

JACK AND THE SQUIRE.



EARING a raid upon his melon-patch, which bad boys in the neighborhood were beginning to molest, the squire had stayed at home to watch it that Sunday afternoon. He had seen Jack with his dog and basket cross the fields, go to Aunt Patsy's house, and afterwards enter the woods; and, feeling the interest of a stern moral censor in the conduct of all Sabbath-breaking boys, he had followed him to the hollow log. Lion's indiscreet barking had at first served to guide him to the spot; and afterwards his equally unfortunate silence, in consequence of the punishment he had suffered for that offence, favored the old man's stealthy approach.

To have the faintest idea of the emotions that agitated the squire at sight of Jack and the shoes full of coin, — the wrath, the surprise, the avarice, — one must have seen him as he stood there, or have heard Jack (as I have heard him many times) describe the grim and frowning figure that met his eyes.

"What 's this, what 's this, eh?" cried Peternot, taking stride forwards. "Money! on my land!" and the gray eyes glittered. Ha! ha! This, then, is the meaning of all that talk about *treasure-trove* ne other day!"

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Jack felt so stunned for the moment that he did not attempt to speak, or even to rise. He sat on the ground, guarding his shoes, keeping one hand on the rim of the basket, and looking up steadily at the squire with eyes full of mingled fear and defiance.

"So, so! What have you got in your basket?" And the stiff-jointed old man stooped to remove the coat which Jack had taken the precaution to spread over it each time when he entered the log.

"Here! you just leave that alone!" exclaimed Jack, while Lion gave a fierce growl. The squire dropped the garment instantly, but he had pulled it far enough from the basket to expose its surprising contents.

"Boy!" said he, in still greater amazement, "are you a robber?"

"Like enough I am," muttered Jack, quite willing that he should take that view of the case.

"Boy!" repeated Peternot, with awful severity, "you've stolen this money, and it's my duty to have you arrested. I am a justice of the peace." Jack changed countenance at that.

"I've stolen it about as much as I stole Mr. Chatford's horse and buggy once, which you were so sure of, when they were all the while standing under the shed at the Basin, just where Mr. Chatford left them."

"Then how did you come by so much money?"

"If you must know, I found it in this log," said Jack, with a sudden determination to tell the plain truth, and stand or fall by it.

"How do I know but what you stole it and hid it here, so you could pretend you 'd found it?"

Jack was glad now that he had not removed the trunk.

"If you can't see by the look of this silver that it 's been hid away here longer than I 've been in the town," he replied, "you can just go into the log and find the trunk, that you 'll say has been there about as many years as I am old, — that 's all!"

"Is there any more money in there?"

Jack was willing the squire should think there might be, nor was he sure there were not a few pieces in the rubbish about the trunk; so he said, "It belongs to me, if there is."

"Belongs to you? You little scapegrace! By what right?"

"It belongs to me, — that is," added Jack, "if the real owner does n't turn up, — because I found it."

"Found it, on my land! You have n't got it off from my land yet, and I forbid your taking it off. What 's left in the log you have n't even had in your possession. I want nothing but what 's my own by a plain interpretation of law; but the law 's with me in this. If you had once fairly got the coin away without my knowledge, there might have been some question about it; but that you 've been caught trespassing, and that you 've no right to take anything from my premises in my presence and against my express orders, is common sense as well as common law."

Fire and tears rushed into poor Jack's eyes.

"And do you mean to say you 'll take all this money away from me?"

"Sartin, I do, since it don't belong to you, not a dollar on't. I 'll make ye a reasonable reward, however, if you give it up without making me any unnecessary trouble."

"What do you call a reasonable reward? Half?"

"Half! of all that money!" exclaimed the squire, in huge astonishment. "Preposterous! I 'll give ye more than liberal pay for your trouble. I 'll give ye five dollars."

Thereupon grief and fury and fierce contempt burst from the soul of Jack. All the softening influences which had been at work upon him for the past few months were forgotten in a moment; he was the vicious, desperate, profane little canal-driver once more. Looking up through tears of rage at the startled squire, he shouted, "Go to thunder, you hoary old villain!" and followed up this charge with a volley of blasphemy and abuse, which lasted for at least a minute. By that time the squire had recovered his self-possession; so, in a measure, had Jack; and the hurricane of passion that had swept everything before it was followed by a lull of sullen hate and despair.

"That 's the kind of boy you are, is it? after all your living among Christian people!" said the old man, with a sort of grim satisfaction.

"It 's the kind of boy I was, and it 's the kind of boy such Christians as you are will make me again, if I let you!" said Jack, kindling once more. "I did n't mean to swear, but I forgot myself. I have n't before, since the

first Sunday after I came off from the canal. That 's because I *have* been living among Christians, — people who try to encourage a fellow and help him, by bringing out the good that 's in him, instead of grinding him down, and keeping him down, by telling him how bad he 's always been and always will be, — like the kind of Christian *you* are ! "

" Talk to me about being a Christian, you profane Sabbath-breaker ! " said Peternot, choking with indignation.

" A Sabbath-breaker, am I ? And what are you ? I own up to what brought me here to-day, but what brought *you* here ? What keeps you here ? Why ain't you at church ? Guess you consider your worldly interests worth looking after a little, if *'t is* Sunday, — don't you ? "

" Come, come, boy ! that kind of talk won't help matters."

" Then le's stop it," said Jack. " But if you come here on Sunday and try to get my money away from me, and accuse me of Sabbath-breaking because I mean to keep it, I shall have just a word to say back, you better believe ! " And, still sitting on the ground, Jack held his shoes between his legs, and guarded one side of the basket, while Lion guarded the other.

" What do you want of so much money, — a boy like you ? " said the squire, adopting a more conciliatory tone.

" What do you want of it, — a man like you ? without a child in the world, since you drove your only son away from home by your hard treatment, and he died a drunkard and a gambler ! " The old man fairly staggered backward at this cruel blow, and uttered a suppressed groan.

" It was mean in me to say that," added Jack, relenting ; " I did n't mean to ; but you drove me to it. What do you want of more money than you 've got already ? — that 's what I meant to ask. You 're a rich man now. You 've ten times as much as you need ; what do you want of more ? To carry into the next world with ye ? one would think so, — an old man like you ! "

" Boy ! " said the trembling Peternot, " you don't know what you 're talking about ! "

" Yes, I do, — I 'm talking just what a good many other folks talk, only not to your face. They say, — ' There 's old Squire Peternot, seventy years old, with one foot almost in the grave, — rich enough in all conscience, — don't use even the interest on what money he has, but lays it up, lays it up, — lives meanly as the poorest farmer in town, — never gives a dollar, except when he can't help it, and then you 'd think it hurt him like pulling his teeth, — and yet there he is, trying to get Aunt Patsy's little house and lot away from her, — making tight bargains, screwing his workmen's wages down to the lowest notch ' ; that 's what I 've heard, every word of it, and you know that every word of it is true ! "

" I have my own ideas about property," said the squire ; " and no man — no prudent man — likes to squander what 's his own."

" And so you, with all your wealth, come and grab this money, which is all I have in the world, and offer me five dollars to give it up to you ! You *are* a prudent man ! I say squander ! "

"I 'll give you twenty dollars of it, — and that 's liberal, I 'm sure," said Peternot, a good deal shaken by what Jack had said, but unable, from long habit, to take his hand from any worldly goods that it chanced to cover.

"Twenty dollars!" laughed Jack, with scornful defiance. "*I* don't make bargains on Sunday."

This cool sarcasm caused the worthy Peternot to wince as at the taste of some bitter medicine. "I don't bargain on the Lord's day, neither. But I see the necessity of coming to some sort of terms with you."

"Very well; then you just walk off and leave me and my dog to take care of this money; those are the only terms you can come to with me."

"But what do you propose to do, if I don't walk off?"

"Stay here, — Lion and I, — and hang on to our *treasure-trove.* Your nephew, who knows so much about law, advised me to keep possession, — to fight for it, — and I will."

"And do you think I 'm going to give up to you, you renegade?" cried the squire. He moved to lay his hand on the basket; but there was something in Lion's growl he did n't like. "I 'll beat that beast's brains out, if he offers to touch me!" he exclaimed, grasping his cane menacingly.

"I advise you not to try that little thing," said Jack. "If you should miss your stroke, where would you be the next minute?"

The squire thought of that. His tone changed slightly.

"I don't leave this spot till I git possession of that money!"

"All right, Squire. Sit down, — you 'd better. You 'll have some time to stop, I guess. Have a peach?" And the audacious little wretch took one out of his coat-pocket. "We shall need refreshments before we get through!" As Peternot indignantly declined the proffered fruit, Jack quietly broke it open, and ate, with a relish, the rich yellow pulp. The old man accepted the invitation to sit down, however, and reposed his stiff old limbs on the end of the hollow log, not clearly foreseeing how this little adventure was to end.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SQUIRE'S PERPLEXITY AND JACK'S STRATAGEM.

A LITTLE calm reflection opened the squire's mind to a ray of light which would certainly have dawned upon it before, had not his wits been clouded by passion. "Boy!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I believe every dollar of that money is bogus."

"Then what 's the use of making a row over it?" was the boy's cool retort.

"It 's the business of a magistrate to look after counterfeiters and counterfeit money," said Peternot. But at the same time he thought, "*He* has satisfied himself that it *ain't* counterfeit; his whole conduct shows it." And the avaricious old man still laid siege to the basket.

Half an hour passed, during which time very little was said. Jack took out his knife and began to whittle a stick; perhaps he was not unwilling to

show the squire that he was armed. He also put on his coat, and then his shoes, after emptying their contents into the basket.

Peternot grew more and more impatient, as he saw the afternoon gliding away. Another half-hour, and the situation still remained unchanged. "I may set here till night," thought he, "and all night, and all day to-morrow, fur 's I know, — but what 's the use? He 'll stick as long as I do. He 's tough; he can stand anything; ye can't starve a canal-driver. Massy sakes!" he exclaimed, half aloud, suddenly putting his hand into his pocket, remembering that the key of his kitchen door was there.

On leaving home he had carefully made fast all the doors and windows of his house, — his wife and nephew having gone to meeting that afternoon; and now, should they return before he did, they would find themselves locked out!

Still the old man's cupidity would not suffer him to raise the siege.

He was taken by a fit of coughing; and, fearing to catch cold by sitting on the damp log, he got up and walked about, — frowning and striking his cane upon the ground in huge dissatisfaction and disgust. "You 're the most obstinate, unreasonable boy I ever see!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Am I?" laughed Jack. "You have n't begun to see how obstinate I am. Wonder what you 'll think to-morrow at this time? or the next day?" And what, he might have added, would the wife and nephew think?

"Hush!" whispered the old man. "What boys are those?"

There was a crackling of sticks in a not very distant part of the woods, occasioned by a gang of four or five boys climbing Peternot's brush fence. Jack jumped up on the log and looked.

"It 's the Huswick tribe," said he. "There 's Dock, there 's Hank, there 's Cub, — there they all are, going over your fence like a flock of sheep!"

"The Huswicks, Cub and Dock, — Hank with 'em!" ejaculated the squire, in great excitement. "They 're the wust set of boys in town!"

"Yes, and they 're putting straight towards your house," observed Jack.

"They 're after my melons!" said Peternot, brandishing his cane. "The rogues! I 'll larn 'em!" With a limping stride he started in pursuit, but turned back immediately. "Promise me you 'll stay here!"

Jack could n't help laughing at the old man's simplicity. "Do you think I 'm such a fool as to make that promise? Or even if I should, would you trust me to keep it? Come!" cried Jack, "you must have a better opinion of me than you pretend."

"I know you have some good traits — the rogues will destroy all my melons — if I could borrow your dog — leave your basket and go with me — we 'll settle our diffikilty when we come back," said the agitated squire.

"I 'll take care of my basket; you can look after your melons," retorted Jack.

"I 'd as lives have a passel o' pigs in my melon-patch!" cried Peternot, striding to and fro. "Boy! I 'm sure this money is bogus! — I wish I had called to 'em 'fore they got out o' hearin'!"

"Why did n't ye?" asked Jack.

"That might 'a' led 'em to come here, and we don't want anybody by the name o' Huswick to have a hand in this business. But my melons! — Boy, be reasonable!"

"Be reasonable yourself, Squire Peternot! You 're sure this money is bogus; then why don't you leave it and go for your melons?"

"I *ain't* sure," replied the squire. "But *you* 're sure it 's good money; I see that, and you 're no fool."

"Thank ye, sir," said Jack, politely. And, seeing that the old man's cupidity made him ready to believe almost anything, he added, "Now look here! If I 'll give you what money there is in the basket, will you be satisfied?"

Peternot started. "Satisfied? Sartin — I can't tell — explain!"

"Will you take this, and leave me what there is still in the log? That 's what I mean," said Jack, with an air of candor.

Peternot, astonished by this strange proposition, but afraid of being cheated out of a few dollars, asked, "How much is there in the log?" at the same time stooping with difficulty and peeping into the cavity.

"That 's my risk. Come, is it a bargain?"

"I thought you did n't make bargains on the Sabbath-day!"

"Well, I don't," laughed Jack, "unless some good man sets me the example. I 'm only a boy, — it 's easy to corrupt me."

"Corrupt you! you sassy, profane —"

"Sabbath-breaker," suggested Jack, as Peternot hesitated for a word bad enough. "What do you say to my offer?"

"I say, if there 's money in the log, it belongs to me, the same as this belongs to me." And the squire, impressed by the importance of having some accurate knowledge on that point, vigorously thrust in his cane.

"Your stick can't give ye much information," said Jack. "You 'll have to go in yourself."

"I 'm going in myself!" exclaimed the squire, sharply. "Move out of my way here."

Jack readily made room for him, tickled to the heart's core at the thought of the stiff-jointed old man's going into the log.

"Grin, will ye?" said Peternot. "I s'pose you think the minute I 'm in there you 'll start to run with your basket. But you can't run fur with that weight to carry; I shall ketch ye!"

He leaned his cane by the log, laid his hat beside it, and put his head and one arm into the cavity. Then he put in his shoulders and both arms. "I can hear ye, if ye stir to move!" he cried from the hollow depths, which muffled his voice; and in his body went, leaving only the long Peternot legs sticking out.

Jack was convulsed with laughter. But all at once the idea occurred to him that practical advantage might be taken of the squire's ludicrous situation. Up he jumped, and, seizing the largest of the sticks with which he had previously stopped the mouth of the log, began to thrust them in after the squire.

"Here! oh! oh! murder!" cried the voice, now more muffled than ever, while the old man struggled violently to get out. "Oh! oh!"

"Good by!" screamed Jack, holding him, and thrusting in more sticks. "*You* may have what 's in the log, and *I* 'll take the basket!"

"Help! ho! I 'm killed!" said the voice, growing fainter and fainter.

"And buried! ' Jack yelled back, laughing with wild excitement. "But you kick well, for all that!" And in went more rubbish about the old man's heels. "How do ye like your bargain? You 'll have plenty of time to count your dollars before I send Pipkin over to help you out."

And, having got the old man wedged so tightly into the log that he could not even kick, Jack, inspired with extraordinary strength for the occasion, caught up his basket of coin and started to run, followed by Lion.

CHAPTER X.

"THE HUSWICK TRIBE."

RUNNING quickly behind walls and fences, the Huswick boys made a rapid raid upon Peternot's melon-patch, and left it loaded with spoils.

"Say, Dock!" said Hank (nickname for Henry), skulking behind some bushes, "le 's put for Chatford's orchard, and scatter rines by the way, so

if we 're tracked the old man 'll think 't was the deacon's boys hooked his melons."

"Go ahead!" said Dock (nickname for Jehoshaphat), carrying two fine ripe melons on his left arm while he dug into one of them with a jack-knife in his right hand. "Stoop, and keep clus to the fence!"

"No danger, old man's gone to meetin'," said Cub, whose real name was Richard, — his odd shape (he was ludicrously short and fat) having probably suggested the nickname.

"Me an' Cub can go without stoopin'," giggled Hod, the youngest (christened Horace). "See Hank! he looks like a well-sweep!"

And indeed the second of the boys, who was as wonderfully tall and lank as Cub was short and thick, bore no slight resemblance to that ornament of country door-yards.

"Hanged if one o' mine ain't a green one!" exclaimed Tug (short for Dwight), dashing to the ground a large watermelon, the sight of which in ruins would have made old Peternot's heart ache.

"Guess we made a clean sweep of all the ripe ones," said Cub. "No, you don't!" as Tug offered to relieve him of one of his three. "I never had my fill o' melons yit, though I 've" — cramming his mouth while he continued to talk — "been in the squire's patch much as once afore now."

"You never had your fill of anything, I believe, Cub!" said Hod, with his usual giggle. "Remember when we went there in the night last year?"

"Night 's no time to go for melons," said Cub. "Ye can't tell a ripe one 'thout cuttin' into 't."

"Yes ye can," said Tug; "smell on 't. That 's the best way to tell a mushmelon."

"Cub 's terrible petic'lar about slashin' the ol' man's whoppers, all to once," said Horace.

"Of course, for if we cut a green one we sha' n't find it ripe next time we go," Cub explained. "Jest look! we 're makin' a string o' rines all the way from Peternot's to the deacon's orchard!"

"There now, boys," said Hank, "throw what rines ye got down here by the brook, an' stop eatin' till we git to the woods."

Their course had been westward, until they reached the orchard. They now took the line of stone-wall which divided the squire's land from the deacon's, and which led northward to the corner of Peternot's wood-lot, — Hank following Dock, Cub following Hank, Tug after Cub, and Hod bringing up the rear. In this order they entered the woods, and were hastening to find a secluded spot where they could sit and enjoy their melons, when suddenly Dock stopped.

"Thought I heard somebody," he said to Hank, coming up.

"So did I. Lay low, boys! Git behind this log!"

Down went boys and melons in a heap, each of the brothers, as he arrived, tumbling himself and his load with the rest. There they lay, only Hank's long, crane-like neck being stretched up over the log to reconnoitre; but presently even he thought it time to duck, and threw himself flat upon the ground with the rest.

"Keep dark!" he whispered; "it's that Jack Hazard, that lives to the deacon's! him an' his big dog!"

Jack indeed it was, who had been too intently occupied in fastening Peternot into the log to notice the approach of the Huswick boys. He had thought of them, to be sure, but had supposed they would return through the woods as they went.

He was now running as fast as he could with his basket of treasure, directing his course towards the orchard, but keeping a little to the right in order to reach a low length of fence, over which he intended to climb, and then betake himself to the smoother ground of the pasture. A log lay in his way. Lion, growling, drew back from it — too late. Jack, in his headlong haste, sprang upon it, and leaped down on the other side, alighting on a frightful heap of legs and heads and watermelons. He jumped on Hank, tripped against Cub, and, falling, spilt his basket of rattling coin all over Tug and Dock and Hod. Thereupon the heap rose up as one man, astonishing poor Jack much as if he had stumbled upon a band of Indians lying in ambush.

"What in thunder! — Jerushy mighty! — half-dollars!" ejaculated Cub and Dock and Tug; while Hank stretched himself up to his full height, and Hod fell vindictively upon Jack.

"Le' me go!" screamed Jack, taking his knee out of a muskmelon, and shaking off his assailant.

"That's my melon," said Hod, diving at him again furiously, "an' you've smashed it!"

He was butting and striking with blind rage, when Lion bounced upon him, and actually had him by the collar of his coat, dragging and shaking him with terrible growls, when Tug and Cub and Dock — one catching Hod by the heels, one Jack, and the other Lion — disentangled the combatants.

"Where j'e git all this money?" demanded Cub.

"Found it, and I 'm carrying it home," said Jack, scrambling to pick up his scattered half-dollars.

"He 's murdered somebody for it!" cried Hank, peering in the direction of the hollow log. "I heered him! Hold on to him, boys!" and he ran to make discoveries.

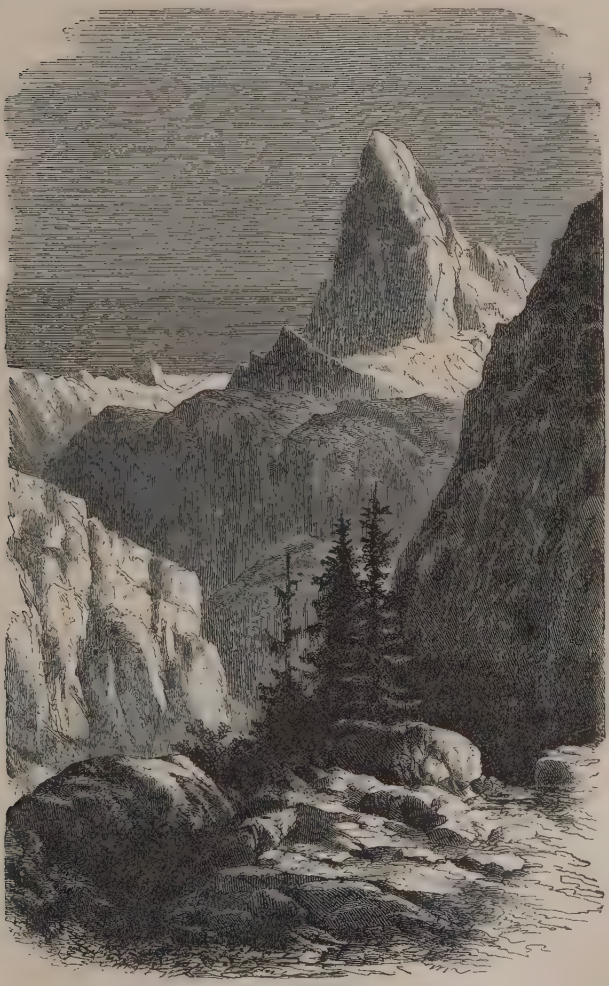
"Don't ye do that!" said Jack, as Hod rushed to help him pick up the coin. "My dog will have hold of ye again! Watch, Lion!"

"Take that out o' yer pocket, Hod!" said Cub, seizing his youngest brother by the neck. "Melons is fair game, but now ye 're stealin'. None o' that while I 'm around!"

Hank, meanwhile, had reached the hollow log, beside which the hat and cane were; when, hearing groans from within and seeing a pair of boots sticking out, he began at once to remove the rubbish from the opening. Dock and Tug went to his assistance; and, each laying hold of a leg while Hank pulled energetically at a coat-tail, poor old Peternot, half smothered, fearfully rumpled, and frightfully cross, was hauled out by the heels horizontally.

J. T. Trowbridge.

MOUNTAINS AND GLACIERS.



The Matterhorn.

IT was our first meeting at the Professor's after his summer vacation, and he had been telling us about his visit to the White Mountains.

"What 's the use of mountains, any way?" said Croll Wagner, who always takes the most prosaic views of things.

"They 're good to climb," replied Cale Betson, in his spirited way. "You 'd think so, if you had ever been to the top of Mount Washington, as the Professor and I have."

"When were *you* there?" asked the Professor.

"A year ago last June."

"And you *climbed* the mountain?"

"Well, I might have done it, but you see," said Cale, blushing, "they 've got a railroad to the top now, and so what 's the particular use of footing it? Going up by steam is only an improved sort of climbing."

"We Americans carry our improvements everywhere," remarked the Professor, with a smile. "I can remember when there was only a footpath, and hardly that, on Mount Washington. Then there was a bridle-path over the rocks and around the edges of points and ridges. I made my second ascent on an Indian pony, from Crawford's Notch. The next time I went up in a wagon from the Glen, on the other side of the mountain; and this year I made the trip by Caleb's improved method."

"On foot — pony-back — wagon-road — railroad; I wonder," said I, "how long before one can go up by balloon? Would you call that *climbing*, Cale?"

The Professor answered for him. "Mountain climbing, our young friend will have to admit, is quite another thing. What would you say to the Alps, Caleb? How would you like to try your legs on Mont Blanc? No railroad there! No wagon-track, no footpath even; but up you go, over glaciers, amid toppling avalanches which the faintest jar, perhaps the sound of your voice, may bring down, — up and on, into the clouds, *above* the clouds, to regions of eternal snow! How would you fancy scaling those icy peaks, where a slip or a misstep may send you whirling down precipices to crags thousands of feet below? How would you like camping out up there in that arctic cold?"

"Do people do that?" asked Abel Montey, with a shudder.

"Yes, every year, on Mont Blanc and other peaks of the Alps."

"What makes 'em do it?" Croll was anxious to know.

"The mere love of adventure inspires some; the love of science, others, — they wish to study the ways of nature in those sublime regions; and still others go because it is the fashion. Some are impelled by all these motives, and perhaps still more by the love of fame. What superhuman efforts have been made by Arctic explorers, in order that it might be said that they had approached one degree nearer the north pole than anybody before them! With just such feelings men have striven to be the first to climb the loftiest mountain summits, — to be able to say, 'I have stood where the hardiest and most daring explorers have never been able to set foot!'"

"But is n't it dangerous?" said Abel.

"To be sure; there would be little glory in it if it were not. Every year accidents happen, — sometimes frightful ones. But even these are not always fatal. An English traveller — Mr. Edward Whymper, in his 'Scrambles among the Alps' — relates how he once fell nearly two hundred feet."

"Was that on Mont Blanc?"

"No, on the Matterhorn, one of the highest mountains of the Alps, though not the highest, for Mont Blanc towers over all. Mont Blanc is

fifteen thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet high above the sea-level; the height of the Matterhorn is about a hundred feet less."

"And how high is Mount Washington?" Cale Betson asked. "I have forgotten."

"Mount Washington, the highest peak of the White Mountains, is only six thousand two hundred and eighty-five feet high."

"And what are the highest mountains on the globe?" I inquired.

"The Himalayas; the highest of which, Mount Everest, rises twenty-nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. How many miles is that, Betson?" said the Professor, seeing Caleb busy with paper and pencil.

"Five thousand two hundred and eighty feet to the mile, — that makes Mont Blanc nearly three miles high; Mount Washington nearly a mile and a fifth; and Mount Everest almost five miles and a half."

"Each mile in actual height," observed the Professor, "represents many miles of travelling to be accomplished by the climbing tourist. He must ascend and descend, and wind about, and grope his way sometimes inch by inch, often on slopes of ice where every footstep must be hewn out with an axe; and perhaps just as he flatters himself that his object is gained, he finds himself compelled by some impassable ridge or chasm to return and renew his attempt in another spot. Then the higher one goes the more difficult his breathing becomes, on account of the rarity of the air. At the top of Mont Blanc the air is found to have only about half its usual density in the valleys; the lungs must consequently do twice their ordinary amount of work, to convey a supply of oxygen to the blood. This renders continued exertion impossible; and strange feelings of pain and dizziness attack even the robust guides.

"No one had ever succeeded in climbing to the summit of the Matterhorn before Mr. Whymper. Many had attempted the ascent, however, and he himself had tried several times and failed, getting no farther than his predecessors. While waiting at Breil for men to assist him in making a fourth attempt he met with the little accident I started to tell you about.

"Having left his tent on a high, sheltered part of the mountain, he one day thought he would go up and see if it was safe; and having reached it, and dug it out of the snow, he concluded to spend the night in it. Having spent the night very comfortably, after breakfast the next morning he set out to explore the mountain still higher up; and it was not until near night that he finally left the tent, and started to return to Breil.

"Now an axe, to cut footsteps in the steep icy slopes, is a necessary part of the Alpine tourist's equipment. Whymper carried one up with him, but left it in the tent, trusting to find, in his descent, the steps by which he had mounted the day before. Arrived at a very difficult spot, however, he found that the heat of the sun had melted the ice, and nearly obliterated the steps; and as he was trying to get down he slipped and fell. Off flew his hat, away went his staff, and down he plunged headforemost into a steep gully, full of snow and ice and rocks, towards a glacier a thousand feet below. He bounded from point to point, and from one

Fall of Mr. Whymper.

side of the gully to the other, falling in a few seconds two hundred feet, — fifty feet at one time, — lodging, luckily, in a snow-bank, which kept him from making another flying leap over a precipice eight hundred feet high. The rocks he loosened in his fall went thundering past him down into the abyss. Strange to say, not a bone was broken, though he was frightfully bruised and gashed from head to foot, and almost jarred out of his senses. He had scarcely stanched the flow of blood from wounds in his head with snow, when he fainted. It was night when he came to himself, and he had to finish the descent of the mountain in darkness. He got down safely, however, — having lost hat, cane, parts of his clothing, and the tips of his ears, which had been cut off by the rocks."

"I guess he never tried to climb that mountain again!" said Abel.

"But he did try; and three years later — that is, in 1865 — he suc-

ceeded. But success was attended with a terrible and fatal accident, — not to himself, but to three members of his party. He had with him three Englishmen, Lord Douglas, Mr. Hudson, and Mr. Hadow; and three guides, one Croz, and old Peter Taugwalder and his son. They made eleven thousand feet of the ascent the first day, and at evening pitched their tent on the snow. The next day they reached the summit.

"So far all was well. After feasting their eyes on the glory of the prospect outspread around them, and planting in the snow a flagstaff with a blouse on it, they at length started to return. Now, the descent of a mountain, while it may be made far more rapidly than the ascent, is also much more dangerous. To guard against accidents, the travellers and their guides took the usual precaution of tying themselves together with a long rope."

"What good does a rope do?" asked Croll Wagner.

"In the first place, it keeps the party together. Then if one slips, or walks into a snow-covered chasm, the others hold him. Many a man's life has been saved on the Alps by the rope passed from his waist to that of a companion. The guides are experienced mountaineers, and strong, sure-footed men, generally; they stand firm when the awkward tourist falls. 'Now throw yourself as you please, I will hold you!' said one of these guides to Professor Tyndall, after they had tied themselves together."

"But do the guides never fall?"

"O yes; even this one fell, after his boast, and pulled Tyndall after him down a steep slope. It was then the tourist that saved the guide. Tyndall turned, and drove the spike of his hatchet into the ice, and by this means held them both.

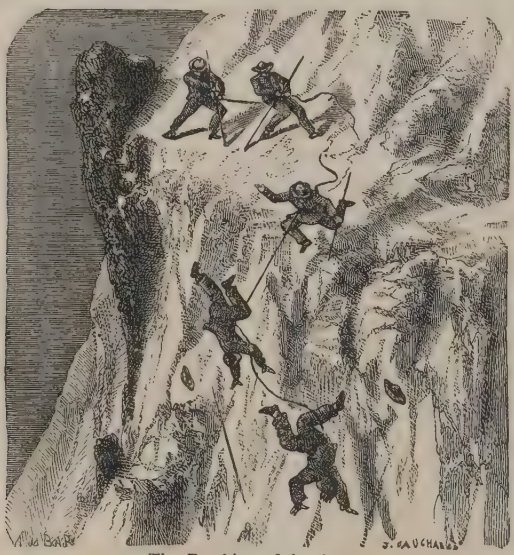
"The more men are tied together, the greater the security, as a general thing. But the rope must be strong. In Whymper's party there were four tourists and three guides tied together, and the rope was not strong. Through the carelessness of one of the guides, an old rope had been used. This was inexcusable; they had a quantity of good rope with them."

"What did they want of so much rope?" asked Abel.

"It is very useful in mountain climbing, especially in descending. Tourists let themselves down over difficult places by it, where they are often obliged to leave parts of it fastened to the rocks. It also comes in play, in case of an accident, when a man falling into a chasm is to be rescued. The old rope which Whymper's party carried should have been put to use only after the supply of good rope was exhausted. It was a terrible blunder.

"They had reached the most difficult part of the descent. For some reason they had neglected to attach a rope to the rocks above, to hold on by, in getting down. Croz, the best of the guides, was ahead. Hadow, the least experienced of the Englishmen, came next, and Croz from below was assisting him, by taking hold of his feet and placing them in their proper positions. Notwithstanding this precaution, Hadow slipped, and as he fell knocked Croz over. The weight of the two pulled Hudson after them; and Lord Douglas went next. Whymper and old Peter planted themselves firmly, and would have held the others, but the sudden strain on the rope

was too great, — it broke, — and Croz and the three Englishmen went flying in the air over precipices nearly four thousand feet in height."



The Breaking of the Rope.

"Killed?" said two or three of us, in no little excitement.

"Killed, of course; dashed to pieces; even the remains of Lord Douglas could never be found.

"I might tell you many such stories, and talk to you all night about mountains," said the Professor.* "But one more anecdote must suffice. It is one that illustrates the use of a rope.

"Professor Tyndall and Sir John Lubbock, in setting out to climb the Jungfrau, had sent on ahead two porters, with ropes and provisions, to a grotto where they intended to spend the night. They followed, and reached a glacier, over which their course lay. You know what a glacier is, — one of those immense, slowly moving masses of ice which take the place of rivers in cold regions. The Alps abound with them."

"What causes them?" Abel asked.

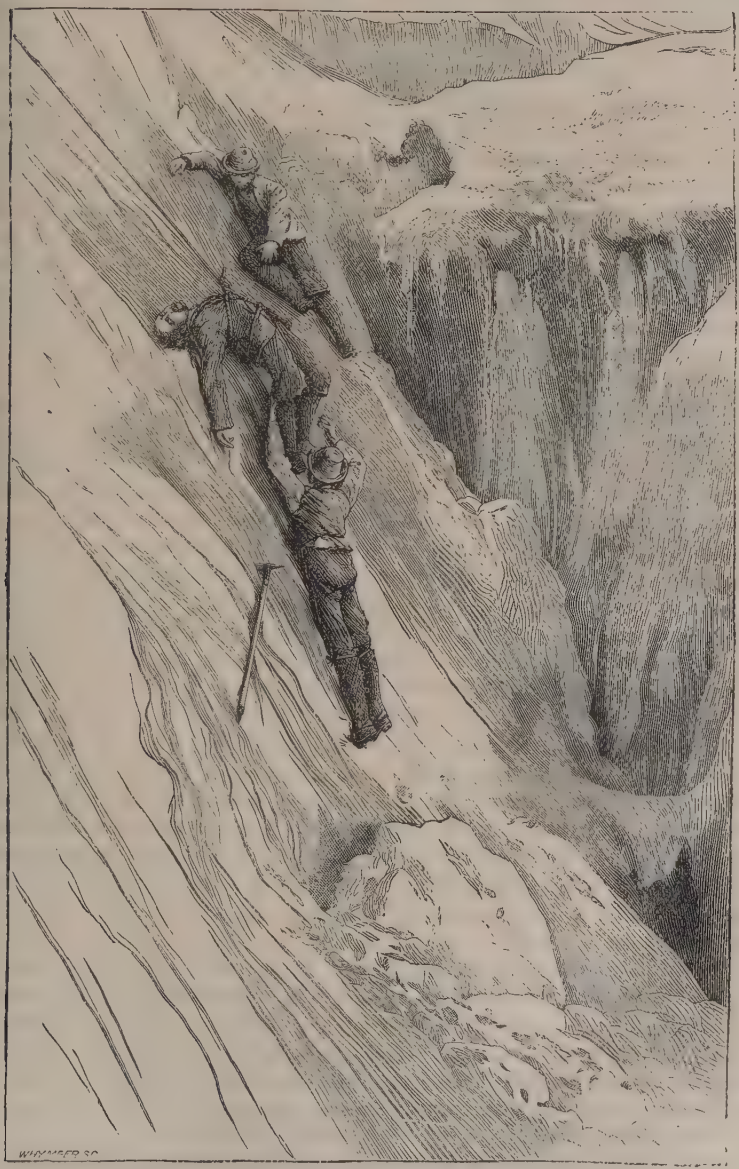
"What causes rivers?"

"The fall of rain, I suppose."

"Well, the fall of snow makes glaciers. Snow accumulates in enormous quantities in Arctic regions and on lofty mountains, and gradually changes to ice by its own pressure. The summit of Mont Blanc is one mass of ice and snow some two hundred feet thick; and, what is remarkable, this mass does not seem to increase at all in thickness year after year. Yet fresh snow is constantly accumulating there. On all the other four hundred

* Readers interested in pursuing the subject are referred to that admirable little book, "Mountain Adventures," published by Charles Scribner & Co., in their Illustrated Library of Wonders.

great peaks of the Alps the same thing occurs. The line of permanent snow is about nine thousand feet above the sea-level; above that, even in our hottest summer weather, the winter is eternal. Now, what becomes of all that snow, since it cannot melt and run down in rivers? It is forever press-



Rescue of the Porter.

ing and sliding down, or tumbling in avalanches, and crowding into the great gorges of the mountains, which it fills as rivers fill their beds in the lower world. The vast bodies of ice formed in this way are the *glaciers*, and they are in fact stupendous rivers of ice, subject to the same laws which govern the flow of ordinary rivers."

"Do they run?"

"Yes, although their motion is so slow as to be almost imperceptible. Their average rate is perhaps two or three hundred feet a year; yet some move much faster than that, and some more slowly. They bring down in their course, stretched in endless lines along their sides, immense quantities, sometimes huge masses, of rocks and stones from the mountains. The glaciers of the polar regions push out into the sea, where mountainous fragments break off, and float away as icebergs. The glaciers of the Alps flow down far below the line of permanent snow, into the valleys, where they heap up on each side stupendous walls, called *moraines*, composed of the rocks and stones they have brought away with them. There melting, they at last become rivers of water."

"How large are the glaciers?" I asked.

"They vary in depth and extent, of course. Those of Mont Blanc alone cover an area of near a hundred square miles. The largest of them — the *mer de glace* — is fifteen miles long, from three to six miles broad, and from eighty to a hundred and twenty feet deep. The great glaciers of the Himalayas are very much larger; and in Greenland there are some which must be hundreds of miles in extent, and hundreds of feet in thickness.

"The surface of a glacier is sometimes smooth, but generally it is broken up into hummocks. Great cracks also occur; and the water from the melting snow and ice, in the lower regions, flowing into them, enlarges them often to huge chasms. These *crevasses*, as they are called, are very dangerous, especially when they are hidden by snow.

"Now we will return to our story. As Professor Tyndall and his companion, with their guide, were ascending the glacier, they were surprised to see before them, standing on the *moraine*, or ridge of stones, on one side, a motionless human figure. On approaching, they were still more surprised to find that it was one of the porters they had that morning sent forward to the grotto. He appeared quite stupefied by some strange calamity. Somebody had been killed. Who? His comrade. How? Where? The fellow pointed to the glacier. In the crevasse? 'Ja!' said the porter, stupidly.

"The new-comers hurried to the spot. The crevasse had been bridged by a snow-crust, and the other porter, attempting to cross it, had broken through. The man, and a mass of snow and ice with him, had fallen to the bottom of a deep, dark cavern, where he lay buried. There seemed to be no help for him. The first porter was sure his companion was dead; and there was no way of getting at him without a rope."

"Did n't the party have a rope with them?" asked Cale.

"They had provided one, of course; but it was carried by the man who

had fallen into the crevasse, and it was buried with him. They listened, on the brink of the jagged cleft. A faint groan was heard. The man was alive! Another groan. Tyndall's Swiss guide grew almost frantic with excitement, and would have thrown himself into the chasm if he had not been restrained. The lost man was his friend, — a fine young fellow, and the only son of a widow.

"Mountain climbers are full of expedients, at such times. A substitute for a rope was made by tying together coats, waistcoats, and braces; but it was too short to reach the bottom of the crevasse, which was forty feet deep. The guide was let down upon a ledge of ice; Tyndall followed him; and they finally reached the bottom.

"It was some time before they could find the lost man, in the deluge of fragments which buried him. His groans, gradually growing fainter and fainter, guided them, and by clearing away the ice rubbish, they at length uncovered a human hand, — white and bloodless as the hand of a corpse. They then freed the arm, got at the man's head, and applied a brandy-flask to his lips. His body had to be literally cut out of the rubbish, which, partially melting, and freezing again, had formed about him a solid mass of ice. Fortunately the rope was found; this was tied around his body, and by pushing from below and pulling from above, the four men finally got him to the surface of the glacier."

"Alive?"

"Yes, but insensible. What to do with him was the next question. It was finally decided to carry him to the grotto. There warm wine was given him, dry clothes wrapped about him, bottles of hot water placed at his feet, and his back rubbed briskly. Gradually he revived; and the next day he was able to walk home and gladden the eyes of his widowed mother, after his terrible accident."

Augustus Holmes.

THE CHANGELING.

A STORY TOLD TO GRACIE.

ONE day in summer's glow
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,
With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair,
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow, —
Ah me! we loved it so, —
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms;

It learned to laugh and crow,
And play, and kiss us — so —
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise
We met each other's eyes,
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"
We questioned earth and air,
But, seeking everywhere,
We never found it from that summer day.

But in its wonted place
There was another face, —
A little girl's, with yellow-curly hair
About her shoulders tossed, —
And the sweet babe we lost
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so fair.

She dances, romps, and sings,
And does a hundred things
Which my lost baby never tried to do;
She longs to read in books,
And with bright, eager looks
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,
I love the rogue so well,
Whether I would retrace the four-years track,
And lose the merry sprite,
Who makes my home so bright,
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue-eyes! do you see
Who stole my babe from me,
And brought the little girl from fairy-clime?
A gray old man with wings,
Who steals all precious things;
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world, they say;
He took my babe away —
My precious babe — and left me in its place
This little maiden fair
With yellow-curly hair,
Who lives on stories, and whose name is Grace!

Elizabeth Akers Allen.

HEDLA'S SILVER-PIECE.

THIS silver-piece was once the means of setting the whole town in commotion. It was a present to Hedla, on her fifth birthday, from a grand-uncle who lived ninety miles away.

"Why don't you bury it?" asked Marie. "Bury it, and then wish for something."

"And then shall I have my wish, Marie?"

"Without doubt, because it is your first silver-piece."

"I will first ask my brother Karl. Karl! where are you?"

Karl was a big, stout, clumsy fellow, who earned a living by working in gardens and vineyards. He was, just at that particular moment, terribly angry with the borers and black ants, and all devouring bugs, so that even while Hedla was talking he kept muttering to himself, saying there would soon be nothing in the world left for men, women, and children to eat.

"You don't answer," cried Hedla. "You only go, grumble, grumble, grumble! Say, shall I have my wish? Now stand quite straight and speak quite truly!"

Then Karl stood straight and looked very wise and said: "From here to the Great Mountain it is twenty miles. Now if between here and the Great Mountain you can find a place where is no living creature, small or great, and — hem — and there bury your silver-piece, and then — and then — let me see — and then dance three times round it, and wish, you can have your wish. Small or great, remember!"

"That is easy enough to do," said Hedla, "and I shall try it."

"Hedla! Hedla!" a faint voice called from the house. It was a very small house, half a mile from the town, and contained, besides the garret, only two rooms. The furniture was scanty and of the rudest sort, the floors were bare, the window-shutters mere pieces of board. But in the best room, where the looking-glass hung, there was a stuffed chair, a large stuffed arm-chair covered with white, and a bright cushion for the feet.

In this comfortable arm-chair, with her feet resting on the bright cushion, sat Hedla's mother all day long; for ill health forbade her to walk about and work and dance and be merry, like other people. She was a fair, delicate, lovely mother. Karl worked hard to pay Marie for waiting on her. It was he who bought the comfortable chair. And often in passing the window he would stand still and say to himself, "Karl, you are a clumsy fellow enough, but see! what a fair, gentle mother you have!"

The mother wore always dresses of some lively color, blue or crimson or pale yellow, and people sometimes said that she looked, leaning back in her cushioned chair, like some bright bird in its nest.

It was easy to think of a bird, for close beside her, on its perch, was a stuffed sea-bird, with green and purple feathers. This was the very bird which Hedla's father brought home, only a few days before his death.

Shooting sea-birds was a part of his business. Their beautiful feathers and strings of eggs adorned the walls of both rooms.

Hedla had a glass tumbler, ornamented with gilt flowers, in which Marie mixed, every night, a cordial made of spices and sweet waters. Hedla took this to her mother in the pleasant twilight time which came just before lighting the candles, and, after the drinking of this cordial, then was the time for Hedla to creep up and nestle into what she called her snug corner of the arm-chair. It was then that they sang together songs of the sea.

"Hedla! Hedla!" A faint, sweet voice, but plainly enough to be heard in that still summer air. What the mother wanted of Hedla was a kiss, having then been two hours without one. She also wished to put a tinsel cord through the silver-piece, that it might be worn as a locket. The cord, and the gilt tumbler, and the bright dresses, and the looking-glass were all sent by the old uncle who lived ninety miles away, and who owned ships. Sometimes his ship brought home gold-dust.

As Hedla took back the silver-piece, she remembered what Karl had told her about burying it, and dancing three times round it, and getting her wish. "No living creature must be in sight. Easy enough. Marie is away, Karl is away. I will go straight to the garret and drop it down a crack in the floor, and wish for fifty more!" But directly across the crack ran a spider. "Ah, you black spider!" she cried. "No doubt you are a living creature and can see very well with your eight eyes! And there are all your relations looking down from their cobwebs! This is not the place for me to bury my silver-piece. The garden! O, to be sure, the garden, and quick before Karl comes!"

She wandered among the flowers, the vegetables, the vines, the rose-bushes, the currant-bushes, even to the farthest corner. But everywhere were living creatures, — bugs and insects on rose-bushes, currant-bushes, and vines, — and in the earth, where she felt sure that by digging a spot might be found, were other bugs and beetles and angle-worms.

"Heigh-ho! This is not the place to bury my silver-piece," cried Hedla. "I will go into the woods." She went into the woods and stopped beneath a thick-leaved oak. She listened. All was still. Not a person in sight. The branches met overhead, shutting out the sunlight. But just as she was stooping down, just as her knife touched the sod, a blackbird sang out clear and loud from high up in the tree.

"Ah, Mr. Blackbird, so you are there looking down, and your young ones too, I don't doubt, peeping over their nests! And hark! there 's a robin! And see! there 's a yellow-bird! And a bluebird! Singing birds on every tree. This is not the place for me! And to be sure, 't is here the hunters come for deer and rabbits and foxes and squirrels. There goes a squirrel up a tree! I see his black eyes. This is no place to bury my silver-piece. I must push through the woods into the fields beyond."

But it was hard work pushing through thick woods where often no path was to be found, and when, after a long time, she reached the fields beyond, there were to be seen cattle feeding and sheep and goats.

"O, this will not do," she said. "I must go far away where no cattle are feeding."

She went on and on and on, crossing many broad fields, now up a steep hill, now through a pleasant valley. Once she came to a beautiful stream and was obliged to walk some way along its banks before coming to a bridge. Flowers grew in abundance, some quite different from those at home, and very pretty wreaths they made.

Thus, walking and running and gathering flowers, singing often her simple little songs, she came at last to a vast, barren plain, the end of which could scarcely be seen. The grass in this place was short, scanty, and half withered. Just a few feeble daisies might be seen, with here and there some other little flower to keep them company.

"The right place at last!" cried Hedla. "Not a creature in sight!"

But O, what a scampering there was, as soon as the digging of the hole began! For she had disturbed a whole nestful of field-mice!

"I will not give up yet," said the little girl. "I will go on and keep trying." She kept trying and went on, on to the very end of the barren plain, where began a sandy desert. Everywhere it was just the same. Among the grass roots, or hidden beneath, were moles, mice, lively little bugs and creeping things, — all busy. Butterflies and bees were there too, though not many, and plenty of grasshoppers.

"But in this sandy desert," said Hedla, "surely no creature can live. I believe Karl meant to cheat me. What will you say now, you big brother, when I get home and tell you?" But on stirring the sand the first thing she saw was a nest of eggs, which some bird had left there to be hatched by the sun. There were also numbers of little skipping insects, skipping about in the sand, waiting for their wings to grow. And in one place, close to a stunted tree, the only one in sight, were several ant-hills.

Hedla climbed the tree and shook the branches, that the birds might be disturbed, if any birds were there. No singing, no rustling of wings was heard; but, sitting there among the scraggy boughs, she discovered that myriads of tiny insects, busy as bees, were running over the bark of the tree. And on the under side of the leaves could be seen bunches of white and green eggs, smaller than the head of a pin. The ants from the ant-hills hurried up and down, carrying off these tiny insects. And presently there came along a wild turkey, who dipped his bill into the ant-hills, and helped himself to as many as he wanted.

"Even this is not the place to bury my silver-piece," said Hedla, with a sigh. "But yonder is a pretty lake. I will scare away the fishes and then drop it in the water. I can dance very well in the water, with my shoes off."

The pretty lake was reached. A little way from its shore a rock appeared above the water. Hedla managed to gain this rock, and there she sat quite still, for a very long time, as it seemed to her. The lake was perfectly clear, and, presently, what does the child see? What, indeed, but beautiful fishes of green and gold! Then, looking down through the water, she perceives that the bottom is all alive with strange little creatures of various kinds,

darting, wriggling, creeping, crawling, hopping, diving, swimming, floating, rising, sinking, playing, fighting, and eating each other up!

"O dear, dear, dear!" said the weary child. "Not a place, anywhere, where are no living creatures. And Karl knew. He knew. Well, I will stay here and rest. This is not a very hard rock. Who knows but some boat may go sailing by, and take me across? I wonder what is on the other side beyond these hills. Green meadows, perhaps, with little brooks running through, or pleasant gardens of flowers! Or shady groves where happy little girls in beautiful dresses sing and dance all day! Beautiful churches, maybe, such as Marie has heard of, with painted windows, and roofs higher than the tallest trees, and glorious pictures, and images of the saints, and bishops in costly robes, holding out their hands to bless the people, and choirs of white-robed little boys, and sounding organs, making O, such wonderful music, Marie says!

"Or, maybe, splendid palaces sparkling with diamonds, where the king and queen sit together all day long upon their golden thrones, holding each other's hands, dressed in shining clothes, with glittering crowns, while the joy-bells ring, and people kneel on the steps of the throne!

"But would a little child dare to look upon such glory? O no, O no. But if Karl were there! O yes, O yes! For Karl would lift me in his strong arms, and I should never fear then. Though glad enough I should be to run home to my mother, and my mother would say, 'Where have you been, little Hedla, and what have you seen?' And I would say, 'Just let me creep into my snug corner, dear mother, and lay my head upon your shoulder, and you shall then hear of all the wonderful things.'

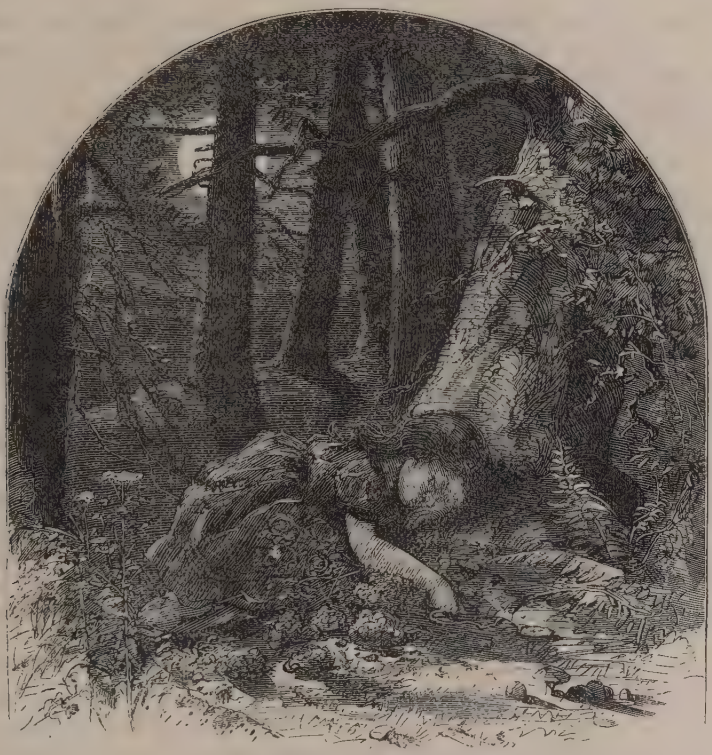
"But alas! I must be very far away from my mother now! O, why did I come so far away? The day is almost gone. And I am only a little girl; a little lonely child, sitting upon a rock in the water. If I could bury my silver-piece now, and wish, I know what my wish would be. To be safe at home. Marie has already begun to pound the spices for my mother's cordial. And my mother, how many times, I wonder, has she called, 'Hedla! Hedla! Little child Hedla!' O, if I could but hear her! I will run home now, very fast. I will turn back from the Great Mountain, and run very fast!"

But O, the poor little tired feet! And O, the lonely child! No path could be found in the desert, or across the barren plain, and without knowing it, she wandered every moment farther from her home.

Just as the sun was setting the little girl came to an open place in the middle of a wood, where wild roses were in bloom, and after plucking her hands full of these she sat down to rest.

"I will name this place," she said, "the Place of Roses. And I shall play I was Queen of the Fairies. This bank shall be my throne, and this pretty moss my footstool. But now I am so weary, my footstool shall be for a pillow, my throne for a bed.

'Receive my body, pretty bed;
Soft pillow, O, receive my head.'



Hedla asleep in the Woods.

That is what my little hymn says. Here I wait. Karl will come, I know, to find me. Soon I may hear him calling, 'Hedla! Hedla! Little child Hedla!'

"Now the crickets are chirping. That is the whistle of a quail. There sings a whippoorwill. O how many, many living creatures! Not one little spot without them! And Our Father made them all. He remembereth them all. He will not, then, forget a little child!"

She watched for a long time the changing colors in the western sky, and the gleaming of the light through the trees. She listened to the chirping of the insects, to the good-night songs of the birds, and counted the whistlings of the quails.

As the bright colors faded from the west the whistlings of the quails seemed to grow fainter and fainter, and the singing of the birds sounded far away. Her head sank lower upon the mossy pillow, her eyelids drooped, and Hedla was in dreamland. Then her arms unclasped, and the roses scattered themselves over and about her. It was something like being one of the Babes in the Woods.

While the little girl was watching the bright clouds, lying upon the mossy

bank so far away, the mother also was watching them, leaning back in her white arm-chair. The mother, too, listened to the quails and the crickets and the whippoorwills and the good-night songs of the birds. But she, as the bright colors faded from the sky, only grew more and more wakeful.

For Karl had been looking for Hedla a very long time and could not find her. He had searched the house, the garden, the fields, and the wood, calling out, "Hedla! Hedla! Little child Hedla!" He even took down the horn from over the fireplace and blew a loud blast, hoping she might have hidden somewhere, and would cry out, "What a noise you make, you great brother Karl!"

But Hedla was fast asleep, then, miles away, in the Place of Roses.

Marie mixed the cordial of spices and sweet waters and brought it in Hedla's gilt tumbler, but the sorrowful mother could not taste a drop. The sight of it made her weep. She moved about in the great wide chair, there seemed so much room in it, now there was no little Hedla to creep up in the snug corner!

Then Karl went to seek his little sister in the town. He walked up and down the streets, stopping at the candy-shop, the hotel, the post-office, and the bake-house, saying, "Have you seen a stray little girl? She had a gypsy hat trimmed with violets, curly hair, and red kid shoes."

"Lost a little girl? What a pity!" cried the candy man. "But I'll help find her. Here, take these sugar things to keep for her!" And the candy man gave Karl his double handful of sugar things.

"Lost? Poor thing!" cried the fat-cheeked cookshop man. "And been gone so long? She must be very hungry. Take this chicken-leg. Stop a moment, — I'll throw my coat on and go with you. Poor thing! I have a little girl at home, and every night the mother puts her hair in papers and pinches them with the tongs, and in the morning there roll out, O, the most beautiful curls! Poor little thing! Here!" And with tears in his eyes the little tender-hearted cookshop man wrapped in paper the leg of a boiled chicken.

"I can't leave my oven," said the baker, "but I'll send a man. And take bread, take bread! Take all you want!" And Karl was wellnigh buried in loaves.

Next, to the dwelling-houses. "Have you seen a stray little girl? She had a gypsy hat trimmed with violets, curly hair, and red kid shoes."

"Which way did she go?" asked the great philosopher, Farrolinus.

"That is just what I want to know," said Karl. Then to the great Dr. Tammerlouting: "Have you seen a stray little girl? She had a gypsy hat trimmed with violets, curly hair, and red kid shoes."

"Was her digestion good?" inquired the great Dr. Tammerlouting.

"Excellent," said Karl.

"So you 've lost a little girl," said a fat priest, in passing. "Was she a good or a naughty child?"

"Sometimes naughty and many times good," answered Karl. "But what has that to do with it? If she is not good always, she wants to be, and that is something."

"Yes, yes!" said the town-crier; "that is something. And why waste the time? Let the bells be rung! Call out the people!"

"Let us first find which way she went," said the great philosopher, Farrolinus. But the bell-ringers had begun to ring, and the town-crier went through the town calling out, "Lost! Lost! Lost! A little girl with a gypsy hat, curly hair, and red kid shoes! All the men and large boys are requested to assemble on the Green!" And so up and down the streets in all the alleys and highways and byways, calling out, "Lost! Lost! Lost! A little girl with a gypsy hat, curly hair, and red kid shoes! All the men and large boys are requested to assemble on the Green!"

This loud call startled all the people in their houses. Some were at supper, some kissing good-nights, some dressing for the ball. And the tears came into every mother's eyes. "Go quickly!" they cried to the fathers. "Suppose, now, it were our little girl!"

So the food was left upon the plates, kisses were broken short off, and over the ball clothes were thrown rough overcoats.

The old town clerk was sitting at his door, smoking his painted pipe, when his grandson, Maurice, rushing out in haste to be first at the Green, knocked it from his hand and it was dashed to pieces on the door-stone.

And thus, all in hurry and confusion, the men and large boys assembled on the Green. To each was given a little tinkling bell to hang around his neck, and a horn to blow. Captains were appointed, and it was agreed that, since no one had seen Hedla in the town, they would search for her through field and forest, by lake and river. The tinkling bells were to let her know, if within hearing, that people were coming. Whoever found her was to sound the horn and cry, "Found! Found!"

When Hedla's mother heard from the town the bells ringing, she knew that her child had not been found. Marie begged to move her from the doorway, and rubbed her cold hands, and threw wraps about her, and brought again the cordial. But the mother only shook her head, and felt about half unconsciously, in the great roomy chair, as if to find there her little girl.

The crowd of men with tinkling bells passed by. Karl ran in, and, flinging his arms around his mother, would have laid her in bed. But she said, "No; let me sit where I can hear the first blast of the horn."

Maurice, the grandson of the town clerk, stopped a moment, and bade her take courage, for they would certainly find her little child.

One aged man, with thin, white hair, said that, being too feeble to run, he would sit on the hill-top, to catch the first notes of the horn, and then would sound his own, and make the valleys ring! He believed he still had breath enough for that!

Marie brought in fagots and made a blazing fire, and hung the kettle over, and got blankets in readiness to wrap the child in when found, while kind neighbors brought hot soup, and set out the table with nice things from their own closets.

Through all this the mother sat by the outer door, where the moon shone

in, listening, while the tinkling of the little bells sounded farther and farther away, and at last were heard no more. Her hand was laid upon her heart, and she leaned back in the white arm-chair, as pale as the moonlight.

Meanwhile those who bore away so rapidly the sound of the bells hastened on, scattering themselves over all the country round. But the bravest and the swiftest of them all was Maurice, the grandson of the town clerk; for his grandfather had often said to him, "Spare not your strength in a good cause." Being a swift runner, he pressed on in advance of the rest, up hill and down hill, leaping the small streams and swimming the wide ones, till he came to the sandy desert. Here his sharp eyes discovered footsteps, a child's footsteps, leading to the barren plain. And in crossing the barren plain those same sharp eyes spied — a little red shoe! This was close to the wood; the very wood in which was the Place of Roses.

"I must go through this!" he cried.

But it was hard work pushing through where the branches were locked together, and where brambles grew up between! At last, tired and out of breath, he stopped to rest, leaning against a tree.

And while leaning there, something bright caught his eye! A little way before him, something bright glittered in the moonlight!

"Ah!" cried he. "What is that? I must find out what glitters so in the moonlight!"

Just at this moment, Hedla, moving in her sleep, was pierced by a thorn, one of the wild roses' thorns, and raised herself from the mossy bank, which she had at first called her throne, and afterwards her bed.

"O, what beautiful moonlight!" she said. "And Karl has not come yet! But hark! What sound is that? 'T is the sound of a little tinkling bell!"

She turned her head and saw a young lad, just stepping forth from behind a tree. He wore a feather in his hat, a little bell around his neck, and at his belt a silver trumpet. He was dressed in a green tunic, and his hat was turned up at one side, with a bright button.

"What is your name?" Hedla asked.

"I am Maurice, the grandson of the town clerk. Are you Hedla, the sister of Karl? If so, we have come to find you."

"And how did you find me?" asked the little girl.

Maurice took the silver-piece and held it up by its gilt cord.

"I found you by this," said he. "I saw it glitter in the moonlight."

He then blew a long, loud blast through his silver trumpet.

"What is that for?" Hedla asked.

"To tell the people you are found. Do you know it is the middle of the night, and you are miles from home?"

And now answering notes were heard, coming every moment nearer and nearer. Soon the woods rang with the sound of tinkling bells, and blasts of horns and voices shouting, "Found! Found! Found!" Men and boys came crowding into the Place of Roses; Karl among them. He caught Hedla in his arms.

"My precious little sister! Precious little child Hedla! How cold you

are! And damp with dew! What were you going to do all night in the forest?"

"Only to wait for you."

"But why came you so far?"

"Only to bury my silver-piece, and dance three times round it, and have my wish!"

Then Karl remembered what he had said in the garden. He hugged her closer than ever, and said, when the others offered to carry her, "No. It was all my fault, all my fault. No one but myself shall carry her!"

But afterwards, the way being long and wearisome, the men carried her by turns.

As they drew near home, all made joyful sounds with horns, trumpets, and bells. The aged man upon the hill-top caught the first notes and blew a blast which made the valleys ring!

The pale, trembling mother, sitting at the house-door, heard the glad sound and sank back, faint with happiness. And when, by the care of the good Marie, her eyes and ears were opened to the rejoicings around them, she found the corner of the big chair filled with a dear little girl, and the arms of a dear little girl were thrown around her neck!

Then Marie moved both mother and child before the blazing fire. Then the cordial was drunk, and then the good things were eaten. The teakettle sang, and the teakettle's cover danced to the music! And the kind neighbors wiped their eyes and said good-night.

The aged man, with thin white hair, who kept watch upon the hill-top, came in with a smile upon his face.

"I only want," he said, "to look once upon the little girl that was lost. That 's all."

Then he took off his hat, and put on his spectacles, and drew near, stooping quite low.

"That 's all," said he. "I only wanted to look once upon a child that had been lost."

Next morning Karl said, "Little child Hedla, if you will give me your silver-piece, and dance round me three times and wish, you shall have your wish.".

So Hedla gave her silver-piece to Karl, and danced three times round him, and wished for a guitar. "A guitar," said she, "makes very pretty music."

And Karl sold a lamb and bought a guitar, at which Marie grumbled, declaring that with such a noise in the house she could neither bake nor brew.

Hedla is not a little girl now. And Maurice, the grandson of the town clerk, has become a man of business. He has built a Swiss cottage on the banks of the river, where white swans go floating past and white winged boats sail up and down all day long.

And Hedla is his little wife, with plenty of time to play the guitar, and the mother stays with them in the Swiss cottage.

Karl and Marie, too, are married, and live a happy couple in the old house.

Maurice has a picture, painted by a famous painter. It is the picture of a little girl asleep in a wood, where wild rose-bushes are in bloom. A tall lad is stepping from behind a tree. He wears a hat, turned up with a bright button and feather, and a green tunic. At his belt hangs a silver trumpet. The little girl in this picture has one bare foot.

Karl hung the silver-piece up in the best room, among the strings of eggs and sea-birds' feathers, and I doubt not it is hanging there still. Maurice and Hedla often travel that way to visit the Place of Roses. Their carriage, with its fine white horses, was a wedding present from the uncle ninety miles away, whose ships brought home gold-dust.

And in this carriage they have travelled, not only to visit the uncle ninety miles away, but to foreign countries. And Hedla has seen in reality the lofty cathedrals, with their painted windows, and magnificent pictures, and choirs of white-robed little boys, such as her imagination painted, beyond the lake, when she sat there alone upon the rock.

Palaces, too, she has seen, stately and grand. But whether she saw the king and queen in shining garments, sitting upon a golden throne, holding each other's hands, I heard no one say.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

BESS AND BEN.

SUNNY days, and sunny days,
And all day long,
Here they go, and there they go,
In and out the throng.

Here they go, and there they go,
Up and down the street;
Benjie grinding out the tune,
Bessie singing sweet.

Singing loud, and singing low,
Trilling out the tune,
Not as Benjie grinds it out,
But as birds in June

Lift and lift their voices up
Out of pure delight;
Singing loud and singing low,
Morning, noon, and night.

What! you never heard our Bess?
Never heard her sing
"John Brown's soul is marching on,"
And "The Lord is King"?

Why, where 've you lived, I wonder,
Never to have heard
Bessie with her tambourine,
Singing like a bird?

Singing up and down the street,
Singing high and low,
Since a little child of three,
Twice three years ago.

It is twice three years, and more,
Since that summer day
When the news from Gettysburg
Told how Sergeant May,

Through the thickest of the fight,
Through the rush and roar
Of the shout and shot and shell,
Held the flag he bore,

Firmly, till the very last,
When they found him lying
By the famous old stone-wall,
In the twilight, — dying.

Dying, faltering at the last,
"Little Bess and Ben!
They 'll miss their father sorely —
Who 'll look out for them when — "

And that was all, — the words broke off
In this world, for the other,
And little Bess and Ben were left
With neither father, mother.

And this is why that through the street,
In and out the throng,
Sunny days and sunny days,
And all day long,

Here they go, and there they go, —
Up and down the street;
Benjie grinding out the tune,
Bessie singing sweet.

Nora Perry.

POLLY AND THE POT OF HONEY.

MY ROOM-MATES IN TEXAS:

GOPHER, SPOTTY LONGTAIL, SQUIRMY, AND THE HERMIT.

WE were in camp at Fort McIntosh near Loredo in Southwestern Texas. I had my quarters, as a soldier's lodgings are called, in a *jacal* (which please pronounce *hah-cal*), — a hut built of logs set upright in the ground, with chinks half daubed with clay, and a steep roof thatched with grass. I took no heed of its ill-hung door and solitary little six-pane window, when I moved in, but was thankful to have a shelter for my head and even a row of logs between me and the chill northers which sweep with bitter force the broad valley of the Rio Grande.

As for furniture, my new abode was, for a frontier dwelling, really sumptuous in its way. The mud floor, always more or less sloppy in the rainy season, needed no carpet. I had an old flour-barrel for a washstand, a rickety table with at least two "game" legs, and a big wooden tub for bathing purposes. A home-made, clumsily built four-post bedstead stood in the centre of my apartment, just under a huge beam which ran across the middle of the unceiled room and helped to support the roof. Here I lived quite alone till accident gave me the room-mates of whose behavior and sociable ways I am about to tell you.

The first to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. Gopher and the two little Gophers, — now I don't mean the turtle by that name, but a sort of ground squirrel with bright, peery eyes and soft, mouse-like body, whose frisky, funny ways kept me busy watching them in spite of myself. They called first, not so much out of regard for me, but to pay their respects to my bath-tub of fresh, clear water; for, though the river was close at hand, the banks were too steep to permit of their reaching it without some danger of slipping into the tide and being swept away by its rapid current. So one morning as I lay half asleep upon my bed, I saw old Mr. Gopher peeping knowingly in through the half-open door and then withdrawing as he caught sight of me. Growing bolder by degrees he entered, and, having apparently assured himself that I was harmless, retreated to return immediately with Mrs. Gopher and family, who tripped daintily across my earthen floor to the brimming bath-tub, where they went nosing round as if they longed for a taste of its limpid contents; a desire made still more evident by Mrs. Gopher, getting upon her hind-legs and licking a wet spot on the side.

After watching their vain endeavors for a while, I determined to help my little visitors to a drink; so, stepping noiselessly out of bed, I found a bit of board, one end of which I placed on the floor, while the other rested on the side of the tub, forming a gentle ascent to the surface of the water within. In doing this, however, I dropped my stick, frightening my visitors and causing them to beat a speedy retreat, in which old Mother Gopher led off, while Father Gopher, like a gallant old gentleman Gopher, was last in flight, covering their rear in true military style. Thinking I had lost them I

went to bed again, leaving the stick leaning against the tub; but before long the little creatures came stealing in, and after a careful examination of my contrivance old Father Gopher mounted, and on reaching the top took his drink and then descended to the floor, where after some apparent consultation the remainder of the family followed his example. From this time forth the Gophers visited me once or twice a day, our friendship being cemented by sundry bits of commissary biscuit and other edible fragments which they finally grew so tame as to eat almost at my feet.

Becoming weary at length of so distant an acquaintanceship I determined to capture my guests, and laid my plans accordingly. I removed the board by which they had hitherto ascended to drink, and in its stead placed a stick so nicely balanced that its upper extremity extended over the surface of the water and only needed the weight of a gopher or two (for latterly they had gone up in a sort of procession instead of singly as at first) to upset the little creatures into the tub, from whence I proposed to fish them out by their long tails as they swam to and fro. It was, moreover, my intention to imprison my captives in a certain large wood-bottomed box, the four sides of which were composed of glass while the top was left open. Of these boxes we had several, as they had been made to protect our candles from the draughts, not to mention the clouds of insects which in those latitudes would otherwise speedily clog the wick and extinguish the flame.

My trap being thus prepared, I sat quietly down to await the result. On this occasion it so happened that old Gopher let his spouse and children precede him, the three going up almost together; a moment more, and a tilting of the stick, followed by a series of splashes, assured me that my scheme had thus far proved successful. Rushing to the tub I began to extricate my friends, taking good care to seize them so as to keep my fingers out of the way of their sharp little teeth. Fishing them out singly, I deposited them gently in the glass case which I had destined to be their future home. Meanwhile poor old Mr. Gopher, utterly demoralized by this sudden and unexpected calamity, had departed in a hurried and somewhat frenzied manner by the open door, leaving his family to their fate.

Soon the half-drowned and dreadfully frightened inmates of the box began to recover themselves, and were soon standing upright, making frantic efforts to escape, trying first one side and then another in the fruitless attempt. Having seen them well supplied with food and water, I left them to grow reconciled to their new residence, but had barely recommenced my writing when a patter and scratching of little feet announced the return of old Gopher, who looked timidly round, and then, catching sight of his imprisoned family, made a rush for their glass house, where he seemed not a little astonished to find that the cold, transparent surface against which he rubbed his anxious nose formed an effectual barrier to all nearer communication with his household. Meanwhile those within were getting up and most lovingly endeavoring to embrace him, clawing away at the separating pane.

From this time forth old Gopher became a regular, though apparently sorrow-stricken visitor, spending most of his spare time in mournful con-

templation of his imprisoned household. They finally seemed to give up all attempts to escape, and consoled themselves by getting their noses as nearly as they could opposite the exact spot upon the glass against which he rubbed his own. I made every effort to capture him, but in vain; he seemed to keep one eye upon his family and the other upon myself, and was equally prepared for covert or open attack. As for the water-tub, he seemed to regard it with abhorrence, as the cause of all his troubles, and would not even go near the place where it stood. On one or two occasions I saw old Gopher enter with a companion, who may have been a relative come to comfort the unfortunates in prison. On these occasions there was a more than usual flattening of noses against the glass case, but nothing came of these conferences till one day, on returning after a somewhat lengthened absence to my quarters, I found the cage upset and my gopher pets departed. A brief examination convinced me that their friends had gnawed away the earth from beneath one side of the box till it was sufficiently tilted to enable its occupants to escape over the top. A very creditable piece of engineering for so diminutive a creature, but I lost my little playfellows by their ingenuity. Henceforth my house seemed to have gotten a bad name with all their tribe, not one of whom could be tempted to approach the door.

My solitude was, however, speedily enlivened by the companionship of one of those active, brilliant little lizards, so common in Texas and Mexico, to which I straightway gave the name of Spotty Longtail. Into the good graces of this shy creature I worked my way by very slow approaches, till, having made up his mind that I was most probably harmless, he took up his daily station upon my writing-table, lying at his ease on the cover of a book. Here he would flatten himself out, peering cautiously over its edge from time to time, winking his bright little eyes, and occasionally whetting his tongue till some unlucky fly came within the range of his deadly spring, and then there would come a jump and a snap, and poor bluebottle would be gobbled up ere he could move a wing. I never knew him to fail, so my friendship with Spotty Longtail, which I took care not to disturb by any indiscreet advances, continued to grow and prosper till my final departure from the post. Poor fellow, I wonder if he found the next comer as much interested in his fly-fishing as myself.

Squirmy — for so I called my largest room-mate — could hardly be deemed a friend, for we met with misgiving on both sides and parted with mutual unpleasantness; in fact, I may say that our acquaintanceship was literally the death of him. I had heard something whisking about my room at night, and once or twice some dark object which looked wonderfully snaky vanished in haste as I entered the door; but one gets used to so many queer things in Southwestern Texas, that I hardly gave it a second thought, and only christened him "Squirmy" in my own mind from his eel-like way of wriggling among the logs. But one sultry summer afternoon things came to a crisis. I had been taking my *siesta* (the plain English for which is noonday nap) upon the bed which stood directly beneath the huge beam of which I have spoken. I was in the middle land between slumber and

wakefulness, when, half opening my eyes, I beheld a pair of bead-like glittering optics shining from the beam overhead.

I was wondering in a stupid sort of way how they came there, when a dreamy apparition of a head, followed by an undulatory motion along the beam of something five or six feet in length, suggested a body and tail in connection with the eyes, — when — whack! with a sudden tumble, down came a great snake directly across my face. A harmless visitor, most likely, with no more evil intent than a raid upon the rats or a quiet mousing expedition; but I was too badly scared to think of that, and, like most frightened people, I lost my temper. I shall never know which of us got off that bed the quickest; — Squirmy made for a log-hole and I for my sabre. Unluckily for the snake I grasped the weapon before he had got through. A quick cut severed some eighteen inches of his tail, which remained with me as a trophy, while the rest of poor Squirmy furnished a pleasant banquet for a select party of buzzards who volunteered "an inquest," and from the way they fluttered and shook their ugly heads over his remains evidently knew no good of the unfortunate deceased.

Last and least among my list of room-mates came the Hermit, — a very diminutive horned frog, ugly enough to look at with his manifold spines and knobs (which, by the way, he seemed to like me to scratch and rub), but perfectly harmless to pet and handle. I caught him while sunning himself outside my door on a nice sand-heap, where he seemed to be enjoying a temperature which might almost have baked an egg. Putting him into an empty pickle-jar and leaving the top open to admit the air, I kept him a close prisoner, giving him by way of experiment a light diet of nothing to eat or drink. And so he lived for months, showing no sign of vitality save at night, when he would scratch desperately to get out. Having kept him till I was satisfied that meat and drink were matters of no importance in his animal economy, I gave him his liberty and saw him hop off, a little surprised apparently at the absence of the jar, and a trifle thinner than when he went in, yet otherwise, so far as I could see, no whit the worse for his recent bottling.

G. D. Brewerton.

OLD ROAN.

UNDER the roadside chestnut-branches,
Where the midges dance and wood-bees drone,
Switching the flies from his flanks and haunches,
Stands the old stage-horse, poor Old Roan!
Broken and blown,
Worn to the bone!
Turned out to nibble and starve alone!

Ten years ago he had a master
Who petted, caressed, and fed him well;
Few on the road were gayer or faster
Than thoroughbred Roan, whose story I tell;
But one day he fell
In Stony-brook dell:
Ah, then his master wanted to *sell!*

Proud as a Hotspur, proud Judge Gavin
Swore when the roan limped home from his fall,
Never would *he* drive a horse with a spavin,
Nor let him stand in the Morgan stall;
Be price great or small,
Nag, spavin and all,
Should go at the highest bidder's call!

Jehu, the furious driver, bought him
To mate with a worthless, knock-kneed hack;
And the first lessons this new owner taught him,
Were the lash, hard work, and an empty rack:
'T was crack! crack! crack!
Big load, heavy track, —
Twenty miles every day, twenty and back.

Year after year, in all kinds of weather,
Pulling the red coach over the road;
Driven at full speed many hours together,
Worried and hurried with oath and goad!
If it rained or snowed,
Heavier the load,
And always "G'lang there! you lazy old toad!"

Ten years of hard fare, foaming and freezing;
Ten years of toil in sun, snow, and rain;
Wind-galled, knee-sprung, lame, and wheezing,
And the old fellow 's free as a colt again:
Yes, *free*, with his pain
Of spavin and sprain,
To pick up a living in Thistleturf Lane!

So 'neath the roadside chestnut-branches,
Where the midges dance and wood-bees drone,
Switching the flies from his flanks and haunches,
Stands the old stage-horse, poor Old Roan!
Broken and blown,
Worn to the bone,
Turned out to nibble and starve alone!

G. H. Barnes.

CRUSOE LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

HOW I LIVED. — A NIGHT OF TERROR.

AS nearly all my days were about this time much the same, I will give a diary of my proceedings, and note some of the principal events that happened to me on the island. I had no ink or paper, and I did not trouble myself to notch the days with my knife on a tree. I contented myself with repeating twice or thrice each day its name and number and month. That was all my calendar.

Rose every morning at daybreak.
Prayers. Bathing and washing. Dressing.
Breakfast of oysters. Fishing.
Collected firewood. Cooked and ate dinner.
Rested during heat of day an hour or two.
Gathered more firewood or fished.
Supper if I had any food. Prayers. Bed.

Such was pretty nearly the order of my day's work. After I had got the fire, my condition was wonderfully improved, for I could knock off a mass of oysters and roll them into the fire, and wait for them to open without cutting or tearing my fingers. I dug up, moreover, the fern-root (*Pteris edibilis*), and roasted it; I also made a kind of bread of it, as I had seen the Maories do. I found a palm, the heart of which roasted was exceedingly good. These were my principal means of subsistence. I had made some bone hooks out of the bones of a large dead fish I found washed up on the beach. I tried the copper nails of my boat, but they were too soft and straightened too easily after being bent. I made lines out of my rope. I had no vessels to hold water, and had to go always to the pond when thirsty, until one day, after a dreadful storm which nearly blew down my house, I found the huge waves had cast two or three large conch-shells ashore. These I carried home, as inestimable treasures.

O, how I wished for a gun and powder and shot! Wild ducks floated daily on the pond unharmed, and not to be reached by any efforts of mine. Their incessant "quack! quack! quack!" was dreadfully tantalizing to my ears. I tried to hit them with stones, but to no purpose. I made a bow and arrows, but am ashamed to say I was too bad a marksman to shoot anything with them. I hit a duck once, but it only flew quacking away. I caught abundance of fish off the rocks by using oysters and small eels for bait. I got the eels out of the pond.

About this time I began to make excursions. I found a narrow pathway up the rocks, and once or twice thought I saw traces of human footsteps and man's work. I found a few rude pictures on one rock, evidently the work of man. How they set my heart throbbing and beating! How vividly

Robinson Crusoe's naked footstep came into my memory! I went to my house and tried to calm myself. I said over and over again, "I am sure Captain Bolger said the island was uninhabited, and he knows; he would not tell me a lie."

I had grown, however, so weary, so very weary of being alone, without even a bird, cat, or dog, I almost wished that even savages or cannibals (and I knew if any were there they were really and truly cannibals) were on the place. I said to myself, "I know their language, I can speak to them, and surely my poor unfortunate condition will awaken even a cannibal's pity." I thought so then, but not afterwards, as I shall relate by and by.

One thing I missed sorely in my Crusoe Life, — my tobacco and pipe, — how sorely none but old confirmed tobacco-smokers can know or feel. I found a bed of clay in one of my rambles, and tried to make some cooking and drinking utensils, but they were so clumsy and ugly I was quite ashamed of them, and so porous the water quickly evaporated or else escaped. I tried to make a pipe, intending to smoke herbs after the plug or two of tobacco I had with me was gone. I made a very ungainly one, something like a cigar-holder, which was a great comfort to me. I had never seen then a wooden pipe, and consequently never thought of one.

I had been about five weeks on the island, according to my reckoning, when one of the most dreadful nights came on that it ever has been my lot to witness. The very recollection of it makes me shudder now. It had been close sultry weather for two or three days, and so oppressive that I could hardly bear to move about. I expected every moment a violent thunder-storm, but never for a moment dreamed of what really was to come.

The wind began to rise soon after noon, and very soon blew a furious hurricane; but not a drop of rain fell. My poor house was quickly levelled to the ground, and as night drew on, the sea rose and the waves dashed over the rocks with a noise louder than thunder. I sat on a large rock once more, houseless amid the storm. The sun set behind a bank of dark, lurid clouds, and after it had gone down the sky became suffused with a blood-red aurora which cast an unearthly lurid light all around. It seemed as if the whole of creation were bathed in blood. It was a fearful sight, and to me, sitting there all alone, full of horror and awe. The wind shrieked over the waters, and then went soughing amid the forest above, where the huge trees groaned and wrestled with the blast. Every now and then one broke with a report like a cannon, and came crashing down.

The tumult went on increasing until near midnight, when on a sudden it lulled. The unnatural silence of a few moments which succeeded was more awful than the storm itself. All nature seemed awed into suspense of something more dreadful still to follow. Not a bird or living creature was to be seen; all had fled. A dull dead silence, — even the sea seemed to hush its roaring. Then it came, horrible, fearful, — nay, I cannot find words to express it. I felt the earth tremble, and heard a sound as if deep

down in its centre. The ground shook and moved to and fro like the unstable water, and made my very soul within me sick. A cold dew broke out on my forehead, and then an awful despair took possession of me. I shrieked aloud in my great agony, "O God, have mercy! O God, have mercy!" I could not say more. The words seemed to cleave to my mouth. I fell on my face and awaited, trembling, my death. I thought it was the day of doom, and it found me ALONE!

I cannot describe all the horrors of that dreadful night. When at last the day dawned, I fell on my knees and returned sincere thanks to Heaven for its merciful protection.

CHAPTER VI.

A SAIL!

IT may seem strange to my readers, and often since my deliverance it seems so to myself, that I never attempted to make a raft. But I dreaded too much the sea, and the long distance which lay between me and the nearest inhabited land, to try that means of escape.

I regularly now went up the rocky path into the forest above, to get my firewood, which I threw down on the beach. One day I climbed a high conical-shaped hill to look about the island; I had no small difficulty in forcing my way through the dense undergrowth. When I reached the top I found a bare, level, rocky surface, about twenty feet square. Looking inland, I thought I saw an opening between the rocky hills, and had glimpses of a valley beyond. This valley I resolved as soon as I could to go and visit, noting well its bearing from my hut, which I had rebuilt again under the shelter of some projecting rocks.

After looking all around I was about to descend, when a small speck seaward caught my eye. I gazed intently at it with throbbing heart and aching vision. Just then the sun burst from behind a passing cloud, and the reflection of white sails confirmed my first suspicion. It was a sail! and on watching it more closely I felt sure it was coming towards the island. How my heart bounded at the thought! I could not bear to turn away my gaze a moment. I hardly dared breathe lest it should fade away, and prove but a deceitful phantom mocking my longing eyes.

Nearer and yet nearer it came. I saw it was a large schooner, and recognized it as the St. Kilda bound to Auckland. It ran between the Bay of Islands and Auckland, and was commanded by a native named Henri Tautari. When it got within eight miles of the island (as near as I could guess), I saw it steer so as to go past it. An agony of fear possessed me lest it should pass and leave me. I ran down to my hut for my blankets and some fire, — I flew rather than ran. I climbed a tree and fastened my blankets to its topmost bough, and then quickly descending lighted a blaze. I thought m eyeballs would start out of their sockets with anxiety and watching. I fancied the vessel saw my signals, for it rounded to and

seemed coming towards me. Then I grew nearly frantic with joy; I whooped, I sang, I shouted and hallooed, and made the woods ring with my noise.

"I am saved! I am saved! Thank God! they see me!" I shouted over and over again, — when all at once the schooner tacked, — its head was turned seawards, — slowly it came round, — its sails bellied out to the wind, and quickly it disappeared from my sight round a rocky promontory.

I screamed and raved; I wept and moaned.

"My God! my God! how cruel, to leave me so! monsters that they are!" I sat down on the top of the hill, and rocked myself to and fro, to and fro, weeping bitterly, whilst my soul utterly refused to be comforted. For weeks afterwards I mourned over this departed schooner.

Rev. R. D. Carter.

A STRUGGLE FOR A MUSTACHE.

THIS is for boys, of course. Who ever heard of girls' being interested in mustaches! What can they know of that strange longing which goes out from the very soul of every youngster of a dozen, — sometimes younger, — which gets stronger and stronger every year, as he goes into his teens, and like Schiller's Whirlpool *never will rest* till his upper lip is mustached? What can they know of it? Nothing. That 's why I don't think it worth while for them to read this sketch. They could n't (I say it respectfully and without the slightest attempt at disparagement, not the slightest) — they could n't appreciate the situation; but boys can. Every boy knows, or shortly will, just how it is himself. For mustaches are inevitable, and will come either with or without help, — usually with. I therefore dedicate this bit of experience, sad personal experience, to the *shavers*, little and great. They 'll read it, I feel confident, every one; and that they may to some extent profit by it is the earnest wish of one of their number.

It was in January, the first month of a year not a great many years ago. The winter school was keeping. George Redway was the master that winter. Harry Smith, Tom Edwards, and I had the "long seat" together. The long seat was the one at the end of the room, at right angles with the other seats. It partially fronted the rest, and was long enough for three of us, — a favorite seat and one greatly sought after in the general scramble, on Monday morning of the "first day." I remember that Tom and I went down to the school-house a little after seven that morning, in order to make sure of it by getting our books under the bench before the McIntire boys got there.

The "back seat" was full of "great boys" of eighteen and twenty. They nearly all had mustaches or attempts at the same. And some of them even had whiskers. Of course their example and good success in this particular

was stimulating to us smaller boys. Still we did n't take our fever (mustache fever) from them. It came from a sudden exposure in the form of a young fellow from Portland, named Fred Barry, who came up the second week of our school on a visit at his grandfather's, who lived in the neighborhood. By way of passing the time (nothing more I guess) he attended school for several weeks. Anything like the brown beauty, the trimness, and the heroic effect of Fred's mustache can scarcely be conceived of. The "great boys" were goats beside him. And as for the "great girls," it was amazing to see how they kept wearing their best dresses every day and how cold they grew toward their old admirers.

Harry, Tom, and I, from the long seat, eyed him (the mustache part, and that was the only part of him worth noticing), — eyed him admiringly. Day by day we watched and sighed, nay, pined, — I really think we pined, — under the unapproachable glory of that manly mustache. Unapproachable; for as yet our faces were as smooth as our dinner-boxes. As I said at first, I don't expect any save boys to sympathize with us in this mood. And I know the most of folks will but laugh when I state that for the first fortnight after Fred's arrival, Tom and I actually lay awake nights to discuss it, and devise means for putting our own upper lips in a similar condition. As a preliminary step, we had already procured an old razor and a cake of soap; and were proceeding toward the object in view by scraping in the usual way, when one forenoon at recess Harry, whose fever ran higher even than ours, showed us a slip cut from a late newspaper (a religious paper, too) which made everything easy in a moment.

That slip was this: —

"MUSTACHES! MUSTACHES!!!

"The Grecian Compound! Will force a growth of hair on the smoothest face with a few applications. This is no humbug. Price only $ 1.00 per package.

"Address (with the money) PROFESSOR BOUFFET,
"83 Nassau St., New York."

Was there ever such an opening! We read it over and over, in school, holding it behind our books.

"Do you suppose it *really is so?*" whispered Tom.

"*This is no humbug,*" read Harry, pointing to the slip.

On the whole it looked too straightforward and honest, and was too much to our liking to be seriously doubted.

"Let 's send on and try it, any way," said Harry, as we sat eating our dinners in our seat and talking the matter over. "Should n't wonder if that was the way he raised his," with a nod up to where Fred was *shining* and talking with the girls. "Let 's send to-morrow. It 'll be thirty-three cents apiece. Can you do it?"

It would nearly break us; but we could do it, barely.

"Come over to our house to-night," said Harry, "and we 'll write the letter."

That evening after repeated attempts we got off the following : —

"N——, Maine, Jan. 29, 186–.

"Professor Bouffet, Esq.

"Dear Sir: Please send us a package of your Grecian Compound as soon as you get this, which contains one dollar to pay for it. Be sure to send us the right kind.

"Your obedient servants,

"Harry Smith and two others."

We put this in the post-office next morning, as we went to school.

"How long do you expect it 'll be before it will get here?" asked Tom.

"O, well, it may be a week," said Harry. "I don't mean to think strange, though, or worry, if it don't come for a fortnight. May have a good deal of business on hand, you know."

That seemed some time; but as we could do nothing further, we set ourselves to wait patiently.

Tom and I were therefore very agreeably surprised, when, on the third night after, Harry came running up to our house, and, calling us out, exclaimed, "It 's come!"

Such promptness looked well in the *Professor*.

"Let 's see it," cried Tom.

It was simply a yellow envelope addressed to "Harry Smith," containing a little square paper package, much like a paper of garden-seeds, with "directions" on it which told us to *dissolve in warm water and apply*, wherever we wanted *hair*.

"Come down and stay with me to-night," said Harry, "and we 'll *put on* some of it."

We went back with him, and at an early hour retired to Harry's chamber. He had brought up a cup with some water. We tore off a corner of the package and turned out about a quarter of the Compound into the cup. It was merely a gray powder; but what a puissant look it had to us! It dissolved readily in the water. And standing there before Harry's little looking-glass, we put it on to our upper lips with our forefingers, dipping them alternately. The operation took some fifteen minutes; we rubbed it in well. It was a bitter cold night. There was no fire in the chamber. I remember that we nearly froze our legs; though, of course, a little thing like that was not to be put in the balance with a mustache. After what we deemed a faithful application, Harry blew out the candle and we got into bed, shivering considerably, but with high hopes.

"It 'll probably begin to start 'em out by morning," said Harry. "We 'll put on some more before we go to school. Drive 'em as fast as we can, now."

It was light when I woke. Tom was up in bed (he had the middle) staring alternately from my face to Harry's, who was not yet awake. His upper lip was *black as soot!* It flashed into my mind about the mustache "Compound."

"Tom!" I exclaimed. "You 've got a *prodigious* one!"

"Have I?" cried he, jumping out and running to the glass. "I hope it is n't like yours."

I sprang out and looked over his shoulder. My lip was black as his!

"What is it?" said Harry, rousing up.

Then seeing us staring into the glass, he leaped out and came looking over *my* shoulder. There were now reflected three of just the blackest lips you ever saw. We eagerly *felt* of them. It was n't hair, it was a black stain. Our forefingers were equally black.

"By hokey!" exclaimed Harry, "I did n't think that 's the way 't was going to do! Did you?" We did n't.

"But it 's all right and regular enough, I guess," he continued, after a moment of doubting amazement. "We 'll wash it off, though, before we go in to breakfast."

We went down to the sink, and, getting out the soap, began to lather and scrub, running along to the glass now and then to see how it looked. We could no more start the stain than we could dissolve granite! It seemed to grow all the blacker for soaping! For a moment we were thoroughly frightened; then, our faith in the "Compound" returning, we resolved to accept the situation resignedly for the sake of a mustache.

"It 's probably getting the roots laid," whispered Harry, as we went in to breakfast, rather shamefacedly.

"Why! Why! My stars, boys!" exclaimed Aunt Dolly (Mrs. Smith), as we took our places opposite her at the table. "What *have* you been doing to your faces? Ink! It 's ink. O you silly boys!"

We said not a word. Far better to have her think it *was* ink than to know what we had really been doing.

How little Rhoda and Lizzie laughed! But we were thinking of the tougher ordeal in store for us at school.

"O, if we had n't got to go to school!" exclaimed Tom, after we had left the table.

It would n't do to think of giving up our school, however. The folks would n't hear a word to that. If we even asked to stay at home one day, we should have to explain it all. Besides, there was no prospect of the stains coming out very soon.

We gave our luckless lips another scrubbing, a fruitless one; and then, as it drew near nine o'clock, went off toward the school-house. The master was just going in as we got there. Holding our hands up to our noses, we went to our seat without attracting much notice. But while reading in the Testament, several of the boys *spied it out* in spite of the books we held up. We began to hear a suspicious tittering; and while the "Fifth Reader Class," which came next, was out on the recitation-seats, it kept breaking out, much to the master's annoyance and surprise. He looked sharply around. But we held our heads down and studied prodigiously.

"Class in the Fourth Reader!" cried the master. That was our class.

Our hearts gave a great jump. The crisis had come. We stole out to

our places, Tom holding his open book under his nose, while Harry and I put our handkerchiefs over our mouths. All eyes began to fasten upon us; and somebody snickered out.

"What 's this?" demanded the master, coming down to our end of the room. No one answered; but a general grin and staring pointed us out as the root of the difficulty.

"Put down your book, Thomas," said the master. Tom wriggled and hesitated. "Do you hear?"

Down came the book, and, lo! the black lip! A roar followed this unveiling.

"What is that?" cried the master, looking at it attentively.

"Mustache!" suggested a voice behind.

The master glanced at it again, then frowned. He had a small, sandy mustache himself, and, with a young gentleman's usual sensitiveness on this subject, I think he took it as a saucy imitation, a piece of impudence. For a moment he almost glared at poor Tom, when another voice blurted out, "A couple more under the handkerchiefs!"

"Take them down!" thundered he, turning upon us

We did so, and were greeted with another roar.

But Mr. Redway recovered his humor in a moment, and, turning to one of the little boys, said pleasantly, though still with a slight gleam in his eye, "Johnny, run over to Mr. Needham's, next door, and borrow his razor and a piece of soap. These young gentlemen will have to shave. The class may be seated till we can get their mustaches off."

Now the best thing for us to have done then would have been to tell him frankly just how it was. But we were so flustered, scared, and withal so ashamed, that we stood mute as monkeys, our black lips helping the simile.

"Come out here!" said he. We followed him into the floor. "Take off your jackets!" We peeled.

"Now pin your handkerchiefs about each other's necks, towel fashion."

We performed this office for each other, in a dreadfully clumsy way, eliciting fresh outbursts from the whole school, which now sat agape with merriment. By this time Johnny had got back with Mr. Needham's razor and lather-box.

The master went along to the pail and poured some water into the box, which he set on the table. Next he seated me in his chair, barber fashion, and had me put my heels up on the stove. This done, he retired to the back seat and bade Harry shave me after the most approved style, with the remark that he would teach us *barbering*, if nothing else.

"Lather him and shave him well," was the order, as he went up the aisle, leaving us alone in the floor.

It took a second command to drive Harry into it. And then, O, how lingeringly awkward and slow he went about it! How silly he looked, as he smeared the lather over my face! And how his hands trembled and shook about as he *diddered* the razor along my lip! And the *little chap* in the chair must have been a picture! You can imagine him! In short, I

leave the whole scene to your imagination. You can't overdo it. The master laughed till the tears ran down into his sandy mustache. And such guffaws, both bass and treble, as rose in the back seat! What the three little fellows who furnished the fun underwent Heaven only can know. I never had anything so knock the bottom out of my self-respect before nor since. To this day it makes me squirm and ejaculate, whenever I happen to think of it suddenly.

And when, after scraping off the lather, my lip still showed black as jet, how they laughed again! The master made Harry go over me a second time. Then I shaved him, and lastly he shaved Tom. That wound up the shaving part.

"Now," said the master, coming to the table, "go and wash off that ink."

"It is n't ink, sir," Harry ventured to say.

"What is it then?"

"I — I don't know what it is, sir."

"You don't know what it is? Where did you get it? Where did it come from?"

"New York, sir."

"New York! Have you got any more of it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Let me see it."

Harry went to his jacket, and, drawing from his breast pocket the yellow envelope, took out the package of "Compound," before the wondering school.

The master took it. "Oho!" he exclaimed. "A whisker preparation! Blacked your lips, did it? Served you right. Take a friend's advice: let Nature work. Now go wash it off."

"It won't come off, sir," said Harry.

"Won't come off?"

"No, sir. We 've tried it, hard."

"Let me try. Come here."

Thereupon he caught up the lather-box and soaped us again; then, getting out his handkerchief, gave our poor lips another most unmerciful scouring, going at it again and again, all the harder, when he saw he had n't started it. He did n't like to *give in* on it, but finally had to.

"Take your seats, you young scamps!" he cried out, at last, nearly exhausted with his useless toil. "Never saw such stuff! You 're marked, I guess, for one while."

We were marked in more senses than one. You know how, when a red ribbon is tied to a young rooster's neck, all the other roosters in the flock will run him down and give him no rest as long as it 's on him. That was our case at school for the next three or four weeks, till the stain wore off; and we often heard of it afterwards.

It 's almost needless to say that no mustache *came out*. The thing speaks for itself. "Professor Bouffet" rather played it on us. But it will be a long day before any of those New York leeches get us to bite again.

C. A. Stephens.

THE BARBER'S CARNIVAL.

IT was one of the last days of the Carnival. We were at the balcony of our house in Viareggio, — a small village on the coast of Italy, — watching the maskers as they passed beneath. These were very few in numbers, and, moreover, very stupid looking; the whole sight, in fact, was as dull as possible, and we were about retiring in disgust, when Tom Jones, an English friend of ours, burst out with, —

"Hullo! what 's that big thing a coming?"

The object which had excited his curiosity was an immense cart, drawn by oxen, which was just emerging from a stable near by. It was filled with maskers, foremost of whom was a small, dumpy fellow, whom we speedily recognized as the barber whose shop was just over the way. This individual was dressed up to caricature the Pope, in a huge pasteboard tiara and a flaming scarlet embroidered surplice. In one hand he held a pair of pasteboard keys, and in the other an immense hair-brush, with which he sprinkled holy water on the people below.

The advent of the wagon was hailed with delight by the young urchins in the street; but it was evident that the Catholicity of the older people was shocked at the proceedings. A large crowd soon flocked round, who by their excited gestures and low mutterings seemed to mean mischief. Most of the assistant maskers were seized with fear, and, jumping out of the car, were lost to sight. Not so his Holiness, who continued to sprinkle the people beneath, apparently quite unconscious of the storm he was raising, until one of the mob fired an apple which struck the tiara off his head, smashing it to atoms.

The barber, maddened with rage, turned towards the thrower, and, clenching his fist, showered a volley of oaths at him, out of all keeping with his assumed character. A shout of derision drowned his voice, and he was assailed on all sides by a perfect storm of rotten eggs, clods of mud, and stones. He was now fully alive to the situation. He whipped up his lowing steeds and dashed round the first corner, the crowd following in hot pursuit. We could still hear the rattling of the missiles and the scoffs and jeers of the populace. Then, all of a sudden, a long, loud shout of triumphant malice was raised. I could contain myself no longer.

"Let 's go and see what they 're up to!" I cried to Tom, and, without another word, we rushed down stairs into the street, and were round the corner in a second. We found that the cart had been overturned by the frantic mob, who were now fast hurrying from the scene, bearing the barber in their midst.

We followed, curious to see what would take place. At last they stopped in front of a large stagnant pond. Then two stalwart fellows, taking hold of the unhappy barber, in spite of his entreaties, promises, and menaces, threw him bodily into the

water. He sank, and several seconds elapsed ere he rose again to the surface, blowing like a porpoise.

"P-p-p-per *Baa-a*-cco!" he blubbered, endeavoring to swim ashore.

But the populace had n't done with him yet. With loud execrations they drove him from the bank, and showered stones upon his head. Whether they meant to drown him or not I can't say; but there were some ugly-looking fellows among them, who seemed up to anything.

Their victim was certainly pretty far gone when some one bawled out from the outskirts of the crowd, "Police! here come the police!"

The way that assembly dispersed was magical; and when the officers of the law reached the spot, they only found the poor little barber, extended upon the ground in utter exhaustion.

He was conveyed to his house "a sadder and a wiser man," and I have good authority for stating that he never played Pope again.

CAMDEN, N. J. *W. S. Walsh.*

HOW ANNIE AND TOMMIE "PLAYED CHRISTMAS."

CHRISTMAS and New Year with their fun and frolic were over, and the last of our holiday visitors had left for their country homes.

I found on waking one morning that Old Winter, in a spiteful freak, had donned his snowy mantle, and had again set us all a-shiver by his icy touch. He knew very well that the little tender germs were swelling and swelling away down in the ground, and a day or two before, he might have seen the first round leaves of the March violet peeping from under the great, gnarled roots of the forest-trees. But the old fellow was jealous of a golden-haired lassie we all love, gentle Spring, and so he thought he would have revenge on *us*.

At least, so I judged him, as I sat in the front window watching the merry school-children hurry by, looking like so many little animated woollen bundles, with chubby "balmoral-stockinged" legs attached.

Presently, with a clatter of laughter, Annie and Tommie, my baby sister and brother, burst into the room. One glance showed that something unusual was "on the docket," so I pushed aside the curtains just a little, and enjoyed the entertainment from a "private box."

"Now shut the door, Tommie, and let 's have a nice time playing Christmas, — that 's a dear," and Annie gleefully rubbed her hands in joyous anticipation.

First, they rolled mamma's great easy-chair right up in front of the fire; then followed the sofa-cushions, and next papa's shawl from the rack in the hall.

"You must lie down here, Tommie, on our little bed, (it 's a nice little bed, is n't it?) and maybe Santa Claus will put something for you on this chair, — yes, on this one with a cane bottom. Shut your eyes *tight*. I 'll hide behind the book-case."

(Did any of "Our Young Folks" ever tell a "little one" to shut its eyes, and note the effect? Try it, if you have n't. Say "*tight*.")

"Why, Tommie, don't *squench* up your face so," said Annie, laughing. "You look like Cousin Bob, when he chewed up a whole crab-apple at one time."

"They 'll come open then; see if they don't," responded Tommie.

"O, you can shut them tight, without puckering up your fat face that way!"

Annie crept across the carpet, toward her little hanging book-shelves, on which she had stowed her stock of Christmas gifts, safe from Tommie's marauding fingers. She heard something stir. Tommie's eyes, true to his prophecy, had "come open," and he was taking advantage of that circumstance to peep up the chimney.

"O you naughty fellow, you're peeping! Santa Claus won't give a 'peeper' anything. Mamma said so. Go right out in the hall." Tommie vanished immediately. Annie would call him when Santa Claus left.

Climbing up on a chair, Annie took down from the shelves, first, a miniature china basket filled with *bonbons*. She looked hesitatingly at it a minute, but "stuck" to her resolution, and placed it, with her illustrated copy of "The Babes in the Wood," on the chair.

Tommie was in the room at the first call.

"And did he come, Sister Annie, sure enough? O dear, just see what pretties! I — I believe I'll taste some of these"; and, boy-like, Baby Tommie made a raid on the *bonbons*. "Take some, Annie; I 'spect Santa Tlaus had ter pay a quarter for these."

"O Tommie, but you have n't let me tell you what he said. He just nodded his head, *so*, and said, 'Tell little Tommie I bring him these because he gave his bright silver dollar that Uncle Seth gave him to poor ragged Charley. I love kind, good little boys,' and then, before I could call you to thank him, he was off."

"It is your time now. Go out, Sister Annie, and let 's see what you will get. He 'll go off."

"O, let 's play something else. Here is the bird-book all ready, red-birds, black-birds, blue-birds, yell — "

"No, no, no. Make haste, he is waiting now"; and, by a few manly tugs, he prevailed on Annie to go out.

Twice, thrice, Tommie's eager face peered out from behind the book-case. The slender hands of the Swiss clock on the mantle pointed to five, eight, ten minutes, and nothing yet.

Tap, tap, tap at the door. "Let me in now, Tommie," begged Annie.

"No," he said, running to the door, "I am coming out; I think he sees me. We 'll look in by and by, and see."

Now, for *my* part. Quickly I sped through the opposite door into my room. From a bureau drawer I took out a beautiful wax doll that I had bought a few days before for Annie's approaching birthday. I arranged its soft blond curls, and smoothed down the soft tulle dress, with its dainty lace trimmings. I then opened my writing-desk and pencilled on a card, "*To my dear little friend Annie.*" I had just time to get back to my "box," after placing the doll on the chair, when the door opened. Tommie came first. I can never forget the look that flashed over his face, when his eyes rested on the chair, and it would take a far more cunning pen than mine to picture Annie's surprise.

She has never, as yet, solved the mystery, and one day last week I overheard her telling Lottie Erwin and Jenny Roberts all about it. They were all three discussing over their doll boxes the individuality of Santa Claus, and Annie used this incident, as a "clincher" on her side of the argument, — that there are "make-believe Santa Clauses, and a sure-enough Santa Claus, too."

A wise little cranium hers.

"*Willie Wylde.*"

Tuskegee, Ala.

KNITTING-WORK.

LET others daintily tat and embroider, nor deign to look at my poorer knitting-work, — to me it is a source of great comfort, always varying its sympathy to suit the mood in which it may find me.

Sometimes I am glad; my heart throbs high with happiness; in every flower and blade of grass, in every tree that dips its leafy top in the blue of heaven, I see the impress of God's finger; in every brook and warble of the wild bird's song I hear the utterance of his voice. Then into the homely stocking I weave bright thoughts of a beautiful world. Nor is my confidence in vain. The wool twines itself lovingly about my fingers, and the needles in their cheerful, constant converse echo the thoughts in my mind.

Again clouds overshadow my life. It seems naught but "a long, a rough, a weary road." No flowers, no sunshine, no joy. The cold phantom, Memory, keeps grim watch over the graves in my heart. And O the dreary desolateness of *heart graves!* My unheeded knitting-work looks its silent reproach, as I take it in my hand, and the heated tears fall upon it. The wool grows softer under my saddened touch; the clash and clatter of the needles sink into a gentle whisper in their kindly efforts to console me, and as one by one in quick succession I note the stitches change their places, my brain becomes clearer, and the troubles on my heart seem to have fallen into the work.

Then quaint thoughts come clustering around the glistening needles. I see my work increase by the simple effort I make in placing the wool over the ends and drawing it through the stitches; relax my effort, and the work remains unchanged; continue the motion, but fail to use the wool, and still it is the same. While my hands are thus employed, my mind finds amusement in the semblance between the work and life. I remember that we cannot by our work *alone* form a truly beautiful character, but must constantly draw material from the Great Source, and then by our own hands it must be wrought into a symmetry and beauty pleasing to the Father.

But see! I have carelessly dropped a stitch. Half vaguely I watch it, forgetting that to save my work the wandering stitch should be at once reclaimed. At first the injury is very slight, — scarcely to be noticed, in fact; but it creeps stealthily adown, adown the work, until too late I find that my labor is almost lost because of the ugly streak my carelessness has made. I see in this an evil habit, scarcely perceptible at first, but slowly and surely stealing its way along, until a life is irrevocably marred that might otherwise have seemed perfect.

Anon I fall to making comparisons between the work and people I have seen. There are the coarse, unpleasant black or brown stocking people, from whom we instinctively turn aside, as they stalk along through life, savagely pushing everything before them, while they cry out from hearts void of any love save for self, "Life 's a *wofully* practical race, and you folks that stop to pluck flowers by the way will find the gate at the other end closed before *you!*" Then the blue and white yarn, "mixed" I think they call it; does it not carry you into the very midst of jolly, good-natured farm people by whom it is used so much? It does me, until I can almost see the gay family, rejoicing in the full possession of physical and moral health, gathered around the evening table, and with them can almost taste the yellow pumpkin-pies and nicely seasoned ginger-snaps.

The bright, gayly plaided work represents another class of people. These I fancy are mostly young girls. Gay, joyous creatures, who, though now and then surprised

into the knowledge that life is not all dreams and fancies, persist in never quarrelling with it, but laugh their way along, as merry as a June day. Capricious, dangerous creatures they may be, — and, like a skein of tangled yarn, the more we work at them the worse they may get, — yet withal so full of warmth and sunshine are they, making us so happy by their presence even while they torture us, that we can but love and take them to our hearts, almost wishing that the world were filled with just such beings.

And the pretty white knitting-work, — shawls and other articles of real artistic beauty, — even this passed over common wooden needles, stitch by stitch, and in every one invisible threads of genius and patience are cunningly interwoven. And this in its delicate beauty reminds me of persons not less pure, — characters that, save for the hard, unpliable needles of *discipline*, could never have been woven into the quiet, loving influence which falls like a dainty drapery about those who come within their charmed circle, winning the love and admiration of all.

Ah, this work of mine has suggested many a kindly thought to me ; and while I remember its consolations and cheerful chats, while reverence lives in my heart for the dear old grandmother who first guided my childish hands into its mysteries, never will I forsake my knitting-work.

Genie M. Wilde.

Dubuque, Iowa.

A TRIP TO VERSAILLES.

We were spending the warm, summer-like month of May in Paris, and, after seeing the most attractive sights of that great metropolis, were looking about for a pleasant day's excursion into the country. We fixed upon Versailles, with its beautiful old palace, the former home of the unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, and her royal spouse, who exchanged all this magnificence for a dreary prison.

We left Paris in the morning, and, after a lovely half-hour's ride in the cars, arrived at our destination. We were soon in a dilapidated old omnibus, slowly moving over the rough stones to the western end of the town, where the old palace gardens lie. We drew up at a very handsome gate, guarded by French soldiers, who, in their gay red and blue uniforms, stood at a respectful distance, as we passed through and found ourselves in an open court, with the palace on three sides of us. Taking no notice of the guides, who at the moment of our entrance had surrounded us, we began at once to examine the buildings.

The outside of the palace is not at all imposing. The wings are of homely red brick ; while the main structure is built of some kind of light-colored stone, richly sculptured, and has quite an elegant appearance. We proceeded at once to the north wing, and, with a number of other ladies and gentlemen, were shown into a little office, where our canes, umbrellas, etc. were taken from us, to be kept till our return.

We then started for the grounds, and, though papa had been there before, we found it necessary to take a guide, for it would be very easy for strangers to lose themselves in the labyrinth of long avenues that cross and recross each other at all angles. He led us along a passage through the building, and out upon a broad, marble-paved terrace, from which we obtained a lovely view. We descended a flight of steps to the edge of a very large basin, where there was a group of marble

mermaids holding up shells, out of which the water came splashing down into their laughing faces, and flying in sparkling spray around them.

There are a great many box-trees in the garden, that have been growing for hundreds of years, and are now from ten to fifteen feet high, — the greatest size they ever attain, I believe. These are cut into all manner of queer shapes, and contrast oddly with the beautiful majestic elms and poplars that grow beside them.

We walked down the avenue that runs through from the fountain, to another a quarter of a mile distant, with a velvety lawn between, that made me think of croquet immediately. We walked, I should think, for over two hours, through the most beautiful avenues, arched overhead by the boughs of grand old trees, and past many very beautiful fountains ; then, returning to the palace, and resting awhile in an antechamber, we entered the almost endless gallery of paintings.

Most of the pictures were so fine that we wanted to stop and examine them closely, but our time would not allow of that, and we were obliged to hurry through the last few rooms much more quickly than we wished, although our eyes ached with looking at brilliant things.

We had not yet visited the little palace, or, as it is called, the Petit Trianon ; so we set out again through the park, in another direction, and soon arrived there. It is a very pretty building, only one story high, and in the shape of a half-circle, so that all the rooms look out on the back and front. The guide took us in, and we walked through a long suite of apartments, all of them beautifully furnished, and fitted up according to the style of Louis XIV. Marie Antoinette lived here much of the time ; and it seemed to us a great deal more homelike than most of the palaces we had seen. Her bed and dressing-rooms have been preserved very nearly as she left them, and all the little ornaments and knick-knacks still remain undisturbed. Several handsome rooms have been fitted up in modern style, and are used for the reception of royal guests, who sometimes visit Versailles. Not long before we were there, the Prince of Wales, we were told, had dined in the very room in which we were then standing.

The sun was very near setting when we emerged from the Trianon, and took our way over a grassy lawn, toward the royal carriage-house, where all the old state coaches and sedan-chairs are kept. There were five cumbrous state carriages, lined inside with bright-colored satins, now faded and worn, and heavy with gilded carving without. There were also several sedan-chairs, one of which had been used by Marie Antoinette.

When we had seen the carriages, we went out and looked about us. It was a beautiful view, but we were very, very tired, and I am afraid did not appreciate it. Before us lay a long velvety slope, dotted with beautiful trees and statues, and intersected with smoothly gravelled walks. Above all, just in sight at the top of the hill, stood the palace we wished to reach. It seemed to me to be smiling derisively, and daring us to get there ; for a long walk, even over smooth paths, and under swaying, whispering elms at twilight, was not a very delightful prospect to us, weary belated travellers, who expected to lose the train, and be obliged to spend the night in a strange hotel.

It was nearly six o'clock, and the train we had intended to take was to start at half past, which left us very little time to get back to the station, — for it was over two miles, and nothing to carry us but our unwilling feet, which had nearly given out already ; but it was necessary, and so we started for the top of the hill. When we were about half-way up, we saw a cab dimly defined in the distance, and all

seemed to feel a sudden impulse, for off we started on a run, determined to overtake the retiring vehicle. It stopped, — O, how glad we were! We hastened our steps, calling and gesticulating. The driver evidently saw us, and understood our motions, for he turned around and shouted, "*Bien!*" which means, all right.

He helped us into the carriage, where we lounged and rested till arriving at the station. We found the train on the point of starting, and had only time to jump into a car, when the whistle sounded and we were off.

Julia Metcalf, age 14.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

HOW ARTHUR RAN AWAY.

Arthur was a sturdy little fellow, about five years old, with hair like sunlight on a French marigold, and a little freckled face, that was a very pleasant face, too, when it did not happen to have a shade of discontent on it, as it did just now.

Arthur was giving his opinion quite freely to the great yellow cat, who sat perched on the gate-post, eying him with no very loving glances. *You* don't remember, but doubtless kitty did, the innumerable times when Arthur had tied the string of "bell-peppers" round her neck, and left her to sneeze her unoffending head off at her leisure; nor the time he tied her to the vestry-door by the tail, and she favored the company assembled at a Methodist watch-meeting, with dismal howls in varied keys.

Well, as Arthur told his troubles to his feline friend, she listened with grave attention, though a close observer might have detected an expression of latent malice in the small green disc of her eye.

"I don't see why great big fellows, five years old, that dress their own selves, ought to be sent down town for a dozen pearl buttons, every time Miss Scissors comes. Mother never gives me a chocolate-drop when I get back, eiver, and Miss Ellis always does, and — "

Here his eye fell on a tall, angular figure, stalking down the lane, enveloped in an unusually gaudy Bay State shawl, and carrying a few necessary articles, such as a parasol, a bundle of patterns, a reticule, an extra shawl, etc.

"Mother Marden, you don't mean Miss Cilicia is coming here again?"

"Yes, she is," was the reply from within, "and I want you — " *What* she wanted Arthur did not stop to see, but darted up the lane, as if grizzly bears were in hot pursuit.

He finally stopped before a large old-fashioned house, with lavender, heath, and sweet-williams growing within the white palings, and — yes, a fair young lady just stepping out of the door. It was his Sunday-school teacher.

"Why, Artie," — and Miss Ellis stooped for a kiss, — "what brings my little boy up here at eight o'clock in the morning?"

"O, I do' know! nothing particular, I guess," said Arthur, indifferently. "I should n't wonder, eiver, if I had run away."

"Run away!" and the blue eyes grew sober. "Why, Artie! But I suppose you mean you are going right back?"

"O no," said Artie, disdainfully, "that would n't be running away at all! I sha' n't go home till to-morrow, anyhow, and *perhaps* I sha' n't for sixteen years!"

Miss Ellis smiled, but only said, "If you will come with me, Artie, I 'll show you

a sad little sight, that is very different from your nice, pleasant home. The little boy we are going to see has never walked in his life; his mother is dead, and he lies all alone in his room, while his father is at work. I have been to see him very often, and have read to him, and taken flowers to him; but I am afraid I shall never do that any more."

They went into a dark, dirty street, known as "Rag Alley," and stopped before a house equally dark and dirty, but into which a ray of light had fallen, four years before.

In a small room on a low bed lay a little creature, strangely bent and twisted, but with a face so sweet and touching in its beauty, that Arthur held his breath. The great, wonderful blue eyes had a light more of heaven than earth; the white forehead, where the blue veins showed plainly, was shaded by long curls of pale gold-color. The face, with its look of patient suffering, brightened as Miss Ellis entered, and a little thin hand was held out to her.

"I 'm so glad you have come!" he said, with a little sigh. "What little boy is that?"

"It 's little Arthur, Teddy," said Miss Ellis; "he has come to see you, because he is so sorry you are sick."

"I am glad you are well, little boy," said Teddy, gravely. "Is father there?"

A bundle of rags, with a gray head above, rose from its kneeling position at the foot of the bed, and came round to touch the little face with a tender, loving touch.

"How long has he been so, Dennis?" asked Miss Ellis.

"Since yesterday, mum," was the reply. "The docthur says he can only last a little while now, the little saint he is, father's poor little patient saint!"

There were tears in his eyes, but he knelt down by the bedside, drawing his rough coat-sleeve across his face.

"Little Teddy," asked Miss Ellis, bending down, "do you suffer much now?"

"Not much, ma'am; I am only tired now. I guess I shall sleep soon."

Yes, little Teddy, the sleep is almost here. The little life of pain and deformity will soon become "one grand, sweet song," the song of redemption.

"Teddy, could you say a little prayer after me?"

"I 'll say anything after you, 'cause I know 't will be so good, ma'am," and the little clear voice repeated slowly: —

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Arthur, gazing through his tears, saw a wondrous change upon the little face.

Teddy lifted his hand with a listening look. "Don't you hear de boofer moosic?" And after a minute, "De boofer moosic, and de pitty light, shinin' for Teddy!"

Yes, the "boofer light" had shone out for little Teddy, and would shine on him forevermore.

After a while a little child walked into Mrs. Marden's kitchen, and threw himself on her neck.

"O mamma, I was going to run away, and not come back for twenty-five years, and I went down to see little Teddy, and he never walked in his life, and had n't any mother, and he is dead, and O mamma, mamma, don't you want some pearl buttons?"

Winogene, age 15.

ENIGMAS.

No. 27.

I am composed of 3 letters.
My *first* is in seek, but not in find.
My *next* is in wheat, but not in bind.
My *last* is in valley, but not in dell.
My *whole* makes some sick and others well.

Raleigh.

No. 28.

I am composed of 5 letters.
My *first* is in sport, but not in fun.
My *second* is in rifle, but not in gun.
My *third* is in lace, but not in silk.
My *fourth* is in cream, but not in milk.
My *fifth* is in fish, but not in meat.
My *whole* is something delicious to eat.

Addie V. K., age 11.

No. 29.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My *first* is in sing, but not in talk.
My *second* 's in trot, but not in walk.
My *third* is in many, but not in few.
My *fourth* is in me, but not in you.
My *fifth* is in soup, but not in stew.
My *sixth* is in cut, but not in hew.
My *seventh* is in youth, but not in age.
My *eighth* is in leaf, but not in page.
My *ninth* is in left, but not in right.
My *tenth* is in darkness, but not in light.
My *eleventh* 's in creep, but not in run.
My *twelfth* is in pistol, but not in gun.
My *thirteenth* 's in tight, but not in loose.
My *fourteenth* 's in sailing, but not in cruise.
My *fifteenth* 's in college, but not in academic.
My *whole* is a popular epidemic.

Will. & Vint.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 30.

My 1st adorns the outside of a letter.
My 2d drinks rum, when water would be better.
My 3d, a fruit much used for making pies.
My 4th ice does before our very eyes.
My 5th prints books of every sort and size.

L. B. H.

No. 31.

GEOGRAPHICAL SQUARE.

The diagonals of the square are two cities of Europe.

1. A city of Europe.
2. A city of Europe.
3. A city of Europe.
4. A city of Europe.
5. A sound of North America.

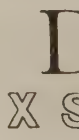
Adam Ant.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 32.

Willie S.

No. 33.



C. Clinton.

No. 34.

Willie S.

BURIED CITIES IN THE WEST.

No. 35.

1. We appeal to nothing but your charities.
2. You have lost hope! or I am mistaken.
3. Harry yields the palm this day to none in skating.
4. Who was Galen? A noted physician of ancient time.
5. The innocent man was taken — O shame! — to prison.
6. A good jockey will win on a fast horse.
7. The frightened Georgian faltered, "Take, O Kuklux, all my goods!"
8. The wounds of rankling insults remained in her soul.
9. The nomad is on his fiery steed.
10. A drunkard is bent on his own ruin.

H. T. C.

SOME NOTED CLERGYMEN.

No. 36.

1. Weighs the most.
2. Comparatively speaking, wooden.
3. Finished.
4. A hard case.
5. Ship's place of safety.
6. A young lady described.
7. Rarely sees daylight.
8. The most windy.
9. A coal-miner.
10. A peripatetic.
11. 500 and a funny fellow.

Layman.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS. — No 37.

C. Clinton.

PLANTED FLOWERS. — No. 38.

1. Plant a broken heart, what will come up?
2. Plant John Rogers and another like him, and what will come up?
3. Plant sheep, and what will come up?
4. Plant the bride of Lammermoor, what will come up?
5. Plant the sun, and *how* will it come up?
6. Plant a lady of uncertain age at a ball, what will come up?

Grace W.

BURIED BIRDS. — No. 39.

1. I once put up with a host rich in goodness, as well as abundance.
2. How much awkwardness some people display when a little excited!
3. The "Sea Glen" is the name of my brother's boat.
4. Which of the three national cemeteries is the largest, Arlington, Chattanooga, or Gettysburg?
5. How can a rye-field be made most productive?
6. Charles, are you fond of bacon? Dorman says you are.
7. I saw in Susan's box a gold pen, guinea, scissors, and a crochet-needle.
8. George Gaspar rowed his boat across the Ohio in fifteen minutes.
9. The Great Mogul lives in Delhi.
10. Excuse the rhyme just for this time.
    Whom to expel I cannot tell.
11. The annual pew-renting is an occasion of much interest in many churches.
12. I saw a pedlar knock three times before the door was opened.
13. Pigs wallow in mire, and enjoy it.
14. How long will it take to exhume all these birds?
15. This will do very well for the first time.

"*Jay Bee Aye.*"

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 40.

Why is this rebus liable to be arrested?

AN EVENING PARTY.—No. 41.

(HIDDEN GUESTS.)

1. I told him I wanted garden seeds.
2. That day was well ended.
3. He showed considerable rancor and spite.
4. We ran to the bridge to cross quickly.
5. If elixirs are useful, I will consent to them.
6. He plays the piano, bass-viol, and flute.
7. Take no step henceforth without consulting me.
8. You have no idea of the odor and beauty of that rose.
9. Do you fancy rustic scenery or city streets?
10. Call me when you will, I am ready.
11. 'T was the best her house afforded.
12. Books, mainly diaries and almanacs, covered the table.
13. 'T is easily answered, it has but one objection.
14. She is not a bit happier than before.
15. I had a dream as on a summer night I slept.

Ada Mason.

Zenio.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—No. 42.

1. The hero of Homer's Iliad.
2. Spirits who presided over the birth and life of men.
3. The hero of Virgil's Æneid.
4. One of the Gorgons.
5. A queen of the Amazons who was one of the Gorgons.
6. A king of Crete.
7. The goddess of night.
8. A king of Thebes, who solved the riddle of the Sphinx.
9. The goddess of vengeance.

The initials of the answers form the name of the commander-in-chief of the Grecian army at the siege of Troy.

"Bouncing Bet," age 12.

ANSWERS

15. Turkey in Europe (U rope).
16. Grass-hopper.
17. Last night between 8 and 9 o'clock two fellows in Cambridge ate 62 codfish balls.
[(Last) (knight *between* 8 *and* 9) (oak lock) (two felloes) (in)(k aim bridge) (8)(60 two) (codfish) (balls)]
18. 1. Scar, cars. 2. Stable, bleats. 3. Spool, loops. 4. Pills, spill.
19. 1. Atlanta. 2. Canton. 3. Paris. 4. Ghent. 5. Preston. 6. Manilla. 7. Bogota.
20. Jack Hazard.
21. Alcohol.
22. Axle.
23.

P	O	S	T	A	L
	O	R	N	A	T	E
	S	N	O	U	T	S
	T	A	U	R	U	S
	A	T	T	U	N	E
	L	E	S	S	E	R

24. 1. Forget-me-not. 2. Four-o'clock. 3. Hollyhock. 4. Mourning bride. 5. Bachelor's buttons. 6. Sage.
25. Think twice before you speak.
[(Th *in* K *twice*) *before* (yew)(s peak.)]
26. A tea (*T*) party.

OUR magazine went to press earlier than usual last month, and we were consequently unable to give in it the following answers to questions which appeared in our January "Letter Box."

CAMDEN, N. J., Dec. 26, 1871.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I send an answer to the first question asked by "A Scholar," which I hope will be found satisfactory.

The most powerful king of England could not be either one of its ancient or recent kings. The feudal system of ancient times was as great a restraint on royal authority as in more modern times was the popular spirit of liberty. We will, therefore, find the most powerful king of England living at the interval between the abolition of the feudal system and the first serious signs of a spirit of independence among the people. That king was most certainly Henry VIII. It was not till the reign of his father Henry VII. that the feudal system came virtually to an end, the slaughter of the nobles in the Wars of the Roses rendering its abolition easy, nor did the people become insubordinate in a troublesome way until the reign of James I.

Henry VIII. was the most powerful of England's monarchs both at home and abroad. At home, he pillaged convents, bullied Parliament, burned and beheaded whoever he wished to get rid of (including a couple of wives), and had his own way generally. John in ancient and James II. in modern times, both monarchs far less tyrannical than Henry, were deposed by their subjects, who would not submit to their tyranny. The former was deposed by the nobles, the other by the commoners. Henry VIII. feared neither, and oppressed both alike.

Abroad, no king of England was more powerful than he was. He held the balance between the two mighty monarchs, Charles V. and Francis I., and both feared and flattered him. At no time were the English soldiers in better condition for fighting their foes. The bravest veterans of France lost heart before them, and fled without an effort to withstand them, at the Battle of the Spurs, — so called from this precipitate flight.

The establishment of the Reformation in England is the principal event by which the reign of Henry VIII. is distinguished.

It was distinguished by other events, such as the Battle of Flodden Hill, the Battle of the Spurs, the celebrated meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and last, though not least, by the introduction of carrots and turnips and some other eatable roots into England. Various men who have become famous also distinguished this reign, such as Sir Thomas More, Cardinal Wolsey, Cranmer, the Earl of Surrey, who gained the battle of Flodden Hill, and others.

Yours respectfully,

R. MOYLAN WALSH, JR.

Dollie S. considers Queen Elizabeth the most powerful sovereign, but Henry VII. the most powerful king that ever reigned over England; and says in answer to "A Scholar's" second question: 'No one knows who invented the magnetic needle; it was used in China a thousand years ago, but the Mariner's Compass was first used by the Venetians or the Genoese in the fourteenth century."

Stella Price says Henry VIII.; but agrees with Dollie in her answer to the second question.

"*Sammy*" names Richard I. and Edward III. as the two most powerful kings. He also answers G.'s question regarding the magnetic needle: "If a magnetic needle were placed on the north pole, it would point to the north *magnetic* pole of the earth. If it were placed on the *magnetic* pole, it would point in any desired direction whatever. The magnetic dipping needle would on the real pole point to the magnetic pole; on the magnetic pole it would point directly down to the centre of the earth. The magnetic pole north is in Hudson's Bay. The one south is south of Tasmania."

"*Inquirer*" writes, in answer to the latter question: "The best information up to this time is that the north pole, instead of being (as has been supposed) a frozen region, is a warm open sea with perhaps a large continent in its centre. . . . . Dr. Kane found that after he entered the extreme cold of the Arctic Circle the needle seemed to lose its power, sometimes dipping one way, then another, and in some instances to spin round. . . . . It is a known fact that the needle on the same spot on the land or water points only

twice a year in precisely the same direction, there being at all other times a slight and sometimes a greater variation. . . . . Therefore," he concludes, "our young friend, will have to wait some time yet for a correct answer; there may be a great many surmises or suggestions, but the true solution of the question is not yet."

"*Meg Merrilies*" gives the following explanation of the phrase, "showing the white feather," without, however, vouching for its authenticity: "The white feathers of the ostrich are generally concealed under its wings. When it runs from an enemy, however, and uses its wings to increase its speed, the white feathers are exposed. Hence the expression 'showing the white feather' has been applied to cowardice."

Allie W. Wheeler quotes, on the same subject, the following from Webster's Dictionary: "*To show the white feather;* to give indications of cowardice; a phrase borrowed from the cockpit, where a white feather in the tail of a cock is considered a token that he is not of the true game breed."

This is very probably the origin of the phrase. And here let us say that, although we like to have our readers send good and pertinent questions to the "Letter Box," they should always before doing so be sure that the proper answers to them are not to be found in such dictionaries and books of reference as they may have at hand.

We have received several answers to E. B. M.'s question regarding postage-stamps. B. W. Leavell (age 14) says: "The idea of stamped paper originated about 1653, in France, with M. de Velayer, who established a private post, placing boxes on the corners of the street, as our mail-boxes of the present day, and placing therein the letters sealed by means of pieces of stamped paper fastened around them; but this was not well patronized, and, consequently, was soon disused."

Similar unsuccessful attempts were afterwards made in France and other countries. . . . . "But we are indebted to Rowland Hill for the postal reform, which was introduced by him into the British Parliament in 1837, and which proposed that letters should be prepaid by means of stamped covers or envelopes. It was adopted, and put into operation May 6, 1840. After the scheme was fully matured in England, it passed into general use throughout the civilized nations of the globe."

Thomas Robins writes: "England was the first to issue stamps in 1840. After her the nations come in the following order: Brazil, 1843; Russia, 1847; United States, 1847; France, 1849; Bavaria, 1849; Prussia, 1850; Austria, 1850. These nations are only a few of the number of those who now issue postage-stamps. If E. B. M. will look in Kline's 'Postage-Stamp Album,' he can find all he desires in the way of postage-stamp information."

Answered also at length by W. E. Leonard, and by Alice B. B. (age 11), Frank E. Webb, R. R. Upjohn, and Mamie H. Brittain.

"*Sammy*" writes thus in reply to a previous question as to the best book in the English language: "The best book in English literature is hard to find. I will mention a few good ones; none is the best. Addison is the finest in the way of ease and perfect grace. Swift excels in rough vigor. Johnson, who has many faults, is celebrated for his finely turned long sentences. It is said his Rasselas is unmatched, and any one on reading it feels a regular flow of beautiful and refined thought. The English Bible is the type of our *pure* language, unmixed with Latin and Greek. It is the very best monument the Anglo-Saxon race can have. Shakespeare was the best tragic author of all ages. Spenser's Faerie Queene is universally admired. The three books most read in our language are the Bible, Shakespeare, and Pilgrim's Progress. But, out of our language, to pick the best book is absolutely impossible."

OHIO, ILLINOIS, December 23, 1871.

DEAR SIRS: The insects described by H. S. in the January number of "Our Young Folks" are not beetles, but are classed by scientific men as "mites," and are placed in the same group with itch mites and ticks. They are parasitic upon many beetles that frequent carrion and manure. Inserting their beaks between the horny plates of the beetle's armor, they retain their hold with as great tenacity, according to their size, as do their large relatives upon sheep and cattle.

Often after dislodging them, I have removed their victim, when they would run frantically to and fro, as though their lives depended upon regaining their former position. If unsuccessful they would soon hide away; perhaps to lie in ambush for the next beetle that passed near them.

Similar parasitic mites are common upon European beetles; particularly upon the different species of *Necrophorus* and *Geotrupes*, the same families that are subject to their attacks here.

Entomologists have never given much attention to these minute insects, and but little is known concerning them.

Yours truly,

G. M. DODGE.

P. S. There is probably no difference between Illinois and Kansas prairie-chickens. I have commonly found from twelve to fourteen eggs in each nest, and they are of a dusky white color There are often two or three quails' eggs among the others, but, so far as I have observed, these soon get broken

An average egg measures four and one half inches in circumference longitudinally, and four inches transversely, around the bulge or largest part. Each one can apply these measurements for himself, and determine whether a prairie-chicken's egg is one third or one half as large as that oft quoted "common hen's egg."

G. M. D.

Recent Books. — We trust that our readers in quest of new books watch carefully the lists which appear in our advertising sheets. Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. are constantly issuing new and attractive volumes, of interest and value for old and young. Messrs. Lee & Shepard bring out almost every day some novelty delightful to the eyes of boys and girls; witness "Among the Brigands," a racy, rattling book of adventure by Professor DeMille; "The Turning Wheel," another of Paul Cobden's Beckoning Series; "The Doctor's Daughter," a charming story by Sophie May, and another of the "Little Prudy's Flyaway Series," by the same author; "The Sophomores of Radcliff," by Elijah Kellogg; two new books by the ever popular "Oliver Optic"; and more of the same sort than we have space to mention. We must, however, speak particularly of "Singular Creatures," by Mrs. George Cupples, a book of entertaining Scottish stories of chickens, ducks, cats, dogs, birds, monkeys, and people. All these volumes are illustrated.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., London, publish a "Tiny Library" for young children, two volumes of which we have seen, and of which we can truly say that they contain as sweet and simple little stories and pictures as we have ever met with in *little* books of this class.

Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. have begun a new series of their very popular "Wonder Library," with "The Wonders of Water," a book full of interest and instruction, well illustrated. In the outward style of the volumes, the new series is a great improvement on the old.

"Cloud Pictures" is the fanciful title of a very elegant volume, containing two imaginative tales, — "The Exile of Von Adelstein's Soul" and "Topankalon," — and two sketches, — "Herr Regenbogen's Concert" and "A Great Organ Prelude," — written by Mr. F. H. Underwood and published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. The tales are ingeniously constructed, and have a moral significance, which does not, however, interfere with the interest which attaches to them as stories. The sketches will have an especial charm for persons of musical culture and enthusiasm.

Among Messrs. Lee & Shepard's books for both old and young, we ought also to mention "Ruby Duke," by Mrs. H. K. Potwin, — a pleasantly written and interesting novel, with an excellent moral; and a new volume of "Public and Parlor Readings," by Professor L. B. Monroe, whose first volume of "Humorous Selections" was so favorably received about a year ago.

"*Our Young Contributors.*" The first article on our list this month is a little "true story" of "*How Bennie caught the Chicken-Pox*," by Betsey Pringle. *Almost* rejected at first because of its length, we have concluded to accept it because it is so charmingly natural. When the writer comes to see it in print, if she will then compare it with the original copy, she may learn a useful lesson in *condensation*. "*I'se doin' for Blackberries*," by C. D. B., and "*Our Aquarium*," by "Petite," are also accepted.

Next in order is a pretty little poem, breathing a tender sentiment, — "*What Name?*" to which we can accord only *honorable mention*, since the writer, though evidently a young person, has neglected to give her age, as she should have done, — not necessarily for publication, but for the satisfaction of the editors. "*Our Christmas Tree*," by Mary Howard, is pleasantly written, but it comes rather late for the season, and the writer gives neither her age nor address. "*A Visit to Harpers' Establishment*," by F. E. D., "*The Cabin by the Brook*," by Charles S. French, "*My Visit to a Coal-mine*," "*Charity covers a Multitude of Sins*" (writer's age not given), "*Cloud Visions*," by A. E. M., are all good enough to print if we had room for them. "*The Stolen Child*," by Hermine W., is remarkably well composed for a child of twelve years, but the idea of the story is not fresh. "*Birds*," by Helen Lloyd (age 11), is also a very creditable little essay.

And here are two rather musical little poems, "*The Song of the Snow-Flakes*," by Hannah Ashbridge, and "*Rain*," by Allie de May. We give a specimen stanza from the latter: —

> "Rain, rain, rain,
> Autumn rain!
> Weeping o'er the leaves so sere,
> Fallen leaflets brown and drear;
> Thus the heart of Nature grieves
> For the yellow withered leaves,
> Giving thee thy sad refrain,
> Weary, dreary autumn rain."

"*Honey Bees*," pretty in thought and true in feeling, has the same fault of versification — a certain unevenness of movement — which we have pointed out in previous pieces by the same writer.

"*A California Lion*" is more interesting in subject than in style.

"*A Day's Ride*" is funny, but not so funny as a previous contribution by the same writer, which it much resembles.

"*Evening*" shows more skill at versifying than good taste in the employment of epithets. Take for example the first stanza: —

"Evening shades are softly falling
On the farmhouse old and gray;
And the cow-boy's lusty calling
To his cows at close of day,
While the cattle answer *bawling*,
Seem but murmurs far away."

Here the word *bawling*, evidently used for the sake of the rhyme, has a ludicrous effect; and we may add that *seem* in the last line, a verb in the plural number, has no grammatical antecedent except "the cow-boy's lusty *calling*," which is singular.

"*A Wayside Picture*" is a pretty picture indeed, but the verses are broken and irregular.

"*A Fourth-of-July's Amusement*," — rather rambling and not so very amusing.

Clara F. W. inquires: 1. Who was the Vicar of Bray, mentioned in "Guy Mannering"? Scott says of the lairds of Ellangowan: "They reversed the conduct of the celebrated Vicar of Bray, and adhered as tenaciously to the weaker side as that worthy divine to the stronger."

2. Why do persons speak of the English language as "the King's English"?

3. Can you tell me whether Lord Dundreary was a real personage, or an ideal character in some book or play? I have read so many allusions to his lordship, I am anxious to obtain some account of him.

4. How did the expression "Simon Pure" originate? A Northern lady told me that Simon Pure was an eccentric man who lived in a town in Connecticut, and gave me some unsatisfactory reason for his name being used as it now is. I hope some one *can* enlighten me.

Answers. 1. The celebrated Vicar of Bray is first mentioned by Thomas Fuller, an English historian (*born* 1606, *died* 1661), who says that he lived under Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, and changed his religion with every reign, being first a Papist, then a Protestant, then a Papist again, and finally a Protestant for the second time, but true throughout to one cardinal principle, which was to live and die Vicar of Bray. The name of this consistent parson is given as Simon Alleyn or Allen, and he is said to have held the vicarage from 1533 to 1558. But Ray (a celebrated naturalist and miscellaneous writer, *born* 1627, *died* 1705) gives his name as Symon Symonds, and says he was vicar from 1540 to 1558, being an Independent during Cromwell's Protectorate, a churchman under Charles II., a papist in the time of James II., and a moderate Protestant during the reign of William and Mary. A noted song entitled the "Vicar of Bray" makes him a subject of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, William, Anne, and George I., and not only a religious renegade, but a political one also. In none of these versions is the story entitled to credence, the testimony of the church records proving that no one person has ever held the living for so long a time as would be necessary to establish the truth of the statement. Bray, it may be added, is a town and parish about twelve miles southeast of Dublin.

2. The English language is colloquially and jocularly called "the King's English," because the King is invested with supreme power, and represents the paramount authority of the state or nation over all persons, institutions, and subjects within its jurisdiction.

3. The Northern lady who told you that Simon Pure was "an eccentric man who lived in a town in Connecticut" was egregiously mistaken. He is a purely fictitious character, — one of the *dramatis personæ* in Mrs. Centlivre's comedy entitled "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Another man in the same play passes himself off for a while as Simon Pure, but is at last discovered to be an impostor. Hence the expression "the real Simon Pure" has come to mean the right man, or the genuine article, according to its application.

4. Lord Dundreary is a character in "Our American Cousin," a play written by Tom Taylor. He is remarkable for his aristocratic pride and haughtiness, his sluggishness and poverty of intellect, the curious discontinuity of his conversation, and a habit he has of suspecting his friends to be insane whenever they do anything which is not to his liking, and the motive of which he does not happen to comprehend.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I have been wanting to write to you a long time, and I have such a funny story to tell you now! About two years ago last May I was living in Lowell, Mass., with some relations who kept hens. In the spring we set quite a number of hens, and when hatching-time came we found one of them had a tendency toward killing her chickens as they hatched; so we watched her and took them away as fast as we could. We got five alive and strong, and carried them into the house. We had a cat about that time that had a young kitten. When she saw the chickens she slyly took them one by one in her mouth and carried them to her barrel. There she lay down and nestled them, giving them a better place than her kitten. We let them stay, thinking she could keep them warm and comfortable. Once during the day we took them out doors and gave them some meal to pick at, but she came out and carried them back again. We then got an empty bird-cage, put them in it and fed them; the cat mewing for them all the time. We put them back in the barrel after they had eaten, and the cat stayed with them all the time except while eating her meals. That night one of the chickens tried to get under the cat as it would under a mother's wing, and was crushed to death. The next night another met with the

same fate. Not knowing what to do with them we gave them to a neighbor. The cat missed them as much as if they had been kittens. We had many chickens after that, and she would sit by the chicken-coop all day driving away any stray dog or cat that came near. She is now living, though quite old. Hoping this anecdote will afford some amusement for you, I am ever

Respectfully yours,

H. D. GODING, *age* 12.

35 Third St., New Bedford, Mass.

Mr. G. B. Bartlett sends us these directions for playing the new English game of Cartoons: —

Each player draws on the upper portion of a sheet of paper a rough sketch in illustration of some line of poetry, well-known proverb, or historical fact. The true description of the picture is then written at the bottom of the page and turned over so that it cannot be read. The papers when finished are passed to each player in turn, who writes at the lower part of the page next to the part which is turned down his idea of what the picture is supposed to illustrate. When the views of each player have thus been expressed, the papers are all unfolded and read by one person. The various ideas which the drawing suggests to the minds of the players give much amusement and instruction to them all.

For example: —

The answer to this is: "When the cat 's away the mice will play."

Here is another not quite so easy, which we will leave our correspondents to answer: —

Alice Thacher, in sending correct answers to several questions, takes occasion to say: "I admire Theodora's graphic sketches very much. But is the following sentence from 'Arkinsaw Sall' grammatically correct? 'A cadaverous-looking hound . . . . came crouching at the feet of Amizette and me.' Would it not be more correct, and in this case answer as well, to say 'came crouching at our feet'?"

It would certainly be more elegant, although Theodora's phrase cannot be pronounced incorrect.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I thank you heartily for the pleasure that your monthly entrance brings into our home, and that not only to the young members, but to all, from baby, who looks at the pictures, to grandma, who sits by and enjoys our enjoyment.

There is a game we play among ourselves, which, although I doubt not it is well known to many of your city contributors, may be new in the prairie homes, and which I will describe as well as I can.

It is called Verbarian, and may be played by any number. We select some long word (one containing several vowels is best), and, being provided with paper and pencils, try how many words may be formed from the letters, beginning with its first, then with the second letter, and so on, until each letter of the foundation word has been used, allowing three minutes to each letter. A watch should be laid near, and also a dictionary; the latter to prevent disputes as to the existence of words employed.

For example I will take the word Heart. H, — he, hart, hear, hat, etc.; E, — ear, eat, eh, etc.; R, — rat, rate, etc. As each letter is used, the words formed should be read off by one of the players; when all have a word, it counts nothing; when all but two, it counts two; or all but three, three. At the end of the game the counts are added, and the possessor of the largest number wins. Common abbreviations may be used. Strict attention should be given to the time, which renders the game much more exciting; we always use a three-

minute glass borrowed from the kitchen, by which the eggs are boiled.

Respectfully,

J. Lillie Demaray.

32 West 14th St., N. Y. City.

Jacksonville, Illinois, Jan. 25, 1872.

Dear "Young Folks": —

In answer to R. M. Walsh's question about chess in the February number: I find in Chambers's Encyclopædia, that to no one person can the origin of this most purely intellectual of all games be ascribed. It is certainly known that a game, essentially the same as modern chess, was played in Hindostan nearly five thousand years ago. From this country the game spread into Persia, and thence into Arabia. The Arabs, it would appear, introduced it into Spain and the rest of Western Europe; and in England, chess-play seems to have been known prior to the Norman Conquest. Into Constantinople, and probably some other cities of Eastern Europe, the game may have been imported from Persia at a period earlier than its Moorish conveyance into Spain.

The article in Chambers contains a great deal of valuable information and some good hints about playing, and could be consulted with advantage by the beginner.

"Adam Ant."

Answered also by "Rob," Ella Hinman, and Carrie Johnson.

A subscriber (whose address has been mislaid). The best biography of Dickens is undoubtedly that by his friend Forster; only one volume of which, however, has yet appeared. R. S. Mackenzie's Life of Dickens, published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia (1 vol., price $2.00), will probably suit you better than any other.

Philip Lindsley thinks we were wrong in our conjecture that Beatrice Cenci was the person referred to by Tennyson (in his "Dream of Fair Women") as one

> "who clasped in her last trance
> Her murdered father's head."

"I think," he says, "the person referred to is the daughter of that blameless man Thomas More, who had the misfortune to offend the tyrant Henry VIII. His head was set in a public place, whence it was removed by his daughter and preserved. She is the kind of person one would expect Mr. Tennyson to speak of in connection with

> 'Joan of Arc,
> A light of ancient France.'"

This seems a reasonable supposition; and yet we do not see how the words, "in her last trance," apply to More's heroic daughter any better than they do to Beatrice Cenci.

Dick. — We know of no work on birds' eggs and nests adapted to the vicinity of Baltimore. Samuels's "Ornithology and Oölogy of New England" would perhaps answer your purpose.

Percie. — No better or more interesting history of Scotland can be found than Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather. Burton's History of Scotland (in six volumes) is also an excellent work. For Ireland, read Thomas Moore's History of that country, and Goldwin Smith's "Irish History and Irish Church." All these books can be procured from the Boston Public Library.

The earliest and fullest lists of answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Ben W. Leavell, Ida Wendell, "Ed Ward," Rachel P. Gregory, and Cora D. Green. A number of correspondents sent in from one to three answers each.

The best versions of the picture story of "How Sammy went Coasting" were received from Ida Wendell, "Ivy," and Fred Herbert Johnson. Unfortunately we have no room left this month for either of them.

The Prize Puzzle. — The names of so many new subscribers have come in during the last two or three weeks, and so many are still coming, that we have concluded to extend the time allowed for answers to our January Prize Puzzle from February 15th to March 15th. Those who have already sent their answers can send new ones, if they like.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

Mary E. Brown, Warren, Warren County, Penn. (girl of 14; would like correspondence with girls of her own age; object, amusement and improvement).

Jeannie C. T., 875 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. (correspondents not under 15; miscellaneous subjects).

Inez Murray, No. 406 George St., Cincinnati, Ohio (correspondents not younger than 14, fond of reading and fun).

Walter L. Jones, Box 162, Piqua, Ohio.

Gertrude B., Box 109, Manistee, Mich.

Anita De Leo de Laguna (age 16), No. 930, Corner Union and Jones, San Francisco, Cal.

Kate L. Vernon (age 18), Box 1017, Oswego, N. Y.

Etna, 1719 Vine St., Phila., Pa. (age 15; sailing, dancing, skating, and fun).

Hattie Wilmot, P. O. Drawer 191, and *Zaidee M. Woodford*, P. O. Box 383, Poughkeepsie, N Y.

Douglas Burns, 41 Union Park, Boston, Mass. (correspondents between 14 and 16).

Charlie A. R., Box 180, Jersey City, N. J.

Emma A. Roberts, care Rev. B. S. Hurtt, 462 Chapel St., New Haven, Conn. (age 15; miscellaneous subjects).

May Wilmot, Lock Box 10, Wakefield, Mass. (age 19).

Viola Russell, Box 62, Euphemia, Ohio ("discussion of some of the questions which interest us all").

Jno. F. Carmichael, 1526 Wallace St., Phila., Pa. (wishes correspondents of 15 and 16; miscellaneous subjects).

Drawn by J. J. Harley.] THE "COURT" IN THE WOODS. [See "A Chance for Himself," Ch. XI.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "COURT" AND THE "VERDICT."

THEN at length the squire stood upon the legs he had been drawn out by, and found himself in the presence of the Huswick boys, the recognition and pleasure were mutual.

"You scoundrels!" he began, brushing the dirt from his clothes and hair.

"What are we scoundrels fer?" said Hank, the tall one, with a comical grin on his thin, sinewy features. "Fer snakin' ye out of the log?"

"If ye ain't satisfied, we can pack ye in agin," suggested Dock; but Peternot did not seem to take that view of the matter.

"How come ye in there, anyhow?" said Tug. "Was he murderin' on ye?"

"Yes! Where is the villain? He 's got my money!" And away limped the old man in pursuit of the youthful robber and assassin.

"Them melons!" whispered Tug.

"Can't help it now," muttered Dock. "Hank, I wish you 'd left the old fox in his hole!"

Guided by the sound of voices, and the sight of a head or two between

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the standing trunks, Peternot marched straight to the log behind which Jack was busy picking up his half-dollars. There were Cub and Hod watching him, while Lion watched them; there also were the stolen melons, — an interesting sight to the angry squire.

"Hullo, boys!" said Hank, leaning over the log, with one foot upon it, "where did them melons come from?"

"Do'no'," replied Cub. "They was here when we come, — wa' n't they, Hod?"

"Them melons come from my garden, and they come by your hands!" exclaimed Peternot. "I know it! and I 'll have ye up for trespassin', the hull coboodle of ye!"

"Look here, squire!" said Hank, "seems to me you 're a little mite hasty. You ought to know your friends better 'n all that. Where 'd you be now, if 't wa' n't for us? In that 'ere hole. And where 'll ye be agin in less 'n no time, if ye ain't plaguy careful? In that 'ere hole!"

"He says you was murderin' on him, Jack," observed Tug.

"That 's a likely story!" cried the excited Jack, who by this time had got his half-dollars all back into the basket again. "Could I put him into the log? He was *in* the log, — he was robbing *me*, — so I fastened him in and got away, — or I *should* have got away, if I had n't stumbled over you fellows. Now just help me home with this money, and I 'll pay you well."

"Help him at your peril!" said Peternot. Then, seeing the importance of securing such powerful allies, he added, "Maybe I was hasty, boys. Help *me* home with *my* money, and I 'll say nothin' about the melons."

"That 's fair, if it 's your money," said Hank. "Seems to be a dispute about it. Guess we 'll try the case. Come, now, — you fust, squire, — give in yer evidence whilst the court refreshes himself with a melon or two."

So saying, Hank coolly reached over and stuck his knife into a watermelon, which he proceeded to eat, sitting on the log. "Take holt, boys," he said, "this is lickin' good, — wonder whose patch it come from! Yours, did ye say, squire? Guess I shall have to pay ye a visit some time. No, no, Jack! set down that basket! ye can't leave the court with the damages 'fore the case is decided. Wal, seein' the old man hain't found his tongue yit, we 'll hear *your* testimony."

Peternot was, in fact, so choked with wrath at the sight of the five Huswick boys — for all the others had duly followed Hank's example — sitting comfortably on the log, regaling themselves with his melons, that he could not have spoken without doing his cause great injury; and thus it happened that Jack was first heard.

"Now put your hand on this watermelon an' swear 't you 'll tell the truth, the hull truth, and nothin' but the truth," said Hank, who had more than once seen the inside of a court-room — perhaps unwillingly; and he handed Jack a slice of melon, which the poor fellow took with a grin and ate. "Now answer me; an' don't ye try to tell too much; for though they alluz make a chap swear to tell the *hull* truth, they never let him, but shet his

mouth dumb quick if he goes to let out more 'n they ask fer. Now." (Hank took a bite of melon.) "What 's yer name?"

"Jack Hazard."

"Ockepation?"

"I work for Mr. Chatford."

"What did ye do 'fore that?" (Another bite.)

"I drove on the canal, for Captain Berrick."

"How did ye happen to leave him?"

"He flung me into the canal twice in one day, which I thought was once too often, and I run away from him."

"Poor boy?" (Hank dug into his melon again.)

"Yes; I never had anything, — I never had even a chance for myself till now."

"Take another slice," said Hank. "Now you 've got a chance for yourself?"

"I thought I had, — but this old man here comes down on me, and claims the money which I found in that hollow log." And Jack, with the indulgence of the august court, — holding his second slice of melon in his hand, — poured forth his story.

"Now what have you got to say to all that?" said Hank, turning to the squire. "Have a bite? ye better," holding out a piece of melon on the blade of his jack-knife.

Peternot declined to regale himself, and made answer: "I say what I 've said to him, — the money (if 't is money, though in all probability it 's bogus) was found on my premises, it has not been taken from my premises, and I forbid his takin' it. But I 've offered him a liberal reward for findin' on 't, and I offer it again."

"Squire," said Hank, "you 're a fair man, an' I must say your melons are excellent. What do ye think, boys?"

Now the boys were unanimously of the opinion (with the exception of Hod) that the coin was spurious, and consequently good for nothing but to help them make their peace with Peternot. Jack saw them winking at each other, and knew their thoughts.

"You sha' n't take it away from me!" he cried, throwing himself upon the basket. "I 'll die first! and you 'll have to kill my dog! O, I wish Mr. Chatford was here!"

"That 's the most sensible idee yit," said Dock. "Boys, we don't want to mix up with this business, only to see fair play. Better let the deacon settle it. He 's hum from meetin' by this time. Go fer him, Bub; I 'll take care of your basket."

"Will you? Won't you let him have it? nor take it yourselves?"

"What should we take it fer? We 've no claim on 't, anyhow," said Hank, who might, however, have thought and acted differently if he had believed the coin genuine. "Put, now! If I 'm alive, the basket shall stay till you come back."

"Besides, you can leave your dog," said Cub. "He 'll watch your inter-

est, while the squire 'll watch his'n. Be quick, for we can't stay much longer 'n it 'll take to finish our melons."

Notwithstanding his anxious doubts, Jack was persuaded that the best thing he could do was to run in all haste for the deacon, leaving Lion, Peternot, and the Huswick boys to watch each other and take care of the treasure in his absence.

"We 'll keep our word about the basket," said Hank, with a droll look, as Jack disappeared over the fence; "but about the stuff that 's in 't, this is the judgment of the court, — we allow 't the squire's claim is just, an' give him the money, pervided he 'll say nothin' 'bout the melons, but pay us a dollar apiece for helpin' him carry it hum."

"But we 've engaged 't the basket shall stay till he comes back," Cub objected.

"An' whatever else we do, we 're fellers that keeps our word," added Dock, over his melon.

"Then how 's the coin to go?" demanded the exasperated squire, thinking the boys meant to dally with him until Mr. Chatford's arrival.

"You don' know nothin' 'bout war, — you never see a one-hoss wagon!" said Dock, contemptuously. "Hod, off with yer breeches!"

Hod naturally objected, on strong personal grounds, to this part of the arrangement. He started to run, but Tug headed him off, and Cub seized him; when, finding that, with or without his consent, he was destined to part with the required garment for a season, the lamb of the flock yielded, and kicked off that portion of his fleece.

Cub took the trousers, and quickly turned the legs into a pair of bags by tying cords about the ankles. "Now bring on yer grist," said he; "I 'll hold the sack open!"

"Plague on the dog!" said Tug. "He won't le' me tech it."

"I can coax him. Here, poor fellow!" said Cub, patting him.

Lion did not greatly resent the patting, but the moment Cub's hand reached for the basket, a deep growl warned him off.

"Kill the brute!" cried Peternot. "We can't be bothered this way."

"That 's easy enough, if you 'll pay damages," said Dock.

"That I 'll do, — a miser'ble cur that stan's in the way o' my takin' my own, on my own premises!"

"Kill him it is, then," said Dock, looking for a club, and finding two. "Hank, you take this. Cub, you take your dirk-knife. Squire, lend Tug your cane, or use it yourself."

"Now see here!" objected Hank. "This looks to me kind o' mean, — half a dozen on us agin' one dog! Hanged if I don't like the looks o' the pup, an' I won't have him killed."

"What 'll ye do, then?"

"I 'll show ye."

Lion was standing near the log, on the other side of which Hank placed himself.

"Now pretend you 're goin' to grab the basket!"

CHAPTER XII.

HOW HOD'S TROUSERS WENT TO THE SQUIRE'S HOUSE.

HANK leaned over the log, — his lank frame and astonishing length of limb favoring the execution of his stratagem, — and seized Lion by one of his hind legs while his attention was diverted by a feigned attack upon the treasure. Finding himself caught, the dog wheeled furiously; but on the instant Hank, swinging his hind-quarters upon the log, drew them between two prongs of an upright limb, forked near the trunk, where it was easy to hold him, with his head hanging.

"Now who 's got a good stout string?"

"Here 's a whiplash in Hod's breeches pocket!"

Tug leaped the log with it, and assisted in lashing Lion's hind legs to the limb, below the fork in which he was suspended by his thighs. The poor fellow's struggling and yelping were of no avail: there he was, hung.

Meanwhile Cub held his pair of bags open, and the coin was emptied into them. The squire stooped with many a groan to pick up the scattered pieces that rolled on the ground. Then the well-freighted trousers were set astride Hank's lofty neck; at which he began to prance and kick up, in playful imitation of a colt — or should we say a giraffe? — with a strange rider.

"Now ye need n't but one of ye go with me," said Peternot; "or at the most two."

"Two can't carry all that silver," said Cub. "We must all help. And edge along towards Aunt Patsy's wood-lot, if ye don't want to meet Jack and the deacon. Comin', Hod?"

"I can't without my breeches!" replied the discontented youth.

In no very pleasant mood he saw his trousers ride off on Hank's shoulders, — still visible above the undergrowth after the squire and the rest of his odd escort had disappeared from view. So great indeed was Hod's chagrin at being left behind in this way, that he found it necessary at once to set himself about some sort of mischief. First he broke open the best of the remaining melons, and ate as much as he could of them. Then he gathered up all the rinds and fragments and placed them in the basket, together with bits of rotten wood, covering the whole with the frock which Jack had left spread over the coin.

"Now when he comes he 'll think his money is there, till he looks, then won't he be mad!" With which happy thought Hod ran and hid in some bushes, where he could watch the fun.

Meanwhile Hod's trousers, with their legs full of coin, were shifted from shoulder to shoulder of his big brothers, as the strange procession emerged from the woods and moved across Peternot's pasture, the squire lamely bringing up the rear. Arrived at his house, he brought out a meal-sack, and the coin was emptied into it. He then took two of the half-dollars and offered them to Hank.

"What 's that fer?" said the tall youth, stooping to look at the money as if it had been some curious insect.

"I owe ye a dollar," said Peternot.

"So ye du," replied Hank, "but I prefer to take my pay in money as is money, if it 's the same thing to you."

"You yourself said you believed this was bogus," added Dock; "an' I don't s'pose you want to be hauled up for passin' it."

Peternot felt the force of the remark, and with a long face took from his pocket-book a bank-note, which he handed to Hank.

"The same to me, if you please," said Dock. "I said a dollar *apiece*."

The squire protested against such extortion, but finally, reminded that he had said two of the boys might come with him, he paid Dock also. Then Cub and Tug held out expectant hands; whereat he flew into a passion.

"I don't even know 't the coin is good; and d' ye think I 'm goin' to submit to any such swindle? Clear out, you melon-thieves!"

"All right!" said Cub, coolly, with his hand on the meal-sack; "but if I don't take my dollar with me, I take *this* right back where we found it, and give it to the boy."

The firm position thus taken by Cub being approved by his brothers, especially by Tug, the poor old squire saw no way but to yield, and Cub and Tug were paid.

"Now a dollar for Hod," said Hank.

"For Hod!" roared out the squire, like a man tortured beyond endurance. "Hod did n't come!"

"But his breeches did. A dollar for his breeches, — if that will suit you any better. And quick!" said Hank, "or the coin goes into 'em agin, an' back to the basket."

"I hain't got another dollar!" said Peternot, trembling with wrath and vexation.

"You 've a V there; we can change it," suggested Cub.

"Take it, and may the rum ye buy with it pizen ye, you pack o' thieves and robbers!"

"That sounds well from you, that have jest robbed a poor boy of what you more 'n half believe is good money, but which we 're dumb sure is bogus, or else we never 'd have helped ye off with it. Thieves and robbers, hey? Hear him, boys!"

Hank laughed derisively, and all went off chuckling gleefully over their Sunday afternoon's job, while the squire, entering his house, slammed and bolted the door behind them.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW JACK RESCUED LION, BUT MISSED THE TREASURE.

THE deacon's folks had not got home from meeting when Jack reached the house; but he saw them coming, — Mr. Chatford, Mr. and Mrs. Pipkin,

and Phin, in the old one-horse wagon. He met them at the gate, and hurriedly told his story as they were driving on to the house.

"Boy, you 're crazy!" said the incredulous deacon.

"No, I ain't! Do come quick! They won't wait long, and then Peternot will take the money!"

"Well, well, — I suppose I 'll go, — pretty work for Sunday, I should say!"

"It was wrong, — I ought to have told you all about it before," said Jack, "but I thought I was doing the best thing; I did n't want anybody to know whose land I found the money on, so *he* could n't claim it."

"Hurrah! I 'll go too!" cried Phin. "You take care of the old mare, Phi!"

"If it 's the Huswick boys, I guess I better go and see fair play," remarked Mr. Pipkin; and he followed with the deacon, while Phin ran ahead with Jack.

The two boys reached the pasture; and now Jack, outstripping his companion, darted forward to a certain low length of fence, leaped upon it, and peered with a wild and anxious gaze into the woods.

"They 're gone! they 're gone!" he shrieked despairingly; and, tumbling over the rails, he ran through the bushes to the log.

They were gone indeed; but there was his basket, just where he had left it, covered with his frock. He flew to it, and stripped off the covering; and there Phin, as he came up, found him staring in utter consternation and dismay at a peck of melon rinds and rotten wood.

"Is that yer money?" said Phin. "I don't believe there was any; you 've been fooling us!"

Jack threw out the rubbish, with the frantic thought that the coin must still be there.

"They 've robbed me!" he sobbed out, when the bottom of the basket was reached and showed nothing but rinds and fragments of rotten wood.

A whining sound came to his ear; and just then Phin said, "O, just look! what 's the matter with your dog?" Jack looked, and there, half hidden by the bushes, was Lion hanging by the hips from the forked limb of the log. He sprang to rescue him. The whiplash was tied in a tight knot, and out came the boy's knife to cut it.

This part of the fun Hod Huswick, in his ambush, had not anticipated, and did not relish.

"Here! that 's my whiplash! don't ye cut it!" he cried; and from the bushes leaped the bare legs with their flapping linen, to the no little astonishment of Phineas Chatford.

"I 'll cut it, and you too!" The whiplash was severed, and Jack, knife in hand, turned upon Hod. "What have you done with my money?"

"Hain't done nothin' with 't, — I hain't teched it."

"Who has?"

"They took it, and stole my breeches to carry it off in, 'cause they said

they 'd promised you not to take the basket. They stole my whiplash, too, fer to tie the dog with; I could n't help myself; an' now you 've cut it!"

"Where 've they gone?"

"To Peternot's; he hired 'em to help him carry the money home."

Then Jack saw how completely he had been outwitted and betrayed. He did not rave at his ill luck; but to Mr. Chatford, who now approached with Mr. Pipkin, he told what had happened, and in a tone of unnatural calmness appealed to him for redress. "For if you can't do anything for me," he said, turning his pale looks and tearless eyes at the empty basket, "I shall get my pay out of the old squire some way, if I live! Tell him he 'd better look out!"

"There, there!" said the deacon, soothingly. "Don't make any foolish threats. I think it 's most unwarranted conduct on Peternot's part, and I 'll see him about it."

"Go over there right now! why can't ye?"

"My boy, remember it 's Sunday."

"*He* did n't remember it was Sunday when he got my money away!" said Jack.

"Very true," said the deacon. "But nothing will be gained by going to him now. To-morrow I 'll see about it."

"To-morrow!" echoed Jack, with a fierce laugh.

"Burn his house down, I would!" whispered Phin, who, notwithstanding his profession of sympathy, felt, I regret to say, a secret gratification at Jack's loss.

"Where was 't ye found the money, Jack?" Mr. Pipkin inquired.

Jack led the way, and all went to look at the hollow log. While they were standing about it Hod's brothers returned. Hod ran for his trousers, but Cub, who was about to fling them at him, changed his mind and tossed them into a tree, where they lodged.

"That 's fer spilin' the melons," said he, regarding the heap on the ground.

Hod caught up a club to throw at his amiable brother, but wisely changed *his* mind, and sent the missile up into the tree, in the hope of bringing down his breeches. As they did not come at the first fire, he sent club after club up after them, sputtering all the while with indignation; while his brothers walked loungingly on to the hollow log.

Jack glared at them with deep and sullen hate, without deigning to speak; but the good deacon said, "Seems to me, fellows, you 've played off a despicable trick on this poor boy here! You ought to have protected him in his rights; but instead of that you 've helped rob him."

"Not much of a robbery, I guess, deacon," replied Dock, good-naturedly. "'T was nothin' but a lot o' bogus coin, no use to him nor to anybody."

"You 're mistaken," replied the ingenuous Chatford, letting out a secret which Jack had thought it wise to keep. "The coin was genuine; at least I 've good reason to think so." And he told why.

The Huswick boys looked at each other. "If that 's the case, we did n't git so much the start of the squire as we thought we did!" muttered Dock. "On the contrary, he 's got the start of us! What do ye say, Hank?"

"It 's too late now to say anything about it; but hanged if I would n't a' swore the silver was no silver! I thought 't was nothin' but the old man's avariciousness made him think it might be good. We let him off too easy!" And Hank appeared more than half minded to go back and make better terms with the squire.

"They hung Lion up by the heels!" said Phin, getting behind his father, for he had a chronic dread of the Huswick tribe.

"I 'd tie you up by the heels too," said Cub, with a peculiar smile, "if 't wa' n't Sunday!"

Whereupon Mr. Pipkin, who had been on the point of expressing an opinion, concluded to remain silent; the ruffians *might* forget what day it was!

"Well, come, boys; I don't see that we can do anything," said the deacon. "We may as well go home."

They walked back past the tree which Hod, in his imperfect attire, was still clubbing for the obstinate trousers, getting mad at them finally, and pelting them as if *they* were to blame for sitting there so quietly on the limb, in spite of him. Mr. Pipkin, out of respect to Jack's grief, took up the

basket and frock and carried them; while Jack lingered behind with Lion, pondering dark thoughts.

"Come, boy! you 'd better go home," said Mr. Chatford, coaxingly. "Don't be down-hearted. It 'll turn out right or be made up to you somehow, if you meet it in the right spirit, I 'm confident."

"I 'll be there pretty soon, — I can't go just yet," replied Jack, dissatisfied with everybody and everything; and he wandered off by himself in the woods, brooding upon his wrongs.

J. T. Trowbridge.

WHAT THE CHOIR SANG ABOUT THE NEW BONNET.

A FOOLISH little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it.
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she 'd go to meeting the next Sunday, just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 't was fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this foolish little maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head, —
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, *very* cross,
That she gave her little mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she 'd reached her little bureau, and in a bandbox on it
Had hidden, safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that 's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

Harriette Hammond.

TOMMY THE PEDLER.

IT was after Tommy's bedtime. Why, the sun was sound asleep, tucked snugly in by a cloud. And all the baby birds in Christendom had been cuddled under their mothers, dreaming their sweet little dreams, for ever so many minutes. But what cared Tommy, sitting down on the cold, crystal drops of dew, among the dandelions, with his pack on his back and Leta in his arms?

Tommy was neither a great sun nor a wee bird, to be put to bed at a certain time every night. Nor was he the child Tommy, who only yesterday got sleepy of his own accord when the sun and the birds did. Yesterday he was mamma's pet, Uncle Bob's general, Aunt Lou's blossom, Baby's "Ommy"; and he had kissed them all around at seven o'clock and trotted up stairs, nodding his sleepy curls over his sleepy eyes. But to-night it was different. He was Tommy the pedler at seven o'clock to-night.

In the morning he had tied a swing on the clothes-line, and been scolded for that. Then he had played mumbledepeg on the kitchen table, and cross Cynthia had taken his two-bladed knife away because it made little digs in the board. And she scolded again when he sailed a paper boat in her dish-water. Cynthia was fearfully cross. Uncle Bob, Aunt Lou, and the Baby had gone off for the day; mamma was locked up writing; and everything together made Tommy so desperate that he whispered to Leta, "I 've a great big mind to pack my trunk, Leta, and go right away. Would you?"

Leta could not speak, for she had no tongue. They might have put one back of her pretty false teeth, but she had no brain to make up advice with. She was only a doll. However, it was all the same to Tommy. Leta's silence was never anything but assent to him. Leta always smiled, and her smile said "Yes" to every one of Tommy's questions.

So when Tommy asked her if he had better run away, Leta smiled "Yes, Tommy."

"But would n't you like to go too, Leta?"

"Yes, Tommy," smiled Leta.

Tommy and Leta were hanging over the gate while they talked, and no one disturbed them for a long while. But at length there came a man, an old man, with a pack on his back, trudging slowly, slowly up the street. Tommy fidgeted a little, coughed a little, and kicked the pickets on the gate very much. And all the while the old man with the pack on his back came nearer and nearer.

"Leta," said Tommy, "it 's a *man* that 's coming, and he might fink I was a girl if he saw you. So I 'll just tuck you under my blouse. There, that way. But your curls show. There, this way. Now your toes stick out. I 'll hide you in the rose-bush! Now if the old man sees you he 'll fink you belong to Baby."

"Yes, Tommy," smiled Leta through the rose-branches.

On the old man trudged, and by and by, when he reached the corner, he spied Tommy perched on the pickets.

"Good morning, Captain," said the old man.

"Good morning *what?*" asked Tommy, in a tremble, fearing Leta had been seen, and that captain meant girl-boy.

"Captain, I said."

"I ain't, sir. I 'm a boy."

The old man leaned on the fence and laughed. "I used to be one, too."

"Did you really?" Tommy asked, with very wide-open eyes. For the man was all wrinkled and crooked and white-headed and feeble.

"Don't I look so?"

"O no!" Tommy cried. "You look like an old, grown-up pedler. Is it fun?"

"It might be, little gentleman, if I was young and strong like you. I 've seen the time when it was. A pack twice as big as this did n't make my back ache then."

"And now does your back ache?" The old man nodded. "Come in and get rested, and maybe Cynthia 'll buy something. O no, Cynthia 's ugly, and they 've all gone away but mamma, and she 's locked up. I had five cents, if it is n't lost. Come in while I see."

Tommy opened the gate and the old man trudged in. He sat down on the lowest step, and laid his pack by his side.

"There 's a great, big, soft chair in the hall," Tommy said, tugging at the old man's hand. "Come on." But he could n't get him in. So he left him sitting there by his pack, while he hunted for the five-cent piece. After a while he found it in the pocket of his Sunday blouse; and then he slid down the banisters, leaped through the hall, and tumbled over the steps, on the old man's pack. "There it is," said he. "What shall I buy?"

The pedler slowly, with trembling fingers, untied the pack. Thimbles, thread, pins, needles, stockings, handkerchiefs, brown, black, and white tape, towels and tatting, buttons and beeswax, — nothing prettier, — Tommy saw. The old man was watching the disappointment creep into the little boy's face. "Something lies underneath," he said.

"Women's things?" muttered Tommy.

"Little boy's things."

"Handkerchiefs or stockings or somefing?"

"No." The old man dived and brought up a faded pink ribbon strung with little rings. Some had blue stones, and some had red, and some had yellow, green, and white. His trembling fingers untied the pink knot, slid a ring with a blue stone from the ribbon, put it on Tommy's middle finger, tied the knot, hid the rings again, and fastened up the pack. "I must go now," he said, rising and lifting the pack on his back.

"Was it much fun?" Tommy asked, following him to the gate.

"What?"

"Being a pedler when you were little?"

"What 's your name?" asked the old man.

"Tommy, sir."

"Well, Tommy, some days, when the sun was half-way bright and half-way soft, it was a good deal of fun. If it was n't too warm and was n't too cold, but was still bright and nice, I liked it then. I had a sandwich or two, and a piece of gingerbread in my pack most generally, and then if I got hungry I used to find a pleasant spot where there was plenty of grass and water, and I 'd eat some and sleep some. I sang too."

"Pretty songs?"

"Only one song. 'The Pedler's Song.' I wrote it."

"Please sing it to me."

"My voice is too old, too old. I wrote it for a young voice to sing."

"I 'll sing it if you 'll teach it to me."

The old man looked Tommy all through and through for a moment. Then he put his pack back on the step, and sat down. "Come here, Tommy." Tommy stood up between the old man's knees. "I 'll sing it over once," said he. "Then you shall sing it when it 's learned, and, ah, what a difference you 'll see! You 've a bonny young voice, my lad."

Out it came in the old, cracked, quivering tones: —

THE PEDLER'S SONG.

"Who 'd be a king
If he could be a pedler?
Who so downcast
As a king, as a king, sir?
Get him a pack
To put on his back,
And he 'll laugh and he 'll grin
From his scalp to his chin.
O, being a pedler 's the jolliest thing!
The pack and the pedler I sing, sing, sing."

There was a mist over the old man's eyes when he finished. "It 's a long time, Tommy, since I 've sung those beautiful words," he said. "Now we 'll have the lesson. 'Who 'd be a king.'"

"'Who 'd be a king,'" Tommy repeated.

"'If he could be a pedler.'"

"'If he could be a pedler,'" repeated Tommy.

And so on, until Tommy knew the whole. Then he stood on the highest step, and on his tiptoes, made an elegant bow, and sang the song through without a mistake.

"God bless you!" said the old man, with the mist in his eyes again, but a smile on his lips. "God bless you, and make you a pedler some of these days. Those are fine words, Tommy; only fit for a young voice."

"If I ever get to be a pedler I 'll sing 'em like thunder and lightnin'," said Tommy. "Could n't you show me how to make a little pack, sir?"

"Why, Heaven love the child, I could. Bide a time and I 'll make it myself." And once more the old man unfastened his pack. Out of a long green box into a deep white box he tipped a pair of gray stockings. The green box was to be fitted up for Tommy. There was a tiny pair of scis-

sors. It walked straight into Tommy's box. Then a skein of black thread, and a skein of white followed; some pins and a paper of needles; a little round, scalloped cake of wax, and five agate buttons on a card.

"Here 's a place for your luncheon, and your mother will lend you some stockings and 'kerchiefs for this place," the old man said. "Mind you sing 'The Pedler's Song' whenever you see a man or woman or little child. You 'll notice how they stop to listen, and how they 'll laugh a bit. Presently they 'll say, 'What have you worth looking at in the pack, Mister?' Then out will come the purses, and on you will go, to sing over 'The Pedler's Song,' empty your pack, and fill your pockets."

Tommy wondered for a few seconds whether the old man was going to notice that he had no straps on his pack. He thought it would be best to mention the fact at any rate. So he did.

"I 'm a bit forgetful inside here," said the old man, tapping his forehead. "Young wits must help old wits, Tommy."

He pulled out a little pin that fastened the end of a piece of tape, measured Tommy's shoulders and cut off two long straps. He made four holes in the box, put the tape through, and hung the pack on Tommy's back. Then he took up his own for the last time.

"You 're a nice man," said Tommy. "You 're the bestest man in the world, 'cept my papa and Uncle Bob. But you 're 'most as good. I 'd give you my gold watch if I had it. When I 'm twelve years old I 'll have it. Will you come and get it then? I 'm five now."

"I might n't be here then, and I might be too far to come."

"Why, the cars 'll take you right straight round the world. Did n't you know *dat?*" laughed Tommy. "Why, of course!"

"They could n't bring me down from up yonder," said the old man.

"Oh!" said Tommy, looking all the way from the green earth to the blue sky, where the old man's finger pointed, and concluding they could n't.

By the time Tommy had arrived at his conclusion the old man was halfway to the corner, and Tommy had to scream "good by" very loudly, over the gate, at the deaf ears. Then the bell rang for lunch.

"Tommy has a bump on his back," said mamma. "What is that for?"

Tommy told her, and, after lunch, mamma gave him some stockings and towels to play pedler with, and Cynthia put three sandwiches and a great piece of gingerbread in his pack, after he had promised not to come near her nor the kitchen again that afternoon. So Tommy the pedler went out into the yard and round about it, sang his new song and played his new game, until the fun of "making b'lieve" was all gone.

Disgusted with playing pedler, provoked at mamma and Cynthia for locking him out of library and kitchen, Tommy planned a revenge. He made up his mind to be pedler in earnest, and he and his pack forthwith went out of the gate, on the broad, big street, into the forbidden world beyond the pickets. They had not gone far when Tommy remembered Leta, lying alone in the rose-bush.

"How she 'll miss me!" said Tommy. "Leta shall go too, or else she 'll

get lonesome." There she lay, not pouting nor frowning, but smiling at Tommy, good little Leta! "Come on, Leta. Hully up," whispered Tommy. "Jump into my pack." He squeezed her in, put on the cover, and started out again.

Tommy tramped on and on and on. But he sang "The Pedler's Song" to the empty white air, and kept as still as a little mouse when the people passed him. For some of them he knew, and they said "Good afternoon, Tommy," and he only had time to say "Good afternoon" back when they were gone. A great many of them he did not know, and those he was afraid of. So Tommy had walked a long distance before any one, except the air and the birds swimming about in it, had heard him singing.

"What would dat old man fink," said Tommy, shaking his head at himself, with a terrible frown, "if he knew I was afraid to sing? Maybe I might dare do it at a nice little child. I 'll ask Leta. Leta," he said, pulling his pack around in front and lifting one corner of the cover, "would you dare sing 'The Pedler's Song' at a little bit of a sweet girl?"

"Yes, Tommy," smiled Leta.

"Pooh! so would I," said Tommy, pompously. Accordingly, when the next little bit of a sweet girl came along, — she was clinging to her nurse's hand, and was very sweet and little indeed, — Tommy stationed himself boldly in front of her and screamed: —

"'Who 'd be a king
If he could be a pedler?'"

The little bit of a girl cried out a very big frightened answer, and the nurse gave Tommy a shaking.

"You rough boy and you saucy boy, how dare you run away from home and do such things?" said she.

Tommy bit her finger and scampered away. It was long before he dared sing again, even to the air. But he asked Leta about it once more. Leta said she would dare, and so Tommy dared.

"'Who 'd be a king
If he could be a pedler?'"

cried Tommy at a fat man in blue clothes. There were gilt stripes on his sleeves, and he was hurrying, as fast as he could, to get on board a big black ship; for he was a sailor. But he stopped directly. He laughed at Tommy and pinched his chin. The pinch was so encouraging that Tommy made his bow and sang his song through.

The man in blue did just what the old pedler had said all would do. He asked to see Tommy's goods, and while Tommy lifted the cover he took out his purse. "O, dolls to sell! How much? I 'll buy her for my baby."

Buy Leta! his little Leta! The sailor had her up in his arms, and was waiting to pay Tommy. If Tommy should tell him that Leta was n't for sale he would know that she was for playing with, and that was a thing never to be revealed to a *man*.

"Well, Mr. Pedler," said the sailor, "how much will you take?"

"Twenty hundred dollars," cried Tommy, in despair.

"Whew! I have n't that much in the world. Can't you come down?"

"No, sir, not one penny. But you may have anything else at a very little price."

"Sell me the doll for that?" It was a dollar bill that the sailor showed him. He still held Leta in his arms, and Tommy was quite ready to cry now, for fear he would never put the dear doll down again. His throat was

Tommy and the Sailor.

full and he could n't speak; but he shook his head at the sailor with all his might.

"Nor for that?" Another bill came out.

"No! no!" cried Tommy. "Give me Leta!"

"My little fellow," said the sailor, stooping away over to lay Leta in the box, then patting Tommy's cheeks, "I would n't take her against your will. Sell me a button for ten cents?" Tommy did it condescendingly. "Now you had better put Leta at the bottom of your box, and if no one sees her no one can want her. Let me fix her."

Buried under the stockings and towels Leta was safe. But Tommy wished he had given her a kiss before she went down so far. He whispered a good by to her after he had said good by to the sailor.

"I 'm pretty tired," said Tommy, "but I must n't stop till I find a pleasant spot where there is plenty of grass and water! Leta, you were a good girl to tell me to sing. You see I have sold a button for ten pennies. I 'll buy you the *sweetest* pair of new boots with heels on 'em; and I 'll sing some more to buy you a real truly hoop-skirt."

A very severe-looking gentleman in spectacles, with a very grave lady in black on his arm, came marching solemnly down the street, taking in the whole width of the sidewalk between the boundary lines of the lady's skirt and the gentleman's boot. How Tommy was ever going to pass them was what he could n't see, and how he was ever going to sing them "The Pedler's Song" was another mystery. "They look as if they 'd eat me, Leta! But I guess I must."

"'Who 'd be a king
If he could be a pedler?'"

inquired Tommy, with his feet stretched across the middle of the sidewalk, in full possession of his share. As the lady and gentleman did not reply, but stood perfectly still, looking in great astonishment at each other and at Tommy, he continued: —

"'Who so downcast
As a king, as a king, sir?
Give him a pack
To put on his back —'

Please buy a button," said Tommy, showing his goods.

"A lost child," observed the lady. "Strayed," remarked the gentleman.

"Don't you want some needles, ma'am?"

"I hope," said the gentleman, "and I trust, that you — that your mother gave you — that is that she permitted you —" "To take these things," explained the lady. "In other words, it is to be hoped that you did not steal from your dear mother, who has nursed you and toiled for you through sleepless days and nights."

Tommy plunged out into the middle of the street. That was more than he could bear, to be called a *thief!* He ran across to the other side, and tripped up on the toes of a pretty young lady, fell and spilled his goods, Leta and all.

First the pretty young lady picked up Tommy, then Leta, then the goods. She kissed Tommy and called him "Duckie" as many as a dozen times. She heard his story, praised his song, bought the cake of wax and a paper of needles, and coaxed him to take hold of her finger and be led home to his mother. But Tommy positively refused to do anything of the kind.

After leaving the young lady he trotted on for a long half-mile without once stopping. For he was afraid that night would come before he found the "pleasant spot," in the grass by the water; that it would suddenly grow too dark for him to find it at all. There was a great deal of grass. There were fields, and, O, so many trees! Tommy stopped very often, when he got out as far as the fields, and climbed up on the fences for an outlook. He saw more trees than he knew how to count, green grass enough to make all the lean, hungry street cows fat and happy; but he

could n't find a drop of water, until just as the darkness he dreaded was coming.

The sun was going to bed then. The cloud that waited to cover him up was pushing him down behind a big hill, and he was all gone but a little rim of gold. Out of this rim golden beams dropped on something that sent them back into the air, — water, a little clear stream of water. Tommy saw it. He climbed up the fence, and climbed down again on the other side.

"Leta, Leta, there 's water," cried Tommy. And with the "pleasant spot," the grass and water before him, the luncheon and Leta in his pack, and the money he had earned in his pocket, Tommy thought that being a pedler was just the "jolliest thing" he knew of.

Such tall grass as grew at the edge of that field ! It came above Tommy's waist. And such tangled grass ! It wound his feet up and twisted his ankles together. Once it pulled him down, and it was taller than his head then. You would n't have known there was any Tommy there. If he had n't been a pedler I think he would have cried ; for he felt smothered and lost, and it was getting gray up in the sky. The stream had not a speck of gold to show when Tommy sat down by it. It was gray too, and it sang a very sorrowful song over its pebbles.

The grass was short, and soft, and green, by the stream ; but the dew made it cold. Whichever way Tommy reached he could touch the yellow head of a dandelion. He was in a beautiful garden of dandelions. But they had been having their bath with the grasses, and were cold.

Of course Tommy took Leta out before he thought of a mouthful to eat. There was no one looking, and he kissed her to his heart's content. Gingerbread and sandwiches did very well after Leta. Tommy was hungry and he crowded them down in a hurry.

"The sun used to be shining, Leta, when the old man thought it was fun. I guess he did n't like to be out in the dark. Shall we go home ?"

"Yes, Tommy," Leta answered.

"Well, we will then. Only we 'll rest awhile. We have travelled very much to-day, and we must be tired. I 'll sing to you."

Tommy was such a happy boy that he forgot his fear soon, and rolled around in the grass with Leta, singing and laughing, picking the dandelions and tossing them into the air, until by some mistake he fell asleep. His hands were making a little cup for a dandelion to fall into. It was coming down very fast ; but, before he knew whether it came or not, he had had a dream.

At the end of the dream, when Tommy awoke and rubbed open his eyes, there was no fence, there were no trees, there was no water. There was only gray up above and down below and off in the distance, and gray wrapped him in. There was no Leta.

"Leta ! Leta !" Tommy called, feeling out into the grass. He found her, crying tears of dew for him. "What ever are we going to do now, Leta dearie ?" said he. "We can't stir a step, or we 'd get drowned in the water and lost in the grass. We 've made a big mistake, Leta."

If Tommy could have seen her mouth I know it would have smiled "Yes, Tommy," very pitifully, that time.

Tommy had not come far from the street, and by and by he heard some great boots stamping on the sidewalk, beyond the tall grasses.

"Halloa!" Tommy called. The boots stamped along in a terrible hurry. "Leta," said Tommy, "I 've had so much good luck with 'The Pedler's Song' that I shall try it a next time." But he would only cry.

Then there was more stamping, more hopping, more tripping, and more crying. All passed on like the priest and the Levite in the Bible story. But a good Samaritan came at length. He stood several minutes by the fence listening to the crying, and then he called, "Halloa! What 's the matter?"

"Lost," answered Tommy, "and Leta too. It 's cold, and it 's dark."

"Where are you?"

"Over by the water."

"I 'm coming. Keep on crying and I 'll find you." Tommy cried until he was taken up and folded in by two great strong arms. "Why, you poor little soul!" said the cheery voice. "How did this happen?"

Tommy sobbed it all out; for he was mamma's baby boy again, frightened and tired, not brave any more. He and the young man found home in some way. They rang the bell. Cynthia opened the door, and mamma and Aunt Lou peeped over the banisters, with white, frightened faces. When they saw Tommy how they laughed and cried, thanked the stranger, wrung his hand, and kissed their little boy!

"It 's 'nough jollier to be mamma's pet than an old pedler with a pack. Don't you think so, Leta?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, Tommy," smiled Leta.

Sarah Chester.

MAGNIFICENT GLUTTONY.

IF a fairy should give three wishes to me
I know what wishes I 'd make:
The first should be that I lived in a house
Of nothing but jelly-cake!

The second should be that my window-panes,
Instead of glass, were made
From candy, and all the water-pipes
In my house ran lemonade!

And the third should be that I might eat
And drink my utmost fill,
And always be having the jolliest times
Without ever feeling ill!

Edgar Fawcett.

CRUSOE LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WONDERS OF THE ISLAND.

THE valley I had seen kept haunting my imagination, and at last I determined one fine morning to start for it. It did not seem to be above two miles away from my house, but the forest had such a dense undergrowth of prickly shrubs and tangled vines, it was a very difficult matter to penetrate it, let alone the extreme danger of losing myself amid its thickets. I had no compass; how much I now regretted leaving mine behind, I need not say. I cooked a fish, and baked some fern-root bread in my oven, — a hole in the ground, — and with sufficient food to last me two days, on a Thursday morning, the sixth week of my stay on the island, I started immediately after breakfast, having first provided a lot of decayed wood as tinder to preserve my fire. I had made of the flax leaves a sort of basket, which I fastened to my shoulders, and put in it my provisions. I also took my blankets.

I went up the rocky path, and after looking about some little time, thought I saw traces of an old path nearly grown over with bushes. With no small pushing, and occasionally stopping to cut down a few branches with my knife, I really did strike what had evidently been at one time a well-beaten path for persons in single file. I found, as I proceeded, several shrubs with berries and various small fruits, but I dared not taste them, except one which grew on a jointed stem like a bamboo cane, and which had a longish orange-colored pod. I noticed some parrots eating it greedily, and therefore unhesitatingly plucked and tasted it. It was a kind of wild pepper both hot and aromatic, and I accordingly gathered two or three handfuls to season my fish.

I saw many wild pigeons, very large and of a brilliant plumage. I resolved to try and make some snares for them on my return. I also noticed for the first time honey-bees flying about, and kept a sharp lookout for bee-trees. I found and marked two, which I may as well say here I came for afterward and burnt down, and after much trouble got the honey, — the most delicious thing I found on the island.

I pushed along and found the path got clearer and better, though it led up and down several steep hills. At last I came to a rocky ridge, or spur, with a narrow gap or opening. Two rocks higher than common seemed to guard the entrance. I passed through and fairly gasped with astonishment and delight. I had indeed reached the valley, and it opened on me like a scene of enchantment.

The hills swept away from me in a semicircle to my right and left, and sloped gently down to a small clear brook that leaped and murmured over its pebbly bed. A soft, bright, green, grassy sward covered the hillsides,

bright with flowers of all hues and shapes. At the farther end a conical-shaped rock seemed to block up the valley. Over this rock fell a beautiful cascade, its spray glittering and forming fairy-like rainbows in the sun's rays. Huge, gorgeous, blossoming creepers and vines hung trailing down its sides and swayed to and fro in the breeze. Clumps of trees covered with a mass of blooms, orange, crimson, and snowy white, surrounded a clear lakelet of water. Through these clumps tall towering ferns and beautifully foliaged palms pierced and spread their delicate fronds against a clear blue cloudless sky. All this splendid mass of colors was reflected in the glassy waters as in a crystal mirror. It looked like a little Eden which the foot of man or sin had never yet polluted.

I sat down, and as I gazed, tears filled my eyes to think I alone enjoyed its beauty and had no sharer in my pleasure. Little did I think then what a fearful record of human weakness, sin, and guilt was concealed within that fair-seeming paradise! Little did I know then that I should in a few hours flee from that spot in horror, as a place accursed both of God and man.

On looking more closely at the hillsides, I noticed here and there patches less green and more thinly grass-covered than others, and on going to them found evident traces of cultivation. In one of them, to my unbounded delight and thankfulness, I found about a dozen stalks of corn, self-sown, and bearing some twenty cobs of ripe grain. I looked upon it almost as a direct miracle wrought on my behalf, and gathered them reverently and thankfully into my basket. This discovery made me look more closely around, and I then found some yams, Irish potatoes of three different years' growth at one root, and sweet potatoes, — very small ones, not much thicker or longer than my thumb; still I knew careful replanting would restore them to their former size. All these were taken as if direct gifts from the great Author and Giver of all good.

About the middle of the day I sat down and ate my dinner. It occurred to me that whilst a prisoner among the Ngapuhi (a tribe of natives near the Bay of Islands) I had heard one of their chiefs named Re-whare-wha say that formerly a small tribe of natives used to live on this island, and that his grandfather, Wairoa, went down one day in a large war canoe with some eighty Ngapuhis, and after taking them by surprise, killed and ATE the greater part of them, bringing all the young and strong ones away with them as slaves; indeed, I had seen and conversed with one or two old men who used to live here. I thought over all this as I ate my dinner. Then I got up, once more resolving to try to find some further traces of the poor tribe.

I went round the lake, and found it covered with wild ducks. Near the waterfall I came upon a cleared space of ground, and the ruins of some huts. Grass and weeds had grown over them, and all were in the last state of decay and ruin. Behind them rose a gently sloping hill, on the top of which were still to be seen the remains of what had once been a fortified *pah*, or village. Tall upright posts still remained fixed in the ground, and

huge, grotesquely carved images were placed on the corner posts. An attempt had been made to set them on fire.

I went round to the entrance, where a sight met my eyes that froze my blood with horror. Skulls and arms and legs, and in some places whole skeletons, strewed the ground. Three large square holes, round which were heaps of calcined stones and bones, all told the dreadful scenes which had here been enacted. I fled from the place in horror; but a deadly sickness seemed to seize upon me, and I was forced once more to rest. The beautiful valley had lost for me all its charms; it had become a very Golgotha, a place of skulls. I hurried home as fast as I could, resolving never to attempt any more explorations, at least in that direction.

My dreams that night were fearful, — nothing but grinning skulls and bony skeletons, — and a foolish fear took possession of me. I knew I ought to be ashamed of such weakness, but I could not help it. In the lonely nights, and in the darkening twilight, I kept fancying I saw human figures flitting about. All the ghost-stories of my boyish days came vividly back to recollection, and I thought, What so likely as that the spirits of these murdered men should still haunt the place? What if one should suddenly appear to me? Where could I go for refuge? to whom betake myself for comfort and assistance? Of course my conscience said, "God, — pray to Him!" I did so, yet I cannot but confess I was nervous and unhappy.

CHAPTER VIII.

WAITING.

I HAD made a sort of wooden spade out of one of my boat planks, and with it the next day I dug up a small piece of light rich soil and planted my corn and potatoes, taking care, however, to preserve half in case of emergency. Those I laid up in dry sand in my hut.

So time went on, and I had been wellnigh three months on the place, with no prospect of deliverance or hope of escape. I had trusted that Captain Bolger would send even as far as the islands to seek for me, but as week after week passed, this hope died out, and a cold, settled despair took possession of me. I at times almost doubted God's providence, and felt sullen and morose. I hardly ever spoke now; the sound of my own voice seemed to startle me, and the longing for human sympathy and companionship grew so intense that I felt at times as if I should go mad.

I was sitting on a fallen log one bright moonlight night, with the forest behind me. I was gazing on the sea lighted up by the moon's silvery rays, and my thoughts were far, far away among my friends at home, — I was wondering what they thought had become of me, and if they missed me much, — when a loud, shrill whistle close behind me made me jump up and look fearfully round. I saw — I could not at first make out what, — bird or beast. It was about the size of a small turkey, and looked the shape of a bird, but it had neither wings, feathers, nor tail. It had a long bill, and ran very fast.

I gave it chase, and it took refuge in the root of a hollow tree. I got a stick, and managed to kill it. I found it was a *kiwi*, as the natives called it, — the apteryx, a bird covered with a kind of coarse fur instead of feathers, and without wings or tail. It has two sharp spurs at the back of its foot, and lays an egg about the size of a goose-egg. I found it excellent eating.

It is useless narrating the events of each day. I had once a fever and nearly perished for want of water; I could not crawl so far as the spring to obtain it, and I must have been delirious for several days. I have some faint recollection of wandering about, moaning with fever and pain, and thinking how sad it was to die thus unattended and alone. When I came to full consciousness, I found myself wrapped in my blankets in my hut, but so weak I had to crawl on hands and knees to get to the pond for water.

I will now relate how I got away; but first, my dear young readers, suffer from me a few words of warning and advice. Believe me, they are the words of one who has experienced all he here has written and much more than he can ever describe. Many boys are too apt to be carried away by reading such books as Robinson Crusoe and the "Swiss Family Robinson"; and I have known some who have left a comfortable home and loving friends to follow the sea, in hopes of meeting with like adventures. I can assure all such that a lonely life, even on a paradise of an island, is very wretched. I could not have borne the horrible solitude much longer than I did; and to this very day feel the effects of it. A dull, listless apathy, a deadness of thought and brain, even yet creeps over me at times. The doctors order me to move about, and employ myself busily, head and hands; but I rouse myself with no small effort, and it is a great exertion for me to enact manfully my part in the world. Moreover, you can form no conception of the wearing anxiety and toil needed in such a condition and place, to provide for one's daily needs. Such a life degrades man, and a long continuance of it would reduce him nearly to the level of a brute.

CHAPTER IX.

MY ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND.

I HAD been five months on the island, and all hope was dead within me of ever seeing my home or friends again. I had gone to bed one night, the wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and a faint watery-looking moon lit up the sky. I can hardly say whether I had slept or not, but a sound of voices and the grating of gravel, as if something were dragged over it, awoke me. At first I thought it was but a dream and that I was not yet fully awake.

"*Tukua, tukua,*" broke again on my ears in a man's loud voice. I thought I knew those tones, and had heard them often. A sound followed as of a boat pulled up the beach. I hastily arose and went out. There was a tall native ordering five more to haul ashore a long whale-boat. I saw at a glance it was Re-whare-wha's cousin, and went forward joyfully to

greet him. As soon as he saw me he uttered a loud and emphatic *Aka!* of astonishment, not unmixed with fright.

"Stop!" he shouted, as I was hastening to him, "or I will kill you if you are flesh and blood." He had a little hatchet slung to his right hand, which he held ready to throw. I stopped. "Who are you?" said he.

"I am Carter."

"Are you not his spirit?"

"Let me come near, and judge for yourself."

"Come then!" he said at last, slowly and reluctantly.

I then went up to him and he grasped me firmly.

"Ay," he said, "that is real flesh and blood. We thought you were drowned, having picked up your hat out to sea." That at once explained to me why search had not been made on the island.

Forthwith he began to *tangi*, or cry, according to native custom, and rubbed his nose against mine.

"*Aue!*"—"Away!" cried he. "Bolger and we all thought you lost. Tell me all about it, and how you have managed to live."

"Pull up your boat," said I, "and then we shall have time for all particulars."

He and his men did so, and came up to my hut, bringing with them a basket of peaches, another of potatoes, and some fish. How delicious they tasted! I gave him a history of my stay, and, smoking and talking, we passed the night. He left next day, and as there was not room and I did not care to go in the boat, he promised to see Captain Bolger as soon as possible after landing and get him to send for me.

Ten weary days, spent in watching, passed by, when a small schooner came and took me off. I need not describe my sensations at meeting Captain Bolger and all my old friends once more; every boy may imagine them. I had brain-fever immediately after my arrival at Russell, and my life was long in danger.

On my recovery the doctor advised me to leave the country, and I embarked on board a full whale-ship, the Canton packet, returning home to New Bedford. The captain agreed to bring me to America for one hundred dollars; which the owners on my arrival at New Bedford generously refused to take. From America I returned to England.

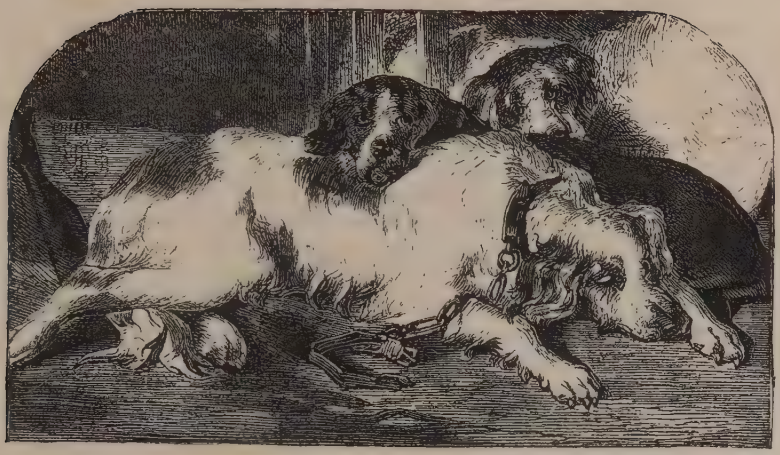
Home at last! Blessed, sweet home! Nevermore do I wish to experience "Crusoe Life." I still keep my knife as a relic and treasured keepsake. And, dear "Young Folks," my most fervent prayer to God is, "May none of you ever know the dreadful horrors of such a solitude, or ever try to become Robinson Crusoes."

I left the corn and potatoes growing on the island; perhaps they may be food to some other poor castaway. I also planted some peach-stones, and I hope the trees may grow, but I do not intend going for the peaches.

Rev. R. D. Carter.

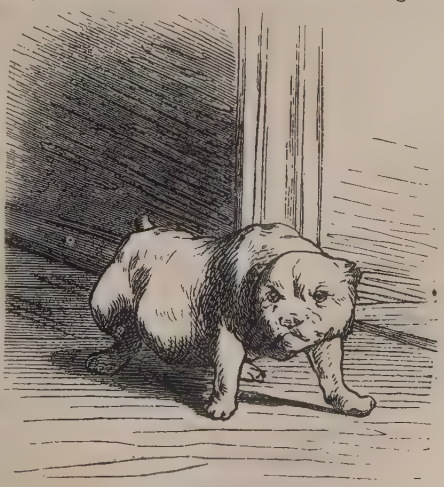
GRAYSPORT, Miss.

A FEW DOGS.



THESE dogs do not set up to be anything very wonderful, yet the friends of their race may think them worthy to be put on record, and they may be sure this is a true record, even (except in one instance) to the names.

The first I shall tell you about was a stout brown watch-dog that once gloried in the championship of Newburyport. Of all her dogs, he found himself easily chief. His regular business of guarding his master's house was done to perfection. The city watchmen used sometimes to beguile the tedious night by playing burglar, to test his fidelity; he would always "go for them," and give them no peace anywhere on the premises.



The Truckman's Dog.

At last, however, Spring's honors and complacency were disturbed by a truckman's dog, that not only presumed to insult him in the first place, but sent him home, howling, from a drawn battle, long and fierce. For days, he stayed at home, nursing his wounds and his wrath. Even after he ventured out, if he found his master was going past the house of his foe, he declined to follow, and cut

across the square, to join him in the street below. About a month after the affray, however, he marched straight on towards the scene of his discomfiture.

"Ah, you 've for tten yourself, old fellow!" thought his master.

But the old fellow knew what he was about. He was himself again, and longed to vindicate his reputation. He knew just how Alexander felt when he informed Darius that the world could have but one master. But alas for ambition! After a desperate struggle, the two dogs were forced apart without a victory to either.

Spring could no longer boast there was no match for him in Newburyport. From that hour arose a feud worthy of York and Lancaster. The honest mastiff, that had lived contented with his honors and his usefulness, now seemed given over to bitterness of spirit. Outraged pride rankled in his breast, a consuming passion. Furious fights ended without advantage on either side. Everything connected with his rival became so detestable to him, that it was a relief to his feelings to stand and bark at an empty, innocent cart that belonged to Tiger's master.

Every one of that man's trucks and wagons he knew and hated. He could distinguish the rumble of their wheels long before they came in sight, and as soon as that odious sound began to mingle with the din of the street, away in the distance, his wrath began to rise. Often when he lay on the peaceful hearth-rug at home, he would start up with an angry growl because his ear had caught the sound of wheels or sleigh-bells belonging to the house of his enemy, a sound that no one else could hear. It was strange, but he made no mistakes; no other rattle or jingle disturbed him, but as soon as any vehicle belonging to Tiger's master entered the street, above or below his home, summer or winter, he knew it and grew enraged. It was the same feeling as prompts the Swiss to kill any peacock that comes in their way because their ancient enemy, the Duke of Austria, wears the many-eyed tail in his crest. At length, his fierce jealousy made his friends so uncomfortable that they had to send him away to live on a farm. In his new quarters he became again a quiet, brave, and faithful watch-dog, happier to be "first in a village than second in Rome."

It was Spring's master who told me the following story, on the authority of his grandmother.

A certain dog of her acquaintance made himself useful by filling the wood-boxes for the family. One day his master, showing off his accomplishments before a guest, quietly directed him to bring in some wood. He went for it, but after a long delay came back empty-handed, — empty-mouthed, at least. His master gave his order more positively; still, a second time, the dog shamed him by slinking in after some time without bringing anything.

Teased by the banter of his friend, the man gave the unfaithful messenger a cuff, and said, sternly, "*Go and bring in some wood!*" The dog went to the shed and immediately came back with the *axe* in his mouth. There was no wood split. You may say, if you like, that he brought the axe merely be-

cause its handle was the only piece of wood he could get hold of, but I think he said, just the best way he could, "I am ready to do my part, if you will do yours."

Nero.

Nero Newton, of Marquette, was remarkable as a business dog. What with going to market, bringing the mail, running with bundles, and drawing Miss Nellie to school every day, his cares were great. Still the capable love responsibility, and Nero had a happy life of it. It was his favorite amusement to go down to the wharf to see all the steamboats in, and indulge his pride by taking a swim and bringing in sticks, to the admiration of the crowd. But though he was as fond of play and of fight as any young dog, when he had anything in his care he could neither be coaxed nor bullied into betraying his trust. If he was actually attacked, he would set his basket down in some safe place, till he had put the intruder to rout, and then take it up and go about his business. Neither man nor beast could safely meddle with anything in his charge.

One day the tin teakettle at his house sprung aleak. His master had him take it down street, and pointed him to the tinman's where he was to leave it. When Mr. Newton was ready to come home from his store at night, he sent Nero across the street to fetch it, and after that day there was no errand he so much delighted in as trotting off to the tinman's with that shining, tinkling teakettle swinging from his mouth; the careless kitchen-girl made it a frequent pleasure for him. If he had taken it to be mended in the morning, he did not need to be told to call for it at night, but remembered it himself.

When he brought anything home he used to flourish once around the kitchen before delivering it, as if to say, "What a fine dog am I!" One day his master sent his young mistress a basket by him that roused his curiosity. I suppose it had a suspicious smell, and then it *mewed.* When he had given it to Miss Nellie he stood by, all eagerness to see it opened. How do you suppose he felt when he saw a little gray kitten hop out and put up her back and bristle her tail at him? Some dogs would have considered themselves imposed upon, but Nero was a good-natured fellow, if he did have such a name, and it 's my opinion he felt more like laughing. At any rate, he soon made a friend of little Puss, and let her play with his long handsome ears and tail. They used to eat from the same plate, and the large dog was trained to wait till the small cat had helped herself.

One day he came home from a fight badly hurt, and though he was so wild with pain it would have been dangerous for a stranger to go near him, he held himself still with a noble patience to let his kind mistress, Mrs. Newton, sew up the wound. You must not think it was perfectly easy and natural for Nero to be so good, any more than it is for little folks of another race. He was carefully trained to it, praised when he did well and punished when he did not.

He never lost anything trusted to him but twice. One of those times it was a pair of slippers, which slipped out of his mouth somehow, as he was coming over a railroad bridge. Poor Nero searched that bridge all over and would not venture home for hours, and had to take a whipping when he did, while there were the mischievous slippers, all the time, away down below the bridge, hidden in the grass at the edge of the river.

Speaking of this loss reminds me of an odd bewilderment a Topeka dog got into not long since. He was a terrier, and a mighty rat-hunter. One day, as he was in his master's store, a mouse jumped down from a shelf and darted along the floor. Instantly the terrier was on his track. Mousie dodged in and out, and finally leaped into a great earthen butter-jar that had just been emptied. There he was safe as in a stone tower: the dog could not get at him; but the mouse did not feel so sure of that; he could n't be comfortable with those fiery eyes glaring at him from above. He raced around and around his refuge, and tried to climb its walls, but, besides being steep, they were slippery with butter and could not be scaled. Suddenly one of the men looking on tipped down the jar and he darted — where do you think? down that dog's throat! The terrier stood waiting,

open-mouthed, greedy, and the moment the jar was tipped, that buttered mouse went down his throat without either of them knowing it! The dog was confounded. Where had that mouse gone? No game had ever before escaped him so strangely. He hunted and hunted, and finally went home with his tail drooping, perplexed and baffled. For days afterwards, his master laughed to catch him furtively searching about in that corner of the store for the mouse he had swallowed! He was in a worse quandary than Mr. Beecher's dog, Noble, that watched so long at the stone-wall for the squirrel that had gone out on the other side.

How much do you suppose dogs understand of the talk they hear? It would be rather startling to learn that every intelligent dog was "a chiel amang" us "takin' notes."

An Andover lady used to have a dog which understood her so well that she was obliged to spell the name of the place she was going to, if she did not wish him to know it. He was not up to spelling.

One evening when I was visiting a friend, I noticed a pretty little dog in the room, and was told that it belonged to some other guests, Mr. and Mrs. B. They said he was not allowed to follow the family about, but he had learned to outwit them by going in advance. That afternoon, for instance, when they arrived at Mr. L.'s, they found their dog had been there already half an hour. Mr. B. did not doubt that he learned where they were going by noticing their talk at home.

I remember an anecdote this same gentleman related at the tea-table that evening, to illustrate the power animals have of telling each other things. Possibly it may have been already printed, but Mr. B. said it happened under the eye of a friend of his.

This gentleman was occupying a room in Paris which overlooked the court-yard of a hotel where ragamuffin dogs used to gather every day to pick up cold victuals and make out a dinner as best they could. Some elegant private grounds sloped down to this same yard, and one day a dainty little greyhound, belonging to the fine house, roving about his master's domain, sprang up on the wall that bounded it, and looked down on this plebeian crowd wrangling over their bones. They acted as if they had found something good, and Sir Greyhound, thinking he would condescend to take a bite himself, jumped down among them. Though they had been squabbling among themselves, they instantly made common cause against the intruder. The idea of this pampered aristocrat, that lived on the fat of the land, meddling with their poor pittance! They turned on him so fiercely he was only too glad to get over the wall with all the bones whole in his shiny skin. You can imagine how he fumed about "that rude rabble" as he made his way home. And he thought of a way to punish them.

The next day at noon he came down again, accompanied by a huge Newfoundland, — appeared to point out the enemy to him and stood on the wall, quivering with pride and pleasure, while his friend and champion dashed in among the common dogs and routed them, right and left. So his

insult was avenged and the two marched home with colors flying. As usual in France, the poor had asserted their rights hotly enough, but the aristocrats came out uppermost.

This patronizing Newfoundland reminds me of another of his kin which befriended a little dog that had got lost on a journey. He had no business to be on a journey, in the first place, for he was quite too small to travel, but he had tagged after the buggy, unnoticed, till it was too late to send him home, so he had been taken on board. His friends had made their visit at Bath, New Hampshire, and were starting for their return by another way than that they came, but as they stopped at a store in the village, this imprudent little dog privately jumped out of the wagon and was still gossiping with a new acquaintance when they drove off, supposing he was all safe, under the seat.

Of course, he was quite distracted when he found they had gone and he was left behind. I can't tell what consultations were held over his case by the Bath dogs, but I do know that late in the afternoon of that day, Judge H.'s Newfoundland, the largest and handsomest dog in the place, was seen escorting him up to a blacksmith's shop, two or three miles back, on the road by which he had come. The little dog's owner was a relative of the blacksmith, and had made him a long call in coming up, so that he immediately recognized the wanderer. The Newfoundland stood by long enough to see that his young friend was likely to be taken in and cared for and then turned homeward, no doubt with that pleasant glow about his heart that always follows the doing of a kind action. The stray doggie's master was informed of his whereabouts and sent for him, so that he got safely home a few days later.

If he had been as knowing and as daring as some of his race, he might have gone alone. A few years ago, a Newfoundland, belonging to the Insane Asylum at Concord, New Hampshire, was sold to a gentleman living in one of the towns just out of Boston, — I have forgotten which, — and was taken away there, shut up in a freight car. Two weeks afterward, that poor fellow reappeared, on the outskirts of the Asylum Grounds. He came out of the woods on the side towards Boston, lean and ragged and worn, and timidly approached one of the patients, an old man who had always been very fond of him. He seemed doubtful whether he would be welcome back. He looked up into his friend's face with such a questioning, beseeching look that the man knelt down and drew him into his arms and comforted him; then took him up to the house. He was kindly received and allowed to spend the rest of his days in the home of his choice. Can anybody tell how he found his way? He had not followed the railroad track, apparently, but taken a short cut across the country, if sixty miles can be called a short cut.

But the best dog I have to tell you about is Adler Oppenheimer, a handsome spaniel, with long silky ears, and bright soft eyes, and uncommonly strong claws, which gave him his name of Adler, meaning *eagle* in his master's native German.

Adler.

Several years ago he was helping Mr. Oppenheimer oversee a gang of men who were getting out hop-poles in a remote part of Kansas. It was as rollicking a life as any dog could ask for, to be the pet of the whole gang and have the run of the woods, where there was plenty of small game to be startled, dashed at, chased, captured, or thoroughly scared at least, which suited him just as well. Poor fellow! He did not dream what trouble was before him.

One morning, just before pay-day, when the overseer was known to have a large amount of money about him, he was attacked and robbed, alone in the forest. The trampled sod and broken boughs gave evidence afterwards that there had been a hard struggle, and the bruised, battered figure of the victim showed that he had not been decently shot or stabbed, but brutally beaten by the ruffians. When they had accomplished their purpose, they dragged his body to a little hollow, hurriedly covered it with leaves and brush, and fled with their bloody treasure.

All unconscious what a horrible fate was coming upon his best friend, Adler was roving the woods with one of the men, as gay as a lark. As he was continually making little raids off from the main track, he came upon many discoveries which his two-legged companion knew nothing about. Among these, he happened upon the trail of his master. Off he scampered to find him and give him a pleasant surprise.

The tracks led him along to the heart of the forest, and there they were suddenly mixed with some new tracks. Doggie was nonplussed; there had been foul play; his master's own feet had never carried him out of that spot. Fast and anxiously his nose explored every square inch his

friend had gone over, till his frantic search ended at the brush-heap. Look as innocent as it would, Adler knew it covered an awful secret. And now his strong claws served him well.

He tore away the boughs till he had uncovered the dearest face in the world, to him. It was shockingly bruised and swollen, but Adler was not the dog to waste time in useless moans. Something was to be done; he ran for help to the overseer's boarding-place, on the border of the forest. He begged and barked and tried to tell the inmates that it was a case of life and death, but he could not make them mind anything about him; nobody would come, for all his pleading. He saw that whatever was done he must do himself.

Don't you believe his faithful heart ached with disappointment, as he ran back to the fatal spot alone? But he did about as much as any man could have done. He pulled away the boughs and scattered the leaves that buried his master. He chafed his face and hands with his tongue; he tried every way he knew to rouse him. Still there was no sign; the case was desperate. He leaped on the body, tore open the shirt bosom, and licked the cold breast with his warm rough tongue, but all did no good; more decided measures were needed. I do not know, unless the Master of Life taught him, how the spaniel found out just what had better be done, but he did it. I suppose he felt that he *must* wake his master, somehow; he *scratched* his breast and that started the blood, — the man moaned and feebly moved, — he was not dead! Adler never believed he was. You can imagine how happy he was when the dear hand tried to return his caresses.

But the overseer was still almost as bad as dead; he had been so cruelly pounded that he could not see out of his eyes nor stand on his feet. But his faithful little friend licked his face and breast and hands until he got the blood well circulating again. Then he coaxed him to crawl out of his grave. At first, he could only go on his hands and knees, but his dog cheered him on and led the way, running on before, with his joyful barking, then coming back to lay his silky head against his cheek and tell him as well as a speechless creature could, that it was a cruel shame for anybody to abuse him so, but it would come out all right yet.

So comforted, but very lame and sore, Oppenheimer made his way out of the woods, getting on to his feet at last and staggering painfully along. As soon as they reached the clearing Doggie dashed forward to call the people and show them that it was no fool's errand he had worried them about. Here was his murdered man alive again.

You may be sure the dear fellow got all the thanks and the praise he deserved for the rest of his life. There was nothing a dog knows how to enjoy that he did n't get from his master and his friends. He died not a great while ago, full of years and of honors, at Peru, Indiana.

It was the custom at Rome to give a civic crown to any one who saved the life of a citizen, and I think Adler Oppenheimer deserved one, if ever anybody did.

Jenny Bradford.

THE FIRST BAPTISM IN CONGO.

YOU have been at a missionary meeting, of course. Perhaps you think that the zeal for spreading abroad the Christian religion, which you have observed at such meetings, is something new in the world.

It is not so. Four or five hundred years ago the Christian people of Europe were a great deal more enthusiastic in this matter than we are, and the missionary priests of that period suffered more, and displayed more courage and fortitude, than missionaries are now required to do.

And who can wonder at it? In those simple old times people thought that all a priest had to do to save a soul from everlasting pain, especially the soul of a child, was to baptize it; and they thought it was enough even if he baptized it on the sly, against its own will, and against the will of its parents. I was reading, the other day, of the first missionaries in Canada, who often performed a trick of this kind, of which they were not a little proud. One of them relates that he employed such a device for saving the soul of an Indian boy, seven years old. Both father and child were very sick at the time, and not expected to live; but the father would neither be baptized himself, nor let his son be. At last the priest said, "At least, you will not object to my giving him a little sugar."

"No," said the Indian; "but you must not baptize him."

So the missionary put some sugar in a spoonful of water, and gave it to the child. Then he mixed some more, and gave that to him. A third time he filled his spoon with water; but, before putting the sugar into it, he let a drop of water fall upon the child, and at the same time said the words which are used in baptism. A little girl, who was watching this proceeding, and perhaps wishing for a little of the sugar, cried out, "Father, he is baptizing him."

The father was alarmed at this; but the missionary quieted him by saying, "Did you not see that I was giving him sugar?"

Soon after the child breathed his last, and the missionary firmly believed, and all his brethren believed, that he had saved the child's soul from an eternity of torment. Who would not be zealous for baptizing the heathen if he thought that a drop of water, and a few words muttered in Latin, made all the difference between endless happiness and endless misery? A good-natured person would be willing to go many times round the world to get only one soul saved, if he thought it could be done with so much ease and certainty.

Four hundred years ago, in the days of Prince Henry the navigator, nearly every one was of that opinion. The prince thought so himself, wise and good as he was; and all his life he longed for the time when there would be among the negroes on the coast of Africa Christian priests and Christian churches, and when all those negro tribes would come flocking in, asking baptism. He died without witnessing the sight. Several times

he caused young men from Africa to be educated for the priesthood, and he took a great deal of trouble to get a knowledge of the negro languages, and to train interpreters, so that the Africans might at length be converted. But all was in vain. The time had not come for it. It was not until he had been in his grave for twenty-two years that a serious attempt was made to build a church upon the coast of Africa and maintain regular services in it.

Every one knows that a great deal of gold-dust used to be brought from the coast of Guinea. The Portuguese found out, as early as 1472, that the negroes of Guinea wore gold ornaments twisted in their hair, and hanging from their ears and noses; and they soon got into the habit of going there every year, and getting gold in exchange for such trifles as ignorant savages love. So much gold came from Guinea at last, that the king determined to build a fort and a church upon the gold coast, and endeavor to found a settlement, which should serve both to promote the gold trade and convert the natives to the Christian religion.

Many of his people disliked the king's plan, saying that the coast was very unhealthy, and the navigation of the Gulf of Guinea very dangerous.

"No matter," said the king. "If only one soul should be converted to our faith through the building of this fort and church, it will reward us for all our trouble."

He made extensive preparations; for he had determined to plant a colony that should be lasting, and which should send, year after year, African gold-dust to Portugal and African souls to heaven. The stones for the fort and church were all cut in Portugal, as well as all the timber and other materials. The expedition consisted of twelve vessels and six hundred men, and the fleet carried provisions enough to last this large company for two years. On the 19th of January, 1482, the fleet arrived off the gold coast of Guinea, and came to anchor.

Luckily enough, the Portuguese commander found a vessel of his own country already there, trading for gold with a powerful chief who lived near by. Through the captain, who was well acquainted with the country, and could speak the negro language, he sent a message to the chief, informing him that many noblemen and gentlemen had come from Portugal to pay their respects to him, and that they would go on shore the next morning to visit him, if it was agreeable. The chief returning a favorable answer, the governor went on shore, with a great number of officers, all splendidly dressed, and wearing their arms concealed.

As soon as they had landed they marched in procession toward a large tree, not far from the shore, and at some little distance from the village of the chief. Several priests were in the procession, dressed in the gorgeous robes of their office, and carrying the vessels and implements used in celebrating the mass. When they reached the tree, the governor hung upon it the royal banner of Portugal, and the priests prepared an altar for the religious ceremony. No negroes were present; for the chief, it seems, had a high opinion of his own importance, and desired to come

with all his people, and make an impression upon the strangers. So, under that tree, on the 20th of January, 1482, the first mass was said in Guinea, in the presence of about a hundred Portuguese officers, knights, and soldiers.

"All our people," says a Portuguese historian, "heard the mass with great devotion, praising God, and imploring his assistance in bringing all those idolatrous people to the faith, and praying that the church which was there to be founded might last to the end of the world."

When the mass was ended, the Portuguese saw that the chief and his people were coming out of their village toward them, and they at once arranged themselves for their reception. A chair was brought for the governor, and his officers were drawn up in long lines, between which the chief would pass to where the governor was seated. Both parties evidently desired to show themselves off to the best advantage.

The Africans drew near, walking very slowly and in regular order, many of them playing upon rude musical instruments. All of them were naked, except that they wore a monkey-skin for an apron; and they had oiled themselves so that the whole party glistened in the sunshine. They were armed with shields, spears, bows, and arrows, and upon their heads some of them had a curious kind of head-piece, made of monkey-skins, and stuck full of fishes' teeth, — an enormous, oddly shaped thing, intended to terrify their enemies in battle. The Portuguese found it difficult to conceal their laughter when these comical figures passed by.

In the middle of the procession marched the chief himself, his arms and legs covered with bracelets and gold rings, and wearing round his neck a collar from which hung some small bells. In his beard and hair were twisted wires of gold, the ends of which hung down. His appearance and manner were most ridiculous. He walked as slowly as possible, putting down one foot after another with the greatest deliberation, holding his head high, and not moving it to the right or to the left. The Portuguese commander rose to meet this mighty potentate; upon which the chief took him by the hand, and then making a peculiar sign with his fingers, said, in his own language, "*Peace, Peace.*" A ceremonial similar to this had to be performed between the principal persons on both sides; and everything was done so slowly and solemnly, that a long time passed before the conversation could begin.

The Portuguese commander, at length, addressed the African chief, through an interpreter. He said that the king his master, learning how well Caramanza (the chief's name) had behaved to the Portuguese, wished to make some return to him, by affording him an opportunity of getting something much more precious than gold, and that was his soul's salvation.

"First of all," said he, "you must know the Creator of all things, who made the heavens, the sun, moon, and earth, and everything in them, and whom the king of Portugal and all other princes in Europe acknowledge as their master. They adore him, and believe in him. They believe, too, that our souls after death will appear before him, to give an account of our

good and bad actions; and that good people will be placed in heaven, where God is, and the bad will be sent to a bottomless pit, where they will be tormented by things called devils. But in order to understand these things, it is necessary to be washed in a holy water, — which the Christians call baptism. This baptism clears the mind for the understanding of God, just as water washes the eyes when they are full of dust."

After going on in this strain for a while, the governor said that the king had sent him to entreat the chief to acknowledge this God, and promised that if he would do so, and be baptized, he would help him in everything that he wished. He added, that he had brought with him a great deal of rich merchandise, and that, in order to keep it safe, he must build a strong house to put it into, and some other houses in which the honorable gentlemen whom he had brought with him could live and carry on trade with the people of the country.

The chief remained silent during this long speech; and when it was finished, it was some time before he began to reply. At last he spoke in something like this way: —

"I am much obliged to the king your master for attending to the salvation of my soul, and for all the other good promises he has made me. The king is certainly quite right in what he says about my good treatment of his people, who have come here for trade. But how different was their dress from what I now see upon these noble gentlemen! They were ragged, and were glad to get away as soon as their trade was done. But now I see a great many people better dressed, adorned with gold and jewels; and, what is more surprising, you want to build houses and stay here. Such splendid gentlemen as you are could never put up with such poor things as we have here upon the coast; but you will have to have around you a great many valuable things, some of which may be lost, and then disputes will arise. So I think it much better for our trade to go on as before, — your people coming and going every year, — and then there will always be peace between us, and we shall always be glad to see one another. On this plan my people will be much more inclined to hear about the God you have mentioned."

It was plain that Caramanza did not want to be outshone by these grand and richly dressed gentlemen. The governor told him, however, that the king had commanded them to remain and build the houses, and that they would rather die than disobey. The chief, after some further conversation, gave an unwilling consent, and then returned to his village with all his followers, and without saying anything further concerning the baptism that had been proposed to him.

The next morning the Portuguese discovered that the negroes had a religion of their own; for when the workmen began to remove some stones for the foundation of the fort, a crowd of natives fell upon them with great fury, and it was some time before the white men could pacify them. The stones had been placed where they were for some religious purpose. When the negroes had been quieted by liberal gifts, the work went on; but they

were so troublesome that the Portuguese at last burnt their village, and drove them off. The party remained on the coast for a few weeks, and then the governor sent home most of the ships, and all the men except a garrison of sixty soldiers and a number of workmen.

The fort and the church were built; and a colony was planted which continued for some centuries, until, indeed, the English obtained possession of that part of the coast. In the church a mass was said every year in honor of Prince Henry the navigator. For some years little progress was made in converting the savages, and I cannot find any account of baptisms in that part of Africa.

The first baptism that took place among the negroes occurred in Congo, on the 3d of April, 1491; which was thirty-one years after the death of Prince Henry. It was a wonderful scene, as you shall learn in a moment; and it was brought about in the following manner.

Two years after the events just related, a brave knight of the king of Portugal's household, named Diogo Cam, sailed on a voyage of discovery along the coast of Africa, and went three hundred miles farther south than any navigator had gone before; not turning back until he reached the river, now called Congo, nearly four hundred miles below the equator. He sailed up this river a little way, and saw upon its banks swarms of naked blacks, who came running down to see the Portuguese ships. He landed among them. He found them peaceable and friendly, but none of his interpreters could understand their language. Diogo Cam thought it would be an excellent thing to take a few of these negroes home to Portugal, where they could be taught the Portuguese language, and thus serve as interpreters. Cam contrived to make the king of Congo understand his wishes, and, the king consenting, he carried away four of the natives, solemnly promising that he would bring them back in fifteen months.

So intelligent were these negroes, that they could speak Portuguese pretty well before they reached Portugal, and gave Diogo Cam interesting accounts of their country, and its multitudes of people. The king was delighted with them. He was getting so proud of his African possessions, that he asked permission of the Pope to add to his other titles that of Lord of Guinea; which the Pope granted, and this year, 1484, he had the title engraved upon the royal arms, and stamped upon new coin. The four natives of Congo were carefully instructed in the Christian religion, as the king desired above all things that they should give a favorable account of it to their people. He treated them with the greatest kindness, often talking with them, and giving them presents.

The worthy knight, Diogo Cam, kept his word. Before the fifteen months had expired he landed the four Congo negroes, safe and sound, upon the shores of the Congo River. It was a joyful time. The king himself came to welcome the Portuguese, and to question his four countrymen, who had so much to tell him of the wonders they had seen in the white man's country. After some days spent in festivity, Diogo Cam continued his voyage down the coast, promising to call on his return. This brave man sailed

nine hundred miles beyond the Congo River, as far as a cape now named Cape Cross. It was so named by English mariners because here Diogo Cam, as was the custom with the Portuguese navigators, set up a solid stone cross, to mark the farthest point yet discovered, and to claim the territory for the king of Portugal. This cross, placed there in 1485, stands to this day, with only the loss of one of the arms.

On his return, the valiant Diogo again cast anchor in the Congo River, and spent some time among the friendly natives. He found, to his great delight, that the king of Congo was so much pleased with what he had heard of the Christian religion, that he desired priests might be sent from Portugal to convert and baptize him and his people. So earnest was he in the matter, that he insisted upon sending to Portugal a little embassy of his own people, to make known his wish to the king. Diogo joyfully consented; a Congo chief, with several young men, went back with him to Lisbon, where they were received with the greatest honor and enthusiasm by king and people.

After due instruction the whole party were baptized, and they were then sent back to their native land, accompanied by several priests. Astonishing events quickly followed the arrival of this expedition in the Congo River. No sooner had the Portuguese landed, than an aged uncle of the king came down to the shore, with all his chiefs and servants, and an African band of music, begging that he might be baptized at once; for he was so old he might not be alive if he waited for the king, who was away, to be baptized first. Instantly the Portuguese began to cut branches of trees for an altar, and to prepare everything for the ceremony; which they were determined to perform on Easter Sunday, April 3, 1491.

From far and near the negroes came flocking in, all asking to be baptized at the same time. This, however, the king's uncle would not permit, but told them they must wait until the king had enjoyed the privilege; and said that he himself would have waited but for his great age. On Easter day, in the presence of a mighty host of naked blacks, — to the number of twenty-five thousand, say the Portuguese historians, — the old chief was baptized. Upon the suggestion of the two priests, he had all the idols burnt, and he went to mass every day. Indeed, he was over-zealous; for being disturbed one day while at mass, he would have had the disturbers put to death if the priest had not interceded for them.

A few days after, the king himself was baptized. The Portuguese writers are eloquent when they describe the remarkable scene which then occurred. As he was residing a hundred and fifty miles in the interior, the Portuguese admiral, attended by his principal officers, and accompanied by the priests, marched with the sacred vessels towards the royal residence. The king's uncle gave them a guard of two hundred negroes to carry their baggage; and it was a great strife among them which should bear the holy vessels. When they had gone half the distance, they were met by a great number of the king's own men, who advanced playing musical instruments, and chanting something which the Portuguese thought was an African psalm;

for their own party sang responses to it. As they marched along together, the negroes sometimes chanted and responded, one party singing a few words, and the rest singing something in reply; and, at other times, they all joined in shouting the praises of the king of Portugal for what he had sent them.

The Portuguese were conducted to a great plain, in the midst of which was a high platform built of timber. Upon this, in a chair made entirely of ivory, well carved, sat his Majesty, the king of Congo. From his waist upward he was naked, and his black skin shone with palm-oil; but from his waist hung a damask cloth which Diogo Cam had given him three years before. From his left shoulder hung a horse's tail, which in Congo only a king may wear; and on his head he had a tall, finely worked cloth hat, shaped like a bishop's mitre. Towards the throne the Portuguese walked, surrounded by such a multitude of eager negroes that it was with the greatest difficulty they could get near the king. Pushing their way, however, they came near enough at last to salute him with a low bow; which he returned by putting his hand first upon the admiral's breast, and then upon his own, — the greatest compliment a Congo monarch can pay.

When these ceremonies were over, the king was eager to see the holy vessels, which the priests proceeded to uncover. When the cross was lifted up, the white men knelt, and the whole multitude of Africans followed their example. When the king had received the set of sacred objects which the king of Portugal had sent him as a gift, nothing would content him but to have them brought to his house, and shown to his wife and children. As a church was to be built near this place, he resolved to put off his own baptism until the ceremony could be performed in it.

The edifice was forthwith begun; but soon after, a rebellion breaking out which required his departure, he would not wait for its completion. On the 3d of May, 1491, the king of Congo was baptized by the name of John, and his queen by the name of Eleanor. He then departed for the war, bearing a flag blessed by the priest, which had upon it the sign of the cross. With this in his hand, he attacked and put to flight an army of eighty thousand rebels. So, at least, the pious Portuguese writers assure us. But he proved a sad backslider when the priests insisted that a Christian could only have one wife.

The church, however, was built, and named the church of Santa Cruz; and five priests were left to take charge of it. Thousands of the natives were baptized; other churches were built; many Congo youths were sent to Portugal, trained for the priesthood, and brought home to carry on the work. So many churches were built in Congo, that some years after a bishop was sent to take charge of them, and the cathedral church of his diocese was no other than the church of Santa Cruz erected near the abode of the Congo king. From that day to this there have been Portuguese missions all along that coast, and the mass was said to-day by Portuguese priests in many an African church that was built before the Mayflower was launched.

James Parton.

TWO CHILDREN.

LITTLE Gus while playing will laugh;
All the world is as bright as the sun,
Though her face is darker by half
Than half the bright things she looks on.

She laughs when she looks up above,
She laughs when she looks in my eye;
She 's a rogue, — an elf whom I love;
She is happy, and cannot tell why.

She loves the red roses and pansies;
She laughs when she sees the rain fall;
In starlight and moonlight she fancies
She sees the great God over all.

Little Hettie is fair as a lily,
With eyes of the heavens' own blue,
Yet the tears oft will blind them so fully
That the bright world is shut from her view.

She cries when she plays in the garden,
She sobs when she loses her doll,
And thinks that the flowers should ask pardon
For being so naughty and tall.

Though she 's blest through the night and the day,
This little one weeps at my knee,
And will not be joyous and gay.
Dear little ones, which would you be,

The child that smiles up in God's face,
Though she 's ragged, and poor is her home,
Or the child that looks down from his grace,
Away from the blessings that come?

Margarita Willets.

THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL OF ST. SULPICE.

WHEN I was in Paris, a year or two before the terrible war broke out, I often went to the church of St. Sulpice. A grand old place is St. Sulpice, not so majestic outwardly as Notre Dame, but far more interesting to me. Its painted chapels, its noble altar with the royal seat in front, its chairs full of kneeling people, from the splendid dame to the bonnetless peasant, its gorgeously dressed priests, its magnificent organ, — everything about it charmed and interested me.

One day I saw a little girl asleep at the foot of a statue. The calm, white marble face seemed to look down in pity on the child, whose beauty startled me. Her white cape-bonnet had fallen from her head, and curls, lustrous as gold, and quite as yellow, fell over neck and cheeks. What long dark lashes she had! Her complexion seemed blended roses and lilies. But her dress was very shabby. The most beautiful feet will get soiled if they go shoeless, and this child seemed one of the very poorest of the poor.

There came a grand burst of organ-music, with which a thousand voices joined, and the child awoke. She lifted her head, and the great brown eyes seemed to drink in the melody. Then, seeing that we were watching her, she held out a little palm. The mute appeal was not resisted: I gave her my last franc.

She followed us out of the church. On the stone steps we could see the fountains playing. Omnibuses decorated with gay little flags, horses decked out with ribbons, merry groups passing, the red sunshine, and the distant beauty of the green park, with its gravelled walks and flowery borders, made a picture that I shall never forget. The child touched my dress.

"I must sing for you, madame," she said, holding up the franc.

Then she stood back a little, let her pretty arms drop, and sang in a sweet contralto a little French air. Her voice was charming.

"Why do you beg?" I asked.

"I do not beg, madame, I sing"; and her cheek flushed.

"Where do you live, my dear?"

"Rue St. Père."

"Near Hôtel St. Père?"

"Not far from that, madame. My father makes wooden images; perhaps you pass his window. At least, I call him my father."

I had often passed his window, filled with a melancholy collection of well-carved animals, boxes, heads, quite yellow by exposure. Nothing seemed ever to be sold.

One day I went in to ask the price of a stag's head. The poor man, broken down by sickness, sat whittling in the corner. His face was like saffron, while his thin hair was black as jet. A heavy curtain was hung across the shop. Presently the rings that supported it rattled a little; the curtain opened midway, revealing a bit of French home-life. A cradle of an

antique pattern, a woman ironing at a table, a tiny stove, two windows full of flowers, everything poverty-stricken, but clean. As I was paying for the stag's head in came my little one of St. Sulpice. She knew me, but with only a nod and a smile passed into the other part of the room.

"That is your little girl, I suppose," I said.

"O no; I care for her; that is all. Her mother is dead; she is no kin to me, but one cannot see a little one suffer. Besides, she does very well with her voice; she will work her way in the world. We do not suffer; we have bread." Nevertheless I knew by his voice and the aspect of things that they did suffer sometimes, so I often made little expeditions that way, and spent for carved wood every franc I could spare.

Now comes the wonderful part of my story. I had been at home six months when the French war broke out. While reading the dreadful tidings, and seeing with my mind's eye those fairy-like palaces over which I had wandered so often sacked and destroyed, I thought of the little girl of St. Sulpice, and wondered what had become of her. Where were the wooden hounds with their life-like eyes, the stags' heads so beautifully carved, the long French faces with the dust lying in their grotesque goatees? Where were the sick old man, the tidy little mother, the large, rosy baby?

One day, only a very few weeks ago, while walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington, a splendid carriage drove past, and I caught a glimpse of a face that set my heart beating. I turned to look, and, strange to tell, the child was also turning to look at me. Could this be the little French girl of St. Sulpice? Impossible.

On the following day I was called into my sitting-room to see some one who wanted a donation.

"They 're always a beggin', Miss Alice," said my maid. "There was three men with papers yesterday, and now come these flipflappers."

The "flipflappers" were two Sisters of Charity. One of them, the youngest, with large, loving, dark eyes, and one of the finest faces I ever saw, won me at sight. She was soliciting money, she said, for an Old Folks' Home. "You are not an American," I said.

"O no; I am only five months from Paris. This is my sister, who can talk only French."

An hour passed, during which I had told all about my St. Sulpice child.

The women looked at each other.

"It seems like Marie," said one.

"It certainly *does* seem like Marie," responded the other.

"And who was Marie?"

"Marie was with a wood-carver. Marie's mamma was an Englishwoman. Her husband brought her to Paris. They both died when Marie was a little one. Marie used to sing, and she lived in Rue St. Père."

"It must be my St. Sulpice girl!" I said, excitedly.

"During the troubles," continued the woman, "the old wood-carver died. His wife, whose sister was a nun, went to one of the charity homes. She, alas! was shot, and soon after her baby pined and died. The sisters took

care of Marie for a while, she was so beautiful. No, madame, it is not to be denied that they would have liked it if Marie could have grown up in their midst, and become one of the holy order, but the war forbade that. Some of the sisters escaped to England, and Marie went with them. In London, Marie sang a little now and then, for we were much reduced.

"One day she was listened to by a lady living in some villa. She had the child brought in, and kept saying to herself, 'It is a wonderful likeness!' Then she called her husband and all the family, and they each one said that it was a wonderful likeness.

"Well, madame, they found the child was one of them, the child of a sister who had married imprudently and gone off, and after that we had little to do with Marie. But we came over to America in the same ship, and the little lady was very kind to us. Her friends have given largely to this fund since she has been here. Will madame contribute?"

On condition that they found where the child lived, I gave them what I could spare, and they went away grateful.

Only the next day a grand equipage stopped at my door. There were two men in splendid livery on the box, and a tiger behind, who sat with his arms folded, like a statue of ebony.

Ah, but there was my sweet little St. Sulpice girl, with her nurse, or companion. How lovely she was! Her white hat and blue feather, beautiful blue silk, trimmed with costly white lace, her buttoned gloves, and dainty parasol, spoke most eloquently of the change in her circumstances. But to me she seemed just the same.

"Then you have not forgotten St. Sulpice," I said.

She shook her head and her lips trembled a little.

"It was so awful before we came away!" she said, with a shudder. "They took St. Sulpice for the soldiers, and they killed the nuns, and shot the good priests, and it seemed as if everybody was dead or dying. O, how we did fly for our lives!"

"But you are very happy now."

"Yes. I have a governess, and I am studying English, but I shall always love my dear, dear France, and I would go there again, but poor Père and Mère Bouve are gone, and their little child. If they could only have come to England with me!"

"And does your aunt stay in America long?"

"Till the next September. O, how I felt when I saw you on the street! I knew it was you. To-morrow we go to Cape May, and I shall never see you again."

"O yes, you will. I shall come over to England next summer."

The child's eyes brightened.

"Will you?" and she threw her arms round my neck in true French style, and declared that she loved me.

I hope I shall see my little one of St. Sulpice again. If anybody meets an English family at Cape May, with one of the loveliest little girls in the world, I have no doubt she will answer to the name of Marie.

Alice Robbins.

LITTLE MARY'S WISH.

"I HAVE seen the first robin of spring, mother dear,
And have heard the brown darling sing;
You said, 'Hear it and wish, and 't will surely come true';
So I 've wished such a beautiful thing!

"I thought I would like to ask something for *you;*
But I could n't think what there could be
That you 'd want while you had all these beautiful things;
Besides, you have papa and me!

"So I wished for a ladder; so long that 't would stand
One end by our own cottage door,
And the other go up past the moon and the stars,
And lean against heaven's white floor.

"Then I 'd get you to put on my pretty white dress
With my sash and my darling new shoes,
And I 'd find some white roses to take up to God,—
The most beautiful ones I could choose.

"And you and dear papa would sit on the ground
And kiss me, and tell me 'Good by';
Then I 'd go up the ladder far out of your sight,
Till I came to the door in the sky!

"I wonder if God keeps the door fastened tight?
If but *one* little crack I could see,
I would whisper, 'Please, God, let this little girl in;
She 's as tired as she can be!

"'She came all alone from the earth to the sky;
For she 's always been wanting to see
The gardens of heaven with their robins and flowers,
Please, God, is there room there for me?'

"And then, when the angels had opened the door,
God would say, 'Bring the little child here.'
But he 'd speak it so softly I 'd not be afraid;
And he 'd smile just like you, mother dear!

"He would put his kind arms round your dear little girl,
And I 'd ask him to send down for you,
And papa, and cousin, and all that I love,—
O dear! don't you wish 't would come true?"

The next spring-time when the robins came home,
They sang over grass and flowers
That grew where the foot of the ladder stood,
Whose top reached the heavenly bowers.

And the parents had dressed the pale still child
For her flight to the summer-land,
In a fair white robe with one snow-white rose
Folded tight in her pulseless hand.

And now at the foot of the ladder they sit,
Looking upward with quiet tears,
Till the beckoning hand and the fluttering robe
Of the child at the top appears!

Mrs. L. M. Blinn.

MOTHS AND COCOONS.

THE pine and oak woods around Orchardville are bordered in the early spring by dark brown fields shielding in their duskiness rich clumps of red cup-moss and delicate patches of pink. I know this is so because I went there one year as early as March, while the other girls in our street stayed in the city till examination was over and the schools closed.

All along the country roads the bushes were bare and leafless. One day I was walking with Cousin Celia past a desolate thicket; I had been there alone a dozen times and thought the way an excessively uninteresting one, and remembered longingly the flowers and berries which hung so temptingly by that very roadside in spring and summer. Suddenly Cousin Celia plunged into the bushes, and pulling a branch toward her, said, "I do believe this is a cecropia."

"O, let me see!" cried I, following and taking from her hand a twig bearing a brown bunch which I knew must be a cocoon, as we have a book full of pictures of such things at home. Celia said she would keep it in her room, and that soon a beautiful moth would come out of it.

"Oh! I wish I had one too," said I. And then we searched till Cousin Celia found another. She knew a great deal about such things, and told me there were three or four different kinds of cocoons right there in our woods, and that we could find others on the alders by the brook. After that I explored every day for new treasures, and the bushes which before seemed so empty and desolate were like enchanted woods, where, at any moment, a sleeping beauty might be discovered lying in a warm, snug bed.

The first cocoon I found was fastened to a straggling huckleberry-bush in the pasture; I have never found another so large. I carried it home and put it, with the twig it was attached to, over a picture in my room,

where all my cocoons received places of honor. Every morning I mounted into a chair and examined my clusters of treasures fastened to the wall, and waited with great impatience for the emancipation of the imprisoned princesses. One morning I saw a spot of soft maroon velvet at the mouth of the large cocoon I found in the pasture. I kept the exciting discovery to myself, though it was almost impossible not to tell Cousin Celia that the great cecropia had started to come out. I was sure it would be out by night. But no; bedtime came, and still there was nothing to be seen of my pet but its soft, velvety head; and in the morning it was the same. I waited nearly a week, and then told Celia of my disappointment.

She examined the object of my anxiety with much care, and then said, "Poor thing! it is dead now, but it struggled well for life. Dolly, bring the scissors, and we will cut open the cocoon, so that you can see how curiously it is made." I had always thought it a delicate structure and handled it with care, but the thin brown membrane on the outside offered strong resistance to my little scissors, and after the first covering was opened there was an inner one to be removed; in that was a tight black case from which the moth had only half succeeded in freeing itself. At the foot of this queer black cradle, where the moth had slept all winter, was a little crumpled bunch which Celia called the moth's "old clothes"; when it went to bed as a caterpillar it took off its old coat last of all, and rolled it up in a bunch at its feet, for when it woke again it would be already dressed in a new robe of rich colors.

That same day I found a new cocoon in my ramble, a lovely white satin structure, in shape like an antique pitcher, suspended from the end of a delicate twig. I carried it with joy to fill the place made empty by the death of my poor cecropia. The next morning, on opening my eyes, I looked as usual at the little brown cases on the wall, which were to make such wonderful revelations when the fulness of their time should come; and there on the frame of my favorite picture, Raphael's bewitching cherubs, was a fairylike creature, slowly opening and shutting its beautiful wings. I felt as if it were a bird, and, mounting on a chair, coaxed the pretty thing to fasten its fawn-colored velvet feet on my finger; then I went carefully down stairs and showed it to Celia and Grandma, and went into the kitchen, where I had the satisfaction of hearing the girl Kate say she believed it was a "spirit." Celia said it was a Polyphemus, but I did not like the name, and for short, called my pet "Polly." It seemed really to know what I meant when I said "Polly, pretty Polly, come and sit on my finger," though Grandma laughed at the idea. Then I went up stairs to discover which jewel-case had yielded up its precious contents, and behold! the lid of the pretty cocoon which I had brought home the day before was raised. My Polly had looking-glasses set in blue frames, one large round one in each of its wings. Celia called them eye-spots, and said on this account it was named for the huge one-eyed giant Polyphemus.

I shall always remember the day my Polly was born, the 17th of April; about a week later I noticed that the mouth of another cocoon was quite

Cecropia.

wet. I called Celia to look, and she said the moth would soon come out, for when it wanted to leave its warm winter house, it had a way of wetting the brown walls so that they became very elastic, and then out it crept without hurting its delicately folded wings, and the door closed after it as securely as if it were still necessary to shield the tender summer insect for which it was built from the snow and rain and piercing cold of winter.

While we were talking, I looked at Celia, for she has a very sweet face, and as she speaks, pretty dimples and flushes of color come and go; and

Promethia.

there is something in her voice which makes you turn toward her to look as well as listen. Meanwhile, Mr. Moth had made his way through the elastic door of his dwelling (which now appeared tightly closed as ever), and there he hung from the side of his deserted house, looking like a great caterpillar with all its feet gathered in a bunch at its head.

The closely folded wings resembled crumpled rags, but they unfolded rapidly with soft undulating motions, and lo! there was a small edition of the poor cecropia who died in struggling to get out of its strong dark house. It was more delicate in color and shape, so that it seemed almost like the ghost of my dead pet. Celia gave me a hard name for it, — Promethia, — and I never could devise anything shorter which I liked better.

It was *Mrs.* P—— Celia said, who had come to see me. *Mr.* P—— she described as slender and dark, a very modest person, having no resemblance whatever to his devoted wife.

One morning I was searching in the washstand closet for some shoes suitable for a long tramp in the woods; I had found a pair and was putting them on, when, feeling something soft and wet, I dropped my shoe in haste, then taking it up again, I shook out a new-born butterfly. You will wonder how it came there. Well, of course I could not hang up a smooth slippery chrysalis on the wall, as I did the cocoons, so I put all the chrysalides in a box-cover in the closet, and this poor little butterfly had come out in the dark, instead of the warm sunlight, and had crawled into my shoe, where it had received such rough handling that I feared it was badly hurt. Carrying it with care to my bureau, I placed it on a glass of fresh wild-flowers, among which it was contented to rest and make its toilet. Its dress was black flounced with blue and made with a train. Celia called it a chevalier, but to me it seemed more like a lady of the fairy court.

Kate Lorraine.

SAMMY'S EXPERIENCE.

I SHALL only try to relate a small adventure that Sammy was the hero of, when he was about four years old; which adventure was shared, as a matter of course, by his particular friend and "crony," Granny Perkins. Now "Granny" was not his friend's true name; it was only a boy's abbreviation of a good and noble one, Granville. But whoever heard of a boy called "Granville"? So the nickname came in use; and, though Sammy's friend is a dignified young gentleman now, he is "Granny" still, and likely to remain so to the end of his life.

One morning in early summer the friends were playing "stick-knife" before the door of Sammy's house. Suddenly Granny paused, and, pointing to a dark object near the opposite sidewalk, inquired, "What do you s'pose is in that bottle, Sam?"

It was a very curious bottle, with a very wide neck, and its cork tipped very much on one side, which gave it an extremely independent air.

"Let 's go for it and see," replied Sammy. Accordingly they "went for it"; and Granny, being the fleetest runner, secured the bottle; while the less fortunate Sammy, missing his grasp by about an inch, lost his balance and sat forcibly down on the spot which the bottle had lately occupied.

Regaining an upright position, he discovered that his friend was opening the bottle, and, peering over his shoulder, he asked curiously, "What 's in it, Gran?"

The contents of the mysterious bottle proved to be a dark, thick, ill-smelling liquid, like of which Sammy, at least, had never seen before. Gran smelt it, shook it, poured a little on his fingers (which he immediately wiped on his clean pocket-handkerchief), and finally replied in a tone of deep solemnity: "Yes, I know. Jim had some for his whiskers. It 's hair-dye! And O, Sammy!" seized with a sudden inspiration, — now 's your chance! It 'll make your hair as black as — as — " (pausing for a simile and not finding one) — "as — anything."

Now you must know that Sammy's hair was the one trial of an otherwise sunny life; it was not sandy, it was not even auburn, it was deeply, darkly, beautifully red! Poor Sam felt sometimes that he would willingly, yes, gratefully, give all those coppers he had so carefully hoarded, for anything that would make his hair as black and curly as Grán's, and rid him of those odious nicknames, "Carrots," and "Firepate," which the boys so freely bestowed upon him.

And here, Gran assured him, was the very article which would accomplish that much-desired purpose! What wonder, then, that the temptation was too strong for the poor little fellow to resist?

"How do you do it?" he queried, taking the bottle from his friend's hand, and eying it with deep respect.

"Do it?" answered Gran, excitedly. "Why you just pour it on, and rub it in, you know!"

"Will — will it hurt?" asked Sammy, cautiously.

"Hurt! Of course not, you baby!" said Gran. "Sit right down here on the curbstone, and I'll fix you in a jiffy, — only think, black hair just like mine!"

Sammy did think; and his scruples left him. Seating himself as directed, he said, calmly, "Go ahead then, Gran!" Granny shook the bottle. "Well! ain't you *never* going to begin?" cried Sam, indignantly.

Granny tipped the bottle, — tipped it a little farther than he intended; in fact, losing all control of it in his nervousness, he tipped it completely upside down. A thick, black, blinding stream descended on Sammy's hair; yes, and into his eyes and ears and mouth, which was wide open; and deluged the clean shirt, and the nice linen suit which his mother had finished only yesterday. Gran gazed one moment in speechless horror at the ruin he had wrought; then, dropping the bottle, fled.

One moment, and one only, Sammy sat silent; then with a "howl" of astonishment and indignation, he rushed into the house. "What *did* his mother do?" you will wonder, perhaps. What any loving mother would have done under the circumstances, I suppose. Washed and cleansed him, replaced the "dyed" suit with a fresh one, and then, taking him in her arms, comforted him with the assurance that his hair would not always retain its present zebra-like combination of red and black stripes. This was "Sammy's Experience" in hair-dye.

"*Ruth Adams*," *age* 15.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

Let us look into an old-fashioned New England meeting-house, built by our fathers more than a century ago, before the Revolutionary War. We shall probably find it standing on a hill near the centre of the town; for it was an ancient and honored custom among our ancestors to build their meeting-houses on high places, partly that they might be in a position where they could overlook the neighboring country, and see if Indians were approaching. Those were days when the farmers went to meeting with their guns on their shoulders, and sentinels were stationed at the doors to give warning of danger.

The edifice is nearly square, with one door in front opposite the pulpit, and one at each side. The inside is cut by broad aisles, one connecting the two side doors, the other extending from the front door to the pulpit. The pews are so high that only the heads of the people are visible over the tops of them; the backs are composed of slats of wood just far enough apart so that little boys, looking out for occupation during sermon-time, can get their heads in between them so far as to be unable to get them out again.

The pew being square, the seats extended around three sides, and when the door was shut, it seemed like a little room. The men sat next the door, to protect the "womenfolks," in case of an attack from Indians; hence the custom (so the story goes) of having the gentlemen sit at the heads of the pews, in these more civilized times.

The people rose at the second hymn and remained standing during the long prayer, and as it *was* sometimes rather long, they wanted to lean against the backs of the pews. The seats were accordingly placed on hinges, and when the people rose they

lifted them, and let them down when the prayer was over. Sometimes the seats came down with such a clatter that one not accustomed to the noise might have thought the house was falling.

The galleries, which were quite deep, were occupied by the children and young people. It would have been a little unsafe to leave so many children to themselves, away from their parents' eyes, and so a person called a "tithing-man" was appointed every year to keep them in order. He was regarded by the children with the greatest fear. There was a door below the pulpit, leading probably into some cellar. The little boys were told by their "big brothers" that if they were to laugh or whisper during sermon-time, that dreaded personage, the "tithing-man," would come and thrust them into the caverns below this door, where ghosts and hobgoblins reigned supreme, — a story which the little fellows implicitly believed.

The choir was composed of sixty or seventy persons of all ages. Every person in the parish who had any voice for singing, or ear for music, was expected to sit in the choir. One instrument, as the bass-viol, was all that was considered proper to use. These Puritans had become so opposed to all forms and ceremonies in England, that they were resolved to banish everything that had the appearance of being ceremonious. To use an organ would have been considered wicked. The choir sung Majesty, Danvers, and many other old tunes.

We must not forget to notice the sounding-board, a large, circular piece of wood, painted white, and suspended from the ceiling to within a few feet of the minister's head, by a long, slender iron rod, also painted white, and presenting the appearance of wood, so that the apparatus did not look very secure. It was always a matter of speculation among the boys in the gallery what would happen to the minister, should the sounding-board come down on his head. Our fathers supposed that by means of this the voice was kept from rising, and was sent down to the audience. But it is now believed that clear and distinct utterance is far more effectual.

Mary D. Priest, age 14.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

A POOR invalid lying on her couch one day, tired of staring at the dingy ceiling and the few articles of shabby furniture around the meagre room, found relief in resting her eyes on a little ray of sunshine which had crept through the dirty panes of the window, and flickered pure and bright on the uncarpeted floor. While through weary, half-closed eyes she watched it with dreamy languor, all at once out of its soft radiance seemed to rise a little figure, clothed in a golden glory from head to foot, which addressed her in these words: —

"I am the Spirit of the Sunshine. I am sometimes welcomed, sometimes I pass unnoticed, but from the poorest hut to the grandest palace I make my visits, alike to all. I cheer the sad and weary, I send a ray of hope to the disconsolate heart, I peep between the prison bars, and many a miserable convict watches for my coming and blesses my approach. I touch the bright hair of childhood, and baby-fingers try to grasp me; I lay my hand on the silvered hair of age, and all love my good cheer. I am shut out from the chamber of death, though I feign would enter, to comfort the mourners with a glimpse of the outer world; but I force my way to all true mourners over sin, and try to whisper in their ears, 'So God will some day pour the light of peace and forgiveness over your sorrow-laden hearts.'

"One day I wandered to the steps of an old church, where but seldom in the long year could my lingering footsteps come. Here I found a young girl and an old man, both ragged and shivering with the cold. The poor old man seemed sad and dejected, but the girl, though she never raised her eyes, had a sweet and gentle expression on her young face, which was beautiful to see; and when the old man, sighing pitifully, said he knew not where they would find shelter for the night, she bade him trust in God, and be happy while they were still allowed to be together; and then she sang, in a sweet, low voice, an old hymn, to which he listened well pleased. I passed my hand over her patient eyes. Alas, she was blind!

"'Father,' she asked, 'what is that which feels like a warm kiss on my brow?'

"'It is the sunshine, daughter,' he answered with a groan. 'O, it is hard that you are blind, my child!'

"'Nay, dear father,' she said, while a holy smile flitted over her features, 'let us rather thank God that *you* can *see*.'

"'Ah, sweet girl,' thought I, 'better off a thousand times are you than the wealthy and proud, in whose luxurious rooms I shine every day; better off are you, I say, for *you* have — the Sunshine of the Heart.'"

The silvery voice died away, the invalid opened her eyes with a start, but only a little ray of sunshine flickered on the floor.

Hattie F. Pettes.

FUN IN ITALIAN ART GALLERIES.

A PLEASANT time you can often have in those Italian Art Galleries. Your love of art and your love of fun will sometimes both be gratified. In Florence, during a residence of ten years, I have often seen the Pitti gallery crowded with foreigners and natives, and where so many people are collected together, talking different tongues, ludicrous scenes of confusion will naturally arise. Backing to obtain a better view of a picture, an admirer of art often backs upon somebody's corns. The exclamation of pleasure which the beauty of the picture drew from him would usually be exchanged for one of pain, if the individual whose toes had suffered retorted with a punch in the ribs, as he certainly would, if an Englishman. And if the individual whose toes had *not* suffered was not an Englishman, and the two endeavored to express their indignation in their own language, the result would be one of very laughable confusion. Sentiments of indignation are rarely expressed in a foreign tongue; the effort to translate them diverts the mind from the irritating cause, and gives it time to cool.

On one occasion I saw a big Englishman back into a painter's easel, and upset the whole concern.

"*Diamine!*" yelled the painter, with all the gesticulations peculiar to his countrymen.

"Heh! don't throw that at me! I could n't help it," said the Englishman, who thought, from the painter's motions, that he was about to dash his pallet at him.

"You cursed foreigner, what are you jabbering about?" said the painter, who could make nothing out of John Bull's efforts to speak Italian. "Pay me for the mischief you 've done, and I 'll be satisfied."

The Englishman, guessing at his meaning, endeavored to make him understand that he did not have a penny about him. But the painter, collaring him with one

hand, and flourishing his pallet in the other, yelled out, "Fifty francs! I must have fifty francs, or I 'll knock your brains out."

The Englishman became alarmed, and, parrying a blow of the pallet, he bawled out, "Hôtel du Nord, Piazza Santa Trinità!" The Italian at first looked at him as if he thought his adversary had gone crazy. But he quickly understood that the Englishman wished to bring him to his residence to pay him, and so they both went out. Looking from the window, I saw them in the street. The Italian was evidently endeavoring, by all sorts of gestures and grimaces, to beg the other's pardon, now that his excitement had passed. But the Englishman was striding on without noticing him.

It is amusing to see the Italian peasantry, who sometimes come to take a look at the pictures. The simple creatures move slowly about, staring vacantly at the gods and goddesses, the landscapes and portraits, until they come to a Holy Family. Their countenances will then light up, as if they had, at last, found something to look at with some sense and meaning in it. Crossing themselves devoutly, you may hear them mutter such phrases as these, "*Ah, che bella Madonna!*" "*Ah! che carino, guardate-lo quel Jesu Bambino, come ride.*" "*Quanto la Madonna par' che l'ami.*" — "O, what a beautiful Madonna!" "O, what a little dear! see how the infant Jesus smiles," etc.

I once saw a countrywoman stop and stare at the *Madonna della Seggiola*, which was being copied. The painter had left his work, and she stood comparing it with the original. She could not help admiring the fresher colors of the copy, and, impelled by devotion for the beautiful Madonna, she bent over and gave her a hearty kiss. But the colors had not yet dried. "Boo!" she speedily exclaimed, sputtering and spitting all over the picture, and then wiping off the paint on her lips with the end of her apron, while all the spectators burst into a laugh.

This laugh attracted the attention of the owner of the picture, who was talking with a brother painter in a corner of the room. Turning around, he perceived what had happened. He stood still at first, looking fiercely at the guilty countrywoman. Suddenly, he rushed up to her, took hold of her nose, and, dancing about the floor in his excitement, gave her two or three sound boxes on the ear. The countrywoman, taken by surprise as well as by the nose, at first seemed stupefied. But she soon found the use of her hands, and before some gentlemen could interfere, inflicted a scratch on the painter's face, by which she spoilt his looks as effectually as she had spoilt his Madonna's. Some gentlemen, however, did interpose at last, and peace was established. One of them laughingly proposed that the excitable little painter should kiss the countrywoman in return for the kiss she had given his Madonna. "*Non lo fara davero*," said the countrywoman, with an indignant blush, as she tramped away in her wooden shoes, while the painter went sullenly to work to repair damages.

A friend to whom I related the above incidents said they both gave him a better idea of Italian spunk than he had ever had before. He thought an Italian was afraid of hitting even a woman. But the truth is, an Italian will do anything when he is excited, and anything is enough to excite him. The Italian deserves a much higher reputation for courage than we in America seem willing to give him. At all events, that is my experience.

I should like to give some more examples of "Fun in Italian Art Galleries," for I remember quite a roaring lot of them. But my space is exhausted.

CAMDEN, N. J. *R. M. Walsh, age* 18.

THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.—AN ILLUSTRATED BALLAD.

CHARACTERS.

THE BRIDE, *white dress and veil, wreath, also a faded wreath.*
LOVELL, *knee-breeches of white paper-cambric, coat faced with same, ruffled shirt, white cravat, white wig and beard for last scenes.*
THE BARON,
FOUR GENTLEMEN *or* BOYS, } *same as* LOVELL, *excepting bright-colored breeches and facings.*
FOUR LADIES *or* GIRLS, *silk train dresses, powdered hair.*
THE BARONESS, *black dress in same style.*
SIX LITTLE CHILDREN *in ordinary dress.*
FURNITURE. *One table, one chair, two boxes. Front, sides, and lid of chest, four and one-half feet long, two and one-half high, fastened at inside corners with hooks, which must be unhooked when the chest falls in last scene.*

[At rise of curtain the bride and Lovell stand in centre of stage at back. The baron and baroness at the left hand of Lovell. The others stand in two lines at side, gentlemen at right hand of partners. They dance as follows: head couple forward and back, sides forward and back twice and bow, grand right and left. The pianist must play the melody, and as the bride and Lovell meet at head of the stage, the singer must twice sing the chorus, "O the Mistletoe Bough!" At the word "bough," the couples join right hands and bow, first to partner, then to opposites in exact time with music. The song then begins, the same dance coming in as marked.]

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.

LOVELL *leads his* BRIDE *forward and points up. They go backward to place, he points to sides of stage. Sides forward and back, bow, and begin the dance which goes on as above.*

(*Dance.*)

(*Sing.*) The baron beheld with a father's pride
His beautiful child, young Lovell's bride,
While she with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of the goodly company.

LOVELL *leads* BRIDE *to* BARON, *who salutes her; he then leads her to centre of stage and puts a ring upon her finger. They look tenderly at each other and remain in centre hand in hand, until chorus, when they bow first to each other, then to sides. All bow as before.*

CHORUS.

O the Mistletoe bough!
O the Mistletoe bough!

(*Dance.*)

"I 'm weary of dancing now," she cried;
"Here tarry a moment, I 'll hide, I 'll hide!
And, Lovell, be sure thou 'rt the first to trace
The clew to my secret lurking-place."
Away she ran, and her friends began
Each tower to search, and each nook to scan;
And young Lovell cried, "O, where dost thou hide?
I 'm lonesome without thee, my own dear bride."
O the Mistletoe bough!

BRIDE *comes forward, stretches out her hands wearily, places left hand on* LOVELL'S *shoulder, who also comes forward; she points over her shoulder and runs off at the right. Dancers cross and go out.*

LOVELL *expresses despair.* BARONESS *comes forward, places her right hand on his shoulder. They salute each other, then bow to audience at chorus.* [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — *Chest in centre, table tipped over at right of stage, chair on floor at left. The melody is played.* BRIDE *enters hastily; first hides behind table, then decides to enter chest, draws up chair and steps in. The chorus is then sung, and the* BRIDE *lets the lid fall heavily at last note.*

They sought that night, and they sought her next day,
And they sought her in vain, when a week passed away.
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.

The dancers enter slowly, pause a moment, then cross and exit.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — CHILDREN *are playing "Thread the Needle," in time to the melody; they stop suddenly, two of them point to right of stage.*

And years flew by, and their grief at last
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past;
And when Lovell appeared, the children cried,
"See! the old man weeps for his fairy bride."
O the Mistletoe bough!

LOVELL *appears at right, dressed as an old man, and crosses the stage slowly. He bows his head and weeps, then salutes the* CHILDREN, *who bow to him and then to audience.* [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE IV. — *Same as* SCENE III., *except that the chest is unhooked at corners, and the faded wreath inside.*

At length an oak chest, that had long lain hid,
Was found in the castle. They raised the lid,
And a skeleton form lay mouldering there,
In the bridal wreath of the lady fair!
O, sad was her fate! in sportive jest
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest;
It closed with a spring! and her bridal bloom
Lay withering there in a living tomb.
O the Mistletoe bough

Old man slowly enters, and attempts to raise the lid, pushes the right corner and chest falls. He holds up the wreath with trembling fingers. Gazes with horror on the chest. Turns to audience and points towards it. He kneels, and at last note of chorus falls on ruins of the chest.

[*Curtain falls.*

Arranged by G. B. Bartlett.

UNDERGROUND RIVERS. — No. 43.

Two rivers flow under the first sentence and one in each of the others.

1. They do not speak Portuguese in England.

2. I like to eat ham, especially with eggs.

3. At no port of China is tea not sold.

4. Pride everywhere falls to the ground.

5. Alum is sour, I think, and disagreeable.

6. They make vinegar on neglected floors in France.

7. I hate a drum. I am inveterately opposed to noise.

8. In Latin we easily write *egomet* or *ego*; not so easily in Greek.

9. Grindstones are at par, hones far dearer.

10. There is a barn on a steep, high hill.

11. They brought myrrh in each hand, and spice, and frankincense.

12. We had our own carriage that evening.

13. He is, with heart, hands, and pens, a co-laborer with me. *Jack Straw.*

CHARADES.

No. 44.

My *first* is a boy's name.
My *second* is a weight.
My *whole* is a town.

H. M. T.

No. 45.

My *first*, if you do, will increase.
My *second* will keep you from heaven.
My *whole*, such is human caprice,
Is seldomer taken than given.

J. E. T.

No. 46.

Ripe melon seeds are with my *first*,
Before you cut the fruits;
'T is what you beg, for best or worst,
With all your new pursuits.

Know you my *second*? Then, to-day
You will be tempted to it.
"Now, don't," is what the gossips say,
But yet they always do it.

My *third* would meet you face to face
Gladly, if that might be;
And so, though in a different case,
'T is very much like me.

Who spreads abroad a specious tale
In east, west, south, and north,
For some new humbug's rapid sale
Is doubtless a ——, my *fourth*.

Now, if you are indeed my whole,
As I can hardly doubt,
Though this charade is blind and droll,
You 'll surely find it out.

F. H. C.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 47.

C. Clinton.

ENIGMAS.

No. 48.

Thirteen letters my name do spell.
My *first* is in prison, but not in cell.
My *second* 's in autumn, but not in fall.
My *third* is in party, but not in ball.
My *fourth* is in dingy, but not in dark.
My *fifth* is in common, but not in park.
My *sixth* is in courtship, but not in love.
My *seventh* 's in pigeon, but not in dove.
My *eighth* is in naughty, but not in bad.
My *ninth* is in woful, but not in sad.
My *tenth* is in fortune, but not in chance.
My *eleventh* 's in polka, but not in dance.
My *twelfth* is in kitten, but not in cat.
My *thirteenth* 's in fleshy, but not in fat.
My *whole* in every home should be,
From Hudson Bay to the China Sea.

S.

No. 49.

A proverb composed of 31 letters.
My 25, 13, 7, 16, 9, 31 is a pass.
My 10, 3, 17, 6, 12, 22, 29 you should make your servant.
My 21, 8, 2, 27, 4, 18, 23, 19 are villains.
My 5, 11, 26, 14, 20 is a river in England.
My 30, 1, 24, 28, 15 is imprisoned.

Alex.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.—No. 50.

Fill the blanks in each of the following examples with a word of four letters and its transpositions.

1. I request that you will find a ——, while our good friend from the —— tries these ——, and —— some dinner.

2. I made a ——, that while I stood in the vicinity he might not ring so loud a ——, as it made my heart ——, and my face grow ——.

3. —— told me not to handle that dog, but its —— was more ——, and if I stood by the —— and coaxed it a little, it would eat —— from my hand.

4. ——, if you would —— to be an honorable and respected man, avoid —— ways and —— company.

Fannie H. B.

PUZZLE.—No. 51.

Combine ten threes so as to make 100.

C. A. Ray.

WORD SQUARES.

No. 52.

1. Mountains of Asia.
2. Indicates inclining.
3. A language of Asia.
4. A seed druggists use.
5. Lands surrounded by water.

F. H.

No. 53.

DOUBLY SQUARED WORD.

Sharp side.
Lifeless.
A crew or band.
Sharp side.

J. Reed S.

PROVERB PI.—No. 54.

1. Dead care never killed facts.
2. Better tell a cat things than tales.
3. Are late men stubborn?
4. No.

Raleigh.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 55.

Willie S.

No. 56.

Willie S.

ANSWERS.

27. Sea.
28. Peach.
29. Stamp collecting.
30.

S	T	A	M	P	
	T	O	P	E	R
	A	P	P	L	E
	M	E	L	T	S
	P	R	E	S	S

31.

P	A	R	I	S	
	R	E	V	E	L
	T	U	R	I	N
	P	E	S	T	H
	S	M	I	T	H

32. Orleans (O R *leans*).
33. Dover, Tennessee (D *over* X S E).
34. Monson (M *on* sun).
35. 1. Alton. 2. Peoria. 3. Dayton. 4. Galena. 5. Kenosha. 6. Winona. 7. Keokuk. 8. Franklin. 9. Madison. 10. Benton.
36. 1. Fulton. 2. Beecher. 3. Dunn. 4. Stone. 5. Haven. 6. Talmadge. 7. Miner. 8. Bellows. 9. Collyer. 10. Walker. 11. DeWitt.
37. Carson City (Car sun city).
38. 1. Love-lies-bleeding. 2. Tomatoes (two martyrs). 3. Phlox. 4. Flower de *Luce*. 5. As a Morning Glory. 6. Wall Flower.
39. 1. Ostrich. 2. Hawk. 3. Eagle. 4. Starling. 5. Canary. 6. Condor. 7 Penguin. 8. Sparrow. 9. Gull. 10. Pelican. 11. Wren. 12. Lark. 13. Swallow. 14. Owl. 15. Dove.
40. Because it is *accessory before the fact.* [(Axe S *o'er* E) (beef *o'er*) (thie)(f act.)]
41. 1. Edgar. 2. Ellen. 3. Cora. 4. Bridget. 5. Felix. 6. Viola. 7. Stephen. 8. Theodora. 9. Cyrus. 10. William. 11. Esther. 12. Lydia. 13. Edith. 14. Tabitha. 15. Ada Mason.
42. Agamemnon. 1. Achilles. 2. Genii. 3. Æneas. 4. Medusa. 5. Euryale. 6. Minos. 7. Nox. 8. Œdipus. 9. Nemesis.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Jan. 26, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I WAS so much pleased with Laura Bell's idea of the subscribers of the "Young Folks" sending tableaux, etc., that I thought I would write you and send some which were acted at a like entertainment by some of the young people here in Oswego.

"Essay on Man" was the first, and when the curtains were drawn, there stood *man* with his back to the audience and "S. A." in large letters chalked on his coat. "Sitting on the Style" was next announced; showing one of the girls with a very long dress, on the train of which sat one of our smallest boys. Then followed "The Flower of the Family," a sack of flour. Then "Cain and Abel," a cane and a bell. "Commentator on John" was *John* standing erect and smiling with a potato on his head. "The little Peace Maker" was one of the little ones tearing paper. "The Bridal Scene" was a bridle *seen* on a stand.

One *Rebus* from the "Young Folks" we had in tableaux one evening, — "Among the Blind the one-eyed Man is King." A throne was formed of a large arm-chair on which was placed our king, a crown on his head and a bandage over one eye; around him were arranged a number of others with both eyes bandaged, some sitting, some standing.

Often, too, we play some of the charades. "Carpet" is a good one for three acts; the first scene represented as the interior of a car, easily formed by placing chairs like car seats, and filling them with passengers who must whisper and fan, etc.; a conductor, too, comes in and collects tickets. The second act is "pet," represented by one of the largest girls entering the room with a little one in her arms, and followed by a number of others, all jealous of the *pet*, and each wishing to be petted, but the mother pushes them away and fondles the one in her arms. Then the whole word "carpet": two or three persons enter with a piece of carpet, hammers, and tacks; each has a different way of putting it down, — one places it to suit herself, the others take it up and lay it according to their ideas. The curtain falls here, and the audience must guess the word.

There are many others I could tell you of, but I fear I am writing too much, so I will say no more.

LUIE.

E. P. Thomas asks: 1. Why is the occupation of a shoemaker called "the gentle craft"?

2. What is the meaning of the expression in "John Gilpin," "right glad to find his *friend in merry pin?*"

3. Why should a space of fourteen *days* be called a fort*night?*

4. What was "Peter's pence," referred to by Tennyson in "The Talking Oak"?

5. Why should *a flash of lightning* that strikes an object be called a *thunderbolt?*

6. Why are mourning garments called *weeds?*

7. What is the origin of the cedilla added to the letter ç (in such words as façade), and is it used in any other language than the French?

8. Why is *pocket-money* sometimes called "*pin-money?*"

9. Why should *did n't, must n't, would n't*, etc., be written as two separate words, as is done in "Our Young Folks," and *cannot* as a single word? Webster says *can not* should be written as two words. Which way is right?

Answers. 1. The art or trade of a shoemaker is called "the gentle craft" from St. Crispin, an early Christian martyr, who was descended from a noble Roman family, and was therefore of "gentle blood," or a *gentle*man. When the Emperor Diocletian began to persecute his Christian subjects, in the latter part of the third century, Crispin fled from Rome into Gaul, where he labored as a shoemaker in a town called Augusta Suessonum, now Soissons. Hence, he has come to be regarded as the tutelar saint or patron of shoemakers, who are often styled Crispins, after him. So benevolent was this good man, that he is said even to have stolen leather that he might make shoes for the poor!

2. "To be in merry pin" is to be in a merry mood, which was the condition in which the Calender found his friend John Gilpin. In old times tankards were divided at certain distances by means of pins or pegs. This contrivance was originally introduced to check the prevailing habit of immoderate drinking; but, instead of doing so, it only aggravated the evil it was designed to cure; for a practice sprang up of requiring every man to drink precisely to the next pin. The consequence was, that the drinker was generally compelled to drain the cup, and this achievement was pretty sure to make him "merry," if not drunk.

3. We use the word *fortnight* (that is, *fourteen-night*) to express a space of fourteen *days*, because we have inherited the word from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, who took the night instead of the day as the measure of the passage of time.

4. *Peter's-pence* or *Peter-pence* — otherwise called *Rome-scot* — was an annual tribute formerly paid by England to the Pope. Every family in the kingdom, possessed of property of the yearly value of thirty pence, was assessed one penny. This tax was paid from the time of Alfred (some say of Ina, in 720) to that of Henry VIII., when it was abolished.

5. A *bolt* is any pointed shaft or missile, such as a dart or an arrow; and a shaft of lightning is called a thunderbolt (and not a lightning-bolt), because the word *thunder* was formerly used in a broader or more comprehensive sense than at present, it being taken to include the flash as well as the report produced by a discharge of atmospheric electricity.

6. Our forefathers called any kind of garments *weeds*, though the term is now restricted to mourning garments. The word is probably not related to *weed*, a useless or troublesome plant.

7. *Cedilla* is, etymologically, *ze-dilla*, that is, little *z*; and the mark so called is in reality a small *z* written under a *c*, but, as the top line of the *z* coincides with the bottom of the *c*, this fact is not apparent. Formerly in French the *z* was written after the *c* as a sign that this letter was to have its soft sound, like *s*, before *a*, *o*, or *u*. At a later date it became the practice to write it under the *c* instead of after it. Thus, *faczade*, *leczon*, and the like, which are to be found in old French works, are now written and printed *façade*, *leçon*, etc. The cedilla is used in the Portuguese language, and was formerly used also in the Spanish, as well as in the French.

8. Before the invention of pins, articles of dress were fastened together by means of strings, ribbons, hooks and eyes, buckles, clasps, and the like. Skewers of wood, brass, silver, and gold were also in use, but were inconvenient and ill-looking. Pins were first made in England in 1543, but for a long time they were so costly as to be beyond the means of any but wealthy persons. A tax, indeed, was laid for the purpose of providing the queen with pins, and hardly any present was so acceptable to a lady as a few of these useful little implements, or of money to buy them with. Hence the origin of the term "pin-money," which by degrees took on the wider sense of money allowed a woman for her private expenses. It is not synonymous with pocket-money or spending-money, because it is limited in its application, — and these words are not, — to women alone.

9. Some of the best printers at the present day do not consolidate such words as *'t is*, *did n't*, *must n't*, *would n't*, *I 'm*, *he 'd*, *you 'll*, *they 've*, and the like, simply because there is no necessity or good reason for doing so. The mere omission of a letter or two from the first or second word, in each case, does not make the two words one. Can any good reason be assigned for writing *did n't* as a single word and *bless 'em* (in "Heaven bless 'em") as two words? An exception is made, and properly so, in the case of *don't*, *can't*, and *won't*, because the first of these contractions changes the pronunciation of its first element, while the others not only alter the pronunciation of it, but the spelling also. *Can* and *not* are properly written as a single word for a similar reason. Though both *n's* are retained in the written and printed word, one of them is dropped in pronunciation; for we *say can'ot*, though we write and print *cannot*. In *can never* (as, "I *can never* do it"), on the contrary, both *n's* are distinctly sounded, and hence these two words are not fused into one. From this statement it will be seen that Webster is wrong in writing and advising others to write *cannot* as two entirely independent words.

Dollie S. — "Will you oblige me by explaining the meaning of the word 'Present' written on envelopes containing invitations, etc.?"

The word "Present" in such cases is used instead of an address, the person to whom the package is to be delivered being *present*, that is, in the same place with the sender. It is an "Americanism"; English people do not use the word in this sense.

E. Grace Shreve sends the "Letter Box" a word square, which we put into rhyme as follows: —

My first before our friends is spread;
My second troubles many a head;
My third confronts the battle dread;
My next are plain and fancy too;
My fifth appoints a rendezvous.

Who can reconstruct it?

E. S. W. — It is well, in composing a rebus for publication, to make some sort of drawing of the symbols, yet it is sufficient simply to indicate them. It is better also to write on only one side of a slip, in preparing puzzles and essays for publication.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

I interrupt myself in the midst of an imaginary commencement to ask your opinion on the use of French expressions in ordinary conversation. Some of them are very expressive, and seem to have no exact equivalent in our own language. *Ennui*, *sang froid*, *blasé*, etc., seen in print, would puzzle few, but if one uses them in conversation, he stands a chance of completely bewildering his listener.

I was about to say, when I interrupted myself, that I have always had a *penchant* for a correspondence with some one, known to me only by her letters. I have been much interested in the "Mutual Improvement Corner," and have finally concluded to try if there are any young folks who will correspond with me. If so, "Fannie Warren, Cor. York and 15th Sts., Buffalo, N. Y., wants correspondents not under sixteen, who are aiming to be 'real folks.'"

Is there anything in phrenology? My head has never been examined, but I have often wondered if an adept could help me in finding out what I am good for. I am very anxious to learn what my talent is, that I may cultivate it, and I should like to be pursuing those studies to which my mind is best adapted.

Can you and will you tell me something about stenography? Where I can learn the art, what it will cost, how long it will take to master the subject, and what salaries are paid? If this will trouble you too much, please pay no attention to the request, but I shall be truly grateful if you can give me some information on the subject, as I am very much interested in it.

I enjoy the "Letter Box" hugely. It is the best part of the magazine to me, and I always turn to it first. I did n't like to say I wanted to take "Our Young Folks" another year, because I am getting *old*, but am overjoyed to find it on my table every month.

Hoping that your shadow may never grow less, I am as ever,

Your admirer and well wisher,
FANNIE S. W.

Answers. 1. It is always best to avoid if possible the use of foreign words and phrases, in speaking as well as in writing one's native language. The convenience of employing them may sanction their occasional use in circles where they are pretty sure to be understood; not so, however, where they are more likely to "bewilder" one's listeners.

2. There *is* something in phrenology, undoubtedly. Yet your own natural inclinations, if you can find out what they are, ought to teach you what your "talent" is, quite as surely as that still imperfect science can do. You will find your mind best adapted to pursue those studies to which you feel most attracted.

3. Phonography (writing by sounds) has of late years nearly superseded stenography, as a practical system of short-hand writing and reporting. The latest editions of Pitman's works are said to be the best for beginners and amateurs; Graham's system is preferred for professional reporters. Phonography is easily acquired without the aid of a master; the length of time it takes, however, depends upon the learner's aptitude and assiduity. In like manner the salary a reporter will command must depend very much upon his skill, — or *her* skill, for we see no reason why women should not acquire and practise this useful art as well as men.

F. S. asks: 1. Can you tell me who Joe Miller is? And has he ever written a book? Quite often I see his name mentioned in "Gossip Letters."

2. What is the best book to read so as to improve one's style of composing?

1. Joseph Miller was an English actor who lived in the early part of the last century. He was a person of such imperturbable dulness, that his gay acquaintances, to give additional point to their jests, used sportively to ascribe them to him. After his death, a book of jokes was compiled for the benefit of his family, to which the name of the man who never jested was, as an additional jest, prefixed as the author. This joke was in later times taken in earnest; so that now Miller is popularly believed to have been not only the author of the book, but also a great joker; and every facetious story which has been often heard before is called an "old Joe."

2. Do not confine yourself to any one book, but read carefully such masters of style as Irving, Hawthorne, Thackeray, John Bunyan, — the first for his easy grace, the second for his perfect purity and transparency of style, the third for his colloquial ease and variety, the last for his terseness and simplicity.

OUR contributor, Laura D. Nichols, sends us the following: —

A very entertaining game, which we have recently seen played with great success, is called "Reviews." The company should sit round a table, each being furnished with a slip of paper and a pencil. Let every one then write at the top of his paper the name of some book, real or imaginary, followed by the word "or." After folding it down so as to conceal the writing, pass the slip to your right-hand neighbor, and write next a second title and pass as before. Then should follow the author's name, name of the artist by whom the work is illustrated, motto of the book, and three separate notices of the press, each signed by the name of some real or fictitious newspaper or magazine. The following example may make the explanation more easily understood.

A Solace for Those who Weep
or
The Golden Gimcrack.
By Charles Reade.
Illus. by Gustave Doré.

Motto. "Set a thief to catch a thief."

"Admirably adapted to Sunday schools." [Banner of Light.]

"Infidel in its tendencies." [Post.]

"No housekeeper should be without it." [Josh Billings's Almanac.]

An occasional use of the name of some one of the party has at times a very comical effect, especially if that person chance to write a severe criticism on his own book.

"*Ed. Ward*" writes: In C. A. Stephens's sketch of the "Northern Hare," he remarks, "I never yet saw a hare that could be termed fat"; if he desires to see some fat hares he should pay us a visit in Kentucky.

May Adèle. — The poem you allude to, "The Wayside Inn," was written by Adelaide Procter. It does not appear in the latest authorized editions of Dickens's "Holly Tree Inn."

A Correspondent asks: "Can any of you tell me the author of the following lines?

"'Some write their wrongs in marble; he, more just,
Stooped down serene and wrote them in the dust:
Trod underfoot, the sport of every wind,
Swept from the world, and banished from his mind,
There buried in the dust he bade them lie,
And grievèd they could not 'scape the Almighty's eye.'"

F. M. H. — Any good biographical account of George Washington would have informed you that he kept slaves, but that he was opposed to slavery as a system, and that he provided in his will for the emancipation of his own negroes.

"*Bess*" sends us the following literary curiosity, which we suspect is not new. The peculiarity of it is that the words have for their initials the letters of the alphabet in their regular order. It is entitled "The Sailing of the Zenobia."

"A beautiful craft down Edisto floated gracefully; her idle jack-tars knew little; much notice old Palmyra's Queen received. Such the untried vessel was, — xebec, yclept 'Zenobia.'"

The "xebec" is a sort of three-masted vessel often seen on the Mediterranean.

Sarah C. Brown (age 12) writes from Troy, N. Y.: "Papa has the original manuscript of a school composition written by the celebrated Edward Everett, at the age of eleven, of which I send you a copy to publish if you wish. The handwriting is very neat and regular. It is dated May 18, 1805. Can any one tell me who is the author of the lines quoted at the commencement? Papa says he does n't know; and that if he had a boy who would write such a composition he would 'wale' him."

The composition is a wonderful production for a boy of eleven; but it is very long, and very bookish, being written in the laboriously artificial style which was formerly taught in our schools. For this reason we shall not lay it as an example for imitation before our "Young Contributors." It is entitled "The Advantages of Public Education," and here is the opening sentence: —

"To determine what mode of education is best fitted to refine the feelings, to enlarge the understanding, to exalt the soul, and to nurture and cherish those energetic principles whose exertion gives dignity and stability to character, is a task of great importance."

The lines quoted at the commencement are as follows: —

"Look now on him whose very voice in tone
Just echoes thine, whose features are thine own;
And stroke his polished cheek of purest red,
And lay thine hand upon his flaxen head;
And say, 'My boy, the unwelcome hour is come,
When thou must leave thy fond paternal home.'"

Jessie F. B. — You are mistaken. If the Prince of Wales had died during his late illness, leaving daughters, but no sons, his eldest daughter would have become heiress apparent to the throne, and, in the event of Queen Victoria's death, would have succeeded her. By a special statute passed in the reign of William II., the crown of England was limited to the Princess Sophia of Hanover (granddaughter of James I.) and to her heirs, being Protestant, on condition of their joining the Church of England, if not already members. In other respects the succession is regulated by the rules of descent as established by the common law. By these rules the eldest or only son, and his issue, are recognized as heirs in preference to all the rest of the family; then the next eldest son (if there should be one), and his children; and so on to the youngest son and his descendants; after whom come the daughter or daughters. These rules are illustrated in the case of the successors of George III., who died in 1820, leaving behind him five sons and five daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, George IV., who died in 1830, leaving no surviving child. The crown would therefore have devolved upon Frederick, Duke of York (the second son of George III.), but as he had died without issue in 1827, it fell to his next younger brother, the Duke of Clarence, who ascended the throne as William IV. King William died in 1837, leaving no offspring. The Duke of Kent, his next younger brother, would have been next in the order of succession, but he had died in 1820, leaving one child, a daughter. In accordance with the rules above stated, this princess became queen under the name of Victoria.

A. S. S. — Your love of organ music, and your determination to become an organist, are highly commendable; the organ is perhaps the noblest of all musical instruments. — The Mason and Hamlin cabinet organs have a very high reputation, and are recommended by first-class musicians both in this country and abroad. Their quality is excellent, and they are sold at moderate prices.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

In answer to the question asked by S. E. W., I give the following brief directions: —

The bird having been skinned, proceed to stuff the neck with bran or hemp cut fine. Then roll up some fine grass in something the shape of an egg, making it about the size of the body taken out. Wind it with thread. Next, place the body thus made inside the skin. Cut wires large enough to support the bird, for the neck, legs, and tail. File them to a point at one end.

Now take one of proper length, and force it up the foot, through the leg, to the farthest side of the grass body. Then clinch it firmly by again thrusting it into the body. Do likewise with the other leg. Force the wire cut for the neck down through the skull near the base of the bill, through the neck, through the body, and out the other side, where it should be clinched as before. Force the wire for the tail through the bone (which should be left in the tail) under the tail, and into the body. Clinch as usual.

Bend the wire into the form of a T, and place the cross-piece about half the length of the tail; on this the tail rests.

Pin up the incision by drawing the edges of the skin together and forcing pins through them into the body. The ends protruding from the feet are used to fasten the bird to the stand.

The above is little better than a condensation of the directions given by C. J. Maynard in his "Naturalist's Guide," an excellent book. It can be had of J. R. Osgood & Co. for $2.

WHISPERER, *age* 15.

Our Young Contributors. Accepted: "*The Chicago Fire*," by Lizzie L. Shackford; "*More about my Steamship*," by T. B. Stork; "*My Birthday Party*," by Bertie Clark; "*Our Duck Hunt*," by John Curtis; "*A Visit to an Almshouse*," by D. M. K.; "*An Evening at Madame Tussaud's*," by Irene; and "*Mendelssohn*," by M. F.

Our *honorable mention* list this month is quite full, and comprises some well-written and excellent articles, such as: "*Going up Hurricane*," an adventure in the Adirondacks, accompanied by a very good drawing, by George P. Whittlesey; "*Sunrise and Sunset in the Mountains*," by Frank Bolles; "*A Peep at the Delaware Marshes*," by M. S. C.; "*A Few Words*," by Winslow; "*Locked in a Bathing House*," by Dollie Smithson; "*Camping Out*," by N. P. R.; "*The Lily of the Valley*," by Sarah W. Neff; "*My Flower Stand*," by Mattie Isa; "*About my Canaries*," by Paul E. Marshall; and "*My House Plants*," by John Lockwood. Very good also, considering the ages of the writers, are "*My Trip to the Delaware Water Gap*," by Clara C. Stratton (12 years); "*The Adventures of a Mouse*," by H. B. C. (12); "*My Journey to Lynchburg*," by Marian H. Ellsworth (11); "*The Fairest Flowers*," by Lucy Bittenger (11); "*My Visit to Lansing*," by Minnie McLeod (9), and "*Our Home at Hillside*," by Amie J. Jack (8).

As a composition "*An Allegorical Poem*" will take rank with the best articles in our list; but it is long, and not just the thing for "Our Young Contributors."

"*A Trip to a Cave*" — interesting and well written, considering the disadvantages under which the author labors. Rather long, however, and a little loose in its grammatical construction.

The author of "*The Bobolink*" and "*A Fairy's Song*" has his brain — evidently a fine and sensitive one — too full of enchanting echoes caught from Poe's "Raven" and "Bells," to write clear, original verses just now. We would advise him to close his favorite volume for a while, and give his leisure hours to the study of — not one, or two, but — a dozen or more of the best poets in the language.

May Reiley, of Clinton, La., sends us two little poems, which, though faulty in versification, show a good deal of feeling and descriptive power in a girl of thirteen. Here is a picture of a winter evening in the south: —

"Wearily, wearily, falleth the rain,
Wearily over the ground!
Sadly, drearily, on my ear
Cometh the desolate sound.

"Tossed about in the sullen wind
Are the branches of the trees.
Show me a sadder day than this,
And sadder sights than these!"

Eudora M. Stone sends us a bright little poem on "*Things that Fly*." We give the first three stanzas, which we are sure our readers will pronounce quite "'cute" for a girl of eleven: —

"Although the snow is flying yet,
Old Time is on the wing,
And thought flies onward to the time
When birds shall fly and sing.

"In spring-time busy bees fly in
Among sweet opening flowers;
Clouds fly away, and geese fly north,
Betokening pleasant hours.

And now the broom and scrub-brush fly,
The husband looks quite blue,
But the good housewife 'flies around,'
And see the *house flies* too!"

Of some two dozen lines about "*Latter-Day Poets*," by S. Hayford, Jr., all pretty good, we give the last four, which may serve as a useful hint to young contributors: —

"'T is here the art of writing lies:
To say no more than will suffice; —

Put wholly in the race your soul,
And halt when you have reached the goal."

Will Emma Scott, who sends us as original some verses which appeared in the last volume of "Our Young Folks," and have been going the rounds of the newspapers ever since, also send us her address? We should like to give her a little lesson.

We are gratified to learn that the "Anti-Tobacco Army," organized through our "Mutual Improvement Corner," is prospering. Persons interested in promoting its welfare should address Commander Frank Bolles, P. O. Box 144, Washington, D. C.

Crusoe Life. When we announced this serial for publication in "Our Young Folks," it was our intention to run it through five or six numbers, and to illustrate it fully. Shortly after its publication was begun, however, we discovered to our surprise that the author had already, several years before, printed in another magazine a sketch entitled "Cast Away," embodying the main incidents of the "Crusoe Life." Chagrined that what we had purchased, and had promised our readers, as a new and original story, should have turned out to be only a new version of an old one, and not knowing how many other versions the author might have disposed of in the same way, we immediately took steps to bring it to a speedy close. It is concluded in this number.

We in the mean while wrote to Mr. Carter for some explanation of this very singular proceeding on the part of an Episcopal clergyman, as he professes himself to be; but up to this time no answer to our letter has been received. The most charitable construction of his conduct in the matter seems to be, that the terrible experiences of his "Crusoe Life," which he says have left him in a depressed physical and mental condition, have also left his moral sense obscured.

Mutual Improvement Corner. No more names for this department will be received after March 20; and after the publication of the May number it will be discontinued.

Almost every "Letter Box" day for the past six months we have started to make a similar announcement; but then would come, from some grateful correspondent, a letter of acknowledgment for friendships formed in, and benefits derived from, this little "Corner"; or the sight of fifty or a hundred names waiting for insertion, would urge the postponement of a step which we knew would be a cause of disappointment to many. But the impossibility of publishing one half or one quarter of the names which continue to pour in upon us each month, the trouble of assorting and preparing lists of them, the necessity of discarding so many which present as good claims for admission as those we admit, and the accumulating correspondence of the "Letter Box," which demands the space now given to the "Corner,"—all these causes have combined to force us to this step.

We are glad to know that the "Corner" has been a source of amusement and profit to our young friends; and we intend that its place shall be filled with other novelties no less acceptable.

The earliest and best answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by "T. G. S. W.," "Parson," B. D., Jennie E. North, F. L. Mellen, Willie Schaus, Stella Prince, Mellie Leroy, M. Dimond, Emma Shockley, James Lewis H., A. C. D. (age 12), and Tinie Parker (11).

Charlie Jones and Maud L. (age 10) send versions of the picture story, and "T. G. S. W." gives the correct translation of the second "cartoon" in the "Letter Box":—"Love me little, love me long."

Mutual Improvement Corner.

[*For subscribers only. Names sent in must be in the handwriting of the persons desiring correspondents.*]

We the undersigned, pupils of "St. Augustine School," Portland, Maine, do desire a place in the "Mutual Improvement Corner" of "Our Young Folks," that interesting magazine being used as a reader by the scholars. *Henri, H. E. Cood, S. T. Patch, Don Carlos, P. T. Short,* (ages 15 and 16).

Frank G., Box 386, Danbury, Conn. (would like to correspond in German with some one who thoroughly understands the language).

"*Percie*," 608 Sixth St., South Boston, Mass. (girl of 18; subjects, botany and history).

Effie M. Watkin, Oakley, Hamilton Co., Ohio (wishes correspondents between 14 and 16; drawing and singing).

Genie B. Wallace, care of A. W. Smith, 519 South 8th St., Phila., Penn. (a correspondent between the ages of 20 and 23, on poetry, pictures, and literature).

C. P. Willards, Box 90, Salem, Mass. (birds' eggs).

A. W. W., Box 37, Warren, N. H. (would like correspondents interested in music).

R. N. Cutler, 55 High St., Charlestown, Mass. (age 13; amateur theatricals and miscellaneous subjects).

"*Margaret of Branksome*," 1 Love Loan, High John St., Glasgow (age 17; correspondence in French, or on Scottish history and literature).

Edson Cassino, Lunenburg, Vt. (mineralogical collections).

Ivie Courtney, No. 9 Warren St., New Haven, Conn. (fond of dancing, reading, and fun).

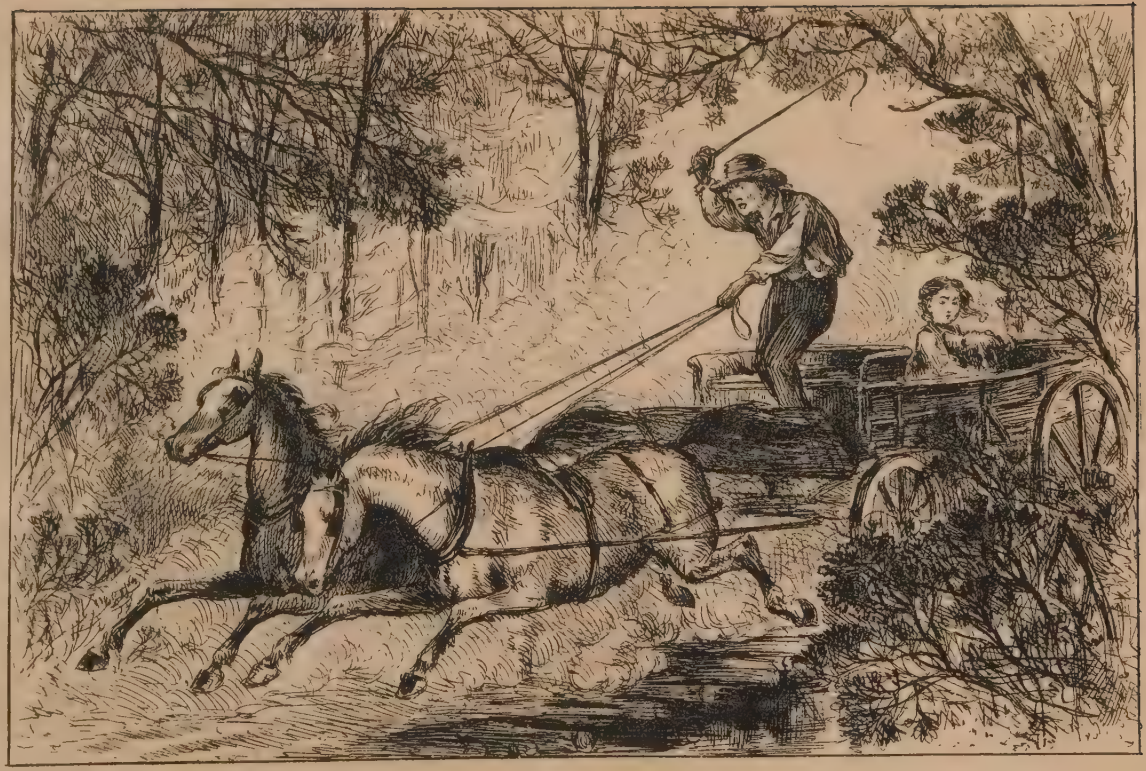
Emma S. Carter, 46 South Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill. (age 11; music and pets).

Colin S. Carter, 46 South Sangamon St., Chicago, Ill. (age 14; skating and fun).

"*Nellie De Vaughn*," Lock Box 92, Marietta, Ohio (desires correspondents about 19 years of age; miscellaneous subjects).

W. Clifford Wood, 216 Vine St., Phila., Pa. (reading and fun).

Lulie Dunn, Lock Box 109, La Grange, Mo. (wishes correspondents between the ages of 14 and 15; fond of reading, music, and fun).



Drawn by J.J. Harley **A Ride for Life.** *See Story.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XIV.

SQUIRE PETERNOT AT HOME.

AFTER dismissing the Huswick boys, Squire Peternot carried his bag of coin into the room which served him as an office, where he had scarcely time to place it in a corner beside a bureau, when there came a dull thump at the kitchen door. He knew Mrs. Peternot's signal, knocking with the soft under-part of her feeble fist, and went to let her in.

She was a thin, wrinkled woman, dressed in black, with an expression of countenance almost as stern and sour as that of the grim old squire himself.

"Huh!" said she, scowling as she entered, "how happens it ye hain't got the fire agoin' an' the 'taters bilin'?"

"I 've had somethin' else to think on. Where 's Byron?" replied her husband, shortly.

"Gone to the barn with the hoss, I s'pose. But he won't unharness, — ketch him!"

"I did n't expect he would, with his Sunday clo'es on."

"Sunday clo'es, or any clo'es on, he don't tech his fingers to anything that 'll sile 'em, or that looks like work, if he can help it," muttered good Mrs. Peternot, laying off her black

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

bonnet. "You never would allow sich laziness in your own son, an' why ye should in a nephew any more, I can't consait."

"Byron is a sort of visitor," said the squire. "And if I choose to favor him, — now that we 've nobody else to show favors to, — why should n't I?"

"If you 'd felt so indulgent towards *him* when *he* was alive, he might be with us now," replied the discontented wife, carefully doing up her shawl before putting it away in its appropriate drawer.

By *him* she meant their only son, whose bad habits had received so little encouragement beneath the parental roof, that he had taken them abroad with him and become their victim.

"Why must ye forever be gallin' me with that subject?" said Peternot, with a look of anguish. "You know I did what I thought was for the best. Come, I 'll start the fire for ye, and put the pot on, if that 'll make ye any better natered."

"I 'm good-natered enough, but I should think somethin' had riled you up," returned the lady. "What is it?"

"Boys have been in the melon-patch, for one thing."

"Been in the melon-patch! when ye stayed to hum a'most a puppus to keep watch on 't!" And the good woman, having removed her Sunday cap, false hair and all, turned her thin face and scowling brows, crowned by a few thin gray locks, in amazement on her husband. "That 's a likely story! was ye asleep, I wonder?"

Peternot made no reply, but went on kindling the fire in the open fireplace, until his nephew came in.

"I took the horse to the barn; did you want the harness off?" said that young gentleman, standing with his gloves and hat on, watching his uncle.

There was a slight affectation of foppery about Byron, — something which the plain people of the neighborhood called "soft"; and as Peternot, on his rheumatic knees before the fire, looked up through the smoke and ashes he was blowing into his face, and saw his dainty nephew stand there gloved and grinning, something of his wife's feeling towards that nice young man came over him, — or was it only his impatience at the smoke and ashes?

"Nat'rally, I want the harness off, arter the hoss has been standin' in 't a good part o' the day!" he answered, crossly.

"Oh!" said Byron; "I rather thought so, but I did n't know."

"I should think any fool would know that!"

"Very likely a fool would, but I did n't happen to." And, with the grin still on his features, the youth looked at the kneeling old man, very much as if he would have liked to give him a vigorous kick with his polished boot.

"No matter! I 'll 'tend to it," said the squire, and went on with his blowing.

Byron smilingly withdrew.

"You never would have stood sich impudence from *him*," said Mrs. Peternot, through the open door of a bedroom into which she had retired; "and why should ye from a nephew?"

The squire made no reply to this reasonable question, but, having kindled a fire and put on the pot, went out to take care of the horse. Byron meanwhile walked about the place with his fine clothes on, until supper was ready.

"Come, Byron," then said the squire; and both went in and took seats at the little oilcloth-covered table. The supper consisted of boiled potatoes served with their skins on, thin slices of fried pork swimming in their own melted fat, and a heavy and sour kind of bread, which, by its quality and complexion, always reminded Byron of his Aunt Peternot, who seemed to have mixed up something of herself in the dough. He was blessed with a good appetite, however, and he ate heartily, notwithstanding his unpleasant consciousness of the fact — or was it only his imagination? — that the good woman watched with a begrudging scowl every morsel that went to his plate; seeming to say, "What! another tater! More bread! A second cup of tea, and sich big cups too! — Seems to me I would n't make a hog of myself, if I *was* visitin' my uncle!"

It was never a cheerful household; on Sundays it was even less sociable than on other days, and on this particular Sunday afternoon Byron thought the cloud which hung over it unusually heavy. Something seemed to trouble his uncle, who sat grim and silent, sipping his tea scalding hot, and working his massy jaws as if the pork and potatoes had done him an injury, and he was wreaking a gloomy vengeance upon them.

"Where are you going, Byron?" the squire asked, as his nephew was about leaving the house after supper.

"Thought I 'd walk out, — did n't know but I might call at Deacon Chatford's by and by, — I hear they have a little singing there, Sunday evenings."

Mrs. Peternot scowled at the young gentleman, then turned and scowled at her husband, and said in an undertone: "It 's that 'ere Annie Felton, the schoolmarm! He 's arter her, — jest like all the rest on 'em!"

"Byron," said the squire, solemnly, "I 'd like to speak with you before you go out." And he led the way to his office-room.

"Now what?" thought Byron, anxiously. "Is he going to tell me I 've been here about long enough, and had better pack up my trunk and clear?"

"Byron," said the squire, closing the door behind them, "it 's a subject I ought not to bring up on the Sabbath day, but it weighs upon my mind, and I 've concluded I 'd better speak to you about it. See what you think of this." And he took from the corner behind the bureau the meal-bag with its compact but weighty contents, which he set down with a heavy chink before his nephew.

Byron, feeling greatly relieved, peeped curiously into the sack as Peternot opened it. "By mighty!" said he, surprised at what he saw, and thrusting in his hand. "Where did ye get this?"

In a few words the squire told the story. Byron in the mean time carefully tested one of the coins, cutting it with his knife and ringing it on the hearth.

"All right," said he; "you 've got possession. But what 's the use? 'T ain't good for anything."

"You think so?"

"I 'm sure of it. Very well done, for counterfeiting, — but, of course!" And Byron tossed the piece back into the bag with a grin of contempt.

"Wal, that 's jest the conclusion I 've come to," said the squire. "I thought all along it might be bogus; and as soon as I got it fairly into my hands I was sartin on 't. What provokes me is the trouble it cost, — and more 'n all, the money them pesky Huswick boys gouged out of me!" And the old man groaned.

By this time Mrs. Peternot, her curiosity excited regarding the conference of uncle and nephew, came into the room, for an excuse exclaiming, "Why, squire! what have you got the house shet up so tight for?" and proceeded to open the window. "Massy on us! what ye got in the bag?"

"I told ye I had somethin' to think on, this arternoon," said Peternot; "and this is it."

"It has cost him five dollars," remarked Byron, pleasantly, "and it 's worth, as old metal, about fifty cents!"

"Wal, you have been fooled, complete!" exclaimed the old lady. "I don't wonder ye kep' it to yerself! Five dollars! have ye lost yer wits?"

"Come, come! I 'm feelin' uncomf'table enough about it, a'ready!" said the squire. "But there 's a possibility, yet, that it may be good money. Can't tell. I should do jest so agin, under the sarcumstances, most likely. Any way, it 's better to have it in my possession than to leave bad boys to carry it off and pass it, as they undoubtedly would. I don't want it to make trouble 'twixt me and my neighbors, though; and, Byron, if you *are* going over to the deacon's, you might see what he has to say about it; — tell him it 's counterfeit, and that I thought so — kind o' thought so — all along, but considered it my duty — you understand?"

Byron understood, and smilingly replied that he would "make it all right" for his uncle.

CHAPTER XV.

JACK AND THE HUSWICK BOYS.

JACK — no longer the bright and cheerful lad whom we so lately saw picking up stones in the hilly pasture — went home, brooding darkly over his wrongs, and refused to be comforted by anything the good deacon and his wife could say to him.

"He robbed me, and hung up my dog by the heels, — got the Huswick tribe to help him; and here I am, alone against all of 'em, and nobody lifts a hand or says a word to help *me!*" was his bitter complaint, as he took the milk-pails after supper, and went out of the kitchen, shutting the door after him (I am sorry to say) with something like a bang.

"I 'm a little disappointed in Jack," observed the deacon, sadly.

"O, well, I don't know," replied his wife, — "you need n't be; almost any boy of as much will and spirit as he has would feel so. He has been shamefully wronged, — you 'll allow that."

"But he blames me!" said the deacon.

"Blames everybody!" struck in Mr. Pipkin, on the point of going out, but standing and holding the door open. "I don't s'pose anything under heavens would satisfy him, Mis' Chatford, but for me and the deacon to march over to Peternot's, give the old reprobate a good cudgellin', which I don't deny but what he desarves fast enough, and lug hum the money."

"I wish the money had been at the bottom of the sea before ever Jack stumbled upon it!" said Mr. Chatford. "I shall certainly go over and see the squire in the morning, and be plain with him, — for I do think he has acted a most dishonorable part in the matter."

"I back ye up on that," said Mr. Pipkin.

"A sight of good your backing up will do!" remarked Mrs. Pipkin, sarcastically. "It won't restore Jack's money. I don't wonder he 's sulky, — we all set down, so quiet, talking over his loss, instead of walking straight over to the squire's, and doing something, as I believe I should if I was a man."

"Wish ye was one, for a little spell," said Mr. Pipkin, showing all his front teeth. "Guess you 'd make old Peternot's fur fly! Guess he 'd wish — "

"Mr. Pipkin!" interrupted Mrs. Pipkin, in a warning voice, "you 'll oblige me very much by shutting that door, with yourself on the outside!"

Mr. Pipkin still showed a considerable amount of ivory, as he turned, and said aside to the deacon, with a wink: "These 'ere women! — have to indulge 'em. No use of answerin' back, as old Dr. Larkin, minister o' the gospil, — six foot high, eighty year old, wore a wig, best man in the world, — said once, as he was goin' into a house where there was a parrot, and the parrot sung out, 'That 's an old fool!' — 'No use of answerin' back!' says the good old doctor, — hi, hi! — I often think on 't."

"Mr. Pipkin," said Mrs. Pipkin, with biting severity, pointing at the door, "will you oblige me?"

And Mr. Pipkin obliged her, chuckling as he went.

Jack sat milking a cow, with his head pressed against her flank, looking down into the pail, in which the bright streams were dancing, when Phin came into the yard.

"Say, Jack!" cried that perfidious youngster, "was n't it too bad, though, for you to be robbed of all that money?" although Phin's private sentiment was that it was a capital joke. "And what do you think I overheard just now? Mrs. Pip said if she was you she would get hold of it again somehow; and father said you would have a right to take it anywhere, if you could lay hands on it; he did n't know but 't would be *justifiable*, — that was his word."

"That 's all the good words do; for how can I get it?" said Jack, who, having, in his imagination, again and again, by some desperate act, over-

thrown his enemy and regained his lost treasure, would have been glad enough to know how his wild thoughts could be successfully reduced to practice.

He was still nourishing in his excited mind these fiery fancies, when, the milking over, he went to walk in the orchard; having all sorts of fearful adventures with the gaunt old Peternot, and always coming off triumphant with his treasure. Now he hurled him down his own cellar-way, and buttoned the door. Now he caught him, and, single-handed, tied him with a clothes-line, drawing it dreadfully tight, in the hardest kind of hard knots, and left him bound to a bed-post. Then the squire fell dead in a fit, — a judgment upon him for his wickedness, — just as he was lifting the money into his wagon in order to carry it away and sell it. Or Lion took the old man down and held him while his young master bore off the coin. Jack got the treasure in every instance, — only to wake up at last, and find that all his dreams of what he might do left him still hopelessly wronged and baffled.

He passed on through the orchard, and unconsciously drew near the scene of the afternoon's conflict. That had still a strange attraction for him; he must once more view the spot where his hopes of fortune had been raised so high, to be followed so soon by impotent rage and despair.

As he advanced through the darkening woods, — for it was now dusk, — he heard noises in the direction of the hollow log, and thought, with a sudden wild leap of the heart, that one of his dreams of vengeance might be coming true. "It 's old Peternot! he has come back to get the rest of the money in the log! Here! keep behind me, Lion!"

Then he heard voices, and, gliding near, among the shadowy trees, perceived that it was not the squire, but some of the "Huswick tribe," whom the hope of finding more coin had brought again to the hollow log. There were Cub and Tug and Hank; they had broken the rotten shell to pieces, laying the cavity completely open; and they now stood around it, poking in the rubbish with sticks or fingers or feet, hunting — in vain it seemed — for stray half-dollars.

"Hullo, Bub!" said Hank, "ye made a perty clean sweep on 't, did n't ye! Here 's the old box, but not a dollar to pay us for our trouble! That seems kind o' mean."

Jack did not answer, but, keeping Lion at his side, walked slowly past the group, glaring sullenly at them from under his angry brows.

"He 's afraid to speak," said Cub.

"Afraid?" said Jack, turning and facing him. "I despise you too much to speak to you! Great lubberly fellows like you, to take the part of an old miser against one boy, — I look upon you as cowards and thieves!"

"Remember how we served your dog!" said Cub, with a malignant grin.

"Yes, I do remember it! You had to wait till I was gone before you had the courage to do even that! If you had n't lied to me, and got me out of the way first, you never would have taken that money, — somebody would have been hurt first!"

"Look out!" said Cub, seizing a broken branch, and advancing towards the audacious youngster.

"Come on!" cried Jack, jeeringly. "You 're big enough to cut up into six decent fellows, — if anything decent could be made out of such rubbish, — but you 'd better bring fifteen or twenty of your big brothers to help you! See here!" said Jack, as the broken branch came whizzing past his head, "two can play at that game!" And he sent back a club with so sure an aim that it took the burly Cub full in the stomach. "No credit to me!" yelled Jack, alert on his legs. "Could n't help hitting such a big mark!"

"O, git out, Cub!" Hank called after his brother; "what 's the use? I don't blame the boy. We 've been hard enough on him, and now I 'm goin' to take his part. Come back here, Bub! I want to talk. You sha' n't be hurt."

"Hurt? as if I was afraid of him! It 's all I can do to keep my dog from his throat, — he has a grudge to wipe out! Here, Lion! Put the souls of the whole tribe of you in a balance, and my dog's would outweigh 'em! You could shake 'em all in a pepper-box, and not hear 'em rattle; they would have as much room in a tea-pot as so many crabs in Lake Erie!"

"I like your spunk, Bub!" said Hank, laughing. "And, see here! we never would have gi'n the old man the money, if we 'd thought 't was good for shucks. You know that."

"No, I don't know it! I believe you 're mean enough for anything."

"That 's the talk! You 've a right to think so. But what if we should help you now to git the money back?"

"You can't!" exclaimed Jack.

"Can't! you don't know what we can do!"

"Then why don't you go and git it?"

"'Cause we 've no right to, — 't ain't our 'n, — 't would be stealin'. But you 've the fust claim on 't, — *you* could take it, and *we* could help ye, and then Peternot might git it back if he could."

"I guess nobody 'd get it again, if it was once in your hands!"

"There ye do us wrong," said Tug. "We ain't over pe'tic'lar 'bout helpin' ourselves to melons and sich trash where we can find it, but money is another thing."

"And did n't I make Hod throw down a handful of the half-dollars he was pickin' up for ye?" added Cub.

"Which you thought was bogus," retorted Jack, — who was, however, beginning to be impressed by these friendly suggestions.

"Of course, we should expect a little suthin for our trouble," said Hank; "but that can all be agreed on aforehand. If you can git back the money, you won't mind payin' us — say — here 's me an' Tug an' Cub — ten dollars apiece, — that 's thirty dollars, for the resk we run?"

"But we can't get it!"

"Mebby not, but we can try. No harm in that. It 's gittin' dark now, — we can edge along towards the squire's, and see what we can do. Send your dog hum; he 'll only be in the way."

Jack was far from putting implicit trust in the honor of a Huswick, even where the serious subject of money was involved; but was not this his only chance — though a slender one — of getting back any portion of his treasure? And would he not prefer sharing it with these scamps, to leaving it peaceably in the possession of his enemy, the squire?

"If we can only find out where it is," said Hank, "then we can be arguin' with the old man, — for I guess he 'll let us into the house, one at a time, — an' finally carry it off 'fore his face an' eyes, without we can hit on some luckier way."

Jack remembered Mr. Chatford's word, reported to him by Phin, — that such an act on his part would be *justifiable*, — and so, regardless of the whisperings of conscience and of prudence, which nevertheless he could not quite reconcile to the course he was about to take, yielded to temptation, sent Lion home, and entered into an agreement with the Huswick boys.

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW JACK CALLED AT THE SQUIRE'S.

About an hour later several dark figures might have been seen creeping stealthily along, behind Squire Peternot's garden-wall, in the direction of the house. A dim light shone at a window, and towards this they cautiously advanced. Jack remembered how, on a former occasion, he had gone with two of these same companions, — Cub and Tug, though he did not know them then, — in a mob that was to have attacked Aunt Patsy's house, — how they had approached *her* window, and how he had abhorred their base designs; and he could not help wondering a little at the strange chance which now made him the accomplice of such wrong-doers. He seemed to himself in the mean time much more the reckless little canal-driver of old times than the better self which had been developed under the wholesome influences of his new home and friends.

"Now keep dark, boys," said Hank, stopping behind some quince-bushes, "till I see how the land lays." He stole round the edge of the bushes, to a spot that commanded a good view of the window, not more than two rods off. Being tall, he could look into it and see by the light of a dim tallow-candle what was going on in the Peternot sitting-room. "All right. Only the old man and woman. She 's jest goin' into t' other room, — to bed, I guess. He sets by the table, chin in his hands; book open beside him, — Bible, looks like, — but he ain't readin'. No, she ain't goin' to bed, — there she comes back agin."

"Keep still!" whispered Jack. "There 's somebody!"

Somebody approaching from the street, entering the yard, walking straight towards the house, and passing out of sight by the front corner.

"Old man's nephew! the Dinks feller!" whispered Hank. "Comes in at the door, — says something, — old man looks up, — lights another candle; they are going to another room."

A light now appeared at another window, which Jack, greatly excited, discovered to be partly open. Close by it grew a lilac-bush, under cover of which he drew near, and peeped. He saw the tall form of Peternot cross the room, and then heard a clatter of chairs. Growing bolder, he advanced his head still farther, and saw uncle and nephew seated between a bureau in one corner and a table on which the light was, at one side of the room.

"Did ye see 'em? have a talk with 'em?" Peternot was saying.

"Yes," replied Byron Dinks; "they did n't have much of a sing, — schoolma'am was n't there, — not much company; but, having an eye to the winter school, thought I 'd stay and make myself agreeable."

"That 's right, that 's right, nephew. And did ye make it all smooth with Mr. Chatford?"

"I guess so; said you thought only of doing your duty in the matter; you did n't want the money, but, knowing it was counterfeit, —"

"There you went a little too fur, nephew; I did n't *know;* but go on."

"It was well I made the statement, however, for that brought out a surprising fact. You 'll be astonished, uncle!"

"Hey? what is it?"

"The deacon said he was gratified to know you had acted on the supposition that the coin was spurious; and he felt sure that you would be ready to do the boy justice when you found out your mistake."

"Mistake? What mistake?"

"Coin is genuine!"

"No!"

"He says so; says he took half a dollar of it to the silversmith, over at the Basin, and he pronounced it good; at any rate, he gave a good piece for it."

"Nephew, you amaze me! — I — this is news — news indeed!"

The squire got up, and, turning to the corner of the room, drew forth from behind the bureau an object, the sight of which made Jack's heart beat wildly.

"That 's it!" whispered Hank in his ear, leaning forwards, behind a branch of the lilac-bush.

Peternot opened the loosely tied sack, and uncle and nephew eagerly examined its contents.

"It 's the tarnish that makes the silver look so bad," said the squire. "That deceived both on us. I had all the while a strange feelin' that the coin was good, though my reason said the contrary. It was only arter I 'd got it, and had paid the Huswicks, that my reason got the upper hand, and I felt so sure 't was bogus. I 'm glad you talked with the deacon. It 's astonishing! I did n't make so bad a bargain with the rogues, arter all! I guess we 'd better keep it all together," added the squire, as Byron seemed inclined to retain the specimens he had been handling.

"Be ye comin', any time to-night?" called the voice of Mrs. Peternot from the adjoining room.

"She 's waitin'," said the squire. "We was just goin' to 'tend prayers, when you come in, — had been delayin' a little on your account. I 'll put it back here for the present; then, arter prayers, I 'll see what had better be done with 't for the night."

Peternot, having returned the bag to its niche, sent his nephew out of the room before him, and followed, bearing the candle, which he blew out, to save it, as he crossed the threshold. The door was left open, however, and a dim light stole into the room from the kitchen beyond.

"Now 's your time!" whispered Hank. "I 'll put ye in there! Pass out the bag, — be still about it, — it 's all right."

"I can't, without making a noise!" replied Jack, trembling with excitement. "They 'll hear."

"No, they won't! Don't hurry. I 'll help you. Take off your shoes."

Jack took off his shoes and hat, giving them to Tug to hold. Still he hesitated.

"I wish they had shut the door! Wait a minute! Hark!"

"The old man is readin' the Scriptur's!" said Hank. "Then he 'll pray. It could n't have happened better. Ye could grind a scythe when he 's prayin', an' he would n't hear."

Jack listened a moment, and heard the squire read in a loud, nasal tone: —

"*But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what hour the thief would come he would have watched.*"

"I *can't* go!" Jack whispered, turning away.

"You can!" Hank insisted. "Now or never! Your only chance. I 'll lift you up."

"Well! lift! careful!"

Hank lifted him, and Jack went in at the window feet foremost. In a moment he found himself standing on the floor, — frightened, but alert and resolute. He did not think he had made much noise.

The squire continued reading: —

"*The lord of that servant shall come in a day when he looketh not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites.*"

A thrill of terror crept over poor Jack, who could not help thinking that all this applied, somehow, particularly to himself. But it was too late now to draw back, he thought.

He glided across the carpetless floor, making scarcely any noise with his bare feet, except that his ankle-bones cracked alarmingly. He did not stop until he reached the corner by the bureau; when he perceived, by the changed tones of voice, that Peternot was no longer reading, but talking, — making a few solemn comments on "the words," as he phrased it, which they were "called to consider." It was well for Jack that he had seen good Mr. and Mrs. Chatford at their devotions, and also known them in their daily lives, for otherwise I know not what contemptuous ideas of religion he might have received, from witnessing the family worship of the hard-hearted and worldly-minded squire.

As Peternot's discourse was broken by intervals of silence, Jack thought, "I 'll wait till he begins to pray." Then came a clatter of chairs: "They 're going to kneel down!" thought he, and grasped tightly the loose top of the bag. But just then, to his consternation, he heard heavy footsteps approaching; somebody was entering the room!

It was Peternot, who, feeling now a more anxious care for the coin than when he believed it to be spurious, had remembered, during his devotions (his heart being where his treasure was), that the window of the room was open, and who deemed it prudent to step in and shut it before he began his prayer.

The terrified Jack crowded himself into the corner by the bureau, and waited, breathless with apprehension, while Peternot closed the window, and turned to go out. The old man took two or three steps towards the bureau, and gave a glance in the direction of the bag; but having no light, he did not see the youthful house-breaker stuck up there in the dark niche, like a shivering ghost.

Then he went back into the kitchen, leaving the door wide open, the window closed and fastened, and Jack shut in.

J. T. Trowbridge.

"CONSIDER THE LILIES."

A STORY FOR SPRING.

A SUNBEAM awoke in the morning,
And said to the delicate flower,
"Awake, little beauty! the dawning
Pours a rosy and golden shower.

"I 'll touch thee with freshness and beauty!
But what is this sight that I see?
Some other has done the sweet duty;
Now, who has come sooner to thee?"

"Dear Sunbeam, the dewdrop did spy me
All weary and dusty at night;
'T is your part to warm me and dry me,
And bathe me with life-giving light."

Then fluttered the breeze o'er the meadow,
And said to the delicate flower,
"Awake, little beauty! All shadow
I 'll drive far away from thy bower,

"And show thee the light pure and steady;
But what is this sight that I see?
Some other hath done it already;
Now, who has come sooner to thee?"

"Dear Zephyr, the sunbeam doth bring me
His earliest ray to my feet;
'T is your part to sway me and swing me,
And fan me in midsummer heat."

Then musical rain in the noontide
Came, pattering drops on the flower,
And said, "Little beauty, the hillside
Is lovely, and idle the hour.

"I 'll teach thee the airiest measures,
And shake thee and swing thee with glee;
What! Some one has taught thee my pleasures?
Now, who has come sooner to thee?"

"Dear Raindrop, the wild wind doth show me
His maddest and merriest foot;
'T is your part to trickle below me,
And soften the earth at my root."

And so the bright sun and soft shower,
The wind, and the dew's silent fall,
Expand the blue breast of the flower
To heaven, the home of them all.

And no one can live for his brother;
Each soul has its portion of space.
God needs one as much as another,
And weaveth each one in his place.

J. Vila Blake.

A NEW "GOODY TWO-SHOES."

MISS MORTON, the teacher in the West District Schoolhouse, in Elmdale, had rung her silver call-bell for the morning session of her school, and when the boys and girls were seated and all were quiet, she read some Bible verses gently and solemnly, as was her custom. "Were the Bible verses selected purposely?" thought Lily Moore; the verses were from John, and their burden ran, "*Little children, love one another.*"

The Lord's prayer and the singing being concluded, Miss Morton took up her record-book and proceeded to call the roll.

"Carrie Low?"

"Present," answered Carrie's silvery voice.

"Lily Moore?"

"Present," replied Lily, displaying three deep dimples.

"Louise West." At the calling of this name there was no response, and Miss Morton, rapping upon her desk with a pencil, repeated the name.

"She is n't here," piped Lily, nodding at the empty seat beside her, all her dimples in full play.

Miss Morton looked up surprised, and noticed Charlie Moore's hand raised to attract attention.

"What is it, Charlie?" she asked, while Lily's dimples disappeared as she scowled at her brother.

"Don't mark Lou West, please, Miss Morton; she was here this morning in the school-room before you came."

"And where is she now?" asked the astonished teacher.

"She went home again," said Charlie, hesitating. "It was n't her fault; something happened that made her cry, and she went home." Then, glan-

cing at the clock, "Miss Morton, my father wants me excused to go on an errand, — please may I go?"

"Yes, certainly; and when your father's errand is done, see Louise and ask her to come back at recess."

"Yes 'm," returned Charlie, and hurried out with a happy smile, never heeding Lily's scowls.

He ran all the way to the post-office, and then with the mail straight to his father's office. "Here are your letters and papers, papa," he cried, bursting in. "What number boots does Lily wear?"

Dr. Moore smiled at his eager little son, all out of breath as he was, and asking such a very uncommon question; but, seeing that Charlie was really interested in the reply, he said, as he took the letters from his hand, "Lily wears number one."

"And what do they cost, papa?"

"Six dollars I paid for the last."

"Six dollars, papa!" cried Charlie.

"Those were her best boots."

"And what do common ones cost?"

"From two to four dollars."

"O, dear!" sighed Charlie, "I think they are awfully high!" and he looked so distressed that his father stopped laughing, and kindly asked the cause of his trouble. "Why, you see, sir," said Charlie, coming straight to the point, "there 's a little girl in our school that 's poor. Her mother takes care of the school, and Miss Morton gives Lou her schooling. She 's awfully smart, papa! she 's kept at the head all this term; has n't failed or been absent or tardy or whispered — or — anything, you know, and two of the girls did n't like her because she kept above them. "Her folks are poor, you know, and she did n't have any shoes, and her mother did n't have any money to buy her any; and so, rather than stay away from school, she came barefoot," — here Charlie's eyes flashed and he looked very fierce, — "and what do you think, papa? Carrie and L— those two girls, I mean," catching himself quickly, "laughed at her and called her names, and the poor little thing went home crying. They did it just to keep her from the head. Was n't it a shame, papa?"

"It certainly was," said the doctor, heartily.

"Well, papa," continued Charlie, "I thought I 'd buy her a pair of shoes with my Fourth-of-July money; but I can't, if they cost so much. I 've only a dollar."

"That would buy slippers or shoes," said the doctor; "we were speaking of boots."

Charlie brightened. "There 's a pretty kind of shoes that Lily used to wear; they button with a strap round here, you know," and to illustrate, he stood upon one foot, clasping the other around the ankle with both hands.

"Ankle-ties," suggested the doctor.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie, straightening again; "would n't those be a good kind? what do they cost?"

"They will do very nicely, and they will be seventy-five cents or a dollar. But, Charlie, boy, you must not expect me to give you another dollar for the Fourth."

"O no, sir, I don't," Charlie answered promptly and honestly. "I never thought of it. Where 's the best place to buy the shoes, papa?"

"At Leman's," said the doctor.

"Well, I 'll go there," said Charlie. "Good by, papa," and he was gone.

Dr. Moore, from the office window, watched the eager little boy, as he ran on his errand of kindness to Mr. Leman's store, and then with his precious bundle toward Mrs. West's cottage. "Noble little fellow!" said the father, proudly, as he gazed at Charlie's rapidly retreating figure; "he is always willing to deny himself to help others, the dear boy! and so my fine little Lily laughed at poor Lou, for of course it was Lily and Lou West, though Charlie did n't mean their names to slip out. I must talk with my little daughter. I wish she was more like Charlie. What can I do to show my little girl how cruel and selfish she has been?" and for some time the doctor sat buried in deep thought.

Meanwhile Charlie had reached Mrs. West's cottage and found Lou seated on the doorstep. No traces of tears stained her pretty face now, but an anxious little smile was there, as her fingers flew busily over some clumsy work, and every now and then she glanced hurriedly at an old-fashioned clock within the room.

She did not see Charlie, and he, feeling very shy all at once, hesitated to speak. Suddenly a bright thought struck him. He looked quickly toward the cottage, and, like brave General Grant upon the field of Chattanooga, "took in the situation at a glance." Quick as a flash, around he went to the back of the house, climbed lightly over the wood-pile on to the low shed and crept along until he gained the porch over the door-way. He was now directly above Lou, and peeping down could see her at work.

"By George!" he exclaimed to himself, "is n't she just plucky, though? Why, she 's actually making a pair of shoes; got one done, too; but what a looking thing!"

And he nearly betrayed himself, laughing at the clumsy shoe which brave little Lou had made from a piece of old felting. But Lou began to speak and Charlie hushed himself to hear what she was saying, as she stitched away upon its unfinished companion.

"O, dear! I 'm afraid it won't be done in time!" she sighed, with another quick glance at the clock, and redoubled energy over the stitching.

This reminded Charlie that, however pleasant it might be to lie there concealed and watching her, his time was limited; so, drawing the ankle-ties from their wrapper, he leaned cautiously forward and dropped them into the little girl's lap. Lou started and almost screamed with delight. She looked upward, behind, and around her, but saw no one.

"Where *did* they come from?" she said, aloud. "Right down from heaven, I do believe"; then, falling upon her knees, "Dear Lord, you put it into somebody's heart to give me these. O, how I thank you! O, make the giver's heart as happy as they have made me! Amen!"

"She almost screamed with delight."

Charlie held his breath and the tears stood mistily in his eyes, to see little Lou kneeling there, so deeply thankful. In all his life he never forgot the picture, — the mossy old roof and vines beneath him, and Lou's sweet face upturned as she prayed God to bless him. A well-spring of joy seemed flooding his heart. He could not tell what made him so happy. He kept very still now, for Lou, of course, must not know that the shoes were his present.

She had darted into the cottage, and she now reappeared, the new anklets drawn on over clean white stockings, fitting to a "T," Charlie was sure, though he longed to get down and pinch the toes as the shopkeepers do, "to be quite certain, you know."

But Lou with her school-books was flying up the street, and Charlie bethought him that it was "'most recess-time"; so, swinging himself down from his airy perch, and running at the top of his speed "across lots," he gained the schoolhouse just as Lou flew around the last corner, and thus a second time escaped being seen by her.

It yet wanted ten minutes to recess-time, when Lou turned the handle of the school-room door and timidly entered. Charlie colored and his heart

beat high as the trim little feet came walking down the aisle; Lily and Carrie looked ashamed, as well they might, and surprised.

"Ah, Lou," said Miss Morton, pleasantly, "I am glad to see you. I have heard that you were here before school. Why did you go home?"

"Something happened," answered Lou, hesitatingly, and in Charlie's own words, — "something happened, and I could not stay"; and the little girl's cheeks reddened as she recalled Carrie and Lily's taunts.

Miss Morton saw that something was amiss, and Lily's guilty, scowling little face seemed to betray her as the culprit, but she asked no questions, not liking to encourage tale-bearing among her pupils, and believing that, except in extraordinary cases, it was best to let the scholars settle their difficulties among themselves, without her interference. She was, however, very conscientious, and did not mean to let Lou suffer by the "something" that had "happened."

"Your class has recited in History, Lou," she said, kindly. "I will hear you after school, and, if you do not fail, will excuse your absence this morning."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Lou, gratefully, while Charlie beamed upon Miss Morton an admiring smile, and naughty Lily turned up her little nose disdainfully, making faces at "Miss Poverty-toes," as she and Carrie called our little Lou. But happy Lou, busy with her books, was quite unconscious of Lily's sarcasm.

At recess, however, going with the others into the yard to play, she was rudely assailed again. "How proud we are in our new shoes!" piped silly Carrie in her silvery voice, — a voice meant for the utterance of only kind and pleasant words. "I guess you never had a *new* pair before. Where did you buy those, Lou West?"

"I did n't buy them," answered Lou, very angry, but trying hard to be amiable.

"O, they were a present, were they? Who from?" asked Lily, pertly.

"I don't know," answered Lou, and the angry feelings flew out of her heart as she thought with a happy smile of how mysteriously her present had come to her.

But these pleasant thoughts were dispelled by Lily's voice.

"I guess she stole them," said the little girl, cruelly. "If she did n't buy them and can't say who gave them to her, of course she stole them. Come away, Carrie; my father would n't want me to talk to a thief!"

Poor Lou stood like a hunted hare at bay, glancing from one to the other of these cruel little girls, then with a wild sob, turned and fled to the school-room.

"Lily Moore!" cried Charlie, fiercely. "I 'm going straight to papa." And he went.

When Dr. Moore reached the school-house Lou was sobbing wildly, while Miss Morton vainly tried to soothe her. Lily and Carrie, ashamed and frightened, were at their desks pretending to study. Charlie ran up the stairs, eager to comfort Lou.

"Miss Morton," said he, "here 's my father. He knows all about it"; and, with a disdainful glance at Lily and Carrie, marched to his seat.

"Don't cry, little Lou!" said the doctor, kindly. "You must be generous, and forget that you have ever heard the cruel words. Lilian!" in a voice which made his little daughter start and tremble, "as you made the disgraceful charge, listen to me."

Lily arose, shaking like a leaf; she had never seen her father angry before.

"As to Lou's honesty, you *know*, of course, scholars, that is unquestionable. I happen to know all about the shoes. A warm-hearted little boy bought them with his 'Fourth-of-July money,' and Lou received them in such a way that she could not tell from whom they came."

Lou knew now that it was Charlie, and so did all the others, and the admiring glances thrown at him made him very hot and uncomfortable, until he caught Lou's earnest, grateful smile.

"Lilian," continued her father, "come here. I cannot believe, my little girl, that you realized how cruelly you were treating Lou."

"O no, papa!" sobbed Lily; "I did n't mean it, really. I 'm just as sorry as I can be."

"And, Carrie," continued the doctor, "don't you think that a little girl to whom God has given so sweet a voice as yours should use it kindly and pleasantly?"

"Yes, sir," sobbed Carrie.

"What will my Lily do to make amends?" he asked, putting an arm around his little daughter, and drawing her close to him.

"I don't know, papa," said contrite little Lilian. "I am sorry, papa, truly; and I 'll tell Lou so, and I must tell Miss Morton that it was all my fault this morning."

"That is right, little daughter, and in the future try to be more kind and generous. Miss Morton, I hope you will excuse my lecturing during school hours."

Miss Morton was only too glad to have the trouble thus satisfactorily settled; that Dr. Moore, being a trustee of the school, had a perfect right to lecture as long as he pleased; and that she was sure her pupils would appreciate his kind advice and profit by it.

Lou readily forgave Lily and Carrie, and the three little girls became great friends.

Two days before the Fourth Mr. West came home from Australia with the fortune he had been seeking, and on learning of Charlie's kindness he went out with Lou and bought a wonderful brass cannon, and a box of marvellous soldiers with horses, ambulances, tents, barracks, guns, flags, and all the other "accessories" for a grand army.

The Australian fortune was larger even than Dr. Moore's, and little Lou had never to go barefoot again. But even if she had remained poor, I am sure that neither Lily nor Carrie would ever have teased her again.

As for Charlie — Charlie thinks there is nobody like Lou.

Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

BOY AND BEAR.

IT was on a winter morning, while standing before the window of my New York parlor, that I cried, "Run, Mr. Dinks, I see a creature."

Lolly Dinks rushed from the table, his mouth gilded with boiled egg, and pinafore arabesqued with the same, for it was the hour of breakfast with us.

"I see nothing," said Lolly, "but a gray patch. Is the Snow-Queen coming, mother, or is the window dirty?"

The window was unclean. We called Alice, our servant, to come with water to wash off a pane, so that we might see *It*.

Old Mr. Dinks, Lolly's papa, read the Sun newspaper to make his nerves strong; I washed Lolly's face, and he said, "You need n't stick the towel into my ears to get the egg off my mouth."

All the washing done, we looked out of the window.

We saw a bear in the Fourth Avenue! He was big, and black, and brownish, and tears ran out of his eyes.

"Will that bear hug anybody?" asks Lolly, "and do those men give him honey? Who are the men? Do you like them, mother? I don't. Why does the bear go swing-swong? Must he?"

"He must while he plays bear, and hears the drum bang. He thinks in tune, I believe."

"Mother, I do believe I hear a whizzing; is it the bear's mind that whizzes? Tell me what he thinks."

"Maybe this, my little Lolly.

"Boom, boom, see my doom.
Rat-tat-too! I must sue
Pennies for a cruel scamp,
And on two legs I must tramp.
Bum-bum! by the drum.
Soldiers in a bear-skin cap
Tear each other into bits.
'T is a glory so to fight.
I am beaten if I bite.
I should like to give men fits!
Men are worser than us beasts;
Lolly in his mother's lap,
Lolly having daily feasts,
Can he pity me, mayhap?"

"Goody, good mother, I know that 's true."

The bear winked at us, and all at once we knew that he was an enchanted prince. In early ages, when the mistletoe-bough hung on all castle walls, his name was Arter, and he used to wash the teacups of a Druid named Bel-i-sa-ri-us. He was a good, dirty man, for he lived in the hollow of an old oak-tree which had many acorns. In the fall of the year the acorns fell, and Mr. Ivanhoe's pigs ate them, and so Bel-i-sa-ri-us got dirty. Arter

lived in the castle. The teacups — I meant acorn-cups — were taken up to the castle every day, and he washed them in the stone basin in the court-yard. There was not much water in this old basin, but enough for the white pigeons and Graffenburg, the big wolf-hound, who measured six feet from the tip of his cold, moist nose to the tip of his worn-out brownish tail.

"Is that as tall as a man?" asks Lolly Dinks. "Go on, quick! Arter is passing Stewart's already."

"Well, Arter washed the acorn teacups seven years in a red satin tunic, with a gold border round it. He had long, dark hair, which tossed about like the boughs of a willow-tree in a storm-wind. He was a strong, handsome boy, and loved his mother better than he did Bel-i-sa-ri-us the Druid, the white pigeons, and Graffenburg. She never plagued him, never cleaned his nails, never said, '*Come here, Arter, let me look at your teeth*,' or, '*Arter, why have you lost your pocket-handkerchief? This is the second one the page has given you to-day.*'"

"Page!" cries Mr. Dinks, "did they have a page? O, how lovely! Go on."

"Lolly Dinks, Arter loved his mother, and she *died*. And —"

"Was the page little or big?" interrupts Mr. Dinks; "and did he wear a tunic, and white trousers just like his skin? and were his feet covered with yellow boots?"

"The page died the next day, and no one could ever find his clothes; the Druid said they had gone back to their original form, into cobwebs, butterflies' wings, fish-scales, and beetles' backs.

"Well, at the end of seven years, when Arter was seventeen years old, and his mother had been in another world a year, he grew very cross, very lazy, and loved no one. One day, when the clouds were black, and the whole earth was shaded by them, and everything in the world looked the same color, Arter went into the woods to carry six acorn-cups he had just washed, and from which he had bitten the edges. The Druid was not under his oak-tree. No noise at all was to be heard. No bird sang, no grasshopper rustled in the grass, no mouse nor mole was creeping about. Arter kneeled down by the tree, and tucked the acorn-cups under some moss, and as he put the last cup down, from behind the trunk of the tree, he saw a *Horrible Hairy Paw*, which made him feel as if he should choke. He lifted his head, and a little higher up saw *One Fiery Eye*, round as a cent, with three rings in the eyeball.

"He could not move, and he could not speak. More was to come! O dear me! Next, a long black snout crept, crept close to Arter; it opened, queer words came out of it, and they smelt like rare beefsteak and honey, — a pretty poor kind of a smell, Arter thought.

"These were the words, and soon Arter felt as if there were hairs in his own mouth, but he dared not speak. O, where could that clean, kind Bel-i-sa-ri-us have gone to? Lovely, good Druid! Arter would be glad if there were a million acorn-cups to wash! Said Snout, in these words, —

"'You are cross, lazy, and you don't love anybody. You must be *changed*.

Be a real beast until you see a *Perfect Boy*. And O, ain't you going to have a time of it in travelling over Europe, Asia, and America? Come here.'

"Down went Arter into the moss. He felt the bitten edge of an acorn-cup scratch his nose, and that was all. He was drowsy then, still smelling beef-steak and honey. After that he knew he was in the dark. The castle and the pigeons and the Druid seemed a thousand years old, and so far off that they were not more than an inch big. Then a miserable daylight came, and he itched dreadfully; he thought he was going to scratch himself with his hand, and found that it was a *Paw*. He knew, then, that he was a young bear, with his 'troubles all to come.' He was not exactly like other bears, though, for this one idea was in his bear-mind, — he must find a *Perfect Boy*, if he ever wanted to be Prince Arter again. So he left the *Old Creature* who had enchanted him, and went to California. There was no *Perfect Boy* in Sacramento, San Francisco, San José, and the other Sans, and he came to New York, accustomed by this time to bear-being, and often suffering like a bear. And this is the reason why Mr. Dinks and I heard the whizzing from him. If he had been a cat, it would have sounded like a purring. Cats' purrs are often used in pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the numerous monkeys residing in New York with hand-organs."

"Mother, I am cheated by your talk," cries Lolly Dinks. "The bear has gone, he is out of sight."

It was true. We looked down the crooked Bowery, and up into Union Square. The statue of Washington could n't tell a lie, nor the truth either, and we saw no bear, no enchanted prince.

"There is no *Perfect Boy* in our family, that is certain, Lolly Dinks," I said. "If the bear had found him here, we would have given him a party this very evening. He should have had some Ottawa beer, and danced a polka with Aunt Persimmons. Where, O where is the *Perfect Boy?*"

Elizabeth Stoddard.

MAY-FLOWER'S VISITORS.

ALL the valley was brown and bare,
The elms and maples had nothing to wear,
When sweet little May-flower came to town,
In her bonnet pink and her satin gown.

Under a pine her tent was spread,
With a carpet of leaves for her dainty tread;
And there, as the South-wind brings report,
The shy little beauty held her court.

The first that came was a Zephyr gay,
Who snatched a kiss ere he went his way;
She blushed and frowned, but he laughed in glee,
And flew to boast of his robbery.

Then followed a Bluebird troubadour,
His melting strains in her ear to pour,
And her fragrant breath, as he struck his lyre,
Sighed to the song of his heart's desire:

"A pilgrim I, from the groves afar,
Where the orange gleams like a golden star,
Where the plashing waves in sunshine break;
I have left them all for love's sweet sake!"

From his winter castle, her face to see,
On dauntless wing, came a knightly Bee;
She poured him a cup of her sweetest wine,
And he pledged her, "For ever and ever thine!"

With a sudden rush and a gusty roar,
The North-wind knocked at poor May-flower's door,
But she gazed in his face with a smile so brave,
That he hurried back to his ice-bound cave.

One sad little Snow-flake, left all alone,—
The last pale child of the Winter gone,—
Flying a thousand vague alarms,
Fell, wearied out, into May-flower's arms.

Over the trembling stranger form
She folded her mantle close and warm,
But an icy chill through her bosom went,
And her slender strength was almost spent.

Down from the cloud-land fields of blue,
Swift to her aid a Sunbeam flew;
One eager look in his shining face,
And fainting May-flower took heart of grace!

He touched the Flake with his fairy wand;
"Sweet Flower!" he said, "by the king's command,
Thus shall thy pure deed stand confessed!"
And it nestled, a Dew-drop, on her breast!

Mary A. P. Humphrey.

LITTLE HEROES.

I.

JACQUES FORRESTIER, JOSEPH BARRA, AND PIETRO DA CORTONA.

AS you are all old enough to be school-children, you have probably read in your histories something about Alexander; who was, without doubt, the greatest conquering hero of ancient times. To-day, if war is declared, men try to have a reason or at least a pretext for it; but in ancient times men conquered a country simply for the sake of proving that they *could* do it. They ravaged kingdoms, destroyed the people, razed the cities, and fired the country, in order to have the noble pleasure of saying that no one was able to prevent their doing all these grand things.

Now, although Alexander was very generous and had a great many very noble and lovable traits about him, and although many of his acts would attract any high-spirited boy (the taming of the wild horse Bucephalus, for instance), and fill him with a spirit akin to that which actuated Alexander, yet his is not the kind of heroism that I should wish you to emulate. Accordingly I will tell you one or two stories of other kinds of heroism.

There is a fable that Lysimachus, having offended the Emperor Alexander, was thrown into the arena to struggle with a famished lion, which was a way they had of punishing offenders in those times. When the infuriated animal rushed upon him, Lysimachus suddenly wrapped his arm in his mantle, sprang forward, seized the lion's tongue and tore it out, which so wounded the beast that he died. Before passing judgment upon the probability of this story, I wish you to hear another which I believe, because dates and localities are given which seem to be in some measure a guaranty of its truth.*

About the beginning of the last century, in a certain village in France, near Vitry, in Champagne, there lived a peasant, the father of a boy very small for his age, who was called Jacques Forrestier. In that country the very name of wolf is a terror to all children and to most grown people. In the winter when the ground is covered with snow, an encounter with wolves is anything but pleasant, for, urged by famine, they do not hesitate to attack even men. Now Jacques, who had a horror of these cruel beasts, and who, being gifted with a valiant heart, desired to exterminate them all, demanded of his father one day how he could best fight them; "for," added he, "if I meet one I mean to kill it."

Considering this question as dictated by the simple curiosity of the little fellow, or by his childish vanity, the father answered by repeating a pleasantry which he had probably heard related by some juggler trying to amuse the simple villagers. "I will tell you the surest way to kill a wolf, Jacques. As he always comes upon you with his mouth wide open, thrust your arm

* See Eugene Muller's "La Jeunesse des Hommes Célèbres," to which the writer has been largely indebted in the preparation of these sketches.

down his throat, until you reach the tail; then, pulling at his tail, you turn your wolf, like a stocking, wrong side out."

"But," said Jacques, who took it all seriously, "I am small; my arm would not reach to the tail of the wolf!"

"In that case," answered the father, "I think that in thrusting the fist well down the throat you will succeed in choking him."

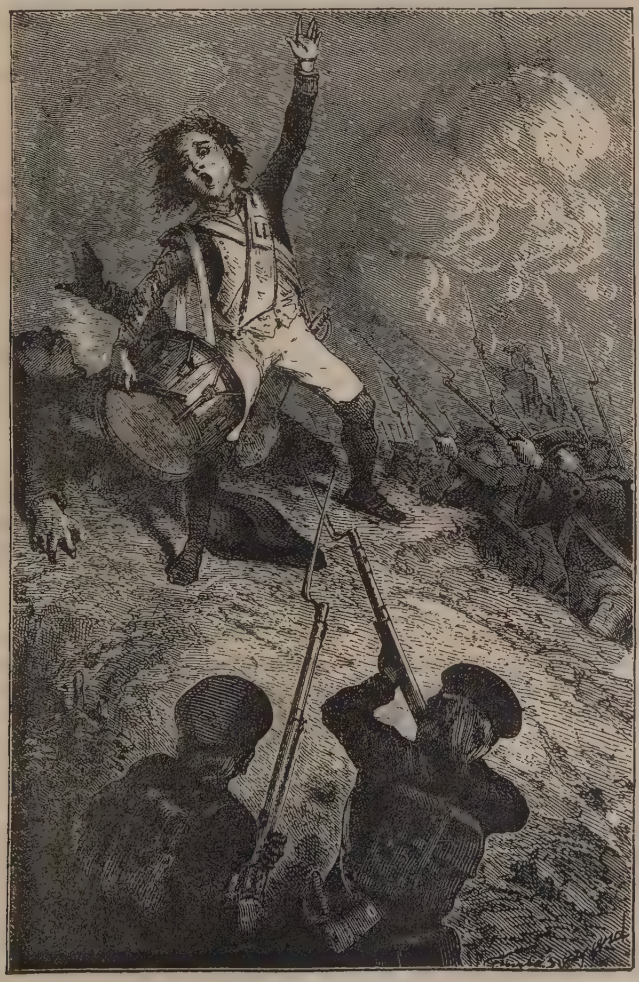
"Good! Thank you!" said the child, who went away thoughtful on one side while the father went away smiling on the other.

That year (1789) the winter was very severe. The country was covered with snow; and the wolves pushed their explorations, in open day, into the middle of the villages and even into the very farm-yards. One morning

Jacques and the Wolf.

the parents of Jacques, having gone out, had left him in the house to take care of his little sister, yet in the cradle. The door, which was left unlatched, opened suddenly, and a young wolf appeared. It had doubtless smelt the tender flesh; and without ceremony it sprang towards the sleeping child.

But the famished creature had counted without the lesson given to little Jacques, who had taken it very seriously and had thought it over many times. Without hesitating an instant, he threw himself before the wolf, which turned furiously against him; and, closing his fist, the brave boy thrust it into the mouth of the animal. The wolf struggled, but Jacques, pressing his other hand upon his neck, pushed it to the angle of the wall, where he held it tightly squeezed, with his fist crammed down its



The heroic Drummer-Boy.

throat, until the beast rolled suffocated upon the flags. His excitement and the effort that he was obliged to make had exhausted the little vanquisher, and he fell fainting beside the vanquished. When the parents returned, imagine their surprise and terror at seeing the wolf and the child couched side by side! When Jacques came to himself his first words were, "My little sister! The wolf has not eaten her?"

Joseph Barra, at the age of twelve years, was a drummer-boy in the army of the French Republic. One day, by the fortunes of war, he fell into the hands of the enemy, who supported the cause of the king. The fierce soldiers surrounded him, shouting, "Cry, *Long live the King*, or die!"

Twenty guns were levelled at him.

"*Long live the Republic!*" cried the child, and fell pierced with twenty balls. This Joseph Barra joined the army when he was ten years old, in order not to be an expense to his mother, a poor widow; to whom, after that time, he regularly sent his small pay. He was a truly brave boy, true to his conscience and true to his affections; and although in our own time and country it is easy to find many instances of great courage and devotedness, it is rare to find so young a boy doing his duty so courageously.

I will now tell you of a young artist, who, having felt his vocation instinctively, as birds know how to build their nests, struggled on and upwards, through privation of every kind, until he became that which he could not help being, — a true artist.

Pietro da Cortona was the son of a poor shepherd of Tuscany, who did not trouble himself to find for him any other condition in life but his own. Pietro, whilst watching his goats, passed his days in chalking upon the rocks and tracing images upon the sand. He *felt* himself an artist without *knowing*, perhaps, the meaning of the word.

One fine morning, leaving his flocks, he directed himself toward Florence, where he expected to meet one of his little comrades of the fields, who had left him some time before to take the place of scullion in the kitchens of a cardinal. In Florence, Pietro, who was not a dozen years old, must soon have been reduced to a state of starvation if Providence, that works sometimes through strange mediums, had not chosen the former little shepherd, now become cook's-aid, to save the future great artist. This boy, from the time when he guarded the flocks in company with Pietro, had had faith in the future of his friend. He had said on leaving him, that when he found himself able to assist him, he would let him know, and he kept his word.

When Pietro arrived, a place was ready for his reception, — very modest and very humble, it is true, but it proved how far the resources of a good heart are able to reach. The scullion offered to the new-comer half of the poor bed which he occupied in a little chamber under the roof of the palace, and engaged to nourish him with the dessert from the cardinal's table, — a part of which belonged to him according to the custom in great houses. For two whole years Pietro accepted from his friend, not only this, but some pieces of money besides, of which he had need to buy paper and pencils. As long as the daylight lasted he remained in the city copying pictures and

Pietro sketching on the Rocks.

statues; when he returned in the evening, he fastened upon the walls of the little chamber the copies which he had made.

One day the scullion managed matters so that several of Pietro's drawings fell under the notice of the cardinal, who admired them and wished to see their author. I leave you to imagine what a fine day this was for the poor little fellow, on which he was able to avow the clandestine hospitality which he had given to Pietro; and with what pride he marched in, conducting his friend before the prelate, who already had promised to befriend him, and who did not fail to keep his promise. Pietro da Cortona became illustrious and rich, but honors and riches never caused him to forget the noble heart which had served him in his time of obscurity and misery.

Mary Carleton.

MEG'S RACE FOR LIFE:

A STORY OF THE WISCONSIN FIRES.

OF all the pleasant homes in the world, little Meg Howitt's was one of the most charming. At least, so Meg thought. Quite satisfied with her happy lot, she always found some new pleasure to enjoy, from the coming of the first early spring violets, until the winter winds again whistled through the bare tree-tops in her father's clearing.

Meg's father was a lumberman, who came years ago from his far-away home in Maine, with no other inheritance than a strong right arm, and the merriest-hearted young wife that ever gladdened a log-cabin in the woods of Northern Wisconsin. Their clearing, in point of situation, was everything that could be desired, — the land sloping beautifully to the rippling waters of the Wisconsin River, that gleamed and glittered in the sunshine, scarcely a quarter of a mile from the house.

About a mile to the east of them was the lumber-mill, owned by an old friend of Richard Howitt's; in the neighborhood of which were scattered the houses where dwelt the few families that composed the little settlement. There was one other building, the log school-house; which primitive temple of learning served also as a church, where once in four or five weeks a missionary came to preach a sermon, and to bring them news from the outside world, — the nearest post-office being nearly twenty miles distant.

Richard's blithe young wife found the days very long when he was away, by the early dawn of the winter morning, wood-cutting, to reach home only at nightfall. But her smile was always cheerful, her hearth glowed brightly, and her welcome before he reached the threshold was so sweet, and her arrangements for supper were so tempting, that Richard in his happiness declared the home-coming more than compensated for the absence.

By and by little Meg came, a sunbeam of delight in that forest home. The wee lassie grew finely, her lovely little face becoming more and more attractive in its infant beauty; and it was months before they knew what at last became painfully evident, that one little limb hung powerless at her side, and that dear baby Meg must always be a cripple.

Ten happy years had passed over her sunny head, when Richard was suddenly called to lay away his cheery wife to sleep the sleep that knows no waking, beneath the drooping shade of the forest-trees. Meg had been the object of her mother's most watchful and tender care. How could she live without her? But her very helplessness drew around her kind friends, and each of those already crowded homes opened to receive Richard and his little lame daughter. But Richard would accept none of these invitations so kindly intended. During his necessary absences at work, he would leave his faithful great dog, Watch, to be the companion of Meg's otherwise lonely hours. She had, besides, two or three pet squirrels, whose home was in the large elm close by the cabin door, and who came chippering and

chattering every day to eat the supplies of food Meg always had in readiness for them. They soon learned to wink very knowingly at their little mistress, and one, more sociable than the others, would even condescend to hide himself snugly in Meg's pocket for the sake of the reward sure to be his. Meg had one other companion, a pet kitten, that followed her with untiring faithfulness wherever she went; and so, when the company of one failed her, she tried another, and between them all kept a brave heart and a cheerful face with which to welcome her father at nightfall. What little hands could accomplish was most efficiently done to fill the place of the dear mother who had gone; and Richard, regarding with added tenderness her loving little ministries for his comfort, always returned home with some new woodland treasure, carefully stored for her in his capacious pockets, which Meg was wont to regard with great satisfaction. So matters went comfortably on until the autumn following her mother's death, when rumors of fires in the distant woods began to be talked of in the little settlement.

Old Uncle Ben Wade, who owned the only team in the "clearing," had been on his usual journey, miles down the river, for the first instalment of their supply of winter stores, and returned with the news that the woods north of them were all on fire. For days a soft, smoky haze had rested on the landscape, and the noonday sun showed only a veiled face, as it looked down upon the peaceful little hamlet. Men gathered in anxious groups to discuss the probabilities of the long-delayed fall rains, and to decide how best to protect their property and lives should the fires reach their neighborhood. Trenches along the river-bank were prepared, where some household stores and cherished relics were by the more careful buried in the ground; and logs, long floating in the water, were constructed into rafts and moored to the shore to be in readiness for any emergency.

Thus the days passed slowly away, freighted with anxious suspense, — men with careful vigilance watching the first indication of danger. Uncle Ben's horses were kept ploughing the soil, and the settlement was well protected by a broad area of deeply ploughed land, around which the underbrush had been carefully burned, the settlers hoping thus to fight fire with fire.

"We 've need to ask the Lord to help," said good Widow Brace to her tall son, Seth, "for if it comes, you well know there 's not much we can do to help ourselves."

Little Meg heard her remark, and to the prayer her mother had taught her she added still another for preservation from the threatening terror.

The very next day the wind blew almost a gale from the river, the smoke became denser, and preparations in good earnest were begun for the fearful struggle for life. All the provisions possible were placed in casks on the rafts. Articles which could not be removed were hastily buried, and, with wives and children, the lumbermen betook themselves to their only hope of safety. Richard had been one of the first to carry his little daughter and place her in as comfortable a position as possible on board the raft, and then had gone to the assistance of others. He was the last to leave the shore, and with his strong arm push out into the stream.

They were none too soon, for the fierce roar of the devouring fire miles away, but travelling with inconceivable velocity, began to be heard in the distance. The women and children were directed to lie down, and were covered with blankets occasionally wet with a bucket of water, while the experienced lumbermen took turns in propelling the four rafts which formed the convoy.

As the grand column of fire came steadily onward, the air was filled with blazing twigs and branches borne by the wind in advance of the conflagration, as if to cut off all possibility of escape, and only the most watchful attention on the part of the boatmen prevented serious injury to the occupants of the frail craft. The cattle had been driven as far as possible into the river, and fastened by ropes to the great logs in the boom, and their frightened lowing, mingled with the terrible roar of the fire, was distinctly heard. At last, blinded by smoke and almost gasping for breath, Richard Howitt sat down for a moment's rest, while another took his place.

"Meg, darling, come close to father," he said, but Meg did not answer. "Meg, dear," again he called louder, and still no reply. "Can anything ail the lass? Why don't she speak?" he exclaimed, as he hastily lifted the blanket he had spread over her. Widow Brace and the Smiths were there, but no Meg; Mrs. Smith told him Meg had not been there since they pushed off. She must be on the other side. With trembling heart Richard sought her, but in vain, — she could not be found.

From the other rafts came the same reply to his question, — Meg was not with them! Then the truth dawned upon his mind with irresistible conviction, — Meg, his pet and pride, had been left behind. How he could not tell; he knew he had placed her on the raft, and in the wild frenzy of despair he endeavored to throw himself into the water, to swim back and die with his child. The men tried in vain to reason him into calmness. They needed his help to save the rest, and if Meg were on shore escape was impossible for her or for him. In all probability she had fallen unobserved from the raft into the water and had drowned.

But Richard could not listen, and at last, exhausted with the violence of his grief, he found relief in a state of partial insensibility. Every nerve was now strained to get the heavy-laden, slow-moving rafts to a place of safety. Thick woods lined the river-banks, which would soon be in flames, and they dared not trust themselves far from shore, lest the swift current should carry them onward over the dams of the lumber-mills below, and thus they might be saved from one death only to find another. It took a cool brain and steady eye to determine the course, to know just how near the shower of fire it was safe to go, and, on the other hand, how they could venture to trust themselves to the power of the swiftly moving river, — the river of death, Widow Brace said she feared it would prove to them all.

And now, while they are slowly drifting out of sight, let us go back to look for the darling of more than her father's home. After Richard, with tender care, had, as he supposed, secured Meg's safety, she in obedience to his command had waited in quietness while the others crowded around her. There was much running to and fro, when Meg saw, watching the hasty embarkation, her good old dog Watch.

"O, Watch must come!" she cried; "I can't leave him behind. Come, Watch! Watch!" she eagerly called, "O, do come!"

But Watch would not stir from his post of observation.

"It 's of no use to call the dog, child," exclaimed one of the men. "We 're more than full now." Meg, with streaming eyes, continued her entreaties, but men, women, and children were too full of the one anxious purpose to save their own lives to heed her. "I must kiss him good by," sobbed Meg. "I am sure father would let me, and kitty — I must find her, she can go in my pocket," and Meg painfully limped her way along, until she stepped from the raft to the shore.

Exhausted by the effort, she was obliged to rest a moment behind a log, and Watch, with one joyful bound, ran to meet her. "O Watch, you dear old fellow!" she cried, and, clasping both arms around him, hid her face in his shaggy neck, and wept as if her little heart would break. But Watch did not seem to fancy the embrace. He would not stand still for Meg to pet him, as was his wont, but, after his first joyful greeting, he kept bounding toward the shore, giving quick little barks, and then coming back to pull her dress, as if to bid her follow him.

"Why won't you stand still, Watch, and let me hug you one little moment? for indeed I can't stay! Come, there 's a dear old fellow!" and Meg felt in her pocket for a cookie she had hastily placed there an hour before. "Come, and I 'll give you this." But instead of coming, Watch gave one bound toward the river and commenced a terrific barking, running backwards and forwards, and stopping only to shake energetically the old hood which Meg had unconsciously dropped.

"I can stay no longer, not even for kitty. I must leave you, Watch. I never saw you care so little for me before," cried Meg, and she began to drag her weary limbs back to the beach. Absorbed with her grief at parting with her favorite, she did not at first notice that the loud voices calling to one and another were no longer heard, and not until her ear caught the sound of paddles did the danger of being left behind once occur to her. Making all haste, she reached the point where she had so rashly come ashore, to find herself indeed alone, with no possible hope of escape from the fiery death which awaited her.

At first she called and shouted with all her little strength, "Father! father! don't leave Meg!" She could hear Watch swimming in the water not far off, though she could not see him; but from out the cloud of smoke that hung thick and heavy over the river came no answering voice, and Meg's heart almost stopped beating as she thought of the horror of her situation.

Just then, finding his efforts to attract attention quite useless, Watch sprang ashore and ran to his little mistress for the caress he had so lately refused. "We will go to mother's grave, Watch, and die together," Meg exclaimed, and so, as fast as her already exhausted strength would allow, she turned her steps back to the clearing. She found kitty on her way, and kitty purred contentedly as ever when Meg cuddled her on her arm. Still farther on, the frightened squirrels came running to her as for protec-

tion, and thus with her little family of pets, she rested her aching head on the grass-grown mound that marked the spot where her mother was laid, awaiting the fearful on-coming tempest of destruction. In the simple trust of childish faith, she repeated her little prayer, and was just covering her face, that she might shut out the fearful vision she momentarily expected, when she heard Watch barking fiercely, and, before she could call, there was at her side a quick step, and she was caught up, squirrels, kitten, and all, in the strong arms of Uncle Ben Wade, who exclaimed, "Why, Meg, how in the world did you come here?" and in a trice Meg had answered his question.

"I must try and save you, my poor child! Quick! we have not a moment to lose!" and before Meg knew it she was seated on the floor of Uncle Ben's clumsy wagon, with Watch beside her, and Uncle Ben mercilessly lashing his fleet horses into a gallop. Watch, now that his labors were over, and there was some prospect of Meg's salvation, rested composedly his head upon his fore-paws, and waited developments with a conscious air of dignity that seemed to say, "If you want any assistance just call on me, and I 'm your man." Meanwhile Uncle Ben continued to urge on the horses, that indeed needed no urging, at a fearful rate over the rough, corduroy forest roads, causing the wagon timbers to creak and crack and almost snap; and still that surging roar through the tree-tops, ever coming nearer and louder, sounded its fearful alarm in their ears.

"The fire gains on us, Meg!" cried Uncle Ben, — the only words spoken thus far, — as they reached the big pine-tree that marked five miles passed in this fearful race for life. "Go it, Sol! fly, Jeff!" he shouted, and applied with fresh vigor his stout oak-sapling, to increase their speed.

The terrified horses seemed to realize that this was no ordinary danger from which they were fleeing, and bent themselves nobly to their work. The smoke choked and blinded Meg almost to the point of strangulation, but Uncle Ben — clear, cool, and steady woodsman that he was — seemed to pierce it with his eagle eye, and guided skilfully and safely his horses over rickety log bridges and stony ledges.

Ten miles had passed, and the sparks fell in showers, Meg trying to brush them away as they dropped upon them in the wagon. She had all she could do to quiet Watch, whom the present state of affairs was making very uneasy. "We 've scarcely a ghost of a chance, Meg," replied Uncle Ben, in answer to her inquiry, "but we 'll do what we can."

The next five miles of road Uncle Ben knew were better, and beyond, the highway emerged from the forest through cultivated prairies, until it reached the only place where they could look for safety or help. But could they reach it? If they could but get out of these woods, he mentally concluded they might be saved, but the prospect looked more than doubtful. Just then glared behind them, yet miles away, their first sight of the solid on-rushing wall of fire. Meg hid her face in her hands, and though Uncle Ben felt that their case was becoming hopeless, he still cheered on his almost frantic horses, whose strength and energy were yet unflagging. For a few moments they seemed to fly over brush and stones and fire-brands

now falling thick and fast in the roadway, while the hot breath of flame scorched Meg's flaxen curls and pallid cheeks.

"Lie down, Meg!" shouted Uncle Ben, catching in his hand a blazing branch that had threatened her head. Meg obeyed. There was almost a halt, a spring, as if flying through the air, a crash, and they were landed — wagon, horses, Uncle Ben, and all — in the midst of a ploughed field, while the grand column of flame swept by on the other side through the forest.

"Bless the Lord, my child! we 're saved!" exclaimed Uncle Ben, and the strong man broke out into a flood of tears, and gave thanks to Heaven for their wonderful deliverance.

The way now was comparatively easy, and it was well; for the noble horses, panting and foaming with the exertion they had made, could not have travelled much farther. They were stifled and blinded with smoke, and covered with smarting burns, when they reached the haven of their hopes, — the promontory extending out into the river, on which was situated the brisk little town of Millville, the trading-point for all that lumber district. Here they found the inhabitants all out, using every effort to save their homes from the flames. The danger for them now seemed to be past, but they had not relaxed their vigilance, and were the more ready to give cordial aid and succor to those who had been less fortunate than themselves.

Uncle Ben was completely prostrated. One hand and arm were covered with fearful burns, his white hair was singed completely from his head, and what had become of his coat he never knew. By degrees he told, as his strength returned, the fearful story of their escape. Of the fleet of rafts, nothing had been seen, but the next day a party of villagers went out to look for them, and, finding the fugitives, towed them safely to land.

The glad news of Meg's preservation thus preceded their arrival, and who can tell the unspeakable thanksgiving of Richard Howitt as he clasped in his arms the child that had been given back to him from so horrible a death?

Uncle Ben told him how he could not make up his mind to leave to certain death his noble horses, and had decided to risk his chance with them in a race for life, and how just as he was about to start on that fearful ride, Watch had caught and pulled him to the spot where he found dear little Meg by her mother's grave.

Watch was not forgotten in the grateful thanksgiving. Thenceforth he became a hero, in his own estimation as well as in that of others. He was more than ever devoted to Meg, and could scarcely be induced to leave her side, as if fearful she might get into some fresh trouble, from which she would require his aid to extricate her.

Uncle Ben, of course, disclaimed all praise for what he had done; but Meg and her father felt that the most untiring devotion on their part could never repay their obligation to him. In the more prosperous days that followed, Richard became to him a son, whose home was his; and the loving, still glad-hearted little Meg, was more than ever the joy of his heart and the light of his aged eyes.

E. B. M.

SOME CURIOUS REPTILES.

"IS there such a thing as a chameleon, Cousin Tim?" said little Ella Randolph, who had been reading some wonderful stories about that curious creature. "I say there is, but Rufus says there is n't."

"Of course there is n't any such thing!" put in the wise Rufus, — "an animal that can live on air, and change its color when it pleases, — any more than there are salamanders that can live in the fire."

"I 've seen salamanders, and I 've seen chameleons," remarked Cousin Tim, dryly, settling himself comfortably in his easy-chair. "But," he added, immediately, as Ella clapped her hands, and her brother's bright blue eyes opened with amazement, "you must n't believe all the stories you read about them; and, Ella, you must n't say 'chamele'on,' but chame'leon, accenting the word on the second syllable, and giving *ch* the sound of *k*."

"What kind of a thing is it, anyhow?" asked Rufus.

"It 's a kind of lizard, — and a very queer kind indeed. Its body, which is about six inches long, is covered with horny little grains or scales. Its tail is long and taper, and it holds on to twigs and branches by coiling about them, — like the tails of some monkeys."

The Chameleon.

"But *can* it live on *air?*"

"I rather think not, Rufus. But it has the power of living a long time without food, like many other reptiles, and I suppose that fact gave rise to the fable. It lives on insects, particularly on flies, which it has a most astonishing faculty of catching. We had a tame one on board our ship in the Mediterranean in '59; the purser bought it of a boy in Alexandria for a tin whistle; and it used to afford us no end of amusement. Without moving from its roost, it would catch a fly brought within five or six inches of its nose, — and that so quickly you could hardly see how it was done."

"How *was* it done?" said Ella.

"With its tongue, a curious instrument, which it could stretch out like an angle-worm six or seven inches long. The tip of it was covered with a sticky substance; and this it would dart out like the very finest kind of a streak of lightning, at a fly or any other insect it fancied, never missing its aim. Indeed, I never heard of one missing its aim but once, and that was when a chameleon climbed up to a window, and darted its tongue at a fly that happened to be on the other side of a pane of glass!"

"It must be a very nimble creature," said Rufus.

"On the contrary, its tongue is the only nimble thing about it. It walks as if it were a thousand years old, and too decrepit for any exercise. It holds on by its tail, while it slowly lifts one foot, and seems almost to take a nap before putting it down again. We placed ours on a forked branch fastened up in one corner of the cabin, and there it remained, — no danger of its running away; it took it half an hour to turn about when it got to the end of one fork, and all day to travel over to the end of the other."

"Was it a pretty creature?"

"Not very, my dear Ella. Rather repulsive-looking, you would have thought it, with its scaly hide, big head, short neck, and astonishing eyes. The chameleon's eyes are not the least curious part of it. They are set in little holes in its head, — each covered with a bit of skin that has just a round hole in the centre, over the pupil. That is the eyelid, which moves as the eye moves. Now, your two eyes move together when you wish to turn them upon any object. But the chameleon's move independently of each other; it will look down with one and look up with the other, or forward with one and back with the other, at the same time. It is very droll! There seem to be two halves of two different animals put together by mistake. Each side appears to have a certain intelligence and will of its own, quite separate from that of the other side. Indeed, I believe there is some peculiar division of the brain and nervous system, that accounts for this. You can frighten him on one side, and throw one half of him into ludicrous agitation, while the other half remains perfectly quiet, until it has had time to get news of the danger. Sometimes when both sides are frightened at different objects, it will try to run in two different directions, in the funniest manner! Certain it is that one side and one eye of the specimen we had would sometimes be awake, while the other side with its eye appeared to be fast asleep."

"And could it change its color?" asked Rufus.

"Its natural color was a kind of pale green, with dark and light spots, but this was constantly changing as the objects around him changed, — taking on yellow, reddish, bluish, and dark tints, some of them quite beautiful. And what was curious, one side would change color while the other would not; or one side would take on one hue, and the other a different one. These changes are said to be owing to the contraction of the muscles of the skin. The chameleon will often take on the colors of surrounding objects; but there are other creatures that also have this power; it seems to be a provision of nature designed to protect them from the eyes of their enemies. Another habit ours had, — that of filling its body and even its tail with air, puffing itself up to nearly twice its natural size, at which times its changes of color were very remarkable."

"Why," cried Ella, "that reminds me of Uncle George's old gobbler, when he struts and puffs, and such queer flashes of red and bluish colors come and go on his proud old head and neck, and that dangling thing on his nose!"

"Are there any chameleons in this country?" Rufus inquired. "There are plenty of other kinds of lizards."

"I beg your pardon, youngster; the chameleon is found only in Africa and some parts of Asia, and there are no true lizards in this country."

"O Cousin Tim! I have seen one in Uncle George's woods, — what the boys called a lizard, any way." And Rufus went on to describe it.

"What you saw was probably a salamander, — not the kind that lives in the hottest fires," said Cousin Tim, smiling, "but one of several common species found in the United States. They are called lizards, but they are not, — although they resemble lizards, not only in appearance, but in some of their habits. They have no scales, which all the lizards have. The lizards lay eggs, like snakes and turtles, and their young are hatched by the heat of the sun. But the salamander lays its eggs in the water, and the young, in the first stage of their development, resemble the tadpole of the frog, — they have gills instead of lungs, and are fitted for living only in the water. Gradually lungs and legs are developed, as in the frog, and the creature finally takes to the land. There are many species in

Salamander.

this country, some of them beautifully colored. They live on insects, like the lizards. You find them in damp places, often under old logs and mossy roots in the woods."

"But *is* there a kind that can live in the fire?"

"No, no, Ella; that is an old, worn-out superstition. What probably gave rise to it is the fact that the common European species covers itself with a kind of thick, whitish fluid, which keeps its body cold, and which would probably enable it to resist for a moment a flame of no great heat. But people have believed that it could live in fire, and many a foolish philosopher has tested the superstition by roasting the poor creatures alive. The belief that they are poisonous has about as much foundation. The fluid I have spoken of is said to have poisoned creatures that have bitten them, — so if you see a salamander in the woods, be sure and not bite it, and you are safe!" laughed Cousin Tim.

Evets.

"But there is another little thing, something like it, only smaller," said Rufus, "and it lives in the water. We saw several in a deep black ditch that drains Uncle George's swamp. The boys called them evets; and they said they were dreadfully dangerous, — they would poison us if they looked at us!"

"That was very unjust to the evets, or efts, as they are more properly called. They are harmless little creatures, though they have the repulsive lizard-like look, and the habit of hiding in dark, mysterious swamp water, which are exciting to the imaginations of ignorant people. They are much like the salamander. The female lays her eggs on the leaf of some water-plant, which she wraps about them in a curious way, leaving them to be hatched by the summer heat. The young are like tadpoles — what you call *polliwogs* — at first; but when fully developed, they breathe the air like frogs or salamanders. They live on worms and insects. Their skin is smooth and delicate. In swimming, they balance themselves with their legs, and scull with their tails. If one loses a part of its tail, it will grow out again. There are several species of efts, and all come under the general name of newts or tritons.

Lizards.

"The lizards, as I told you," Cousin Tim went on, "belong to an entirely different family. In tropical America there is a class of lizards, some of them very large; but we have none hereabouts. The true lizards abound in the Old World, especially in tropical countries. They run on walls and trees, sun themselves on banks and limbs, and dart in and out of the green foliage, amidst which their bright colors shine very prettily. Sometimes thousands of them will be seen about some old ruin.

"Some species are very curious. One of the most remarkable is the 'flying dragon,' found in some Asiatic islands. It has a kind of mem-

Fringed Dragon and Flying Dragon.

branous wings which it spreads. Many lizards are good jumpers; this one, however, not only jumps, but sails a considerable distance, like a flying-squirrel, before alighting. Then there is the 'fringed dragon,' very similar to the 'flying dragon'; the 'frilled' lizard, and —

"But I think I have talked enough about reptiles for one night." And Cousin Tim took up the evening paper.

Harvey Wilder.

THE MAPLE-TREE'S CHILDREN.

A MAPLE-TREE awoke at spring-time, shivering in the east-winds. "O Mother Nature," she said, "I tremble with cold. Behold my limbs ugly and bare. The birds are all coming back from the South, and I would look my best. They will soon be building their nests. O, a bird's-nest does make a tree so pleasant! But, alas, they will not come to me, because I have no leaves to hide them!"

And kind Mother Nature smiled, and presented her daughter Maple with such multitudes of leaves! More than you could count! These gave beauty to the tree, besides keeping the rain out of the bird's-nests. For birds had quickly come to build there, and there was reason to expect a lively summer. A right happy Maple-Tree now was she, and well pleased with her pretty green leaves. They were so beautiful in the sunlight; and the winds whispered such sweet things to them as to make them dance for joy! A pair of golden robins had a home there, and thrushes came often. Sunshine and song all day long! Or if the little leaves became hot and thirsty in the summer's heat, good Mother Nature gave them cooling rain-drops to drink. A happier Maple-Tree could nowhere be found.

"Thanks! thanks, Mother Nature," she said, "for all your care and your loving-kindness to me!"

But when autumn came with its gloomy skies and its chilling winds, the Maple-Tree grew sad, for she heard her little leaves saying to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

People living near said, "Hark! Do you hear the wind? It sounds like fall." Nobody told them it was the leaves, all over the forest, moaning to each other, "We are going to die! We are going to die!"

"My dear little leaves!" sighed the Maple-Tree. "Poor things, they must go! Ah, how sad to see them droop and fade away!"

"I will make their death beautiful," said kind Mother Nature. And she changed their color to a scarlet, which glowed in the sunlight like fire.

And every one said, "How beautiful!" But the poor Maple-Tree sighed, knowing it was the beauty of death.

And one cold October morning she stood with her limbs all bare, looking very desolate. The bright leaves lay heaped about her.

"Dear, pretty things!" she said. "How I shall miss them! They were such a comfort! And how ugly I am! Nobody will care for me now!"

But presently a flock of school-girls came along, chatting away, all so cheerily, of ferns, red berries, and autumn leaves.

"And I think," said one, "that there 's a great deal of beauty in a tree without any leaves at all."

"So do I," said another. "Just look up through this elm. Its branches and boughs and twigs make a perfectly lovely picture against the sky!"

"When my uncle came home," said a third, "he told us that some of the people in the torrid zone perfectly longed to see a forest without leaves."

And thus chattering, the lively school-girls passed on.

"Ah," sighed the Maple-Tree, "this will at least be pleasant to dream about!"

For she already felt her winter's nap coming on. If she could but have stayed awake and heard what her little leaves said to each other afterwards, down there on the ground!

"Dear old tree! She has taken care of us all our lives, and fed us, and held us up to the sun, and been to us a kind mother, and now we will do something for her. We will get under ground and turn ourselves into food to feed her with, for she 'll be sure to wake up hungry after her long nap!"

Good little things! The rains helped them, and the winds, — in this way: the rains beat them into the ground, and the winds blew sand over them, and there they turned themselves into something very nice for the old Maple-Tree, — something good to take. And now, as she wakes up again in the spring and takes a full meal of it, she is once more lively and happy, and thousands of fresh young leaves unfold to clothe her naked limbs.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

GOOD SOMETIMES.

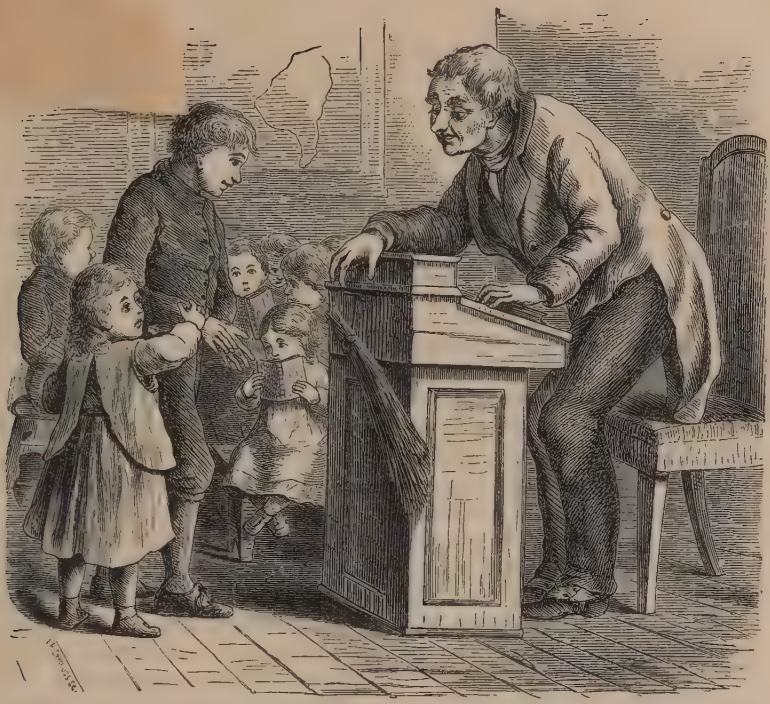
TWENTY years have passed to-morrow,
Since I went to yonder school,
Where I often learned with sorrow
What attends a broken rule.

Roughly spoke the ancient master:
"Go, sir, to the open floor!
Or I 'll come and walk you faster
Than you ever walked before."

Then was hushed the busy humming,
For full well the scholars knew
All the torture that was coming
From the rod that hung in view.

But my little blue-eyed sister
Softly stole and took my hand.
(O the darling! how we 've missed her
Since she joined the angel band!)

To the pale and angry teacher
Sweet she spoke as distant chimes,
Love illuming every feature, —
"Brother dear is good sometimes."



What a thrill her pleading gave me!
Banished all my swift disgrace;
I was sure that it would save me,
Ere I saw his changing face.

Oft I see that dear face beaming,
Hear her voice in loving rhymes,
Gently saying, in my dreaming, —
"Brother dear is good sometimes."

Or I dream that angels gather
Round the throne of God above,
Making intercession ever
For the objects of their love;

And that when I cross the river,
I shall hear, 'mid heaven's chimes, —
Little sister pleading for me, —
"Brother dear is good sometimes."

Oliver Howard.

THE MINT AT PASCACK.

MONEY is a queer thing. The world was a great while in coming to the use of gold and silver coin, and longer yet in making up its mind to greenbacks. By and by, when gold ceases to be king among the precious metals, when it becomes a commoner, what do you think will represent to us the highest value as a circulating medium? "You, nor I, nor no one knows."

I suppose that every young lady of ten, and every young gentleman of twelve, has, at one time or another in the course of his or her career, been allowed to write an Essay on the Fortunes of a Cent, and it is a first-class subject. But I, unfortunately, find the door of fancy shut in my face; I am not to be allowed this day to report on any imaginary adventures, nor shall I attempt to tell the story of coins in general, — how one thing and another, from a sheep to a shell, has been used since the Deluge, I mean since the Creation, among Egyptians, Jews, and Romans, Goths, Saxons, and American Indians, in the great business of exchange.

I am going to tell you about money, though, and about the mint at Pascack.

Suppose you visit it with me. I shall not then feel that I am like unfortunate lecturers who have the hour all to themselves, and when they get through know to a certainty that certain of the audience will say that they have been bored. If you go with me, and see things for yourself, I shall not be responsible for anything except for getting you through the fog and along the country roads as swiftly as possible; and it will be your own fault, or the fault of the mint, if you are not interested.

While you are making yourself comfortable in your corner of the sleigh, and you need not hurry, for old Tom will stand still as long as you please, — he has a name for coming to a stand, — I will merely say that in the days of John Jacob Astor (father of the Astor House and the Astor Library in New York, two fine institutions), and in the days of the Hudson Bay Company, when traffic with the Indians was carried on much more extensively than it is now, from Hackensack up the valley of the Hudson River for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, all the way you would have found money-making establishments resembling this which we are about to visit; and not one of them is now in operation except this one at Pascack. You must go to Rome if you want to see the Pope, and to Pascack if you want to see how wampum is made.

When I say that all this distance of fifteen or twenty miles you might have found these works, do not imagine that there was a continuous row of stately buildings in which the coining was going on night and day; that complicated machinery was set up in them, such as you may find in that great institution in Philadelphia, where you may see specimens of all the coins used as circulating medium among the civilized nations. The mills

were as poor, the machinery as crude, as the folk for whom they were worked.

Ten miles through the cold sea-fog, along a road to whose windings there seems to be no end, and we are at Pascack. It is a mere hamlet, you perceive. Yonder great stone church, with its square, squat, wooden tower, flanked by a graveyard which is crowded with memorial stones, can be none other than a Dutch Reformed Church, for we have been riding all the way between the thatched barns, stone walls, well-poles, and stone houses of the substantial old Dutch farmers. Around the church and the blacksmith's shop is a collection of houses, some of them a hundred years old, and built of stone, of course, for of that material, farmers say, there is no dearth in Rockland County.

Turning down a lane which leads us past the graveyard, we approach the mint, or the mill.

The little red frame building stands, as you perceive, on the borders of a creek; shadowed beautifully it must be in summer-time by those overarching trees. We pass by heaps of conch-shells as we approach; their beautiful red lips are visible through the light veil of snow thrown over them, — you say it looks like the white sea-foam, — yes, but no single wave of the deep ever swept such a harvest of shells to the shore; time, money, human hands, have been needed to accomplish that. They make a pretty show, these pyramids of treasure from the deep. Out of their element as they are, and doomed to destruction, it seems as though they must find some satisfaction in the company of their kind. Do they hear the turning of the wheels, do you think? and the grinding of the grindstones?

Old Tom is as ready to stop, as we to rein him in, and so let us hurry into the mill.

The warmth inside strikes you pleasantly, and we have a civil welcome from the three white faces, and the one black one, turned towards us. But I see that you are looking around you with a little dismay. I can only improve the moment by saying, that the next time when you visit a place where men work in shirt-sleeves with leathern aprons and overalls, it would be wise not to go in your best. If you are going to walk on Broadway, wear, of course, a silk dress with a trail a yard in length, or, if you ride on the Avenue or in the Park, by no means protect yourself from cold as absurdly as the driver does; but when you go into a workshop where all things are in keeping with the work that is done there, don't go arrayed in a splendor which will annoy a kindly workman when he sees you covered with dust, and daubed with lime and water.

The man by the window who is standing by a grindstone in motion as we enter, with what looks like a clay-pipe handle in his hand, comes toward us, and is a little uncertain as to the occasion of our visit. He looks at you. Say you want to buy a grindstone, or I will say it for you, for I saw half a dozen outside the door as we came in, and a grindstone is a useful article. If *you* should answer, he might smile, but he will see at once that a grindstone would prove of great service to me, farm-hand that I am.

We quickly make our bargain, and then it comes out, quite naturally, that we have a curiosity concerning the works.

The works! they are before us, four grindstones ranged in a row, a rude table connected with each, the stones moved by water-power; the broad black strap beyond there is the "connecting link" which keeps all in motion. We look around us, a little incredulous; what we had expected to see we don't exactly know, but it was something different from this.

The winter afternoon, short at longest, is wearing away, however, and we have no time now to waste in reflecting on the downfall of our "great expectations." It is clear to us that if we are to know any more about wampum than we did when we came, we must begin to ask questions. So I will venture first.

"Do you work here all the year round?" I say, addressing the middle-aged man of whom I bought the stone. He makes me think of Hugh Miller as I look at his noble face, and meet the glance of his intelligent eyes as they look at me from under the shaggy brows so well powdered with white dust. He rolls the pipe in his fingers, and slowly answers, "Not generally in summer, but sometimes. That depends on orders."

"Orders! why, where do they come from?" you ask, surprised to think that the poor Indians should order anything, — they for whom all things have been ordered, and so cruelly too, by white men.

"O, they come from anywhere a'most," he answers. "From Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, wherever the traders are fitting out."

"The traders! it is they who want the wampum then, and who order it, as a nurse orders things for the baby she is taking care of!"

The man laughs; he thinks it is a baby rather hard to manage whom the government has undertaken to look after through its agents.

"Where do you get all these shells from?" we both ask together, for we were equally surprised to see the heaps of them as we came along.

"From the Indies."

"Do you import, yourselves?" and I think it a foolish question, these men in this mill importers! To my surprise he answers, "Yes," and then how the walls of the little shop expand! The place puts on new dignity, or rather, we see it in a new light. These men of the mint, in their woollen shirts, and leathern aprons, and coarse overalls, are importers for the nations of red-men.

"Will you please to show us the different kinds of wampum you make here?" I ask.

Thereupon one of the brothers — there are four of them who carry on this business which their father and mother, their grandfather and grandmother, with "all their folks," carried on before them in their time — produces from under the stairs which lead to a grist-mill in the loft, a rude basket filled with exquisite specimens of haliotis. They are large and perfect, the exterior coat rough as oyster-shells when brought to the mint, but within, beautiful as a fairy's grotto. The exterior of these had been *treated* by the workmen until, the rough outer coat quite removed, a surface was revealed, vying

with the inner in beauty. These, as "red airs," "yellow airs," "silvers," etc., have recently come into considerable demand as wampum. We find in the old pailful of splendors which is also produced for our inspection, a specimen of mother-of-pearl destined to glisten on the brow of some Indian brave, or that of some dusky princess; out of it a dozen card-cases might have been fashioned.

And these are specimens of moon-wampum, — delicate rose leaves they look like, some of them. They are all oval-shaped, you perceive, and secured together by a red cord; a hole is drilled through the middle, and they are arranged in stacks of three and five, like table-mats, the larger piece three inches in length perhaps, and the smaller, one. The group of three represents ninety cents; that of five, a dollar and a half. The moon wampum, and the hair-pipe wampum, we are told, are both from the conch-shell. The hair-pipe wampum, which is now in great demand, the heads of savages as well as the heads of the civilized in our day receiving special attention of fashion, looks like a very simple affair, does it not? I say to the man who, with such care, is polishing a bit an inch and a half in length, that it looks very much like the handle of a common clay pipe. "Woe to the trader who should attempt to deceive an Indian by passing off clay pipe on him for this!" he answers. "The red men are very particular about the hair-pipe wampum," he continues. "It must be drilled with exactness, and polished smoothly as possible, or the white man will have the worst of it. That is, he would have the worst of it, I suppose, if he did n't always have the best of it, in dealing with savages."

"The best of it!" you exclaim, thinking of the lives of noble young men which have been lost in the wars with the Indians within your memory, young though you be.

"Yes, in the matter of barter," he answers. "It is another thing, though, when the wild blood is on fire, and the white man comes as a victim in the way of the Indian. Then his craft has the advantage, for he stops at nothing; and the trader finds, too, that if he goes a little too far in his over-reaching, his government will inquire into his conduct. He is pretty careful, though, to go as far as he can, and he will even run dangerous risks sometimes, for government has winked at so much wrong-doing in the tribes of agents, why should n't it wink at his?"

While he is speaking another brother brings a bunch of wampum to show us, which was made from the black eye of clam-shells. The strings are about a foot in length, as you see, and the beads an inch long. They are very prettily marked, and look like agates. This bunch, numbering 3,050 beads, is valued at fifteen dollars. This kind of wampum has only recently come into use.

The material for the hair-pipe wampum is cut from the conch-shell, the man tells us again, turning our attention to the bit he was working at when we came in. It is first sawed, or broken into straight blocks, an inch in diameter, and then worked down to the requisite size on the grindstone.

You wish to know how the hole running through the length of the clay

pipe was made in old time, for they have already told us that all the other work in wampum-making was done then, as it is now, by the grindstone, only the foot was then used as a motive power instead of the running brook.

The question is a fortunate one, for thus you have touched upon what is evidently the proudest feature of this establishment. One of the brothers, they tell us, invented the machine by which that drill is made in one third of the time, and with infinitely less anxiety than the old people felt when they did the work with the bow drill.

"The bow drill!" we exclaim. "What is a bow drill?"

"I will show you," says Hugh Miller's representative, as if to ease off our disappointment when we are told that we cannot see the new invention worked, as, in the first place, the machine is in a house several miles distant, and, in the second place, it is not exhibited to any persons who go there to see it.

The bow drill, then! All in good time. The man produces from a corner (everything is lodged in the corners; I would n't undertake to say what might *not* be produced from them) a stick, with the red close bark upon it. To each end of it a cord is attached, or, rather, a small rope.

Through the hole in the spool which is secured to this rope an iron drill is passed. The piece of shell to be perforated is then placed against a block of wood which is fastened to the edge of the table, and the driller sits down with his bow in his hand, and goes slowly and cautiously to work. If he is not careful he will lose all his labor, for to crack the pipe in the process is of course to make it unfit for use.

The drill varies from one to six inches in length. The old man who exhibits to us this old-time way of work evidently sees his father and grandfather and great-grandfather rising before him, as he sits there with that smile upon his face, seeming to say, "We have found out, gentlemen, that time is money." What a steady hand he shows as he drills the shell three inches one way, and then, reversing it, three inches the other, dipping his fingers now and then, after the manner of his ancestors, in the tin cup on his knee!

There is no more to show us, and night is coming on, and we have ten miles between us and home. As we go, we have thoughts to carry with us.

I say to you, "These brothers who have worked together in Pascack thirty years, in the very field occupied by their forefathers, have evidently prospered in their business; they have done honest work, and have been well paid for it.

"It is a rare thing," I add, "to find among us a family occupying the same ground, and doing the same work, one generation after another. You may depend upon it," I say, "that there 's Scotch blood in their veins; it has glued them together, and made them stick to that business. 'T is a Scotch name, too." So I stop Old Tom to ask the question, and am answered by a smile, and the assurance that, like a Yankee, I have guessed the truth.

That Hugh Miller fancy, then, was perhaps not an idle one! So that great man may have looked as he stood in the quarry in the midst of the limestones, and the "old red sandstone."

And then *you* say, — dear soul, it is exactly what I expected you would say, — "The peaceful scenes in the midst of which these men have lived, and the results of their labor, so delicate and beautiful, have had their influence upon them. Their eyes have been on the lookout for lovely colors and perfect polish, since they first learned what power was in a grindstone."

"Yes, it is so! With that brain-power which any one can see these men have without stint, they might have gone into the great city not thirty miles away, and, working there as industriously as they have wrought beside the running brook, they might now be living the excited lives lived by other fortune-hunters. Their wives and daughters might have decorated themselves as bravely with the gauds of civilized society as the Indian squaws and beaux decorate themselves with moon wampum, hair-pipe wampum, haliotis, red airs, and silvers; but they have chosen a good part which shall not be taken from them. Whoever defrauds the red folk, it is not these men, whose business it is to produce in perfection from lovely ocean shells ornaments which vie in their tints with opal and amethyst, with pearl and carbuncle, with emerald and with sapphire."

And so, Old Tom, we are home again from Pascack!

Caroline Chesebro'.

GRANDMAMMA'S BIRTHDAY.

THERE are red young lips on a wrinkled cheek,
Counting out grandmamma's birthdays there,
Eighty, the years that the kisses speak, —
And now there 's a hand on the snowy hair.

"Why! grandmamma, really it seemed to me
I never, never should reach the end;
How awfully tired you must be
To have had the eighty years to spend!"

"So I have been thinking, my little son.
The years seemed never so long before
As when, in counting them one by one,
Your lips touched lovingly at fourscore.

"But God has given me strength for all, —
All the way to the eightieth stair;
I 'm resting on it, ready to fall
Softly asleep on the breast of Prayer."

Charlotte F. Bates.

THE DOG THAT HAD NO TEETH.

THERE was once a little poodle who had attended so many parties, and had eaten so many ices and so much confectionery, that he had ruined his teeth. One morning he stood disconsolate at the gate, saying to himself, "I am the most unfortunate of dogs; not only am I starving to death, but, worse than all else, I am losing my beauty. Once I was the handsomest poodle going, but now —"

Just then the cat with the wooden leg came by, walking so naturally that you would never have suspected her wooden leg, — beg pardon, wooden limb, — had she not told you of it. "Good morning, Canis," she cried out, and waved her little white-gloved hand. "What do you think? I have found the dearest old dentist and surgeon, — the great Dr. Elephant! My neighbor, the rat, lost an eye the other day, and this wonderful physician has replaced it by an eagle's eye, in such a way that the rat can now see in two directions at the same time, which is certainly very convenient."

"Well," answered Canis, despondently, "I don't believe in all these quack doctors. Now there was A. Hippopotamus, M. D. ("Muddy Doctor"), who came last summer. I knew him to be the certain death of my sister's children; he was so clumsy that he actually drowned them in trying to give them Egyptian baths. The owl, too, was a quack, in spite of his spectacles, as you have reason to know."

"Yes," said the cat, "it was indeed unfortunate for me that he tried his famous restorative hair-oil on my singed limb, for probably I have lost it by the means. But this is quite a different thing, I assure you; the Elephant goes about purely to do good. He is very rich, so that his only motive can be that of simple benevolence. It can surely do you no harm to go with me and look at him."

So the toothless dog consented, and walked along the road with the wooden-legged cat until they came in sight of a magnificent pavilion of blue and gold. A lion stood at the door, roaring in stentorian tones: "The most wonderful miracle of the age! Here can be seen the most magnificent cures of the century! The hyena who had lost his voice is now howling again in rapture! The horse that lost all his hair, after one application of the renowned Pain Paint, rejoices in a new and luxuriant growth of curling locks! And," looking sharply at the dog, "numberless beasts, birds, and fishes that had lost all their teeth, or upon whom nature had failed to bestow these untiring organs, now display to crowds of affrighted friends and foes magnificent rows of gleaming ivory at each enchanting smile!!!!"

At this the cat could resist no longer, but exclaimed, "Come, let 's go and see." The tall giraffe looked down over his spectacles to see that they offered the right change, and they passed in. The Elephant was half reclining on a velveteen divan; all around the tent were numberless animals, who had followed the Elephant from purest gratitude; at least, so the truthful monkey said. Here was a rooster, who,

having lost his own wings, had been furnished with a pair of young eagle's wings by the Elephant. To be sure, he could not as yet balance himself, still that was an unimportant difficulty. The most wonderful cure they saw was that of a butterfly, who had lost all the feathers from her wings by dancing late at night at crowded balls. But the wonderful doctor had prepared a fine powder of gold, with which he gilded her wings more beautifully than before. Now she could dance with impunity, provided she did not become too warm. But the most interesting to the cat and dog were those animals whose teeth had been restored. The most remarkable case was that of a trout, to whom the Elephant had given a complete set of saw-teeth. To be sure, he could n't close his lips, and this gave him an appearance of stupidity, but he could masticate his food according to physiological principles.

The dog, now convinced, approached the Elephant and told him his trouble. The doctor adjusted his spectacles, looked over them at Canis Poodle, and said, "Ah! a case of adentality, arising from too great magnanimity; you should have compelled yourself to follow a more carnivorous diet, although the associations arising from such a diet must necessarily be exceedingly painful to a person of your sensibilities. With what variety of dental appurtenances shall I now supply you?"

The dog looked at the cat doubtfully, and said, "Well, I had not thought of having any but dog's teeth; could I have anything different?"

"Certainly! any variety you wish," answered the Elephant; "perhaps you would be pleased with the dental organs peculiar to the highly intelligent and herbivorous order of ruminants."

The dog looked puzzled again. "Sheep's teeth, he means," whispered the wise little cat, who had finished a university course with the raven.

"That is just the thing," said the dog. "I have often thought how easily sheep get a living, for grass grows everywhere."

"Just so," replied the Elephant. "Step this way and I will supply you in a moment. Will you inhale a little carbonic acid to ease the pain?" The dog looked at the cat. She nodded, and the dog answered "Yes," in a loud, firm tone. Then two monkeys in white aprons rolled forward a large easy-chair, assisted the dog into it, and applied a rubber-bag of carbonic acid to his nostrils. His head gradually sank back, his eyes closed peacefully, his ears drooped gracefully, while the doctor skilfully inserted a set of sheep's teeth, and quickly fastened them in with upholstery tacks. About this time the dog began to recover his lost instinct, and, although his jaws pained him, he bore the pain dogfully, paid the requisite fee, and went home.

For several days the dog was very happy in his sheep's teeth, although sometimes he had strange feelings of nausea and faintness, and although his jaws constantly became sorer and sorer. At last he determined to go once more to the Elephant and ask him the reason of these strange symptoms. But the cat with the wooden leg met him on the way and told him that the doctor had gone. "Gone!" said the dog; "he has killed me, my jaws grow more and more painful."

"O," replied the cat, "you must expect that at first, but they will come round all right in a week or two. Look at my wooden limb! for a month I could hardly step on it, but now —" And the cat danced a little polka to finish her meaning.

But the dog was not so fortunate. At the end of the fourth week from his visit to the doctor he lay dying of starvation. And as his friends stood weeping in deepest sympathy around him, he said in a mournful whisper, "I bequeath all my money for the building of an asylum for the cure of quack doctors; they need one far more than inebriates, I am sure." And thus he died.

Berrie Fiske.

TURK'S ISLANDS.

Deacon Ridgeby and his wife were in their sitting-room one morning,— the deacon reading the newspaper to his wife, and she sewing. The following passage caught the deacon's eye : —

"Arrived. Brig J. M. W—— from Turk's Island, loaded with salt, etc."

"Turk's Island?" said Mrs. Ridgeby, pensively ; "I usted to know where that was, deacon."

"So did I, but I can't think now. Here 's Miss Carter, she 'll know."

Just then Miss Carter, a school-teacher of forty at least, entered the room, with a "Good morning, deacon."

"Where 's Turk's Island, Miss Carter?" asked Mrs. Ridgeby.

"Turk's Islands, consisting of Grand Turk, Caicos, and Salt Key, are situated southeast of the Bahamas, and are a group of sand-banks, upon which nothing grows, and there are only three things in plenty."

"What 's them?" asked the deacon.

"Sand, salt, and sun. I was there once."

"Was you? Now tell us all about it."

"All is not much. I was in Key West, waiting for a chance to get home, and an American vessel came along bound for Boston, *via* Turk's Islands, so I took passage in her. We had been at sea two or three days, when one morning at daylight the Captain called me on deck. The schooner was gliding along in *very* still water, close to a long, low, white sand-island. We were close under a lighthouse, and soon a town with its white houses and high piles of white salt began to appear. There was scarcely any vegetation on the island, only a few low shrubs, palms, etc., which looked decidedly as though suffering from drought.

"We anchored in a little while, and at about nine o'clock Captain Jefferson wanted to know if I would like to land with him. I am of an inquisitive disposition, so I accepted his invitation, and we went skipping over the smooth water in a White Hall boat, looking down at the coral reef below us. The schooner and one or two other craft lay in the offing swinging at their cables, and on shore we observed innumerable negroes passing back and forth.

"We landed on the white sand beach, and were lifted out of our boat and carried over the intervening strip of water to *terra firma* by negroes. It was intensely hot, and the glare was fearful. The town consists of a row of houses and cottages facing the sea ; and behind them the hovels of the negroes.

"The islands are a British possession, but most of the white inhabitants are Americans. We went directly to the Consulate, and the Consul offered to go round among the salt-pans with me in the afternoon, and show me how the salt was made. In the mean time I went up and sat in a cool veranda with Mrs. H——, his wife, who was very kind. We had dinner about two, turtle-soup, roast pork, bananas, and mangoes. Everything that is eaten has to be imported, — even the table-salt, as that made on the island is coarse.

"After dinner Mr. H—— and I started to visit the salt-works. The pans are of all sizes and shapes, from the dimensions of an ordinary room up to quite large ponds. The water in them is about a foot deep, when first let in, but it has already been exposed to the burning sun for some days, in a large reservoir, into which it is received directly from the sea, so that when it flows into the pans it is already very briny. It has to stay only a few days in the pans, so powerful is the sun, before it is evaporated

and the salt left, when this is raked up into heaps and carried to the shore. The water changes to the most lovely shades of red and pink during the evaporation.

"When a vessel arrives, the person to whom she is consigned has his salt-boats filled and ready to put off as soon as she anchors. The anchorage is at the west side of the island; so, as the trade-wind predominates there, the salt-boats are able to sail off to the ship. The water too is very smooth, as the land breaks the force of the winds, so that they load the boats very deep indeed, — in fact, by the time the boat gets to the vessel, the water is swashing over her gunwale amidships. This makes no difference till the boat comes alongside, when the swash from the vessel's side begins to fill the boat and the darkeys throw out the bags (each containing half a bushel) with great haste, to keep from sinking. One boat really did sink, after most of the bags had been thrown overboard to save her, and then such a noise and chattering as there was among the darkeys! After a while one dove down and tied a rope to the boat, by which she was pulled up, with two great holes in her bottom. All the next day there were small boats all round us, with darkeys in them fishing for bags.

"The unloading of the boats is very interesting. There are usually three unloading at once, — at the main, booby, and forward hatches. While the vessel is high out of water there are platforms hung half-way down her side, and two negroes get on each, — two remain in the boat, two stand at the bulwarks, and two at the hatch. The two in the boat catch up two bags and toss them to the two on the platforms, who turn round and fling them to those at the bulwarks, who pull a little string which unties the bag, and toss it to those at the hatch who empty its contents down the hold.

"The rapidity with which this is done is astonishing. When the boats are unloaded, the wind then being contrary, the negroes *row* back to the shore, standing up facing the bows. Their dress is very picturesque. They have white drawers, coming about to the knee, white or red shirts, and white caps; salt-bags being often substituted for the latter, tied round the head and leaving the crown bare.

"We stayed there three days, and then set sail for Boston, arriving in thirteen days."

"Why was the islands called *Turk's Islands?*" inquired Mrs. Ridgeby.

"The only plant which flourishes on them is a round cactus, which when in bloom is supposed to look like a Turk's head with a turban on; hence the name."

"Now, Miss Carter, you must tell us about Teneriffe some day," said the deacon.

"I will," she replied; and if she does, I 'll tell the "Young Folks" what she says.

G. H. D'Aubigné, age 16.

THE CHICAGO FIRE.

I WAS one of the many turned out, or rather, burned out, on that fearful Monday morning. We little thought, Sunday evening, as we heard the alarm, and remarked quietly that there was another fire on the West side, that in a few hours we, with thousands of others, would be homeless.

By ten o'clock we saw that the fire was increasing instead of decreasing, but thought that our engines would subdue it as usual. At twelve, men were on the roof of the house with pails of water, for the sparks were then falling thick and fast. After trying in vain to sleep we got up and dressed ourselves. We watched the fire as it

came nearer and nearer, until it crossed the river, then we began to think of what we should do and where we should go, for not until then had we felt that we were in danger. Before we knew it the house diagonally opposite us was in flames, for the fire had taken one great leap from the river, leaving the other buildings between us and it still unharmed. We managed to get three trunks down the long flights of stairs, only to have two of them burned. Papa saved one by harnessing himself to it with a piece of rope that he took from a neighboring awning.

I never shall forget the scene I witnessed then and there, — the fire roaring and hissing, the falling of buildings, men, women, and children all fleeing to the north, loaded with bags, boxes, bundles, and, in fact, anything that they could snatch up in those last hurried moments; and with it all a wind so fierce that it was with difficulty we kept on our feet.

Our first stopping-place was Washington Park; thence to La Salle Street, where we witnessed a strange scene. The usually quiet street was crowded with people; large wagons, piled up with furniture, stood in front of most of the houses; and over all was that same strange light.

No one thought of laughing at sights, that day, which at any other time would have appeared very ludicrous. My cousin, a boy of fifteen, having lost his cap very early in the morning, wore a nightcap given him by his grandmother, which she fortunately had with her. No one seemed to notice it, until, getting on to the Milwaukee cars towards evening, an Irishman said to him, "An' shure it 's a fine head-gear ye have on," at which he took it off and went without any "head-gear."

Every one seemed intent on saving his pets. One woman had a large white turkey under her arm, another carried a parrot, and a little boy a white rooster. I saw a carriage with two dogs on one seat, a raccoon on the other, and another dog tied underneath. I must confess that I too went round with a bird-cage in my arms, for how could I leave my little canary to be burned? It was all that I did save of my many treasures; the celebrated baby-house which I drew at the great Sanitary Fair of 1865 went with the rest.

Vehicles were in great demand, and everything was made use of that could answer the purpose of one. I saw a sleigh piled up with household goods, and tied to its side was a goat, that did not seem at all inclined to hurry himself. A baby's crib pushed on its rollers also served as a wagon; and a very tall man was making use of a boy's sled to get a large trunk to a place of safety, — he was having a hard time tugging it over the bare ground. Any one who owned a handcart or wheelbarrow that day was fortunate.

Some of the articles that people were trying to save appeared very funny. One man had an elbow to a stove-pipe, another a coffee-mill, another a kerosene lamp, while a fourth had a looking-glass about a foot square; when asked if he could not find anything better than that to save, he threw it down, breaking it in pieces, then turned and walked in the other direction.

By degrees we were driven to Lincoln Park; and there on the Lake Shore drive, where usually were seen the fashionables of the city in their carriages, were crowds of tired men, women, and children, black with smoke and dust. As we sat there, close to the water's edge, waiting to see if we were to be allowed to stay, I felt like an ancient Briton, only in the place of the Picts and Scots was the fire. As the flames came nearer and nearer, and the smoke grew thicker, we saw plainly that we must again move on, so we took up once more our weary march. Towards evening we seated ourselves on the prairie, feeling that we would almost rather burn than

walk much farther. There kind friends found us and took us to their home in Lake View.

Till after midnight we had no rest, for the fire was still raging, and we expected every moment to have to leave, but at this time there came a change of wind, and with it rain, which subdued the flames and put an end to our fears.

Lizzie L. Shackford.

LITTLE DANDELION.

BEFORE the cowslip or the daisy, or even the little blue violet, awakes from its long winter nap, brave Dandelion begins to unfold her green leaves and peep up at the bright sun. Although the ground may be hard and frosty, and many of the days chill and windy, caring neither for rain nor cold she thrives and grows, till some warm pleasant day she sends forth a cluster of little green buds, sisters laughing in the sunshine, and nestling close together when a cold rain falls upon them. They swell and expand their small leaves, and at last, one by one, open wide to the genial warmth of spring.

Fast falls the last lingering snow, but under its fleecy tent they merrily chat and count their store of gold. When once more they are able to see the blue sky, they seem more beautiful even than before the cold snow had hid them from view. Each sister, standing on her slender foot, nods her head to the birds; the breezes toss her golden tresses hither and thither, and her gayety and cheerfulness gladden the hearts of all. She tells them that spring is coming and will soon be here; that the trees will before long be clothed in green, and the other flowers more delicate than herself be brightening the earth with their rainbow hues; and so in her own way she is a fairy prophet, though she does not speak a word.

Scattered over the fields are other dandelions as brave and bright as these, and the little children pick them and twine themselves wreaths which on their fair brows look as beautiful as the golden crown of a king. When the days lengthen and the sun grows warmer, the many-colored butterflies, flitting from flower to flower, light on the lowly Dandelion and seem to linger as if they would make it their home; but no, they are soon off again as restless as before. The bee at evening on his way to the hive stops to refresh himself, and the robin from the apple-tree close by pours forth his morning song that Dandelion may listen. But when the long summer days come, and the thirsty sun drinks all the moisture from the soil, withering everything with its scorching rays, faint little Dandelion closes her eye, and her golden hair turns white. But even when old and gray her work is not all done; she flies away on the summer breezes to other fields and waysides, where another year her presence will gladden the eye and tell of the brighter days to come; or she is woven into the nest of a robin to help make it soft and downy for the little ones; or perhaps, borne on a strong wind or the wing of a bird, she blooms in other lands far over the sea.

In these and many other ways does the little flower which is so common, and which we do not half appreciate for this very reason, do good and teach us lessons of bravery and cheerfulness.

The little dandelions, so thickly strewn over our meadows and hillsides, are in other countries cultivated with great care, and the wayside mullein is known across the ocean as the American velvet-plant. So many of our most common and least cared-for flowers are in distant lands considered choice and beautiful.

Eunice M. Beebe, age 15.

WESTFIELD, Mass.

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

I HAVE a bunch of keys at home which unlock my bureau drawers, and I prize them very highly. Shall I tell you why? They are made of steel which formerly formed part of Washington's sword; and they hang on a pretty little carved ring, made of the Charter Oak. That is the reason I prize them. I am not going to tell you about those keys, though, but about a bunch of keys which I prize far more; and far more than if they were made of the gold of Solomon's crown, if such a thing could be.

They are the keys which unlock the door of my heart. They are made of smiles and kisses, kind words and kind acts, and they hang on the forms of my friends. A funny place to hang keys on, is n't it? I will tell you what those keys are.

When I feel cross and fretful, my little sister comes and twines her arms around my neck, and with a kiss or two dispels all the clouds, just as on a day in April when it has been raining, suddenly the sun creeps out of its bed-quilt of clouds, and makes the earth glad again. So my little sister carries one key, you see. Then when I have failed in my lessons, a word of encouragement often drives away *those* clouds, and helps me to try again. That is another key. And a great big key comes when I have the toothache, and my mamma puts camphor on my teeth, and it stops the pain; then I always consider the camphor a key.

There are a great many other keys on my ring, but the largest and greatest of them is prayer. Many people do not have such keys as I have, or maybe they had them once, but let them lie idle till they became rusty, and were very hard to turn. But even then they always have the last one left.

May Dealing, age 13.

NEW YORK.

PUSS.

LAZY Puss, with his dainty white throat,
Lazy Puss, in his sober gray coat,
Lies drowsily purring his life away,
On the grass, in the summer sun to-day.

Opening and shutting his sleepy eyes
With a vain attempt at appearing wise,
He looks up to the sky as if he 'd say,
"'T is really oppressively warm to-day."

The sparrows wink at the furry mass,
But so lazy is he that unharmed they pass.
The butterflies pay him a friendly call;
They light on his nose, but he moves not at all.

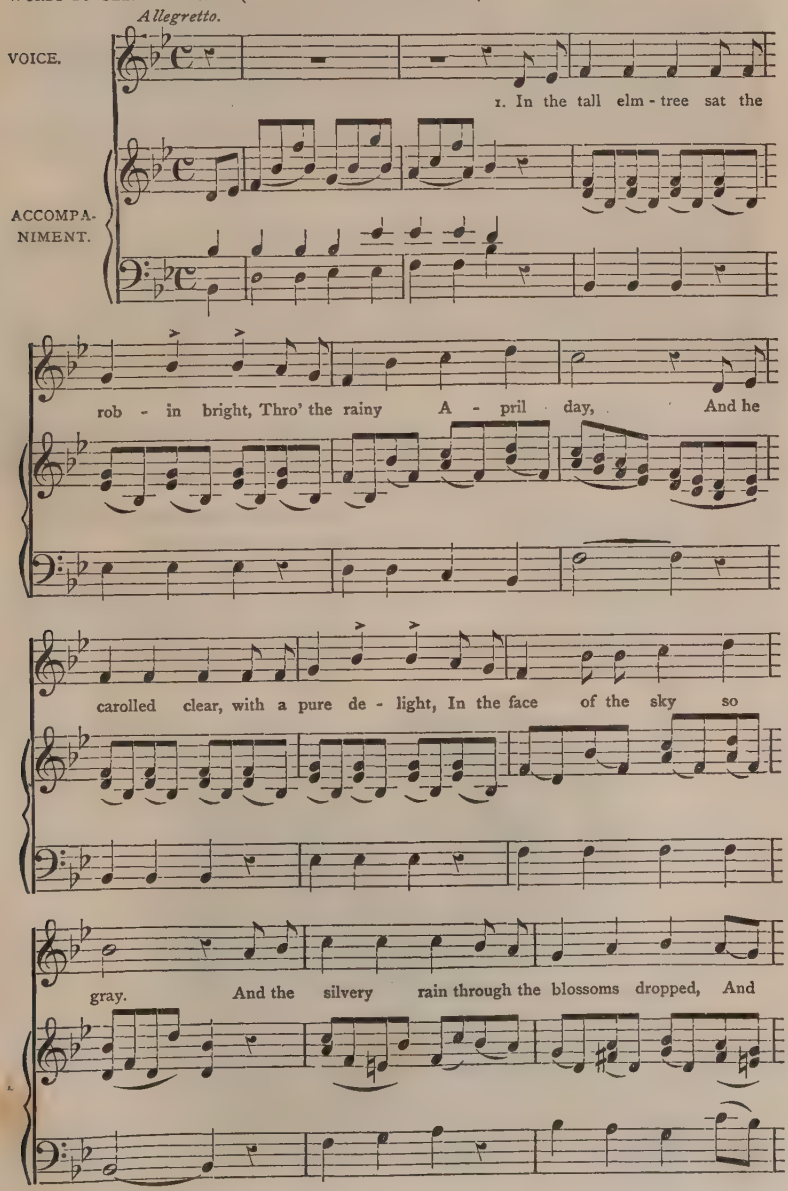
O kitten! my heart is entangled fast
In your beautiful whiskers, (I 've said it at last!)
And my poor soul a prisoner lies
In the depths of your glorious, great green eyes.

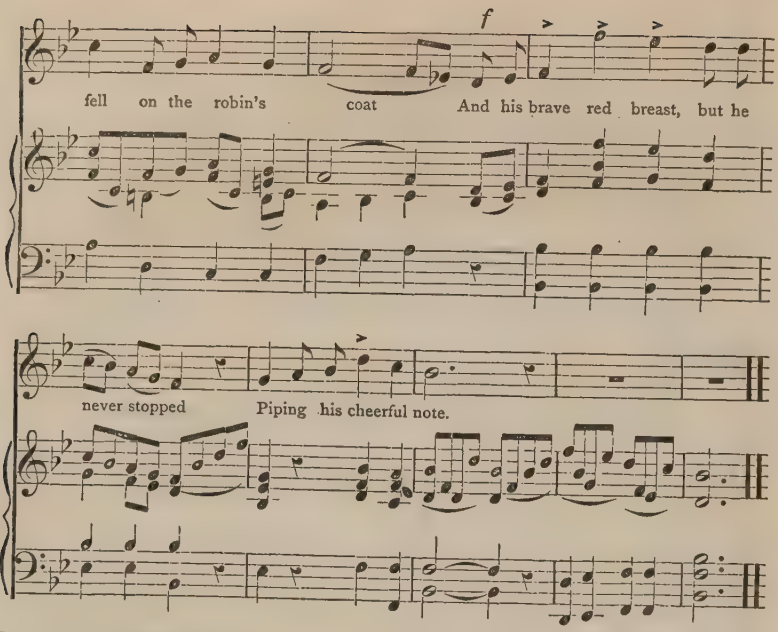
Puss, do you love me as I love you?
Don't try to deny it, I know you do;
So let me kiss your lovely white mittens,
And declare you the dearest and best of kittens!

Lottie Adams.

THE ROBIN.

WORDS BY CELIA THAXTER (FROM "OUR YOUNG FOLKS"). MUSIC BY T. CRAMPTON.


Allegretto.
VOICE.
ACCOMPA-
NIMENT.
1. In the tall elm - tree sat the
rob - in bright, Thro' the rainy A - pril day, And he
carolled clear, with a pure de - light, In the face of the sky so
gray. And the silvery rain through the blossoms dropped, And



For O, the fields were green and glad,
And the blissful life that stirred
In the earth's wide breast was full and warm
In the heart of the little bird.
The rain-cloud lifted, the sunset light
Streamed wide over valley and hill;
As the plains of heaven, the land grew bright,
And the warm south-wind was still.

Then loud and sweet called the happy bird,
And rapturously he sang,
Till wood and meadow and river-side
With jubilant echoes rang.
But the sun dropped down in the quiet west,
And he hushed his song at last;
All nature softly sank to rest,
And the twilight gathered fast.

ENIGMAS. — No. 57.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My *first* is in stand, but not in jump.
My *second* is in log, but not in stump.
My *third* is in swim, but not in dive.
My *fourth* is in box, but not in hive.
My *fifth* is in clatter, but not in noise.
My *sixth* is in girls, but not in boys.
My *seventh* is in lobster, but not in fish.
My *eighth* is in platter, but not in dish.
My *ninth* is in jolly, and also in joy.
My *whole* is the name of a mischievous boy.

F. H. Parsons.

No. 58.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in cunning, but not in sly.
My *second* is in spider, but not in fly.
My *third* is in you, but not in me.
My *fourth* is in bird, but not in bee.
My *fifth* is in reading, but not in reader.
My *sixth* is in feeding, but not in feeder.
My *seventh* is in both companions and mates.
My *whole* is one of the United States.

Katie Hunter.

No. 59.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 14, 4, 16 is gathered in winter and used in summer.
My 3, 6, 8 is an animal.
My 8, 9, 7 is a weight.
My 10, 16, 11, 2, 3 is a disease.
My 8, 16, 13, 2, 1, 12, 7, 8 is a house.
My 6, 7, 8 is a minute animal.
My 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a song.
My 15, 16, 7, 8 is a piece of money.
My *whole* is one of Shakespeare's plays.

Ida A. W.

CHARADES. — No. 60.

Of letters though I 've half a score,
I am a word of parts just four.
My *first* is of the gender male.
My *second* is an untrue tale,
Both low and mean; and yet I 'm sure
'T is something which makes clean and pure.
My *third* is nothing; yet again
A cry of grief, surprise, or pain.
My *fourth* a cunning trick of speech,
By which a subtle truth to reach.
Now, ponder well all I have said,
And look upon your garden bed
To find my *whole*, with fragrance rare,
Perfuming the surrounding air.

Jennie K.

No. 61.

Two beings form my *whole*, — two whose names will be remembered in the history of our country.

The *first* of my *second* and the *first* of my *first* form my *second*. The *second* of my *second* and the *second* of my *first* form my *first*. The *first* of my *first* and the *second* of my *second* are exactly alike, — who are they?

Luie.

DECAPITATION. — No. 62.

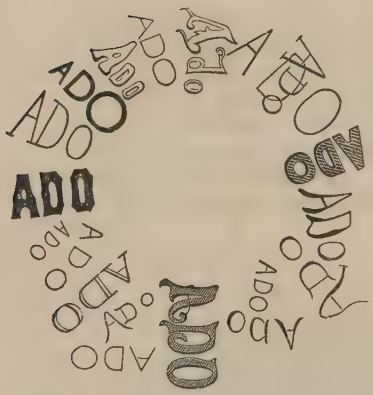
Whole, I am severed.
Behead, I am a portion.
Reverse, I am a snare.
Behead, I am a knock.
Reverse, I am a level.
Curtail, I am a relation.
Behead, I am an article.

Cap. I. Tal.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.—No. 63.

G. H. D'A.

No. 64.



TOURS FOR TRAVELLERS.

No. 65.

[The principle is the same as in *Planting*, substituting in the reply a geographical name for that of a vegetable.]

1. Where should an infant travel?
2. Where might stupid people go?
3. Where should "balloonatics" go?
4. Where could a dairy-maid go?
5. Where should a spinster go?
6. Where is the best place for a musician to dwell?
7. Where does a bad tooth go?

Jack Straw.

WORD SQUARES.—No. 66.

My first are used in winter, and are made of iron strong.
My second is to soften, toward those who do you wrong.
My third, a pretty kind of cloth, so delicate and fine.
My fourth is used at supper-time, and often when you dine.
When lovely Nilsson sang, my fifth was shouted many times.
My sixth, a very simple word, and with my first it rhymes.

Alice Greene, age 14.

No. 67.

My first is a city in France.
My second is solitary.
My third is a road.
My fourth is to bury.
My fifth are wise men.

Charlie Brigham, age 10.

No. 68.

My first we get from the hog.
My second is very bitter.
My third is made of hemp.
My fourth is a beautiful animal.

Charlie Brigham, age 10.

No. 69.

1. One of the West Indies. 2. A river in Russia. 3. A city in Russia. 4. A mineral.

Emile Loew.

A SCORE OF ANIMALS IN AMBUSH. — No. 70.

1. I do enjoy "The Evening Lamp" department in "Our Young Folks.'

2. The work I do is a pleasure to me.

3. As soon as he came I gave it to him.

4. A large vessel kept sailing to and fro in the bay.

5. Boys and girls who try to do good gain friends.

6. "A joy akin to rapture." — *Cowper.*

7. What do you call a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen?

8. Our young folks are fond of cracking nuts.

9. The sentinel cries out: "Who goes there?"

10. A tallow dip ignites easily.

11. Please give your attention to this animal.

12. The sooner a man stops drinking the better.

13. I think phthisic a terrible disease.

14. The old trees sway to and fro every time the wind blows.

15. "Locofoco," "Whig," and "Federalist" were popular party names years ago.

16. The lamp upset, but did not burst.

17. A comic urchin is a funny fellow.

18. I own a good horse.

19. These animals are eccentric, ubiquitous as "Our Young Folks," and easily discovered.

20. There is a peculiarity common to all these animals.

"Jay Bee Aye."

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 71.

C. Clinton.

No. 72.

Willie S.

ANAGRAM BLANKS. — No. 73.

Fill the blanks in each of the following sentences with a word of five letters and its transpositions.

1. I could not —— these children. While Alice —— apples Ida picks ——. Little Walter amuses himself with a long wooden ——.

2. We feel —— when we have —— to pay, though we know it must be done.

3. Yes, ——, Josie —— very well; she says she —— any of you to do better.

4. Will you have a ——? I bought some very —— this morning.

Barbara.

ANSWERS.

43. 1. Don, Seine. 2. Thames. 3. Oporto. 4. Dee. 5. Missouri. 6. Garonne. 7. Miami. 8. Oregon. 9. Rhone. 10. Arno. 11. Rhine. 12. Douro. 13. Pensacola.

44. Charleston.

45. Advice.

46. Intelligent.

47. Do I long to leave my native land? indeed I do not. [(Do) (eye) (long tool) (eve) (mine) (eight) ("i" "v") (L &) *in* D (dido) (knot).]

48. Our Young Folks.

49. A faithful friend is a strong defence.

50. 1. Seat, east, teas, eats. 2. Plea, peal, leap, pale. 3. Meta, mate, tame, team, meat. 4. Levi, live, evil, vile.

51. $33 + 33 + 33 + \frac{33}{33} = 100$.

52.

A	L	T	A	I
L	E	A	N	S
T	A	M	I	L
A	N	I	S	E
I	S	L	E	S

53.

E	D	G	E	
D	E	A	D	
G	A	N	G	
E	D	G	E	

54. 1. Dead men tell no tales. 2. Care killed a cat. 3. Facts are stubborn things. 4. Better late than never.

55. Foxboro'.

56. Swansea.

THE prizes for the best answers to our January Prize Puzzle are awarded as follows: —

To Willie Robb (age 13), Marysville, O., $10.00
To George H. Hubbard (age 14), Sherbrooke, P. Q., Canada, . . . 7.00
To Nellie G. Hudson (age 13), Cincinnati, Ohio, ... 5.00
To Mary B. Daniels (age 13), Northampton, Mass., ... 3.00
To Lucy Lee Batchelder (age 14), Lynn, Mass., ... 2.00

Here is the correct rendering of

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

The young friends of the Three Sisters, Susannah, Celina, and Amelia, had a Merry-meeting, and a Jolly time at their games.

In the "Menagerie," Alexander was a Rattlesnake, Ephraim made an excellent Wolf, while Ebenezer was equally good as a Bald Eagle or a Fox! The Twins took the part of The Ducks, Jo Daviess was a Crow, and Charlotte a Porpoise! All the little ones were put into the Hornets' Nest. At last the Prairie Dog and Panther bid the other animals Defiance, which made such a Racket, that Anna said she should think she was in Yellville!

While they played Jerusalem, Isabella hurt her Elbow in trying to get Albert Lea's chair; for Consolation, she was told that she was Long-a-coming.

After that they had tableaux. The smallest boy was Jupiter, and fair-haired Lily Dale insisted on being Pocahontas. The roguish boy took the Old Woman's part, and held Ammonia instead of Cologne to the nose of the boy whom the Doctor had pronounced Dead; which, of course, set him a Jumping!

Then Owen gave this charade: —

Of my second I wish my first to be,
My whole is a town in Georgiæ!
Ans. Ring-gold.

A very little boy gave: In my second grows my first. *Ans.* Corn-field.

Some of the others were as follows: —

My first wears my second. *Ans.* Alli-gator.

If my second were not my first, what a squealing there would be! *Ans.* Ded-ham.

If my first gets out of my second (my whole being Cow-pens), what will she do? *Ans.* Rome.

If my second were secured by my first (my whole being Lock-port), the cause of Temperance would be advanced. A bright boy remarked that a Hickory Withe, faithfully applied, might be efficacious!

Leave out my second, and you have my whole. *Ans.* No-Water.

My second, if you do my first (my whole being Grin-nell), we shall all believe what Darwin says, and that you are the daughter of a Pa-munky.

Austin seeing Augusta Nodaway, thought it was time for Home; they acted upon his suggestion, each thanking the other for a Pleasant time.

And now, if "Our Young Folks" do not meet with Success in reading this Story, they should not give up the first Time, but take for their motto Try Again; for to lose Hope is Nottaway to Triumph.

All the interpretations sent in vary more or less from the author's rendering; but the best differ from it chiefly in the names of the characters in the story. Where a substitute makes as good sense as the original word, it has not been regarded as an error. But where a word has evidently been guessed at, or where the sense is at all weakened by the use of a wrong word, the credit of the translation has been weakened in a proportionate degree.

Curious substitutes, for other words than the names of characters, appear in many of the answers, some nearly or quite as good as the correct ones, — such as *Reckless* (Recklesstown) for *Long-a-coming*, *Birchwood* for *Hickory Withe*, and *Cut-off* (what the cow would do if she should get out of her pen) instead of *Rome*.

The prizes have been awarded for the interpretations which seem to us, on the whole, the most meritorious. The following is a list of the names of competitors, whose answers come next in order of excellence: —

Emilie D. Learned, New London, Conn.; Minnie W. Tappan and Gussie T. Tappan, Augusta, Me.; Emily R. Marshall (age 13), Baltimore, Md.; Minnie D. Lovejoy, Reading, Mass.; Henry L. Chaffee, Knoxville, Ill.; Annie Schmidt (age 13), Washington, D. C.; Mabel Loomis, Georgetown, D. C.; Annie C. Learned (age 12),

New London, Conn.; Edmund D. Howe (age 9), Table Rock, Neb.; Evelina Cooke, Warren, R. I.; Helen T. Taber (age 10½), New Bedford, Mass.; Freddy Kinkade, Marysville, O.; Mattie C. Brewer, Phila., Pa.; Lucia W. Longfellow (age 12), Portland, Me.; Mabel D. Burnham, Boston, Mass.; Louis F. Root (age 13), New York; Jennie E. R. North, Bristol, Conn.; Edward S. Smith (age 12), Canajoharie, N. Y.; Ellen K. Stevens (age 11), Clinton, Mass.; Daisy Wood, Malone, N. Y.

SOUTH BERWICK, Feb. 12th.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I enclose the answer to the "Prize Puzzle." I think the one who wrote it well deserved the prize. I have spent many pleasant hours over it, and sometimes have been almost tempted to give it up, but have tried to remember the author's charge to "Our Young Folks." If it does not succeed, still I have gained an amount of geographical knowledge that is worth more than all the time I have spent. . . . .

I have a question for the "Letter Box." What is the reason of the heavy storm, called the Equinoctial, occurring at the time of the sun's crossing the Equator?

Your constant reader,

ELLA RICKER.

The passing of the sun from the northern to the southern hemisphere, or the reverse, is the cause of great atmospheric disturbances, which often result in storms of unusual violence. These are by no means of regular occurrence, however; sometimes they happen a week or two before or after the sun crosses the line, and sometimes not at all. In the fall of 1870, people hereabouts looked forward to the expected storm as a relief to the severe summer drouth, but it did not come, — being postponed, as a friend of ours wittily said, "on account of the weather."

Our Young Contributors. Accepted: "*Our Eagles*," by C. E. M.; "*An Exciting Race*," by Filbert; "*Baby's Wisdom and Riches*," by Alice Maud; "*The Japanese*," by Mabel Loomis; "*The Scenery around Sunny Montreux*," by S. P. C.; "*My Aquariums*," by Molly; "*The Italian Vintage*," by Wm. S. Walsh; "*In the Sunlight*," by Morna May; and "*The Sugar-Makers' Song*," by Charles S. French.

Next on our list this month are the following, — the most of them deserving of something more than *honorable mention*: "*The Crown of Thorns*," a poetic and pathetic sketch of the sorrows of Carlotta, wife of the Emperor Maximilian, by Minnie M.; an interesting description of the manufacture of Bessemer steel, window glass, etc., by Florence Kelley; "*Saved by a Dog*," an anecdote of some children adrift in a boat, saved by a dog that swam ashore and ran home to give the alarm, by E. Grace Shreve; a well-written description of "*Camping Out*," by C. E. Churchill; "*A Walk*," — being a child's ramble for flowers on the banks of a bayou in Louisiana, — by May Reiley (age 13); an account of "*A Trip to the Sierra Nevadas*," by Lou; "*Only*," a suggestive and poetic essay on Providence, by E.; a pleasant picture of "*The Old Mill*," by Lizzie Stevens; "*Stonewall Jackson*," another nice little dog story, by Emma S. B. (age 13); "*Water*," by Paul Van Dyke (13); and "*One Day*," — pretty little verses, by Helen Hillard (age 12).

"*A Picture*," and the four little accompanying poems on the seasons, by E. A. C., are as good as anything on our list, but the writer is a little too old to begin as a "Young Contributor."

"*A South American Adventure*" is well told, and would probably have been accepted, but for a seeming inconsistency in the narrative. The explanation given, of the manner in which the two boys, on the summit of the ancient mound, were thrown back violently upon their heads by a wind caused by the falling of a broad flat stone into it, requires still further explanation.

We have a similar criticism to make on "*How a Schoolmaster was paid up*." It is quite funny; but we can hardly conceive of a farmer being frightened by the ghost described, seen in broad daylight, and by fire-crackers dropped from a tree over his head; nor can we think that sensible boys would attempt to scare a schoolmaster, at four o'clock in the afternoon, by so transparent a device.

"*Little Eddie, the Drummer-Boy of Tennessee*," is very well versified, but the story is too familiar to most readers to be told again in "Our Young Folks."

Here are two stanzas of a pretty little poem, "*Minnie*," by "Myth."

"Little bright-eyed Minnie,
Always full of fun,
Playing with the flowers,
Till the day is done;
Laughing till the dimples
Show upon her cheek,
Romping like a fairy,
All the livelong week.

"Hands into my basket,
Tumbling things around,
Thumping on the organ,
Laughing at the sound;
Getting into mischief,
Paying with a kiss, —
All the world I would n't take
For my darling miss."

And here are some sweet lines on a similar sub-

ject, from a little poem "*About Baby*," which should not have been marred (as it is elsewhere) by such rhymes as "feet" and "speak." It is by a girl of thirteen : —

"Like a little opening rose
That day by day in beauty grows,
She tells, with baby laughs and crows,
(O, how much sweeter than our old prose !)
Of things that we can understand
No more than how the flowers expand ! "

A very young contributor sends us a very *original* poem on "*The Rebellion*," accompanied by this startling summons : —

"Sir Please to send on pay quickly as possible" !

We give the opening stanzas : —

"They fought the Union to destroy
From Afric's shores they did decoy
The unsuspecting population
And thus sought to degrade our nation

"They fought Slavery to maintain
But after all What did they gain
We beat them on many a bloody battle field
And When Lee surrendered the rest did quickly yield."

But *we* shall not yield to this young author's demands for speedy remuneration until he can write rather better verses than these specimens.

Here is E. Grace Shreve's word-square described in rhyme in last month's "Letter Box": —

F E A S T
E R R O R
A R R A Y
S O A P S
T R Y S T

Bess, who sent us the clever little alphabetical composition, "The Sailing of the Zenobia," which appeared in "Our Letter Box" last month, assures us that our suspicion regarding its originality was unfounded. She composed it at her sister's suggestion.

Will those correspondents, who have occasion to send riddles, conundrums, and such things, to the "Letter Box," always be careful to tell us whether they are old or new? Then there will be no danger that we shall give our readers old things for new, or do injustice to such ingenious young heads as that of our friend "Bess."

The letters which have poured in upon us, expressing regret for the discontinuance of our "Mutual Improvement Corner," have caused *us* to regret more deeply than ever the necessity of the step which we felt obliged to take. Perhaps at some future time, when we have more room for it than at present, it may be revived under regulations which will tend to prevent so large an influx of names which it is impossible to publish. We print this month all the names we have room for; and are sincerely sorry that so many, intended for the Corner, have to be excluded.

And now we cannot forbear giving below a single specimen of these letters, — one that expresses the sentiments of many correspondents : —

New Haven, Conn., March 21, 1872.

Dear "Young Folks" : I see by my April magazine that you intend giving up the "Mutual Improvement Corner," and so I thought it was time to tell you of all the pleasure I have derived from it.

I am sure it has been improving too, for before you published addresses I disliked to write letters, and now, after sixteen months' practice, there is nothing I like better. I have made a number of very pleasant acquaintances, have discovered a relation, and have formed at least *one* friendship that I think will last through "time and tide."

And all this I owe to you, for your kindness in publishing so many addresses, my own among the number. So will you please accept my most grateful acknowledgments?

Very sincerely your friend,
Sallie C. Day.

Brookline, March 16, 1872.

Dear "Young Folks" : —

The lines quoted by Sarah C. Brown, in the "Letter Box" of your April number, are from Cowper's Tirocinium; or, A Review of Schools. The last line is quoted incorrectly, and reads in the original thus : —

"When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care."

Erica.

Freiberg, Saxony, Feb. 10, 1872.

Dear "Young Folks" : —

I see by the flood of letters which we have been receiving since the publication of our letter that it proved more interesting than we had hoped; and as we find it impossible to answer all of them, I venture to write again through the "Young Folks."

As most of the questions relate to three subjects, I will write what I can upon two of them and leave the third for my brother. First, postage-stamps, or as we call them "Brief Marken." Several have asked me for Saxon stamps, and in explanation I would say, that after the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866, when the Saxons helped the Austrians, and were defeated, many of the old Saxon rights were taken away as a punishment; one thing was the control of their army, and from that time also they have issued no more postal stamps, but are compelled to use the same as Northern Germany; so all Saxon stamps are old ones. And now since the 1st of

January, 1872, another change has been made by the Emperor, and the same stamps are now used throughout all the "Vaterland" except Austria; so you will have no new stamps from Baden, Bavaria, Hungary, etc.

So much for stamps. And now, school life. All children in Germany are obliged to go to school until they are fourteen years old, and if tutors or governesses are employed at home, they must pass an examination. None of the schools here are free, but they are graded with different prices. The school which we attend is twenty-five thalers a year for each, and board in the Director's family thirty-five dollars a month for the two. In summer we are obliged to be in school at seven o'clock every morning, and in winter at eight.

After a boy has been confirmed, if he wishes to become a merchant, he must commence an apprenticeship for five years, for which labor he does not even receive his board or clothes; and then he must serve in the army three years; so he is twenty-three years old before he can earn any money for himself. Who would not live in free America, where a boy, if he is smart, can earn money at twelve years? If a boy here intends to follow a profession, and can pass the examination, then he only has to serve one year in the army, but he must pay a certain sum of money.

If a parent wishes to make an officer of his son, at fourteen he must pass an examination and then go to a military school for six years, but this costs a great deal.

Our sports are quite unlike those we have at home. I never saw a game of ball here. We have introduced some of our home games, which please the boys. We are all obliged to practise every day in the gymnasium, which we like very much.

With many thanks to those who so kindly have written us, and a

Herzliche Grüsse an Alle,

Ich bin,

WILLARD P. SMITH.

M. B. writes concerning the daughter of Sir Thomas More: —

"When 'Meg' removed her father's head she placed it in an urn and kept it always, making her husband promise that at her death he would place it in her arms, and *bury* it with her. This was done. So literally she *did*

"'Clasp in her last trance
Her murdered father's head.'

Jennie H. wishes to know "if there is any truth in that delightful little story in the January number of 'Our Young Folks,' entitled 'The Little Dunbars,' by Nora Perry."

The story was, we believe, founded upon the actual experience of such a family as is described in it.

RECENT BOOKS. — A very valuable work of reference for young persons wishing to get the run of American politics, history, literature, etc., is the new "Dictionary of American Biography," by Francis S. Drake, just published by J. R. Osgood & Co. It contains nearly ten thousand notices of persons, whose names are more or less prominently connected with American affairs. A handsome octavo volume of one thousand pages.

"The Amateur Microscopist," by John Brocklesby, A. M., is a little book full of curious and interesting facts regarding the "microscopic world." It explains the structure and use of the microscope, and contains numerous illustrations of the forms of life, too minute for ordinary sight, existing all about us, beneath our feet, and even in what we eat and drink. Published by Wm. Wood & Co., New York.

In a compact volume of six hundred and thirty-six pages, Dr. John T. Hart (Professor of English Literature in the College of New Jersey) has given us a thorough and concise "Manual of English Literature," which, though designed as a text-book for schools and colleges, we can cordially recommend as a book for private study and reference. It is not a volume of selections, intended to take the place of a library, but a guide to the library. Its critical judgments are generally sound, while its grouping of authors and the method of arrangement by which the great ones are made to appear prominently on its pages, and the minor ones subordinately, both in the space and the type allotted them, are simple and excellent. "A Manual of American Literature," by the same author, is announced as in press. Eldridge & Brother, Philadelphia, publishers.

Books of foreign travel are just now the fashion; and "An American Girl Abroad," by Adeline Trafton, is pretty sure to have a wide circulation. It is a pleasant, sketchy, very entertaining account of what a Yankee girl, with her eyes open, saw in England, France, Holland, Switzerland, and Germany; and the interest of the scenes described is heightened by a series of graphic, often humorous, illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

RICHMOND, VA.

Will the editors of "Our Young Folks" be kind enough to tell a great admirer of their charming magazine what books are necessary in learning the first rudiments of drawing without a teacher?

MAP.

The best single book on the subject is undoubtedly John Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing." In addition to this, Bartholomew's Progressive Drawing-Books, twelve in number, will be found exceedingly useful. You might begin with Mr. C. A. Barry's papers on Drawing in "Our Young Folks" for 1870.

Kittie L. — The origin of the game of Euchre and the derivation of the word are both very uncertain. Mr. Schele de Vere, in his recent work on "Americanisms," asserts that Euchre is "said by Professor Mahn to be of German origin." This is a great and inexcusable blunder. Doctor Mahn, an eminent German philologist, furnished the etymologies for the last edition of Webster's Dictionary, and that edition explains the word as denoting a game at cards, and says, on the quoted authority of Hoyle (a late American edition), that it was "originally a German game"; but Doctor Mahn makes no statement whatever respecting the derivation of the word or of the game, as any one may easily see by referring to the dictionary.

Professor Grimm, however, — the most learned of German lexicographers, — says positively that *Euchre* is not a German word. Nor is it to be found in any French dictionary or work on card-playing. According to T. W. Meehan ("Law and Practice of Euchre," published anonymously at Philadelphia, in 1862) the game was introduced into Washington about forty years ago by a member of Congress from Tennessee, though it had been played, he asserts, long before throughout the Northwest, and on every raft and steamboat on the Mississippi. He expresses the opinion that it was introduced into the United States by the German settlers of Pennsylvania; but this admits of some doubt, though the fact that the Knave is called the Bower (in German *Bauer*, a peasant, also the knave in cards) would seem to lend color to the supposition. It is worthy of note, however, that *Bower*, in nautical use, means an anchor, and that vessels are usually provided with two anchors so named. If, therefore, the game originated among sailors or boatmen, as is most likely, the *right* and the *left Bower* (which in the regular or original game are the two best cards in the pack) derive their name, in all probability from the two anchors which are carried on the bows of a vessel, and are so often essential to its safety. It should also be remembered that a common name for the cards used in playing the game is a "euchre *deck*."

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I have a question to ask you: When and where did David Crockett kick the bucket, and how?

R. L. M.

If it is a conundrum, we give it up. If a serious question, our reply is; David Crockett was massacred, by order of Santa Anna, March 6, 1836, after surrendering, with five of his surviving comrades, Fort Alamo (in San Antonio de Bexar, Texas), which the little garrison, consisting originally of one hundred and forty men, had heroically defended against two thousand Mexicans.

Here is a question proposed by Jehoshaphat, Jr.: Suppose a hole to be dug straight down through the earth from Boston and a stone dropped in it. How far would the stone go?

R. E. N. Bain (age 13) inquires: "Can any of Our Young Folks tell me in what year the first railroad was constructed?"

THE earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Bess, T. G. S. W., Mary Dimond, Frank L. Mellen, Eunice M. Beebe, Maude Lovett (age 10), and Annie L. Foster.

Mutual Improvement Corner.

C. C. Thomas, Lock Box 31, Santa Cruz, Cal. (wishes correspondence on birds' eggs and hunting).

I. M. J., Cambridge, Mass. (correspondence in Danish).

J. L. B., Box 43, Jamaica, Vt. (age 13; drawing and worsted work).

"*Vicentio*," Bowmansville, Erie Co., N. Y. (fond of drawing, painting, and music).

Edward Hitchcock, Jr., P. O. Box 323, Amherst, Mass. (wishes correspondents, particularly in the Southern and Western States, upon oology and osteology; also wishes that boys in the different States would collect specimens of natural history for him, to sell or exchange).

N. C. B., care Philip Henry Brown, Esq., Portland, Me. (ornithology).

"*Onyx*," 62 First Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. (age 15; would like to correspond with girls of about her own age: object, amusement and improvement).

C. H. W., 208 Dudley St., Boston Highlands, Mass. (age 15; entomology and sketching).

Richard H. Lawrence, 81 Park Ave., New York City (correspondents between 12 and 14; hunting and fishing).

William Stirling, Jr., P. O. Box 2375, Phila., Penn. (law student; age 16; "any improving topic").

Isabel Havens, 64 Federal St., Providence, R. I. (age 13).

C. E. Mitchell and *Fred. P. Dow*, V. E. I. Burlington, Vt. (boating, skating, riding, etc.).

John Henry H., V. E. I. Burlington, Vt. (age 10; fond of music, skating, sliding, dominos, steam-engines, and "David Copperfield").

Helen Thornton Taber, care Chas. Taber & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

"*Ava*," 1700 Vine St., Phila., Pa. (age 15; fond of dancing, sailing, and fun).

Harry "Q." Livingstone, Cincinnati, O.

Emma G. Wheeler, P. O. Drawer 191, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. (age 12; fond of reading, and likes a merry time).

Margie Edmeston, P. O. Box 117, Danvers, Mass. (age 17; school, private theatricals, and miscellaneous subjects).

Dannie T. Jackson, Piqua, Miami Co., O. (wishes correspondents from 12 to 14 years old; fond of out-door sports, amateur printing, etc.).

L. A., 277 Linwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. (would like correspondents between the ages of 16 and 20, fond of music, reading, dancing, and fun).

Annie Hazelton, No. 614 Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wis. (wishes correspondents not under 14).

Florence W. Conger, care O. W. Conger, Port Huron, Mich. (age 15; correspondents must give their real names).

Gertrude Johnston, Lake Forest, Ill. (age 14; reading, music, dancing, and fun).

Willie de Laguna, Pac Bus College, P. O. Box 472, San Francisco, Cal. (miscellaneous subjects).

BABY AND THE TAME CROW.

Drawn by S. Eytinge, Jr.] [See "Baby's Lecture."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

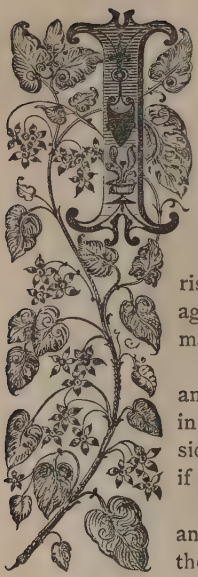
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VIII. JUNE, 1872. No. VI.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW JACK TOOK TO HIS HEELS.



IN a moment all was still in the kitchen; then, after a brief silence, Peternot began to pray, in a low, solemn tone of voice. Jack, waiting and listening in his corner, was dismayed at this, remembering what Hank had just said of the old man's prayers.

"That 's no praying!" thought he. "I shall never dare stir, unless he puts in, and makes more noise. Is that the best he can do, I wonder?"

Peternot soon showed that he could do better, his voice rising as he proceeded in a manner that greatly encouraged Jack, who now slipped from his corner in order to make an observation.

Venturing to peep in at the open door, he saw the squire and his wife and nephew all kneeling before their chairs in the kitchen, with their backs toward him. That he considered a fortunate circumstance: they would not see him if he closed the door.

"But if I shut it," he reflected, "I shall be in the dark, and I may stumble over a chair! I 'll take the money to the window, and get everything ready first, — see just what I must do, and how to do it; then I 'll shut it."

He drew the bag from the corner, lifted it by its long, loose end, and carried it across the room, casting one more glance at the kneeling group

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as he passed the door. Then, having set the bag down under the window, he carefully felt for the fastenings, and found the usual spring in one side of the sash. This he pressed with his thumb, and ascertained that the window would easily come open. All being ready, he stepped back, closed the door softly, without daring to latch it, however, and returned to put his plan into execution.

Pressing the window-spring, he raised the sash, and found himself at once in communication with Hank and Cub on the outside.

"Now, hand it out!" said Hank.

"Wait! a little higher!" replied Jack, still pushing up the sash. Unfortunately, it stuck in the frame, and as he still kept his thumb on the spring to prevent its snapping with a noise when it reached a notch, he could not tell when it was fast. "Now, hold it!" he said, and stooped to take up the bag. Both Cub and Hank had hold of the sash; but as it appeared to be firm in its place, both let go of it in order to seize the treasure; and so it chanced that, between them and Jack, down came the window with a loud clatter and a rattling of glass, broken by Cub's unlucky fingers in a fruitless attempt to prevent the accident.

Frightened by the noise, which he knew would alarm the household, Jack instantly threw up the sash again, tumbled out the bag, and was tumbling himself out, when the squire rushed into the room. The fugitive

scrambled head foremost through the narrow opening, and had nearly escaped, when Peternot with a firm grip seized him by the legs.

"Byron! Wife!" roared the squire within the room. "Light!"

"Boys! help!" screamed Jack, hanging head downwards on the outside, and kicking violently with the captured members.

With one hand he laid hold of the lilac-bush. Hank, returning to his assistance, caught him by the shoulder; while at the same time Byron Dinks relieved his uncle by grasping one of the unlucky legs. Hank pulled on the outside; uncle and nephew pulled on the inside; and for a moment it seemed to Jack that he must certainly break in two, if the struggle continued. It lasted but three or four seconds, and was over by the time Mrs. Peternot came with the candle. Jack succeeded first in freeing the foot held by the nephew, and then made such vigorous use of it that he quickly brought off the other. He fell to the ground, and scrambled away behind the bushes; while Peternot, shouting, "Thieves! robbers!" turned to the door, and rushed out of the house in pursuit.

Jack heard the shout, and the opening of the door, and presently the ominous sound of heavy feet coming after him! He had lost sight of Hank when he fell; and now he had not the faintest idea which way his companions had fled. Had he paused to observe and listen, he might perhaps have heard their retreating footsteps, or caught sight of their gliding forms in the darkness; but the tall form treading close at his heels left him no time for consideration. He went plunging blindly over the wall, and heard the stones rattle again as his pursuer came plunging after him.

The moon had not yet risen, and objects below the horizon were scarcely visible, — an unfortunate circumstance for Jack, whose bare feet suffered in this mad race over the rough ground. Heedless of his hurts, however, he sped on, not in the direction of his own home, but of Aunt Patsy's house; while *thud, thud!* came the footsteps behind him, nearer and nearer, he fancied. Two or three times he turned his head, and there was the dim shape striding upon his heels, with a hand outstretched to grasp him, he more than once imagined. Never before would he have believed that the old man could run so!

This strange race was brought to a ludicrous close by a rock which lay in Jack's way, as he was making for Aunt Patsy's woods. He tripped over it, and fell headlong; and over him fell his pursuer, — a sprawling heap.

"Hang it!" said the latter, "you come pooty nigh breakin' my neck!" And he lay on the ground laughing, while Jack sprang to his feet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE HEELS WENT HOME WITHOUT SHOES AND STOCKINGS.

"THAT you, Hank?"

"Yes! Did n't you know me? What in time made you leg it so? I could n't hardly keep up with you!"

"I took you for old Peternot!" said the excited Jack. "I thought you got off ahead of me."

Upon that Hank laughed again. "I knew the squire would come out; I hid by the quince-bushes till he showed himself, and then rushed out before him."

"What was that for?"

"To lead him a wild-goose chase, while Cub and Tug got away with the money."

"Where are they?" demanded the anxious Jack.

"Out of his reach, — that's all I know. He didn't foller us but a few rods; the old chap's so lame he can't run wuth a cent. The idee of your takin' me for him!"

"Which way did they go? You know!" exclaimed Jack, who was in no mood for laughing at this odd mistake.

"Mebby we shall fall in with 'em, crossin' the pastur'," said Hank. "Ye need n't be alarmed about your money, if we don't. That 'll be safe. Better keep that hid somewheres, till you 're ready to dispose on 't; for there 's no knowin' what the old man may do. Leave that to me an' Cub; I 'll look out for your interest."

"Tug has got my hat and shoes!" said Jack, in sore perplexity.

"He 'll keep 'em safe," replied Hank. "Need n't worry."

"My stockings!" exclaimed Jack.

"Has he got them too?"

"No; I wish he had!" For now it occurred to him that the stockings, which he certainly had on his feet before he jumped from the window, must have come off in his captors' hands when he made his escape!

"No matter; money is all right; we can afford to lose a pair of stockin's or two," was Hank's consolatory remark.

He failed, however, to impress this cheerful view of the matter upon Jack, who, bareheaded, barefoot, uncertain that he should ever see his money again, felt anything but happy over the success of his rash attempt.

Hearing a low whistle not far off, Hank said, "That 's them!" and whistled in response. "One on 'em, anyhow," as a single figure was seen approaching. "Tug?"

"Hullo!" said Tug. "Where 's Cub?"

"Ain't he with you?" said Hank. "I told ye to keep together!"

"I thought we 'd better scatter, when the old man and the Dinks feller come after us; one on 'em — I don't know which 't was — chased me 'bout a quarter of a mile."

"Where are my shoes?" said Jack.

"Your shoes?" echoed Tug.

"Yes! and my hat?"

"Your hat?"

"Yes! what have you done with 'em?" cried Jack, choking with impatience and anger.

"O, to be sure! I believe I put 'em on the ground under the lilac-bush;

you was so long in the room, I got tired of holdin' on 'em; and darned if I did n't forgit all about 'em!"

Jack was incensed at this negligence. "That 's the way you help a fellow, is it?"

"Did n't we help you?" said Hank. "You would n't have got away at all if it had n't been for me."

"You!" retorted Jack; "if you had only caught me at first, when I was getting out of the window, I should n't have had any trouble! But you waited till the old man got hold of me; and now I 've lost hat and shoes and stockings and money!"

Hank answered indignantly, "Won't you believe me when I tell you your money is all right? You sha' n't be robbed of a dollar. I 'm sorry about the stockin's; but your hat and shoes you can find, I suppose, jest where Tug left 'em."

"If Tug will go with me!"

"What 's the use of two goin'?" said Tug. "We 'll be lookin' for Cub, and meet you at the corner of the woods." To this Hank agreed.

Seeing there was nothing else to be done, Jack ran back across the pasture to Peternot's garden, and was creeping up behind the quince-trees, when he heard a voice, and saw a glimmer of light approaching around the corner of the house. Then appeared Squire Peternot, carrying a lantern, followed by his nephew Byron, armed with a heavy club. They were looking along the ground and beating the shrubbery. Jack did n't know whether to run away, or lie flat on the grass. While he was hesitating, he heard the old man say, "'T was robbery, downright robbery! House-breakin', — a clear case! The rogues have got off with their booty, but this ain't the last on 't, they 'll find!"

"State-prison job," replied the nephew, "if I know anything about law. The fact that a piece of property is in litigation don't justify one claimant in entering burglariously the premises of another claimant and stealing said piece of property."

"I 'll have out a s'arch-warrant," Peternot declared, "and seize that coin wherever it can be found. If the deacon's boys are mixed up in 't, they 'll find it 's a sorry business!"

Jack grew faint at heart, as he watched and listened. The men with the lantern and club passed the window through which he had escaped, and paused for a minute or more to examine the ground all about the lilac-bush. They found footprints, but he heard nothing about either hat or shoes. They then passed on, and the door closed behind them as they entered the house.

Troubled with heavy misgivings, feeling that he would give almost anything to be well out of this scrape, Jack rose and slunk away, without attempting to solve the mystery of the hat and shoes. He was no longer so anxious as he had been to get the money once more into his possession; and finding Hank and Tug faithful to their appointment, he said to them, "When you find Cub, hide the money, and keep it till you hear from me."

And he told them of the threatened search-warrant.

Hank swore fidelity to Jack's interest; and the wretched boy, — never more wretched in mind, in all his checkered life, than at that hour, — parting from the brothers on the border of the woods, hurried home, and reached Deacon Chatford's house just as the moon was appearing above the eastern clouds. The windows were dark; the folks had all gone to bed, leaving the kitchen door unfastened for him. He entered softly; but as he was going up to his room, the voice of Mrs. Chatford called to him, "That you, Jack?"

"Yes 'm."

"What made you so late?"

"I did n't think it was so late," replied Jack; "I 'm sorry if I 've kept you awake."

"Never mind, if you have come home all right. It was thoughtful in you to take off your shoes. I was n't asleep; I could n't help feeling anxious about you."

How kind, how good she was! Jack, filled with a sense of guilt and dread, longed to go to her bedside and relieve his burdened heart by confessing what he had done. But just then the deacon spoke, in the impatient tone of one whose sleep had been disturbed: "Did you bolt the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get quiet as soon as you can. I want to sleep."

And Jack went on up the dark stairway to his lonely bed.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW JACK WAS INVITED TO RIDE.

JACK was up very early the next morning; and having put fresh stockings and a pair of old shoes on his scratched and bruised feet, he went out, determined at the first opportunity to tell Mr. Chatford all that had occurred, and ask his advice.

It was a little after daybreak. Mrs. Pipkin was making a fire as he went through the kitchen; she guessed the deacon was n't stirring yet. Jack took the milkpails and went into the barn-yard. The cows got up, one after another, stretched themselves, flirted their tails, and waited to be milked. He placed his stool beside one of them; and there he sat milking in the cool of the morning, — keeping all the while an anxious lookout for the deacon, — when the large front gate rattled, and he saw a man trying to unfasten it.

"Lift it up a little," said Jack.

"O, I see!" The man came into the yard; and Jack recognized one of the farmers of the neighborhood, named Sellick, rather popular among the boys as a joker and story-teller. "Did n't know you had a new way of fastening your gates over here!" And he laughed, as he did at almost

everything he said, drawing his upper lip up to his nose, and surrounding his little gray eyes with merry wrinkles. "Where 's the deacon, sonny?"

"My name ain't Sonny," replied Jack.

Sellick laughed at that too. "You remind me of Mose Chatford. Mose has got a little dry wit about him, sometimes. When I fust moved into the place, he was about twelve year old; and one day he had his cousin, Syd Chatford, making him a visit, — older 'n he was, but a little bit of a chap; you know little Syd. I had seen Mose, but I had n't seen Syd before; and noticing a kind of family resemblance between 'em, I said, 'Mose, is that one of your boys?' meaning his folks's, of course. But the little rascal stretches himself up, — pompous as could be, grave as a judge, — 'No, I ain't a man of a family!' says he, and walks on. Sassy, his daddy said, when I told him on 't; but I joke the boys, and I 'm willing they should joke me. Where 's the deacon? I 'll ask you agin, and leave off the sonny."

Jack thought the deacon had n't got out yet.

"That never 'll do, never 'll do! Bad example, deacon! Airly bird ketches the worm. I shall have to give him a talking to. Fie, fie, deacon! Where 's Pip, Mr. Pip, Mr. Pipkin, Mr. Philander P. Pipkin, Esquire?" the merry man rattled away. "I 'm particular to give all the names I 've heard him called by, so as to get an answer out of you the fust time."

"I rather think you 'll find him in the barn," said Jack.

"You think wrong this time. I know I sha' n't find him in the barn. Do you know why?" said the merry man, with his upper lip at his nose. "Because I sha' n't go to the barn and look. Is that a good reason? How long before you 'll be through milking?"

"I don't know; not very soon, unless somebody comes and helps me," Jack replied.

"S'pose I help you. I can milk. I 'm an old hand at it. Never shall forgit my fust trial, though! Visiting my uncle — Sunday-go-to-meeting clo'es on — he told me to look out; but I was a little smarter 'n anybody else in the world, them days: I could milk! So I took holt — both hands — milked one stream into my vest-pocket and t' other into my eye, and quit. Thought that would do for a fust lesson."

"I don't know why you should help me milk," said Jack, as Sellick was getting a pail and stool.

"'T will keep me out of mischief, while I 'm waiting. Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do. Which cow kicks? I don't want anything to do with a kicking cow. I used to have one, a fust-class kicker. Hit me once; thought the lightning had struck the haystack! I tried tying her leg. Tied it to an old sleigh under the shed; she kicked that to pieces. Tied it to the sill of the barn; and by George! she started to kick the barn down. Tied it then to an old grin'stone lying in the yard; and at the fust kick she sent it like a pebble from a sling right over the kitchen chimbly, quarter of a mile at least; fell into Welby's bog; sunk so deep I 've never thought 't would pay to fish it out."

"What did you do with her then?" Jack asked, trying to forget his troubles in listening to this nonsense.

"What could I do but kill her? One pail she kicked over full of milk, we never saw or heard of ag'in; but Dyer's folks, live over on the North Road, about a mile off, said they had quite a little shower of milk at their house that morning, — wondered where it come from. I had a pair of boots made out of her hide; but I never could wear 'em. I was always kicking somebody, and gitting hauled up for 'sault 'n' battery."

Mr. Chatford now came into the yard, and saw with surprise his neighbor Sellick milking one of his cows.

"Have n't you any milking to do at home, Sellick?"

"Yes, but the boys can do that. I 've invited Jack here to go and ride with me; and I thought I would help him a little about his chores fust."

"Go and ride? I have n't heard anything about it!" said Jack.

"Did n't I mention it? Wal, that was an oversight!"

"I thought you had come to see Mr. Chatford. You asked for him."

"Did I? Mebby I wanted to ask him if he was willing you should go, — we must keep the right side o' the deacon! I left my wagon at the fence below here; did n't take it along to the gate, thinking Squire Peternot might want to hitch there."

Jack turned pale. But the deacon said, "What nonsense are you up to now, Sellick?"

"What! do you call it nonsense for a neighbor to come and take your boy to ride? Here, Phin, come and finish this cow; she 's done, all but stripping. I would n't begin another, Jack. We must be starting."

"Squire Peternot 's at the house, wants to see ye," said Phin to his father.

"Come, has he?" laughed Sellick. "I felt sure he would want to hitch to that post! Wal, Jack! me an' you 's got to go over to the Basin with the squire, on business. I 'm a constable, you know. Did n't think of that, did ye? Strip her clean, Phin; it dries up a cow like Sancho, to leave a little milk in her bag."

"Sellick!" cried the deacon, while Jack stood white and dumb with consternation, "what 's the meaning of this?"

"I 've a writ for the boy's arrest," replied Sellick. "Sorry for it. A little diffikilty between him and the squire. Nice man, the squire! As it 's on his own complaint, he thought it more properer that the boy should be taken before some other justice; — a very nice man, Peternot! Him and his nephew is going over to the Basin with us, — witnesses in the case, — before Judge Garty. You should n't have picked a quarrel with the old man, my son, — nice man!"

"Come, Sellick!" cried the deacon, impatiently. "No more joking. I can't believe Peternot has taken any such step; there 's no ground for it! Why, he 's the party at fault, if anybody! What 's the charge?"

"Breaking a winder, I believe," replied Sellick, winking at Jack. "Mis' Peternot thought a good deal of that winder. Nice old lady, Mis' Peternot!"

"Jack! have you been smashing their windows?"

"No!" faltered Jack.

And before he could catch his breath, to enter into explanations, the deacon exclaimed, indignantly, "Where is the squire? I'll see what he means by following up the boy in this way!" And he strode towards the house, more angry than Jack had ever seen him before.

Sellick followed with Jack; and Phin went last, looking strangely excited, if not delighted, and calling to Mr. Pipkin at the barn, "Hurrah, Pip! come and see the fun!"

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE SHOES AND STOCKINGS CAME HOME.

MRS. CHATFORD met her husband at the door, her kind face full of motherly solicitude. "Do tell me, what is the matter! *He* is in the sitting-room. O Jack! I hope you have n't been getting into any serious trouble."

They found the squire sitting stiffly in a straight-backed chair, with his horn-headed cane between his knees, and his hat and an odd-looking bundle on the floor beside him.

"What is all this about, squire?" the deacon demanded, as poor Jack was brought in, face to face with his grim accuser. "Have n't you got

through persecuting this boy? I felt that your treatment of him yesterday was wholly unwarrantable, — tyrannical and unjust; and though I thought a little differently of it, after my talk with your nephew last night, still I am not satisfied, and I sha' n't be, till you have done the right thing. That he said you would do; but this don't look like it. What great crime has Jack committed, that you should send an officer of the law after him?"

"You know nothing of what you are sayin'!" replied Peternot. "If you stan' up for the boy arter I 've made my statements, you 're not the man I take you for. I believe you to be a respecter of the laws, and no friend of rascality. If you don't believe what I say, there 's my nephew out there in the wagon, ready to corroborate; and if you won't credit our words, peradventur' you 'll be convinced by this."

He took up the odd-looking bundle from the floor, untied the corners of the coarse plaid handkerchief that enclosed it, and took out a pair of stockings, which he held up and shook before the eyes of the wondering group.

"Do ye know them stockin's, Mis' Chatford?"

"Why — sure — they — they are Jack's stockings!" said the good woman, sadly puzzled to know how they had come into Peternot's possession.

"And them shoes, — does anybody recognize 'em?"

"They 're Jack's shoes!" exclaimed Phin, having taken a near view, — "his Sunday pair!"

"Now for this hat," said the squire, holding it up on the end of his cane, "whose hat is it? Anybody know the hat?"

"I believe that and the other things all belong to Jack," said the deacon. "What is the mystery? Come to the point at once! Jack, what is it? Why don't you speak? Have you lost your tongue?"

The evidence against him appeared so overwhelming, and he really seemed to himself so guilty, — not because he had taken the money, but because he had made use of such means and such companions in accomplishing his object, — that poor Jack could not yet utter an intelligible word in self-defence. He was faltering out some weak denial or excuse, when Peternot interrupted him: —

"If this ain't enough, pull off the shoes he has on and look at his feet. If you don't find some marks of rough treatment about the ankles, I miss my calkelation." Sellick placed the culprit in a chair, and began to take off his shoes.

"The mystery is no mystery, Neighbor Chatford," the squire went on. "My house was broke into and robbed last night. I ketched one of the thieves by the heels as he was jumpin' from the winder, and these stockin's come off in my hands, as he got away; which he did by the help of his accomplices, though not till his feet and shins got some hard rubs on the winder-sill, as ye can see there now!" — Sellick at that moment holding up one of Jack's legs, variegated with black-and-blue marks and bloody scratches, to the view of his horrified friends.

"I found the hat and shoes under the winder, when I run out arter the burglars. I looked ag'in with a lantern, and found tracks too big for the

shoes, showing he had older confederates. He had two or three with him, at least. I 'm glad to learn that Moses is away, so he could n't 'a' been one on 'em; and Phineas, his mother tells me, was in bed by eight o'clock."

"Jack!" said the deacon, fixing a terrible look on the boy.

"I have n't robbed his house!" Jack broke forth, vehemently. "I only took what was my own. I took the money, which he had robbed me of before!"

"Broke into his house for it!"

"I got in."

"Who helped you?"

"I can't tell. It would n't be fair for me to tell."

"Where is the money?" demanded the squire.

"I can't tell that, either. It was my money, and I took it. And I did only what your nephew, who knows so much about the law, advised me to do, and what Mr. Chatford himself said I would have a right to do."

The deacon, who was inclined to condemn the boy's fault all the more severely because he had taken his part before, regarded him with stern astonishment and displeasure.

"Did I ever say you would have a right to go to housebreaking, to get possession of what you claimed? — Don't think, squire, that I for a moment encouraged the boy to any such course. I did n't approve *your* course, I tell you frankly. I thought you ought to have used different means for carrying your point. But I don't uphold him. I told him expressly and repeatedly to let the matter drop until this morning, when I would see you about it."

"You said I would be justified in taking the money wherever I could lay hands on it!" cried Jack, now fully roused to speak in his own behalf.

"Boy! Jack!" replied the deacon, regarding him with a look of mingled amazement, griet, and stern reprobation. "Take care what you say! Don't make the matter worse by lying about it."

"You said so — to — to Mrs. Pipkin!" said Jack, trying to remember what he seemed to be trying to invent.

"Did I say anything of the kind to you? Give the boy the benefit of it, if I did," said the deacon, turning to Mrs. Pipkin.

"I did n't hear you," replied that lady, precisely. "You did n't say as much as I *hoped* you would say; for you knew I had n't words to express my opinion of Squire Peternot's conduct."

"Good!" said Mr. Pipkin, in a low but earnest voice, from the kitchen door. "I 'm glad you said that!"

"And I shall say more, before the matter is settled!" said Mrs. Pipkin, compressing her thin lips. "For a man like Squire Peternot to come over here, and have Jack taken up for carrying off the money, no matter how he got it, is a sin and a shame! One of the richest farmers in town, and a member of the church! I believe you 'd follow a penny rolling down hill to the very edge of Tophet, and burn your fingers getting it out!"

"Good agin, by hokey!" said Mr. Pipkin, at the door.

"Silence!" said the deacon, authoritatively. "Abuse is no argument. I 'm trying to find out what I really said to give Jack encouragement in his iniquity, or to expose his lying."

"Perhaps it was what Mrs. Pipkin said; he may have got it turned about a little," said Mrs. Chatford, anxiously trying to shield the miserable culprit.

"No, it was n't!" Jack maintained stoutly. "He said it. I did n't hear him, but Phin did; Phin came out when I was milking and told me."

All eyes were now turned upon Phin; and — either because he had intentionally deceived Jack, or because, which is more probable, having confounded what Mrs. Pipkin said with what his father said, he was afraid to confess the blunder and assume his share of the responsibility — that treacherous-hearted youngster put on an air of outraged innocence, and exclaimed loudly, "O, I never said such a thing! I never said a word to him about it! Hope to die this minute if I did!"

"You did! you know you did!" And Jack, driven to desperation, advanced, shaking his fist at Phin, and passionately accusing him of falsehood.

"That will do," said Deacon Chatford. "I 've nothing more to say. His trying to get out of the scrape by lying, and shifting the blame first on to me and then on to somebody else, seems to me worse than the thing itself. He must take the consequences!"

J. T. Trowbridge.

LITTLE HEROES.

II.

BLACKLOCK, FRESNEL, AND BÉRANGER.

HERE is a story of one who grappled bravely with the greatest physical disability, blindness, and, with the help of loving friends, became famous as the blind poet Blacklock.

An English mason named Blacklock, who I must acknowledge had some education, but who was not the less a simple worker with the trowel, had a son whom the small-pox had deprived of sight when only six months old. This misfortune made the tenderness of the father very great for a child who seemed to have so sad a destiny. As soon as the poor little blind boy was of an age to understand, the mason, with the aid of some devoted friends, sought every means to cultivate his dawning intelligence. These means were conversations, stories which were increased in length and interest as the child was able to hear them, and which he pondered over in the darkness in which he was obliged to live. He could not go to school, but the little children of the neighborhood, his playfellows, came each evening to repeat to him the lessons that their master had given them during the day. Turn by turn each one read to him, history, stories, passages

The Blind Boy and his Friends.

from poems, everything in short; but in spite of all the love which surrounded him, and of all the care which was taken to distract him, the blind boy was necessarily often alone, with no one near to converse with or read to him.

It came into his head one day when he was about twelve years old, to put into verse one of the stories which had been told to him. This essay could not be other than very imperfect, for the child was ignorant of the laws of poetic language. Soon, however, the father himself learned these laws, in order to teach them to his son, and two years later the blind poet published a collection of poems which opened for him a way to celebrity. To this work succeeded several others, and the name and works of

Thomas Blacklock, who died in 1791, are yet well known and much appreciated in England.

The first lighthouse was built about fifty years after the death of Alexander the Great, upon the island of Pharos, which is situated at the entrance of the port of Alexandria in Egypt. From that time to this, science has gone on increasing the strength and penetrative power of the light. The greatest progress has been realized by the invention of a system of lenses, scientifically arranged, so as to throw out the greatest possible amount of light to the farthest possible distance. The first idea of this was due to Buffon, but it was carried to perfection by another Frenchman, Jean Augustin Fresnel, — whose name has been given to it, and been rendered famous by it, — the far seen "Fresnel light" being now in use in the best lighthouses all over the world.

Now let us go back about eighty years to the country of Normandy, and stop a dozen leagues from Evreux, in the little village of Broglie. It is the hour when the old schoolmaster, with spectacles upon his forehead and hands behind his back, standing at the door of his school-house, watches the turbulent troop confided to his care as they scatter themselves in all directions. The younger ones wander here and there, some marching slowly two by two, confiding to each other great and serious secrets; others running and singing with all their might; others sauntering down the street, crunching some remains of biscuit or sandwich found in the bottom of their basket. The larger boys form a group a little way off, and appear to hold a council; then, after a short deliberation, two or three of the oldest detach themselves from the others, and return towards the master, who has observed all this little manœuvre. Their comrades follow them attentively with their eyes. When they come near the teacher, the three children take off their hats, and the most resolute of them speaks for all.

"Sir," said he, "pardon for Auguste! we all beg you to grant it!"

"Yes," added the others, "please excuse him; let him come out, please do, sir!" cried all together.

"No, boys!" replied the master, with a stern voice and an imposing air. "Auguste is incorrigible, and it is necessary to make an example of him for the good discipline of my class."

"Sir," repeated the three scholars, "we promise you that he shall study well in the future."

"If it depended upon your word, I would willingly grant your request," answered the master. "But Auguste will not fail to give the lie to this fine promise. I leave you to judge what one is able to expect of a child who, at nine years, after having received my lessons more than three years, is hardly able to read easily the least printed page, and cannot copy two lines of writing correctly. He is, I repeat, a bad subject, who is to-day the shame of my class, and who will be later the despair of his parents."

After some more pleading, the scholars finding the master obdurate, the whole body came forward and offered their exemptions (tickets for good conduct and scholarship), amounting to several hundred each. The master,

evidently touched by such remarkable generosity, was about to make a few more objections, but a chorus of entreaties cut short his words. He lifted his hand to impose silence, then, turning towards the interior of the building, he called "Auguste!"

A pale little boy appeared, who stopped near the door, and with his eyes lowered, more from indifference than confusion, and his hands turning mechanically one in the other, seemed disposed not to listen to a word of the sentence pronounced against him. Auguste accepted his deliverance as placidly as he had appeared to accept his punishment. The others were loud and eager in their thanks, and rushed tumultuously away, drawing in their midst the former captive, who, instead of mingling his cries with theirs, walked silently, his brow wrinkled with thought.

"It must have been very tiresome for you, all alone in the schoolroom on your knees," said one to him.

"No," he answered, mechanically, "I was thinking — I was trying to find — and I believe I —" Then suddenly his brow cleared, his eyes sparkled. "Yes! yes! that is it! I have found it!" cried he, bounding with joy.

"Found what?" they asked.

"Come! come and see!" and they all ran as fast as their legs could carry them until they reached the edge of a thick wood which bordered the fields. When they arrived there he told them to wait, while he went and brought from its hiding-place a little bundle of bits of wood, tied with a blade of twisted grass, which he placed upon the ground, saying, "I have found them all where I hid them yesterday." When the tie was broken, one could see scattered in the grass several bows and a number of arrows; also some elder pop-guns. Auguste seated himself, and with a rod of hazel and some hemp, set to work, at the same time explaining to his eager listeners what he intended to do, which was, to give force and aim to the projectile from the pop-gun, thus making, in some sort, an offensive weapon in place of a harmless toy. His companions, on separating for the night, agreed with one voice, that Auguste was "a man of genius."

Nevertheless, the man of genius had not learned his lessons the next day, and was punished, and after some further trial was taken back to his father by the master, who declared that he could make nothing of him.

He was sent to another school, but with the same result. At the age of sixteen, however, we learn that he was not only received, but took high rank in the Polytechnic School. It is necessary to pass a severe examination to enter this school; when and where did the little idle indifferent boy change to the studious young man, learning all things with avidity? Without doubt, when some branch of human science was shown to him laden with tempting fruits, and, wishing to gather those fruits, he saw himself obliged to scale the trunk, and make way across several other branches in order to arrive at the coveted one. In this upward course he had tasted the fruits of other branches and found them agreeable; so much so, that, once upon the tree, he had wished never to descend. In three years he left the Polytechnic School with high honors, and continued to invent and

Auguste's Experiments

discover new things, the most useful of which was the Fresnel system of lenses, and its application to beacon-lights. To-day, as we have said, light-houses are everywhere furnished with this apparatus, and all navigators bless the name of Jean Augustin Fresnel.

Now, don't think from this story that if you are a dull boy and don't like to study, you will consequently be a remarkable man, for you can see that Fresnel had to study long and hard to become what he was. On the other hand, don't be discouraged ; but keep on working against all odds, and you will come out victorious in the end.

I should like before I close to tell you something about Béranger (pronounced *Bay-rong-zhay*), the poet of the French people, as Tennyson and

The old Poet and the Boy Béranger.

Longfellow are the poets of the English and American people; poets who speak to our inmost hearts, touching alike both rich and poor.

"The way to renown is hard and laborious," as no one knew better than this same Béranger, who has told his own story in so charming a fashion, that I cannot do better than to extract from it such passages as I think will interest you.

"I was born," he says, in one of his songs, —

> "'In Paris, full of gold and misery,
> In the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty.'

I was brought up by my grandfather and grandmother, who, faithful to

act their part of grandparents, indulged me in every desire, and made of my uncles and aunts my very humble servants. It is not their fault if I did not contract from them a taste for the elegant and refined. Several times attacked by dangerous maladies, and subject from the cradle to the most violent headaches, I was not sent to school till quite old, although I only had to go across the street. As near as I can recollect, I did not go more than twenty times, — I was so clever at finding pretexts for avoiding the disagreeable task. My grandparents, besides, knowing how much I disliked to go, sent me with reluctance, although they both had a taste for study. The love of school *never* came to me. I preferred very much to remain without noise, in a corner, cutting paper pictures or drawing them, or making little baskets out of cherry-stones, carefully hollowed out and delicately carved, — little works of art, which occupied entire days and called forth the admiration of all my friends. I listened much and spoke little; I learned many things, but did not learn to read. In the year 1789, I was sent to a school in the Faubourg St. Antoine, but I do not remember that I was there given a single lesson in reading or writing. However, I had already read 'La Henriade' (of Voltaire) and a translation of 'La Gierusalemme' (of Tasso), presents from an uncle who wished to give me a taste for reading. How had I learned to read? I have never been able to render account of it to myself.

"The short time which I passed in this school has left me one remembrance which I take pleasure in recalling. An old man came often to visit his grandson, who, on account of his position as the oldest of the pupils, had the particular privilege of a corner of the garden ornamented with an arbor. I went often silently to look across the nasturtiums and sweet-peas at the venerable old man, whose name I had several times heard repeated by my comrades. It was Favart, the successful author of many pieces. I ask myself to-day, why in my ignorance I took pleasure in gazing at this old poet, whose titles or reputation I was not able to appreciate. Was it an instinct of my future, which attracted me towards this author of so many songs?

"Soon becoming tired of paying my modest pension, my father sent me to Peronne (a village near where he was born), to one of his sisters; a widow without children. He sent me by stage, without previous arrangement. I see myself arriving with my conductress at the little inn of the Royal Sword, which my aunt kept, and which was all her fortune. She received me with hesitation, read my father's letter which recommended me to her, and which said that it was impossible for him to have charge of me longer. That moment is with me now. My grandfather, being struck with paralysis, was not *able* to keep me; my father rejected the burden. I was only nine years old, but I felt repulsed on all sides. What would become of me? Such scenes quickly mature the minds of those even who pass through but few of them.

"My aunt looked at me out of the corner of her eye, then, affected and moved, she clasped me in her arms, saying, with tears in her eyes, 'Poor,

abandoned child, I will be as thy mother!' and never was promise better kept.

"My aunt gave me all the advantages of education which were in her power, but they were comparatively few and desultory. She then put me in apprenticeship to a watchmaker, but about this time I was struck by lightning; and upon my recovery from the stroke I suffered so much with my eyes, that I had to give up watchmaking, and was sent to learn a jeweller's trade. Here I had a poor master, who taught me little or nothing.

"From this establishment I went as errand-boy to a notary, an excellent man, who sent me to the printing-office of Mr. Lainez, where I remained two years. The younger Lainez, a little older than myself, became my friend, and tried to teach me the principles of our language, but accomplished little more than to initiate me in the rules of versification. I cannot say that he gave me the taste, for I had had that for a long time.

"At twelve years, incapable of divining that verse was submitted to any rules whatever, I traced rhymed lines, good, bad, and indifferent, but of the same length, thanks to two pencil lines drawn from top to bottom of the paper, and I believed that I made in this manner verses as regular as those of Racine."

About this time his father recalled him to Paris, having need of his help in some financial operations which succeeded badly; then he established a reading-room, the desk of which was confided to the care of the son. This occupation left him much leisure of mind, which the young man employed in making rhymes. But he was then only eighteen, and he was thirty-three years old when his name became famous. How many attempts he must have made during these fifteen years, — satires, comedies, vaudevilles, poems, historical works, essays of every kind; but of it all nothing or nearly nothing remains. He became finally copying clerk in the bureau of the university, an employment purely mechanical, which he kept until the time when the success of his songs brought him a new means of existence.

After having seen what poor instruction this man received, who wrote "nothing but songs," one would expect to find in his works only beauties due to the force of a natural genius, such as lively and joyous thoughts, clothed with ornaments pleasing but futile; on the contrary, never was there a writer who knew better the secrets of the power and the charm of the French language. This man, who could never learn Latin by heart, so that at his first communion the curé was obliged to let him say his prayers in French, has been compared with Horace, one of the best poets of ancient Rome.

Ah, boys! it takes more courage, to my mind, to keep a hopeful heart and struggle bravely on to the end in view, with such discouragements as Béranger and Cortona had, than to stand up and fight forty pitched battles. And when it has been dinned into your ears ever since you could remember that you were dull and stupid and could n't learn anything, as in the case of Fresnel, and you have come gradually to believe it yourself, it is the hardest fight of all to conquer that belief.

Mary Carleton.

THE DOLLS' CONVENTION.

SAY, have you been to the Dolls' Convention?
No! then at once it is my intention
A few of the startling facts to mention,
That kept all Dolldom in fierce contention; —
These are the notes of a special reporter,
Taken in short-hand, — they could n't be shorter.

Some of the handsomest dolls in the city
Answered the call of the "working committee."
Was n't it fun when the toddlekins met!
O, but they came in a terrible pet!
Dolls in merino, and moire-antique,
Dolls that were dumb, and dolls that could speak,
And dolls that could only just manage to squeak;
Single dolls, married dolls, all sorts and ages,
Fluttered like birds that had just left their cages.
One "stuck-up" doll, by her servant attended,
Made the remark that the weather was splendid;
This being said with her nose to the sky,
No one felt anxious to make a reply.
Two crying dolls, whose eyes were still red,
For fear of disturbance were sent up to bed.

Up rose a dolly — some said double-jointed —
And moved that a Speaker at once be appointed.
After a general squabble and flutter, —
Ten, all at once, trying something to utter, —
One little lady with long flaxen hair,
Amid great excitement, was led to the chair.
Hand on her spencer, she spoke of the honor
Which those who were present had thus cast upon her,
And so on at random; the very same capers
Of speech you have read in the daily papers.
Every one present then had opportunity
To say "what was what," with the utmost impunity.

Speech of a member; — her face was of wax;
By her wardrobe, she paid a superb income-tax.
She said, she had suffered with grief and vexation,
To see the dismay "boys" had brought on the nation;
They seemed to delight in their grim dissipation;
Their victims were dolls of every station.

There was n't a day, and there was n't a night,
That her eyes did n't open and shut with affright;
For, not contented with snipping her toes off,
A tyrant in short-clothes had melted her nose off;
Though she tried hard to put a good face on the matter,
Grief had melted her down, — she had been *so much* fatter.

A lady from Paris was next on the floor,
Her train was some twenty-five inches or more.
She said that abroad she found nothing to vex her,
Or ruffle her mind; no boys to perplex her;
They honored the delicate creatures of Dolldom
Whose grace and deportment and beauty appalled 'em;
But since her return she daily expected
To call the police in to keep her protected.
She never had dared to put half her bows on her
For fear some sly rogue would tear off the clothes on her.
The bellows kept heaving just here where her corset is,
To find throughout "boyland" such frightful atrocities.

Another got up who appeared sadly mussed.
She said she was only a poor doll of dust,
But recently she had received such a shaking,
Her bones even then were most fearfully aching; —
A doll plump with sawdust held out rare inducements
To boys who were fond of "cutting" amusements.

A China doll said that her heart was 'most broken
To hear the complaints which her sisters had spoken; —
That, as for herself, she had a small daughter, —
She wished these remarks to be heard by reporter; —
She once laid her offspring to sleep in its cradle,
When down came a fiend with a poker or ladle,
And struck at her darling, so hard it was odd he
Had not cut her "sugar-plums" head from its body.
She thought they were shocking, these barbarous ways, —
And China dolls, too, being so hard to raise!

A rag doll remarked that her case was still harder:
Her home was a shelf in the kitchen or larder;
She had n't been blessed with the lot of some dolls
Who were tricked out with laces and such fol-de-rols;
She was trampled and sat on from Monday till Monday,
Her dress never changed, not even on Sunday;
Not to speak of small frights that were scarce worth repeating,
When the rats held a "ratification meeting."

A fine walking doll caught the eye of the Speaker.
She said that her voice always went for the weaker;
She 'd vote for the total destruction of all boys;
She shuddered in sight of fat, lean, short, and tall boys,
Especially, too, at the whole race of small boys.
They pinched her arm in the door, with a slam;
They dipped her legs in the raspberry jam;
She wondered how, she assured her beholders,
She kept her head sewed on her shoulders.

A paper doll rose, but was soon called to order,
They had n't a moment, they said, to afford her.

This was the least of their grave resolutions:
"To banish forever those base 'institutions,'
The 'boys,' who are known as our natural foes:
They 'd better take care how they tread on our toes!
They even deny us the rights of a cat,
And now we 'll endure them no longer, — that 's flat!"

Tattle and tea soon followed in turn,
Then somebody moved that the meeting "adjourn."

George Cooper.

WONDERING TOM.

PART I.

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's doorstep, the king stopped in the street to look at him.

"Who is that boy?" asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the entire royal procession to a stand.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-catcher; the Royal Rat-catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk. Little Wisk told him the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-catcher, passing on the news;

and it travelled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said, "May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it 's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "Tell him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words travelled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out, "O Tom, the King wants to speak with you!"

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging; "why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"*Why?*" cried Tom.

"O Tom! Tom! they 're going to kill you!" she cried, in an agony.

"WHY?" screamed Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bow-string. In that city any man, woman, or child who disregarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bow-string would have done its work; but the King held up his royal hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

"What ever in all this world can his Majesty want with me!" pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

"Well, sir!" said his Majesty, scowling. "So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?"

"ME, your Majesty!" faltered Tom. "I — I — don't know."

"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether —"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's door-way. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go. — He has a good face," continued the King, turning to his Prime Minister, "but he 'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all. "Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the doorstep. "Why in the world do they think I 'll never amount to anything?"

In the door-way he fell to thinking of little Wisk. "What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she 'd play with me if I asked her, — but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him slyly. "Tom!" she called out at last, swinging herself lithely round and round her wooden door-post, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates."

"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I *know* it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I 'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she 'd like to have me go with her. — Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"O, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is n't going to rain."

"Rain? of course not," laughed little Wisk, running off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"O," thought Tom, "she 's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why did n't I tell her that I 'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands. She was a clear-starcher.

"Tom, Tom! why *don't* you set about something? There 's plenty to do in doors and out, if you 'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play, do. One don't often have such a perfect day as this, (and such splendid drying too!) If I were you I 'd make the most of it"; and the mother went back into her bare entry, still clapping the ruffle.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He did n't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because he could n't decide what he should say if he met little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the doorstep and nearer to the great city wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then after wading awhile through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It 's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother does n't live out in the country instead of staying in the noisy city."

"Could n't," croaked a voice near by.

Tom started. There was nothing but frogs and crickets around. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still he wondered what in the world the voice was, and why it sounded like "could n't."

"It certainly did sound so. Maybe she could n't, after all," thought Tom; "but *why* could n't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there's nobody here, that's certain. O, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help'! Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know — Pshaw! what if I *do* love her, I'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "I sha' n't ever amount to anything, the King said. Now what *did* he mean by that?"

"Dilly, dally!" said the mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. O dear! It's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there's the King's ugly speech; a fellow ain't a-going to stand everything!"

He was crying at last. Yes, his tears were dropping one by one upon the green turf. He rested upon his elbows, holding his face between his hands; and although he felt very wretched, he could n't help wondering whether the grass in his shadow would n't think it was night and that his tears were the dew falling.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" sobbed Tom, "what's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold, — a funny little creature with a wide mouth, but her eyes were like diamonds.

"What are you crying for, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "well, that's queerer than anything! I've always heard that these woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder why I'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? O — yes — ma'am — certainly, I heard plain enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

He looked sharply at the little lady. Yes, she had a kind face. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a commencement.

"It's Kumtoothepoynt," said the fairy. "Be quick! I can't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must be quick and tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"O no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Kumtoothepoynt, kindly, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever — "

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me promptly what I can do."

"I'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures these mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I'm a very wise fairy, if I *am* small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous, and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they would n't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!) — if I were you I 'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I could n't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She's fading away!" cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come

back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You 're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly to Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I 've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish for. Now, sir, I 'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me"; and Kumtoothepoynt sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously.

"Only three."

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There 's so much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it 's so hard to put everything in such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What do *you* think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," said Kumtoothepoynt, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich, — and I want mother to be the same, — and, good fairy, if you would n't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me! — it 's so hard to put everything in such a few questions — let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Kumtoothepoynt, here 's my first question, How can I grow rich, *very* rich, in — in one week?"

The fairy shook her head. "I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number FOUR. You have already asked your three questions"; and she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I 'm a fool!" he cried. All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves. "A *big* fool!" he insisted. The leaves fairly tittered. "Did n't old Katy, the apple-woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy did n't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy did n't!"

Tom laughed bitterly. "Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows. I may have been asleep, but, anyhow, I 'm a fool!"

"Foo —!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up; and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hallo! old Goggle-eyes! You 're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted her position and stared at him an instant. Then as if the sight of such a ridiculous fellow was too much for her, she shut her eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Kumtoothepoynt were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered over the day's events, and the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"

Mary E. Dodge.

BABIE'S LECTURE.

CROW, you 're very wicked!
You 'll surely come to grief;—
The naughtiest thing in all the world
It is, to be a thief!
You need n't turn your head one side,
As if you did n't care;
You know you stole poor Carlo's bone;
And, Crow, it was n't fair!

He buried it so cunning
This morning in the ground;
He never even dreamed, I 'm sure,
That robbers were around.
And just as soon as he was gone,
You took it,—I declare,
I *saw* you flying off with it;
And, Crow, it was n't fair!

I think you 'd better drop it,
And some other breakfast find,
Else when good birdies go to heaven,
You 'll sure be left behind!
You won't? Then sad will be your fate,
As sure as you sit there!
To steal a doggie's only bone,
O, Crow, it was n't fair!

Margaret Eytinge.

RAMBLES ABOUT ORCHARDVILLE.

WE rambled day after day through the pastures, scanning from every point of view the alders and other shrubs by the brook, and eying sharply the straggling growth of infant trees and bushes bordering the wood-lots, and, as a reward, found in the mazy concealment of their slender twigs many sombre-colored little dwellings which were still occupied by the sleepy owners, who doubtless were waiting till a new and fashionable spring suit should be provided for their "coming out." Only think of always being dressed in the height of fashion! in garments of most exquisite material, with colors often brilliant, and always soft and harmonious!

On returning from our walks, we were almost at a loss to find suitable places in our little room for our numerous gleanings from wood and field. Over my table hung some shelves for books; first I removed the volumes from the lower shelf, and placed there a large bell-shaped glass, such as is used in chemical experiments. This was the parlor into which *I* (crafty spider) enticed the pretty flies (butterflies), and where the poor silly things went to bed and to sleep for the last time, on soft white cotton odorous with subtle chloroform, which sent their small fluttering souls, by a dreamy, painless passage, into the butterfly heaven.

On each side of my large glass I placed a solid, old-fashioned tumbler, where numerous beetles (those giants in disguise!) were confined by means of heavy weights which held their prisons down, for these vigorous insects have a most marvellous faculty of escaping from ordinary strongholds. Then for my birds'-nests I needed the second shelf; the books it contained were hastily carried up garret and packed away in a box. But my nests never showed to any advantage in that inappropriate place, and I tortured my brain to contrive another.

My collars, cuffs, ruffles, ribbons, and all the pretty things which girls wear and boys pretend to despise, and which had been spread out in two drawers so as to show to the greatest advantage, were now more *sensibly* (grandma would use that word) arranged in one, and the vacant top drawer was devoted to two thin, smooth pieces of board, where my "specimens" were pinned when I was sure they were too dead to come to life again and walk off in the night.

The first beetle that was persuaded to die (and O, they are almost incorrigible in that respect!) was a brilliant goldsmith. I utterly refused to mount it. I did not like to touch *any* creeping, crawling thing with sticky legs, and was afraid, too, that it was alive and would feel the sharp pin going through it. So Celia laughingly offered her assistance and pushed the pin energetically through Mr. Goldsmith, at which each of his poor little legs were thrust spasmodically out, and I started back with horror at Celia's coolness and cruelty. But she quaintly explained that dead beetles had

as curious tricks and manners as living ones, and that on similar occasions I might always expect such demonstrations as had just been witnessed. While talking, she dexterously passed a pin under the beetle's back, and drew forth the large and exquisitely delicate wings which were folded away under their horny coverings. After this, I took great delight in drawing forth and admiring the gauze-like, iridescent wings; never before had I known that they had aught to fly with beside their pretty, spotted eletra, or wing-shields, which Cousin Celia now told me were only a protection for the true wings. I wonder if the boys know about beetles, and what they think they fly with.

Early in June came a perfect day, and Celia fulfilled a promise she made long before, to go with me to "Great Woods." It was a long walk; we went leisurely, enjoying every inch of the way. I peeped at the sparrows' eggs, and scrambled up into trees to bring away deserted nests. Every time I came down from a high perch with the desired trophy in my hand, Cousin Celia would take it carefully and put it in one of the large side-pockets of her sack, so that I might have free hands to seize the next thing I should spy.

Finally we came to the entrance of Great Woods. Far before us lay a moss-covered path with trees arching high above; away in the distance was a spot of brightest sunshine, upon reaching which we found a circular clearing where the butterflies revelled exultingly, and the dragon-flies darted to and fro, flashing and glistening. Here were myriads of treasures for my cabinet, which soon repaid me for the labor of carrying my butterfly net, which had been only an annoyance during the first part of our walk.

Celia sat down on a moss-covered rock shaded by a noble oak, while I rushed back and forth brandishing my net in great excitement, now and then catching an unwary insect which I carried triumphantly to my dear pretty coz, who cautiously ushered it into a round collar-box, and then administered a few drops of chloroform from the small bottle she carried

Colias Philodice.

in her pocket on such excursions. Our receptacle was soon crowded with red, copper butterflies, *golden Philodices*, and *dragon-flies* of green and blue, and some with wings barred like ensigns. My ambition was to catch a brilliant *Turnus*, but the regal beauties soared far above my reach; and, tired out, I finally sat down by Celia and commenced turning over the small moss-embedded stones at my side, under one of which I found a beetle, — O, such a handsome one! — slender and graceful in itself, and much more so in comparison to my portly, lumbering goldsmith, and heavy, brown May bugs; and with such a wonderfully iridescent back, which was nearly black in the shade, but glowed with green and purple when the sun fell upon it. I wanted to give my new treasure a private apartment, so Celia proposed that it should be domiciled in one of her gloves till we got home. I thought it a nice suggestion, and wondered if my beetle would fancy the glove was a huge cavern and each finger large enough for a house! Just then I looked down at my feet, and saw a little newt hopping about my shoe. "O, Celia dear!" I cried, "do look at this tiny little creature. We *must* carry it home. What *can* we put it in?" For answer, she tossed me her other glove, where I secured my last acquisition by tying up the opening with a strong slender strip of grass.

Dragon-Flies.

All this time Celia had carried a covered basket which we expected to fill with moss and flowers, and as I was tired of chasing insects, we decided to leave the path and strike into the woods, where, among other wonderful things, I found two tall plants, each crowned with a single green blossom, which I thought might be orchids. I knew orchids were the royal family of flowers, and I thought *perhaps* this might be a *new* one, it was so different from any I had seen before, so I pulled them up, root and all, and ran exultingly to Celia. However, I tried to be perfectly unconcerned as I handed them to her, and said, "What are these?"

"Why, Dolly!" she answered, "don't you know orchids by this time?" And she went on to explain (as she had done before) the curious arrangement of stamens on the pistil by which the family might be known.

"O yes!" I interrupted, "I remember all that, but *what* is the *particular* name of this one?"

"I 'm sure I can't tell, Pussie, but it must be a rare one, for I 've scoured every inch of these woods over and over again without finding one such

Papilio Turnus.

plant. But you are such a fortunate little elf that you have stumbled upon *two* in your first visit!"

"Celia," I said most earnestly, "what if *no one* had ever seen such a flower before? would n't they name it for me?"

Now I think Celia was not so kind as usual, for she shook all over with laughter, and burst out anew every time she tried to speak.

"Yes, Dolly," she said at last, "if you wanted them to. But what a queer name it would be!"

Notwithstanding the fun she made, I hoped my odd plants were still unchristened. But when we went home, Celia found from her Botany that they had a much more absurd name than I would have given them (at least, *I* think so); "verticillata," she called the last part of it. Now don't you think (*if* it had been a new flower) they could have called it for me, and put some double i's and an *aceæ* on somewhere, and made as good a name as many plants have? Celia afterwards heard a real, true Professor say he had never seen but one flower like those we found, and another learned man said he had never seen the living plant, only a drawing of it. O, how I wish we could find something else just as rare this summer!

That is the whole history of my strange flowers with their tall, delicate stalks, and petals of vivid green, so long, slender, and pointed that they waved like grass leaves, standing out from the base in a most fantastic manner. But I have more to tell you about our walk in Great Woods. After finding the green orchids, I chanced upon another green treasure, more exquisite in tint, more graceful in form, more exultingly endowed with life, — *a Luna moth!* fresh from its winter sleep, not yet having taken its first flight. Celia and I watched the undulations of its wings for some time in silence, then I said, "Would it be wicked to take it home? it is so

Attacus Luna.

beautiful I want to keep it!" Then Celia raised the wings carefully and taking the soft ermine-clad body between her fingers, carried it with outstretched hand, but not far, for in a moment more a scream of delight brought her again to my side, — I had discovered the mate to my last prize! The flowers were hastily changed from the basket to the skirt of my dress which I gathered up around me to hold them, while both moths were secured in the basket. We had now so much to carry that it was only tantalizing to discover new treasures, so we determined to go home by the most direct way. As we went we talked over the wonderful success of our afternoon exploration, and the disposal of our various acquisitions.

The birds'-nests bothered me more than anything; my poor little bookshelf was too crowded already, and here was a new invoice to add to it.

And what comfort is there in having birds'-nests if you must keep them in a straight flat row!

I had a sly idea that if I bewailed myself sufficiently, Celia (little darling!) would bring forth some good plan from her wise little head which would perfectly satisfy me. By this time we had come to the edge of the woods, and turned for one more look through their grand arches, glorified now by the slanting rays of the sun. Then we tramped on through the fields, intent only on reaching home. When we came to the old orchard Celia stopped thoughtfully for a moment, and then pointed to a little peach-tree that looked perfectly dead, and was covered with gray and yellow lichens, saying, "How could you arrange your nests in that?"

"Splendidly," I cried. "That is just what I wanted, but did n't know it." I took the small stem in one hand, and broke it off near the roots as if it had been a pipe-stem; it was so brittle and dry. It was very light and I carried it with ease. What a tableau we made marching up through the lane to the back door! we were perfectly loaded down, and must have looked as if we were bringing the woods with us. Celia had the large pockets of her sack filled with birds'-nests, piled up so high that she had to walk carefully not to drop the top ones; then she had the basket with the two lovely Lunas in one hand, and in the other carried her gloves, one securing the beetle, and the other the cunning little newt. I had the bag of insects in my pocket, my dress pinned up around me full of flowers, a place being left for the tall orchids to thrust their green heads out so that they need not be crushed; in one hand I carried my butterfly-net, and in the other the peach-tree, (was n't it queer?) and we both had long (*very* long) gray moss wound around our hats and streaming from our shoulders.

That very night I established the peach-tree in a corner of my room, covered the branches with the long moss, and then fastened on the birds'-nests, with here and there a cocoon. Every time I look at it, it seems prettier than ever, and I remember the very tree that each nest came from, and our wonderful walk in Great Woods on the 4th of June.

Kate Lorraine.

PLAYTHINGS.

NOT much to make us happy
Do any of us need;
But just the right thing give us,
And we are rich indeed.

Even as with men and women
It is with girls and boys.
Why should you shower on Jeanie
So many dear-bought toys?

Some bits of broken china,
A handful of corn-floss,
A shred or two of ribbon,
A strip of velvet moss;

With her family of rag-children,
And the wide clean earth around, —
No happier little housewife
Can anywhere be found.

But Nannie dear would rather
Leave Jeanie to her play,
And wander by the streamlet,
Or on the hill-top stray.

For a little white cloud passing,
A ripple on the brook,
Much more her heart enriches
Than play-house, doll, or book.

Half Nannie's wealth lies hidden
Under the rock's green shelf:
You cannot find it for her;
She keeps the key herself.

Wild John likes forest-freedom,
And room for boundless noise,
Better than spending-money
Or a city-full of toys.

And small Ned with a shingle
Digs in his heap of sand:
Never swayed Inca sceptre
Upon a throne so grand.

With large and little children
The trouble is the same:
What pleases us, to others
Is wearisome and tame.

Good friends, your entertainment
A well-meant plan may be;
But he 's our benefactor
Who simply leaves us free.

Lucy Larcom.

THE GREAT WOODCHUCK SOCIETY.

ALL the boys sat upon the fence. All the girls were in the school-house entry.

All the boys had on their leather boots; they kicked their feet against the fence, and swung them to and fro. All the girls were hunting for their rubbers; they wound their curls about their fingers while they hunted.

All the boys were talking. All the girls were whispering. All the boys were talking very loud, and very much at once. All the girls were whispering very low, and they nodded to each other one by one.

All the boys looked as if they were going to have "a time." All the girls looked as if they wished they were. The boys were whistling. The girls hummed a little tune. The boys had forgotten all about the girls. But the girls had not forgotten about the boys. In short, all the girls belonged to the Tatting Club. But all the boys belonged to the Woodchuck Society.

And it was Wednesday afternoon. And the skies were as clear as if they had taken the day to clean up their silver. And this is the veracious and accurate account of what happened.

All the boys stopped talking. All the girls stopped whispering. The boys got down from the fence. The girls came out of the school-house entry. The boys splashed into the mud — for a summer rain had fallen just before the silver-cleaning in the skies — with their great boots. The girls hopped along on one foot, pulling on their last rubber as they hopped.

How they got there, I don't know, hopping and pulling their rubbers on; but when the boys swung through the school-yard posts, they found the girls there drawn up in a line before them.

"Your pleasure, ladies?" said the Chairman of the Woodchuck Society. He took off his hat.

"We would like to join the Woodchuck Society, if you please," said the President of the Tatting Club.

"Nonsense!" said the Chairman of the Woodchuck Society. "You would wet your feet." He spoke impressively.

"O, we have our rubbers," said the President of the Tatting Club. She spoke sadly.

"You 'd get freckled," said the Chairman of the Woodchuck Society.

"O, we 'll wear our veils," said the President of the Tatting Club. She wore a little blue veil, herself; the Woodchuck Society noticed something that they liked about the pink line that her cheek drew against the blue veil; the Chairman in particular observed this pink line.

"But you don't know anything about woodchucks," said he, after some thought.

"But we can learn," said she.

"The woods are wet," said he.

"The school-house entry is hot," said she.

"Girls are better off at home," said he.

But she only said, "Do you think so? Now we don't."

"You are n't made to catch woodchucks," said he.

"Are you?" asked she.

The Chairman of the Woodchuck Society coughed. "That question," said he, "is ir-rel-evant. In short, ladies, your request is pre-post-erous, for two — in short — reasons. In the first place, ladies, you are unacquainted with the very first principles necessary to the art of catching woodchucks."

"Sir," said the President of the Tatting Club, smiling through her blue veil, "so were you, when you began to learn."

"And in the next place," continued the Chairman, loftily, "if you *did* know how to *catch* a woodchuck, you could n't *kill* a woodchuck; now you know you could n't! I put it to your honor, ladies, *could* you?"

The President of the Tatting Club shuddered under her soft blue veil. It was a tough question. On her honor, *could* she? The Tatting Club retired to the wood-pile to consider. The Woodchuck Society swung on the gate, and considered, too.

"The fact is," said the Chairman, under his breath, "I 've half a mind to take 'em along."

"And, besides," the President was saying, under *her* breath, "what of that? Time enough for *that*, is n't there?"

"Time enough for that," nodded the Tatting Club.

"Well, then!" said the President.

"Well, then?" said the Chairman.

The Tatting Club descended from the wood-pile; the President smiled sweetly through her thin blue veil.

"We have come to the conclusion, sir," she said, "that if you will admit us into the Society, the matter of — of — *killing* a woodchuck need not stand at all in the way."

"Not at all in the way," nodded the Tatting Club.

"In that case," said the Chairman, hesitating, "I don't know but we may as well give you a try."

This is how the Tatting Club obtained admission to the Woodchuck Society on that Wednesday afternoon, when the sky cleaned up her silver, and the mud-puddles lay in the school-house yard.

Never had the Tatting Club spent such a Wednesday afternoon. They nodded to each other to make sure of that. The wet grass was so cool, and the wet air so sweet, and the wind made such a piece of silver-soap as the Tatting Club had never seen before. And the trap lay in such a lovely knot of woods! And it was such fun to climb the fences, and to push through the thickets, and to scramble over the brooks, and to take the strong west-wind into their lungs, and the broad high sun upon their heads! The Tatting Club were united in the opinion, that they had never spent such a Wednesday afternoon.

"It is better than making tatting in the school-house entry," said the President.

Never had the Woodchuck Society spent such a Wednesday afternoon. It is as well to admit that. The Chairman admitted it very soon. He walked by the side of the President; he found a great deal to say; it was better than moping along alone with the boys; it was almost as well as skinning the woodchuck, in fact; he wondered that he had never thought of it before. It was quite true. Never had the Woodchuck Society spent such a Wednesday afternoon.

"O, to think of killing him in such a *pretty* place!" said the President of the Tatting Club, sighing, as she and her blue veil fluttered into the sweet green darkness of the spot, over crushed ferns and the ruins of little fox-berry blossoms that turned wax-white at sight of her, and fainted before the feet of the Woodchuck Society fell across their blanched faces.

The Woodchuck Society heard this remark, and wished they had left the Tatting Club at home.

Suddenly the Chairman stopped. So did the President. So did the entire Society. They stopped before the trunk of an old hollow tree, wound about with red and brown and pale-green mosses, and overgrown with ivy-leaves so heavy that they looked as if they had been carved out of malachite. The trunk was split and wrenched open to the roots. The woodchuck's hole ran down below them; the trap had been set about two feet from the hole.

"Gunder and thuns!" said the Chairman; it was a very unchairman-like expression, but he used it. "He 's gone!"

"Who? What? Where?"

"The trap 's gone!"

"And the woodchuck!"

"I declare!"

"So it has!"

And so it had. The hole was covered.

"He 's got another down the gully," said the Chairman. "We 'll get him! Hi! Ho there! *What?* WHERE?"

"*Here!*" shouted a ringing voice. It was the voice of the President of the Tatting Club.

"I 've found him!"

And so she had; while the Chairman stopped to say "Gunder and thuns!" In a tangle of blackberry and juniper bushes, caught in the trap by one leg, his black nose on the ground, and his black eyes on her, she had found him, sure enough.

The Woodchuck Society felt rather glad, on the whole, that they had brought the Tatting Club along.

They rushed up to see. They were just too late. Everybody was just too late. Wh-e-ew! Whiz-z! Whir-r-r! A click, a squeal, a spring!

"He 's doubled!" cried the Chairman.

To be sure he had.

Away like a shot! Away like a flash of sullen anger! Two little claws left sticking in the trap, and that was all.

The entire Woodchuck Society gave chase. So did the Tatting Club.

Nobody stopped to think which could run the fastest. But without stopping to think, the President and the Chairman found themselves in the lead. The Chairman had the start. The President bounded after him. He leaped a fence. She slipped under. He waded through a ditch. She jumped from stone to stone. He bounded over a stone wall like a big Newfoundland dog. She flew over like a butterfly. He wet his feet. So did she. He did n't care. Neither did she. They gained on the little angry flash, that cut under fallen leaves and in twists of boughs and berries, and under trunks and stones before them.

Moreover, the President gained on the Chairman; a foot — a rod — two — two and a half.

How she did it, who can tell? She dodged a hickory, she leaped a bar, she watched a chance, she knelt and crouched, she held her breath: panting, terrified, off his guard, thinking himself forgotten, the woodchuck actually came quivering round a great gray stone, and walked right into the President's apron!

When the Chairman came — breathless — up, he found her sitting there and holding it. Her little blue veil was off. She had taken it long ago to tie her hat on with. But she was not freckled, though her pink cheeks shone like little colored lamps.

"Does he bite?" asked the Chairman.

"N—not much," said the President.

But there was blood upon her hands and apron. To tell the truth, if the Chairman had been a minute later, I doubt if he would have seen that woodchuck.

"You 've done very well," said the Chairman, approvingly. "I could n't have done better myself. Is he fat? Let me see. Will he skin easy?"

The colored lamps went out on the President's soft cheeks. She turned as pale as the little foxberry flowers that the Woodchuck Society had left fainting under their heavy feet.

"*Skin?*" said the President. "Oh! Two claws off already; and such a palpitation of the heart, just hear him! and such a pretty gray-brown fur! SKIN him?"

"Certainly," said the Chairman, a little out of temper. "Give him to me. I 'll skin him. You need n't. I don't know but you 've done your share. You 've done very well. I 'll skin him myself. But of course he must be skinned. Who ever heard of a Woodchuck Society that did n't skin its woodchucks?"

But the President held the fierce little quivering creature in her apron tight and resolute. How she did it, I don't know. If you were to say that a girl never did it before nor since, I should not deny you.

"Now look here, I 've caught this woodchuck, have n't I?"

"Ye—es."

"Fair?"

"Yes."

"And honest?"

"Yes."

"Then I say it 's fair and honest for me to have my say about him. Yes, I do. Now *I* say — "

"*What* do you say ? " said the Chairman, standing on his head in very despair ; what could he do ? The girl was right. Unquestionably she had caught the woodchuck.

"*I* say, DON'T skin him ! "

"What would you do with him ? "

The Chairman came down on his feet with a whack from sheer force of curiosity.

"I 'd let him go," said the President, with much calmness.

"The mischief you would ! " said the Chairman.

"I would let him go," said the President, sweetly. "I would n't be such a wicked, cruel, tormenting, heartless — "

"Look here," said the Chairman, coloring, "I guess you 've called me names enough. I guess you may as well let the thing go."

Open flew the President's apron. Out whirred a little brown-gray flash ; it lighted the underbrush a minute, and was gone.

"Well," said the Chairman, slowly, as he watched it, "now we 're in a pretty fix. We 've let you into the Society, and you would n't have the woodchuck killed. You 'll never have the woodchucks killed, and then what is the use in chasing woodchucks ? And here comes the Society, at the top of their wind, and a pretty story I shall have to tell them ! "

"Leave it to me," said the President, "I 'll tell them."

And quick enough, she was out by the fence, and when the united Woodchuck and Tatting Societies came panting up, she addressed them with a bow and a sweet smile.

"Ladies and gentlemen : The woodchuck is gone. We caught him between us. (She modestly omitted to mention the little circumstance connected with her apron.) "We caught him together, ladies and gentlemen. And we 've let him go. We thought we would n't — SKIN him. It sounded so ! And he 'd lost *two* claws, ladies and gentlemen, and was in great pain and terror. So we let him go. And we 've decided, ladies and gentlemen, to let them ALL go. We will catch no more woodchucks. It must be so unpleasant to be a woodchuck and be — *skinned*, ladies and gentlemen ! Consequently, we have decided to give up the woodchucks, and to have a picnic at five o'clock precisely, five cents' subscription *all* around, and lemonade and nuts."

(The Chairman, who had never heard of this before, looked visibly agitated, but not ill-pleased.)

"And, ladies and gentlemen, rather than to — SKIN any more poor little brown-gray woodchucks with two claws gone, we have decided to unite the Woodchuck and Tatting Associations into one united Picnic Club " (evident surprise on the countenance of the Chairman). "You will please to elect your officers at your pleasure, ladies and gentlemen ; and also a Branch Department, to which we may connect a Base-ball Ground and a

Skating Rink, — and not *too* many nuts on account of a headache, Thursday morning."

The President of the extinct Tatting Club sat down on the fence amidst great applause. Her motion was seconded, carried, and executed with despatch; indeed, the girls seemed in no wise taken by surprise by it, and the boys in no wise loath. So they went to the picnic at five o'clock, and the sky threw away her silver-soap, for the clouds shone so, that the crippled woodchuck, panting and resting under a great soft mullein-leaf, could have seen his own ugly little face in them if he had been tall enough.

And that is how the Great Woodchuck Society came to an end in that school forevermore.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

AN ANTEDILUVIAN CONCERN.

ONE of our black, rattling, July thunder-showers had just passed over the town of W——; and a bright double rainbow was hanging in its wake, — a lofty arch of triumphant sunlight, behind which the angry lightnings still darted and roared. We had gone out to see it, — Alford, Wash, and myself, then on a visit there.

"Is n't that a gay one?" exclaimed Wash. "And see there! the foot of it is right over the old Pulpit," — pointing off to the eastward, where one end of the bow seemed to stand on the earth. "What is it about the foot of the rainbow, grandma?" cried he, winking to us.

"At the foot of the rainbow there 's a pot of gold," replied Grandmother Abbot from the window. "That 's what they used to tell me. But it 's down in the ground, and you must dig for it."

"A pot of gold!" cried Johnny, their little brother, edging out from the door of his mother's room a little sheepishly. He always used to hide in the bed when there was thunder.

"Yes, sir! A pot of gold, Mr. Snarly-head," said Wash, rumpling his tangled hair. "Do you hear that? Gold! over there in the old Pulpit."

"Don't you believe that, Johnny," said I.

"Gram'ma said so!" exclaimed he.

"O, that 's all a whim!" said I. "You would n't find a thing there, Johnny, if you should dig."

Now Johnny had great confidence in "gram'ma," and very little in me.

"How do you know I should n't?" queried he, distrustfully. This was rather a sticker. How *did* I know? And as I went on to tell him how improbable it was, he kept looking more and more confident, till at the end of my argument it seemed so very evident to him that I knew nothing at all about the matter, that he cried out, "Well, I shall dig and see!"

"Go ahead, Johnny!" cried Wash. "Dig deep! Don't stop short of four feet!" And a few minutes after, we saw him going out through the gate, with the old "nigger-hoe" on his shoulder, almost staggering under it, and trudging along across the pasture toward the old Pulpit.

The "Pulpit," as they called it, is rather an odd object, one of Nature's queer jobs, consisting of five great rocks, standing together upon the top of a little hillock a few rods from the river-bank. It is a curious little hill, or rather knoll, bobbing up there so unexpectedly; and more curious still seem those five tall white boulders, perched in a sort of ragged pentagon on its summit. We saw Johnny climb the steep side and go within the rocks; and now and then caught glimpses of him dodging about between them.

"Too bad to make him dig so for nothing," said I.

"Must have his learning," said Wash. "He 'll cut an eye-tooth on that subject, after digging there an hour or two."

An hour or more passed. We had nearly forgotten Johnny, when all at once he appeared again, running down through the pasture, cap in hand, without the hoe, but with something beating time in the other hand. On he came through the gate, and running up to the piazza, cried, "I 've found the cover!"

"The Cover."

"Cover to what?"

"The pot," cried he, holding up something.

"Let 's see that," cried Wash.

It was a thin, flat stone, hard and black, and grooved out in a rough, curious sort of way; altogether a funny-looking object, about the size of a dinner-plate, not more than an inch thick, and hollowed out toward the centre, with a small round hole near the middle. It must have been fashioned by human hands; but it seemed old and worn as the stones Nature herself has chipped. It gave one a queer feeling to take it up, such as one sometimes experiences when coming unexpectedly upon some long-lost plaything of childhood. There was something rude and pitiful about it, too, as if labored painfully out for some necessary use in earlier days.

"Did you dig that up, Johnny?" asked Alford.

"Yes, it 's the cover to the pot, ain't it?"

"I guess so! Boys, let 's go up there!"

We did n't need any urging, but, getting a spade and a crow-bar, we started with Johnny for the Pulpit. He had got a pretty large hole hoed out, at the bottom of which he had come upon the "cover," as he called it. Thrusting in the crow-bar, it went through into a cavity of some sort.

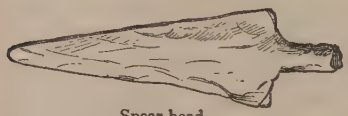
"All hollow in there!" exclaimed Wash. "Let 's dig away, and see what there is."

Johnny was despatched for another shovel; and we went to work. The space enclosed by the rocks was about the size of a small room, and covered with grass. Johnny had not come to the "cover" until he had got down nearly two feet, a job which spoke well for his perseverance. In half an hour we had got off the dirt from a sort of arch of rough flat stones.

"Old oven, I guess," said Wash.

The crow-bar had gone through the top of it, knocking in one of the stones and leaving a little black hole. We broke in the rest of them, and then took them out. We had thus uncovered a dusty cavity about as large as the inside of a molasses hogshead, perhaps a little longer. The bottom, or floor, was made of larger stones, and now covered with dirt, amid which we found another "cover," something like the one Johnny had found on the top of the arch, and seven more "stone things," like arrow or spear heads. There were also a lot of large round pebbles from the river.

Alford thought it must have been a grave. But there were no bones in it now, at any rate.



Spear-head.

Arrow-heads.

"Tell you what, boys," said Wash. "It 's some sort of an antediluvian concern!" I thought like enough the Indians might have made it.

Johnny was considerably disappointed at not finding a *gold-pot*, after finding *two* "covers." But he gathered up and took possession of all the "stone things." They were his, he said, for he found them.

"We must tell Mr. Henry about this," said Alford.

"That 's so!" exclaimed Wash. "He 's just the man for us!" (Mr. Henry is their "scientific man" up at W——.) "I 'll go down and let him know to-night. He 'll be up in the morning post haste, just as he did when that meteor fell."

"Let 's leave all the things here, then," said Alford; "so he can see them all together."

That evening Wash went down, and told him we had found "an Indian chief's grave."

"That waked him up, I tell you," said Wash, describing the interview after he got back. "But he 's dreadfully afraid of our disturbing it and knocking it to pieces. S'pose he thinks we don't know antediluvian from day-before-yesterday."

"Did he say we ought not to break into it?" asked Alford.

"Yes, he wants to see it just as we found it. Too bad we pitched into it so. We stove the old thing all to bits, you know."

"Sorry!" said Alford. "He 'll be disgusted with us when he comes to see what work we 've made of it."

"Tell you what," said Wash. "Let 's go up early in the morning, and put it together again before he gets here."

But before we were out the next morning, Mr. Henry had come, with a man to dig; and feeling a little ashamed, as Wash afterwards expressed it, "of having gone through a grave so," we started off with him for the Pulpit. Johnny turned out and came after us; he still had hopes of a gold-pot.

"Just the place for such relics," said Mr. Henry, as we went through the pasture. "Near the river, where the Indians passed in their canoes. But how came you to find it, boys?"

We told him of Johnny's exploit.

"You 'll be an antiquary yet, Johnny," said he. But Johnny thought he would a good deal rather find the gold-pot.

Mr. Henry examined the "relics," as he called them, very attentively, laughing a little at our excavations; we expected he would scold instead.

"These arrow-heads and spear-heads," said he, "are such as the savages used, fixing them upon wooden shafts or handles. They are of flint, and belong to the Stone Age."

"The Stone Age!" exclaimed Wash. "Well, I 've heard and read a good deal about *that*. Professor Z—— lectured down at the hall, on the Stone Age, last winter, you know. Could n't hear half he said, though! And I did n't understand it, much. What age was it, or when was it?"

"That 's a pretty big question, Wash," said Mr. Henry. "But we 'll talk round it a little. Do you know how long men — human beings, I mean — have lived on the earth?"

"No, sir," said Wash. "Does anybody?"

"That 's it exactly," said Mr. Henry. "Nobody knows how long! But we are now trying to find out, by examining and studying relics, things like these you found here. They are to be found all over the earth. From such proof as these furnish us, some say the earth has been inhabited by man ten thousand years; while others set it as high as one hundred thousand years. But nobody knows yet; perhaps nobody will ever know. Now do you suppose the people who first lived on the earth knew as much as we do now, and had as many arts and sciences?"

"Of course not," said Alford, "for they say the world grows wiser every day."

"Just so! We now believe," said Mr. Henry, "that there was an age somewhere back in the far past, when people lived in caves and hollow trees, and ate berries, acorns, whatever they could find to eat, — an age in which man was purely a savage. But as centuries rolled on, they began to build rude huts for shelter, and to catch fish and chase the wild beasts for food. And to do this they needed tools and weapons of some sort. Very likely they used wooden clubs at first. But after a while they began to need something harder and heavier, and so took to making stone implements. And here began what we call the 'Stone Age,' that age in which the people, still savages, used stone tools, and stone weapons to fight with the wild beasts, and very likely to fight with each other, for man has always been a fighting character from earliest times. The Stone Age was the age before the metals, copper, iron, etc., were known or used."

"That 's plain enough," said Wash.

"How long ago did you say that was?" asked Alford.

"In America," continued Mr. Henry, "the Indians were using stone tomahawks, stone knives, etc., not more than two hundred and fifty or three

hundred years ago. But in Europe the Stone Age must have been at least four thousand years ago, and it had continued before that, nobody knows how long. They find stone implements in the earth of what is termed the Drift Period, which some think must be thirty thousand years old."

"I read of their finding some copper bracelets out in Ohio, in a mound there, which were thought to be at least a thousand years old," said Alford. "The Indians did n't make those ? "

"No ; those are thought to be the work of a people who lived in this country before the Indians came into it, — mound-builders they are called. The Indians built none of those great mounds or ruined temples which are found in the West, and in Mexico and Central America."

"Are there any people in their Stone Age still ? " inquired Wash.

"Yes, in the interior of Africa and in the southern portion of South America, also in the extreme northern parts of North America, there are tribes of savages still using flint arrow-heads and flint knives, and therefore still in *their* Stone Age."

"Boys who throw stones make use of stone weapons, don't they ? " asked Alford.

"Correct, sir," said Mr. Henry, laughing. "Those little savages who go along the street stoning everything they see, are about four thousand years behind civilized times."

"Humph ! That 's a new view of the case ! " exclaimed Wash, who was a little addicted to casting a pebble now and then, but who did n't quite relish the idea of being classified as a "savage."

"What came next after 'stone' ? " asked Alford.

"Bronze ; the Bronze Age. Do you know what bronze is ? "

"It 's copper, partly," said Alford.

"Copper and tin," said Wash, — "two thirds copper and one third tin, more or less."

"That forms *our* bronze," said Mr. Henry. "But the bronze of the Bronze Age was of copper, tin, and various other metals, which happened to be with it, mixed in almost any way, I fancy. People in this age began to feel the need of something better than stone tools, and so took copper as the next best thing which came to hand."

"The old mound-builders, who lived here in America before the Indians drove them out, were in their Bronze Age, then ? " said Alford.

"They are thus considered. When Cortez and Pizarro came to Mexico and Peru, about the year 1520, they found the native inhabitants using bronze tools and weapons. They were still in *their* Bronze Age. And there are yet many tribes scattered over the earth among whom bronze is in use. But the Bronze Age of Europe proper must have ceased from two to three thousand years ago. Europe, you see, is far ahead of the rest of the world in point of civilized development ; though we don't know much about what may have gone on in Asia in prehistoric times."

"But *we* use *iron* for everything," said Wash, — "iron and steel, and steel

is made from iron. I see now why our age is called the Iron Age; it is because we 've given up stone and bronze and taken iron."

"Yes," said Mr. Henry. "Iron is the symbol of civilization. The Stone Age is the age of the savage. The Bronze Age is the age of the barbarian. The Iron Age comes last and highest."

"What would you call that time before the Stone Age, when they used clubs and wooden tools?" I inquired.

"Of that early period, when man was still lingering with the brute, we know nothing. He has left no trace, no history. His meagre story is utterly lost, and was, perhaps, not worth preserving."

After having all the dirt taken away from about the "arch," Mr. Henry searched the whole place carefully; but found nothing further, save another "arrow-head" and a little piece of wrought bone about four inches long, and having a small hole near the larger end. He thought it had been made for a needle.

Bone Needle.

"Rather a hard thing to sew with, I should think," said Wash. "Does to go with those spear-heads, though! Must be a horrible death to have one of those put through a fellow!"

"Did bone tools come in the Stone Age?" Alford inquired.

"Yes, bone and stone went together." But Mr. Henry was as little able as we, to make out what the "cover" was for; he said he should have to write to Professor C——, of H——, and invite him to come and look at it.

Johnny consented to give Mr. Henry one of the "covers," one of the arrow-heads, and also the bone needle; but he carried off all the other articles himself. If there was anything to be made off them he wanted to make it. And after all Johnny was no more mercenary than we have known many older persons to be, under very similar circumstances.

I went home the next week, but three weeks after got a letter from Wash, containing the following postscript: —

"P. S. You remember the Indian chief's grave, and the stone things we found over in the old Pulpit, etc.; and how Mr. Henry said he was going to let Professor C—— know about it. Well, the other day he and the Professor came, and we all went up there again. We found another stone thing which they thought had been a tomahawk. It was a three-cornered concern with a hole in it. Looked some like the bottom-part of a sad-iron. The Professor is a funny-looking old chap. He *let on* at a great rate about 'dolmens,' 'barrows,' 'cromlechs,' and 'cairns.' Have you any idea what those are? They both thought that was an Indian grave. But I don't believe it! Where 's the bones? And the Professor said those 'covers' were quoits! Did ever you know the Indians used to pitch quoits before? He gave Johnny a five-dollar greenback for the rest of the relics. Johnny 's on the lookout for rainbows now!

"W. A."

C. A. Stephens.

AN ADVENTURE IN VIA REGGIO.

THERE had been a long-standing antipathy between the rising generation of Via Reggio and the younger bloods among the foreigners, whom the fine sea-bathing allured to this Italian village. When or wherefore it had originated is a question to which no satisfactory answer can be returned, but it must have been at its height when the writer lived in the place.

During the summer months, it is true, we had little or no trouble with any one, for there were enough of us to keep the whole town in awe ; the Via Reggian youth not being very remarkable for their courage, and never showing fight unless the odds were about three to one in their favor. But when the approaching winter had sent nearly every one back to winter quarters, and when the formidable array of juvenile John Bulls and specimens of Young America had dwindled down to a few stray families, then there began to arise complaints about kites torn, sports interfered with, and numerous other atrocities perpetrated by the natives of the village. I remember the favorite diversion of the little *gamins* was to climb trees and spit upon all the *maledetti forestieri* (cursed foreigners) that chanced to pass below.

So matters stood when, one afternoon, Tom Jones with his little brother Alfred, and Dick (my fraternal relative), and myself were out on the sea-shore flying our kites. Kite-flying, by the way, was the one great amusement of high and low, small and big, in Via Reggio. About fifty yards from us were a score or two of small stakes, to which were attached as many kites, the owners thereof having left them for a short time to indulge in "deep potations of the generous wine" at a neighboring refreshment-saloon. Now, Tom was smarting from the effects of a recent encounter with some of these fellows, in which his Sunday go-to-meeting suit of clothes had been wofully torn. He was of a rather spiteful disposition, and did n't care much whom he involved in trouble as long as he got his revenge. So what does he do now but sneak right up to the stakes, and cut the kite-strings ! Of course the kites came tumbling to the ground.

"Now we must run for it !" he exclaimed, on rejoining us, "or we 'll be in a jolly fix if we 're discovered !"

But we were already discovered. With loud yells, about fifty boys rushed out of the tavern. What we were to do was the next question. Our assailants were just between us and the town, so escape to our homes was impossible. To wait till they came up, and show fight, would have been utter nonsense. Such a crowd as that could have overpowered us in less than no time, — the oldest of us was only eleven, while there were some men among the others, — and, if once they got hold of us in their present frame of mind, we well knew we should have to undergo their favorite mode of punishment, that is, a ducking in the nearest pond of stagnant water.

"I say!" cried Dick, "let's make for the little house in the woods!" The very thing! What he alluded to was a deserted hut in the forest, on the other side of the hill which rose directly in front of us. Towards this, then, we directed our flight. But our progress was necessarily very slow, for we had to drag little Alfred along with us; and the Italians were fast gaining on us. Louder and louder sounded their cries behind us, inspiring us to more frantic exertions, but in vain. We were nothing like a match for the others in the first place, and with Alfred's weight to carry in addition, the race was as one-sided as it could be. Our capture seemed inevitable, when, just as we had put the hill between us and our pursuers, a bright idea struck Tom.

"Al!" he cried, hurriedly, "just you get under that pile of brushwood, there's a good fellow, and we'll keep on. They won't notice your not being with us. When they pass you, run home and get some fellows. And if they *do* find you, we'll turn back, and see they don't harm you."

Alfred had sense enough to see that this was the only course to pursue, so he allowed us to cover him with the brushwood until he was entirely concealed. We then started off again just as the foremost of our pursuers appeared on the brow of the hill. The race, though it was n't at all even yet, was less one-sided than before. We dashed along at the top of our speed and reached the hut in a few minutes. Stopping for a moment to see that our *ruse* had been perfectly successful, and that Alfred had already started for home, we banged the door to, and hastily bolted it. Our pursuers were only a few yards behind us as we did so.

"Guess we're safe now!" said Tom, drawing a long breath of relief, "at least until Al scares some fellows up."

"Better not be too certain of that, old boy!" I responded, as a loud thud against the door announced that the outsiders had determined to storm us.

In fact, there was very little reason for congratulating ourselves. The door was evidently too rotten to stand the blows dealt it for any length of time. There was no window by which to escape, no aperture at all, so far as we could see, except the door by which we had entered. Matters looked very gloomy just then. A louder crash than usual almost forced the door from its hinges. In a few moments it would certainly be burst open.

"The chimney! The chimney!" cried Tom, "let's go up the chimney and climb on to the old oak-tree."

No sooner said than done. We climbed up the chimney — which was a very wide one — with a celerity that would have done honor to accomplished sweeps. Reaching the top, we seized the branches of a large oak-tree that grew conveniently near, and swung ourselves on the trunk. The forest was pretty dense at this part, and we easily made our way, squirrel-fashion, from tree to tree. We had n't gone far, however, when a loud crash announced that the door had fallen. This was hailed by a shout of triumph, speedily changed into a wail of disappointed rage.

Hastily selecting a tall tree, we had just snugly ensconced ourselves in the highest branches, when the Via Reggians came pouring out from the hut. Their quick eyes soon detected our hiding-place. They attempted to throw stones at us; but, finding that their missiles did n't go half-way, contented themselves for a time with hurling maledictions at us. These not seeming likely to hurt us, some of the boldest and biggest in the crowd commenced scaling the tree. They had climbed but a little way when, to our great joy (for this last manœuvre disturbed us not a little), and still greater surprise, they suddenly slid down again with a loud cry. Then the whole pack betook themselves to flight.

The explanation of their mysterious conduct was soon forthcoming. With all sorts of execrations, Beppe, followed by about ten men, — servants of neighboring foreign families, — rushed upon the scene. The tables were now completely turned, and we had become the pursuers. But it was n't fun, for the big fellows ran away with such cowardly haste — notwithstanding that theirs was by far the stronger side — that there was no catching them, and we did n't care so much for the smaller ones. Besides, when we *did* get hold of any one, he bawled for mercy so piteously we had to let him go. So we speedily gave up the chase, and dispersed to our respective homes.

But one thing always struck me as very peculiar. It was this, that we never met a boy afterwards, no matter how distinctly we recalled his features, who acknowledged that he was among our opponents. All swore in the most positive terms they knew nothing about it. As, however, I 'm sure it was n't all imagination, I suppose the veracity of a Via Reggian is by no means unimpeachable.

W. S. Walsh.

Camden, N. J.

THE JAPANESE.

People always have something to talk about, and probably always will. The Telegraph, the Atlantic Cable, the great Pacific Railroad, have all had their time of interest, when their names were on every tongue, but "everything has its time to flourish, everything grows old," and everything loses its interest after a while. Subjects also of minor importance are discussed; the visit of the Prince of Wales, that of the Duke Alexis, and now, the Japanese. Having seen and been much interested in these last, I thought the Young Folks might enjoy hearing something of them.

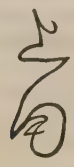
Five young girls are here to be educated, having accompanied the Embassy to this country. The latter consists of one hundred and fourteen persons, who came here in order to bring our country into closer relations with Japan, and from here they are going to all the countries with which they have treaties. Sixty rooms in the Arlington Hotel were provided for them, but the young ladies are staying with private families in Georgetown.

The religion of Japan is Buddhism. There was, it seems, a Princess who lived thousands of years ago, but whose exceedingly pure life is still held up as an example to Japanese children. There are temples erected to the Goddess of Issa, where the children worship, and in these temples are placed a precious stone, a mirror, and a sword; which, "being interpreted," signify that the children must always preserve their virtue and honor as they would a jewel, and that when they are deciding any matter in which there is some doubt, they should look into a mirror and examine their own eye to see if *their* way is in accordance with what a pure heart would dictate, and then, if convinced of the right, it should be defended by the sword.

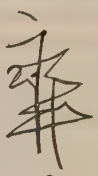
The five young girls are from the aristocracy of Japan, but are not princesses, as the papers have stated. Their native dress was discarded at their own request, as well as that of their parents and Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister to America, as soon as possible after arriving here. The native dress itself is not at all handsome, although the materials composing it are very rich. The underskirt is usually of brocaded silk without the least fulness. The tunic (or, as we would say, the overskirt, though it is not quite that either) is of the same material. The sleeves are flowing and open, and bracelets are worn above the elbow in summer.

Lio Yosematz, the oldest of the five, is "sweet sixteen." Tei Wooyeda is fifteen, and is about the size of most girls of that age. Her complexion is dark, though quite clear, with a fine color. Her hair is long and black, and her teeth even and white, but her features are purely Mongolian. She dresses now in the American style, although none of them wear any jewelry. Her manners are very gentle and lady-like, and her "voice is low and sweet." Japanese parents are very affectionate to their children, so it is natural that the latter should be amiable. Her father is the Second Secretary of the Department of State, and her home is in Yedo.

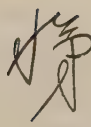
In writing their names the surname is written first. I send a fac-simile of the autographs of Tei Wooyeda and Shingé Nagai as written in my album. Tei is rapidly learning to speak English, or "American," as she calls it.



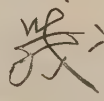
WOOYEDA.



NAGAI.



TEI



SHINGÉ

Stemetz Yamagawa has reached the mature age of fourteen. She has bright, vivacious manners, and is really pretty, not only from a Japanese, but an American point of view. She is the daughter of the first chamberlain to the Prince of Aidzu.

Shingé Nagai is only eleven years of age. She is not at all handsome, although she looks quite intelligent; her black hair is cut short, and tied with a bright ribbon. Her small eyes look out very brightly, and it is evident that she *sees* what they rest upon.

Unie Tsuda is but six or seven years old. Her father is one of the Secretaries of Agriculture. I wonder if she thinks of her mother so far away, when she is about to be "put in her little bed."

And now, if this account is found to be interesting, I may have something more to tell of them hereafter.

Mabel Loomis, age 15.

GEORGETOWN, D. C.

OUR AQUARIUM.

COUSIN ROB came home from a fishing excursion one Saturday afternoon, and created quite an excitement among the younger members of the household, by the welcome intelligence that he had brought a *live* fish in his lunch pail. Birdie started for the pail, which stood on the table, and, tipping it up, gazed in with wide-open eyes, regardless of the water she was innocently pouring down the front of her white apron. After several minutes of close examination, she exclaimed in a thrilling tone, "He 's dot *horns!*"

"Yes," said Rob, with an air of superior wisdom, "that is a bull-head, and if you get too close, he 'll toss you right up over the moon."

At this announcement Birdie let go her hold in such haste that the water gave a great splash, and landed Sir Bull-head on the floor, while Birdie, thinking her trip "over the moon" was about to take place, fled to "marmer" for safety; leaving us to capture our new pet as best we might.

"The next question is, where shall we keep him?" propounded Robbie; and after he had proposed all manner of impossible places, auntie mentioned the old aquarium. That was a happy thought; up garret we started, and soon pulled a very dusty aquarium indeed from under the low slope of the roof. Getting it down stairs was a work of time, but "patience and perseverance accomplish all things," as I remarked when we deposited it on the bench at the back door. After a deal of soap and water had been used, it was pronounced ready for the new occupant, and a lively time we had putting him in.

We christened our new pet "Taurus," thinking it a very appropriate name, and used to tell visitors that he belonged to the "Taurusoris species." Their looks of astonishment and incredulity as we made the startling disclosure amused us exceedingly. Taurus lived and flourished in his new home many weeks, and gradually became quite civilized; so much so that he often allowed us to scratch his back with a stick, and took angle-worms from Rob's fingers with the greatest equanimity.

Not many Saturdays after, Robbie made a second trip to the Lake, and brought home as trophies two prickle-backs, one shiner, "Taurus" No. 2, and about one hundred and fifty infant Tauruses. These last were the cunningest, cutest little specimens I ever saw, and in one's hand looked like "animated ink-spots." We kept them in a separate glass jar which we called our "Pollywoggery," and as giving them each a separate name was entirely too much for our vocabulary, we designated the whole lot as "Fifteenth Amendment."

The prickle-backs were so nearly of a size, we concluded they must be twins, and Birdie (who was very much interested just then in "Little Men") named them Demi and Daisy, but was never able to tell "which was which." This put us to considerable inconvenience; for when about a week after, one of the twins was found floating on top of the water "drownded dead," as Birdie sorrowfully expressed it, we could not decide whether the remaining one was Demi or Daisy.

Then, too, we had a great deal of trouble in classing them; but at last, owing to the spines on their dorsal vertebræ, we concluded they belonged to the "Dorsas Spinosa" species, and as no one disputed the fact, we considered the matter as settled.

Our "Pollywoggery" did not thrive as well as the aquarium; a large majority of the "Fifteenth Amendment" died, and a number were given away. I took several to school in a bottle, and presented them to a little friend, informing her that here was the "nucleus for an aquarium." The little dear looked perfectly aghast, but finally remarked very meekly that she "*thought* they were *fishes*." The novelty, however, gradually wore off; the shiner came to an untimely end, and most of the others died natural deaths. I became more interested in a pet terrier, and when Rob announced one morning that Taurus had "taken French leave," Birdie was the only one who mourned very deeply. We carried the aquarium back to the attic again that afternoon, and as we pushed it away under the eaves, Rob repeated in a half-serious, half-laughing tone the old couplet: —

"Though lost to sight,
To memory dear."

"*Petite.*"

A WOFUL RIDE.

If ever a boy felt particularly elevated, that boy was myself, as I cantered slowly down the street to market one bright morning last summer; for if there was anything that I did especially pride myself on, it was my horsemanship. I had an idea that I resembled the equestrian statue of Washington, on Boston Common. The proverb, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," had entirely escaped from my mind.

My errand to the market was to purchase a basket of eggs. Having obtained them, I mounted my steed and went on my way rejoicing. The rejoicing did not last very long, however, for on turning a corner I came suddenly on a small fire at the side of the street.

I saw that fire, and the horse did also. I feel quite certain as to the last part of that sentence; indeed, I am prepared to make oath to that effect.

William (that is the name of the horse) gave a decided jump to one side. The eggs followed suit. He heard them crash, and jumped again. The eggs *dittoed* as before. Then he started.

I never knew till that moment, what a good thing a horse's neck was to cling to. My arms fitted as though they had been made especially for that purpose.

"A hat is very awkward when a person is riding," was my thought, as that article rose gracefully from my head, and settled on a neighboring roof.

"Say, mister! you 've dropped something," shouted an astonished urchin.

"Never mind, I won't stop now," I replied.

O shade of John Gilpin! did you not hover around me in jealousy during that ride!

At last home was reached, but my misfortunes were not ended yet. The horse turned toward the stable, which was built low. The horse could go in, but not with me on his back. A collision was inevitable. Something would have to give way, either the rafters or my head. It is needless to say that it was not the rafters. I have a fine saddle and riding bridle that I will dispose of on reasonable terms.

E. O. Thorndike, age 14.

Belfast, Me.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Dear little Annie
Sits in the sun,
Crooning so gently,
"Spring-time 's begun";
Blithe robin-redbreasts
Tilt on the tree,
Flutter and warble, —
"Merry are we."

Slender young grass-blades
Nod, full of grace;
Annie's own brooklet
Mirrors her face;
She calls the sunbeams
Floating above,
"Silent gold swallows,
Birdies of love."

All the world 's happy,
Brimming with song;
Beauty is constant,
Tender, and strong;
Annie says, smiling,
Brushing off dew,
"Summer is coming;
I 'm glad, are n't you?"

Morna May.

THE CHOSEN PRINCESS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING.	SERVANT.
ATTENDANT.	FOUR MAIDENS.

SCENE. — *A room in the palace of the* KING.

ATTENDANT. This is a pleasant palace.

KING. Once I thought so; but since my daughter's death it seems the gloomiest place in all my kingdom.

ATTENDANT. And well it may. Through all the land there was not so fair a maiden as the Princess Eleanore, the lily of the realm.

KING. A "lily" truly, in the purity of her life. I cannot speak of her beauty. To a father's eye a duteous child is always beautiful. But this I know: death never gave to God a truer, gentler soul than hers. But she has gone.

ATTENDANT. Yes; gone to sing among her kindred angels. To bemoan your loss is to regret her blessedness.

KING. I would not call her back; but still I miss her glad young presence; and the Queen, her mother, sitting alone, grows pale and thin, grieving for her child. As I have often said to you, if I could find, it matters not in what rank, some young girl whom I could know with certainty to be possessed of a quick mind and warm, true heart, one who, appreciating her advantages, would yet bear the advancement meekly (true modesty and dignity are one), I would take her to my palace, make her the companion of my Queen, and let her share the pleasure and the honor which, had she lived, would have been the portion of the Princess Eleanore.

ATTENDANT. I have thought much of your Majesty's desire. Happier than most monarchs, not your crown alone, but you, its wearer, are revered and loved. The mere utterance of your thought would color all the dreams of every maiden and of every maiden's parents in the land.

KING. There lies my trouble. I dare not breathe my wish aloud, for, if I should, my halls and court-ways would at once be filled with such a throng it would be past endurance. Counsel is good, but, in choosing a princess from among my people, I wish to make my own selection, and I am so far removed from familiar intercourse with my subjects that I know not how to make that choice judicious. A fair young face is lovely in its way, but more to be desired is a faithful soul that would cling to me if my throne should fall and my crown pass from me.

ATTENDANT. There is one touchstone for the human heart, a test for either sex and every age, and that is gold. It has power to make the soldier forget his honor,

the lover his moonlight dreams, the monk his holy books and all their teachings. Give me — but listen — for the next two hours the free use of your royal purse, and I will show to you, as in a magic glass, the character, at least a glimpse of the true character, of the first four young girls passing down the street.

KING. Take and use it at your pleasure. I know that gold or words were never used by you unwisely, and yet I scarce have confidence in your success.

ATTENDANT. Pardon, your Majesty! I knew your wishes, and I have anticipated your consent. I have already been out, and bidden to the palace the first four maidens that I met. One, the first, was a young country girl, red-cheeked and gayly dressed, as if she had come in to spend a festival in town. Close behind her came another, in plainer but in somewhat costlier attire, seemingly the daughter of some rich trader in the town. The third was older than the others, a girl with dark, keen eyes. Last of all was a street-singer. Just as they came, I bade them enter, and now, in the small room that opens on the court, they all await my summons. Meanwhile let me, I pray, entreat your Majesty to conceal yourself behind this curtain, where unseen you can see, and silent hear each word that may be spoken.

KING. I wait your pleasure. 'T is a new thing for me to play the part of listener.

[ATTENDANT *strikes a bell.* *Exit* KING *behind side curtain.*

Enter SERVANT *and* COUNTRY GIRL.

ATTENDANT. I called you here because the King, our gracious Sovereign, whose highest pleasure is to confer pleasure upon his subjects, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what thing or things you wish, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and if it can be bought or made or found, it shall be yours before to-morrow night. Accept it as a present from the King.

1ST MAIDEN. All for my own! O the good, good King!

ATTENDANT. So say we all; but what gift will you choose?

1ST MAIDEN. What gift? I want so many things! I want — I want — a necklace; no, a pair of ear-rings with bright yellow stones to twinkle in my ears like stars! and then I want a gown, blue and trimmed with lace; no, pink, — pink as a morning cloud! no, white, — white as the snow! and yet I want a pink gown too. Can you tell how many gowns and ear-rings can be bought with forty ducats?

ATTENDANT. I cannot say. One or six, it may be either.

1ST MAIDEN. And then I want a fan! I saw one once — a great lady carried it — made from the feathers of some curious bird, the loveliest thing in all the world! And then — O, I do want a necklace after all! a jewelled necklace, and a kerchief trimmed with lace, and a red —

ATTENDANT. Ah, my pretty maid! no forty ducats could purchase half you wish. But the new ear-rings and the pink gown all trimmed around with lace, if you will tell us where, shall be sent you by to-morrow night.

1ST MAIDEN. O, I will come for them myself! I cannot wait! I wish to-morrow night were here!

ATTENDANT (*to* SERVANT). Show her out through the court-way.

(1ST MAIDEN *and* SERVANT *go to the door.*)

1ST MAIDEN (*turning back*). Thank the King for me, and tell him that I think he is the best and wisest king since Solomon; and if — if you are willing, I believe that, after all, I 'll have a blue gown rather than a pink.

[*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* MAIDEN.

Enter KING.

KING. The charm works well.

ATTENDANT. Ay! does it not? Is this your chosen princess?

KING. My chosen princess! This pretty summer butterfly, who thinks I am the wisest king since Solomon? No. I will await the coming of the next.

ATTENDANT. She will be here directly.

[KING *retires.*

Enter SERVANT *and* 2D MAIDEN.

ATTENDANT. I called you here because our gracious Sovereign, whose highest pleasure is to confer pleasure upon his subjects, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what you will, in value not exceeding forty ducats; and accept it as a present from the King.

2D MAIDEN. A present from the King to me! I thought it probable his Majesty had known of me, but this is a pleasure I had not expected.

ATTENDANT. How should the King have known of you?

2D MAIDEN. How? Most people have. My father is a man of note, a merchant in the town. St. Peter's cock is painted on his sign. We are no common family; but this, as I said before, is a great honor even for us.

ATTENDANT. The King judges men by their worth, not their wealth; their deeds, not their possessions. But choose what gift you wish.

2D MAIDEN. I must have time to consider. (*She stands awhile silent.*) What would give to others the most pleasure, I would the least desire. I am not in need. What I would ask for is a piece of beautiful embroidery, set in a costly frame, in the centre wrought with gold thread, purple, blue, and scarlet, these words, "Presented by his Majesty the King unto the maiden Angeline"; and underneath whatever words or motto the King may direct. He *must* have heard of me. I stood and waved my scarf one day when he rode by. He must have seen St. Peter's cock upon my father's sign. Thank for me his Majesty, and tell him that a present from the King, even in a family like ours, is an unwonted honor.

ATTENDANT. Your gift shall be ready in due season.

[*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* 2D MAIDEN.

Enter KING.

ATTENDANT. What say you to this second maiden?

KING. If she could have her way, nothing would be heard through all the kingdom except the crowing of St. Peter's cock. On her embroidery let the words be wrought, "Before honor is humility"; and give it her!

ATTENDANT. And even that she will turn to her own praise, and find some hidden compliment within it. But now your Majesty must hasten back. Another will be here directly.

[*Exit* KING.

Enter SERVANT *and* 3D MAIDEN.

ATTENDANT. I called you here because the King, our gracious Sovereign, has given to me, as his dispenser, his royal purse. Choose what you will, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and it shall be yours before to-morrow night.

3D MAIDEN. Forty ducats! A present from the King of forty ducats!

ATTENDANT. Yes, any gift not to exceed that sum in value.

3D MAIDEN. Then, if you please, I'll take the ducats themselves. I would rather have them than anything which they could buy. I have laid by a little store to be my bridal dowry, or against a rainy day. These forty ducats I will add to it.

ATTENDANT. Your choice is quickly made.

3D MAIDEN. May I not have them now? Why wait until to-morrow night?

ATTENDANT. You need not. (*He counts them for her from a purse; she slowly counts them over herself.*) My servant will show you out, down through the court-way.

3D MAIDEN (*delaying*). Besides myself, three other maidens were waiting below. Did they all have forty ducats as well as I?

ATTENDANT. You have *your* forty ducats; let that suffice you.

3D MAIDEN. Did *they* have more? The King is *very* rich. Forty, fifty, or sixty ducats, it makes no difference with him. If *any* one has more than forty, why not I? I should not spend it foolishly. I should add it to my little store laid up to be my bridal dowry, or against a rainy day. Will you not ask the King to give me *something* more, if only ten ducats? It would be such a trifling sum to him!

ATTENDANT. Forty ducats are all that you can have.

[*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* 3D MAIDEN.

Enter KING.

ATTENDANT. What think you of this last?

KING. Those forty ducats were ill spent, since they were added to a miser's hoard. This play of reading hearts grows sad. It wearies me to hear these fair young girls prove themselves covetous, vain, and weak.

ATTENDANT. And well it may. But it would be unjust to judge others by this one. The sordid love of gold is rare in woman, rarer yet in youth. There is only one more to come, the little street-singer who will perhaps cheer us with a song.

[*Exit* KING.

Enter SERVANT *and* 4TH MAIDEN.

ATTENDANT. My little maiden, as you came up the street, I heard you singing. Will you repeat the song?

4TH MAIDEN. I scarcely can recall the one you mean. It was my own, I think, about the rose. (*She sings.*)

The Rose-Tree called the Scarlet Hips,
That hung upon its bough,
And said, "I loved the Wild-Rose once,
But you are dearer now.

"The Wild-Rose had a golden heart,
A pink and fragrant leaf;
It was a thing of summer-time,
And summer-time is brief.

"The Wild-Rose was a transient friend,
But you with me shall go
Through wild November's dreary blasts,
And cold December's snow."

O, rosy lips and beaming eyes
Awhile may win our praise,
But those shall keep our hearts that share
With us life's wintry days!

ATTENDANT. Your song is simple but well sung. But it was not to sing to us that I called you in. The King, our gracious Sovereign, whose highest pleasure is to bestow pleasure upon his subjects, has given into my hand his royal purse. Choose what you will, in value not exceeding forty ducats, and if it can be bought or made or found within that time, it shall be yours before to-morrow night.

4TH MAIDEN. For me! For me myself, and from the King! I never had more than one ducat in my life!

ATTENDANT. But now choose what you will.

4TH MAIDEN. O if I could! I would not be too bold, but I have always wished, though it was something I had never dared to hope for, that I could own a lute, a little silver-sounding lute, to carry with me when I go singing from house to house. I do not know what such a lute would cost. Forgive me if I have asked too much; I did not mean it.

ATTENDANT. No, my child; whatever it may cost, your simple wish shall be fulfilled. The sweetest lute that can be furnished shall be yours to-morrow.

4TH MAIDEN. I cannot thank you. I cannot thank the King; but tell him I am grateful in my heart, and that, when I hear my lute, I shall remember his great kindness, and pray for his peace and prosperity.

ATTENDANT. Such gratitude best pleases him. My servant now will show you down, out through the court-way.

[*Exeunt* SERVANT *and* 4TH MAIDEN.

Enter KING.

KING. I almost wish she had stayed longer. I cannot tell when I have heard so sweet a voice, or seen so innocent a face.

ATTENDANT. 'T is strange that one accustomed to the street —

KING. Hush! (*Re-enter* SERVANT *and* MAIDEN.)

4TH MAIDEN (*to* ATTENDANT, *not observing the* KING). Would it be wrong, would the King be angry, if I should change my wish and choose again? There is something which I would rather have even than the lute.

ATTENDANT. What is it?

4TH MAIDEN. The forty ducats themselves.

ATTENDANT. The forty ducats? And why?

4TH MAIDEN. Forgive me. It may seem strange to ask them, and yet, upon a second thought, I wish for them more than for anything; more even than for the lute.

ATTENDANT. You have some reason for the change. Are you afraid to speak it?

4TH MAIDEN. Afraid? I fear that it might seem unmindful of the kindness of the King, and of his gift to *me*, and yet 't was a good reason.

ATTENDANT. Then let me hear it. No honest purpose needs to be withheld.

4TH MAIDEN. There is a basket-weaver, a good and kind old man, who sits beside the street and weaves his baskets. Every night I lead him back to his poor lodgings, and sometimes, when I can, I stop and sing to him. He does not like to beg, he says, but times are hard, and winter 's coming on, and there are many basket-weavers, and, with his weak hands, he scarce can earn his bread. These forty ducats would buy him food and lodging for a long, long time. 'T was strange I did not think of him before I spoke about the lute.

ATTENDANT. You are also poor. You may never be able to buy a lute yourself.

4TH MAIDEN. But I am young, and he is old. He shivers in the wind I scarcely heed, and he is blind. 'T is dreadful to be blind! And being old, what I would give him I must give him now. Even with a lute, it would take a weary while to earn forty ducats to give away. I could not enjoy its music, if I knew that he was cold or hungry. Pray forget my first wish, and give me the forty ducats.

KING (*coming towards her*). They are yours. (*To* ATTENDANT.) Give her the forty ducats. You shall not lose that loftiest of pleasures, self-sacrifice. But come again to the palace to-morrow night, and bring your father and your mother with you.

4TH MAIDEN. Alas! I cannot! My mother died before I can remember, and my father and my only brother fell in the great war a year ago. I have no father now.

KING. But shall have from henceforward! Your King shall be your father! The heart whose strongest wish is for another's good beats with royal blood, though covered with a beggar's garb. (*Taking her hand and drawing her toward himself.*) My child, come here, and let me lead you to my Queen. (*Turning to his* ATTENDANT.) I will believe now in your power of reading hearts. As fire proves gold, so gold proves men. Its magic spell at last has revealed to me a noble soul, and showed me in this singer of the streets my chosen princess.

Marian Douglas.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 74.

Ed. Ward.

CHARADE.—No. 75.

Found on the pebbly beach,
Part of the luscious peach,
My *first* is.

Keeping all things apart,
Dividing heart from heart,
My *second* is.

Nickname of rebel chief,
To this world, alas! now deaf,
My *whole* is.

L. E. J.

No. 76.

The savor of the earth and sea,
Without which naught that lives could be,
My *first* is; and my gloomy *second*
In every house is useful reckoned.
My *whole* you 'll find out if you 're clever.
And so we sign ourselves forever
Yours,
E. W. B., and W. M. B.

ANAGRAMS.—No 77.

1. A nice tile, L. R.
2. Tipsy Darien.
3. Elm in acid.
4. Free toast!

Alex.

WORD SQUARES.—No. 78.

My first, when cold, makes travellers shiver.
My second is a rushing river.
My third all weary wanderers praise.
My fourth you 'll follow all your days.

E. W. B., and W. M. B.

No. 79.

My first a blacksmith uses at his trade.
Without my second little can be made.
My third a home of luxury and wealth.
My fourth are islands where we go for health.
My fifth a tenure for a certain time.
(I need one line more to complete the rhyme.)

L. B. H.

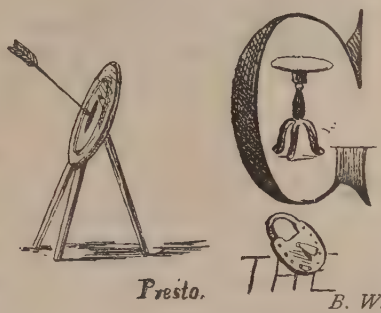
LOST ISLANDS.—No. 80.

1. The body was borne on a litter.
2. Can Diana hunt as famously as she used to?
3. Who ate the malt and stole the bag that lay in the house that Jack built?
4. In which month can a rye-field be harvested most profitably?

W. H. Mowry.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.
No. 81.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.
No. 82.



B. W. L.

ENIGMA. — No. 83.

My *first* is in ache, but not in pain.
My *second* is in sleet, but not in rain.
My *third* is in burn, but not in freeze.
My *fourth* is in lot, but not in lease.
My *fifth* is in war, but not in peace.
My *whole* is a lake in North America.

Cora D. Green.

No. 84.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My *first* is in wasp, but not in bee.
My *second* is in saw, but not in see.
My *third* is in lose, but not in find.
My *fourth* is in harsh, but not in kind.
My *fifth* is in gin, but not in rum.
My *sixth* is in gone, but not in come.
My *seventh* is in good, but not in bad.
My *eighth* is in subtract, but not in add.
My *ninth* is in boy, but not in girl.
My *tenth* is in king, but not in earl.
My *whole* is a proper name.

B. V., age 12.

A QUEER DREAM. — No. 85.

[There is a hidden word in each line: the first stanza contains buried trees; the second, buried fruit; the third, buried vegetables; and the fourth, buried flowers.]

Beneath the trees I sleep in ease
And dream a pleasant dream;
I see a knight, with helmet bright,
Beside a dashing stream.

And through the glade appears a maid, —
A figure small and slight;
"Art thou a fay or angel, say?"
Exclaimed the plumèd knight.

"I am no fay, but peasant gay,"
She scornfully replied.
"O turn, I pray," the knight did say,
"And be a noble's bride."

She at his word awhile demurred, —
"Now, master, you provoke me," —
Uprose, and frowned; but here a sound,
A robin's call, awoke me.

Aged.

ANSWERS.

57. Tom Bailey. 59. Merchant of Venice.
58. Georgia. 60. Heliotrope.
61. Lincoln, Hamlin.
62. Apart: part, trap, rap, par, pa, a.
63. "She dies, but he lives on, ever telling the miserable tale." [She (dice) (butt) (hee l) (iv's on ever) (Tell in G) the (miser Abel) tail.]
64. Much ado about nothing.
65. 1. To Baby-lon, Rock-away, Lapland, Brest or Bedford. 2. To the Scilly Isles. 3. Through Ayre to Skye. 4. To Cowes. 5. To the Isle of Man, or to the best of the United States. 6. Tun-is. 7. To Aiken.

66.
G R A T E S
R E L E N T
A L P A C A
T E A P O T
E N C O R E
S T A T E S

67.
P A R I S
A L O N E
R O U T E
I N T E R
S E E R S

68.
L A R D
A L O E
R O P E
D E E R

69.
C U B A
U R A L
B A K U
A L U M

70. 1. Doe. 2. Kid. 3. Ass. 4. Elk. 5. Dog. 6. Yak. 7. Fox. 8. Gnu. 9. Hog. 10. Pig. 11. Rat. 12. Ram. 13. Cat. 14. Roe. 15. Cow. 16. Pup. 17. Cur. 18. Nag. 19. Cub. 20. Ape.
71. Exeter.
72. Connecticut [C on necktie cut].
73. 1. Spare, pares, pears, spear. 2. Stern, rents. 3. Dears, reads, dares. 4. Peach, cheap.

Frank S. W. — The question, Where does the day begin? was incidentally discussed in our article on "The Traveller Problem," in the "Letter Box" of "Our Young Folks," November, 1870; and in the next number of the "Letter Box" (December, 1870), the fact that the earth makes 366¼ rotations on its axis in 365¼ days, was, we think, quite clearly demonstrated. If you do not "see" that explanation, try this little experiment: —

Walk round the lamp on your centre-table this evening, keeping your face turned constantly towards the light. Having gone quite round, you will find that you have made one complete rotation on your axis while making one revolution about the lamp, and yet the light has shone upon only one side of you. The moon revolves about the earth in this way. If the earth went round the sun in like manner, making one rotation with each revolution, don't you see we should have one rotation every year, but no sunset or sunrise? In order, therefore, to give one complete diurnal change to its inhabitants, the earth would have to make one more rotation during its revolution. Hence, to give us 365 days, it has to make 366 rotations. If you need still further demonstration of the fact, walk round the evening lamp, turning about upon your heels 366 times in the course of the journey, at the end of which you will find that the lamp has disappeared and reappeared to your eye only 365 times. Of course you will understand that, in order to turn completely about, you must at the conclusion of each turn face the same point of the compass which you faced at the start.

A word now with regard to the other question. Before the earth was circumnavigated or America discovered, the problem of *where the day began* never troubled anybody. To the inhabitants of the Old World, the sun rose out of the Pacific Ocean and set in the Atlantic. But as emigration proceeded westward, the sun was found to set in the Pacific again; while persons circumnavigating the globe, found that, if they sailed westward, a day dropped out of their reckoning, or, if eastward, they had one more day in their year than people who stayed at home. The day changed somewhere in the Pacific. What more natural, then, that the meridian opposite Greenwich, 180°, should be chosen by the civilized world as that where the days should be geographically divided? It is now customary for ships crossing that line to add or subtract one day from their reckoning. If sailing westward on Sunday, they there change the name of the day to Monday; if sailing eastward, they go back to Saturday, thus missing one day, or having two days of the same name in succession.

Inquirer. "Theodora" does not live far from Ottawa, Kansas, but her last name does *not* begin with K, unless she has changed it very lately.

"*A. Snodgrass.*" — "It never rains but it pours" is a proverbial expression, of unknown origin; its meaning is, that when a good thing comes, we are very apt to have too much of it.

"Up the stump" does not mean the same as "up the spout," said of articles that have been pawned, — a phrase which has, we believe, been explained in the "Letter Box." A person is said to be "up a stump" when he finds he has placed himself in a position from which he cannot retreat, or when he has been reduced to his last argument. The phrase undoubtedly originated in the backwoods, where it is a common thing to see a squirrel or some other animal up a stump, wistfully waited for by a big dog at the root. To "take the stump" as a public speaker, is to go from place to place making off-hand political speeches, in the delivery of which, in newly cleared regions, orators have sometimes found a stump to answer very well in place of a platform.

Laura and *Ella.* — Yes, Adelaide Procter was a Roman Catholic. We are glad you like her poems; many of them are very beautiful.

Bateau-à-Vapeur. — The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, was the "Savannah," built in New York. She reached Liverpool from New York, in twenty-six days. She had sidewheels and sails. This was in 1818. It was not until twenty years later that regular ocean passages were made by steam.

Jennie N. — The author of the "Oliver Optic" books is Mr. Wm. T. Adams.

The first known edition of "Mother Goose's Melodies" was compiled and printed by Thomas Fleet, Boston, in 1719. It bore the following title: "Songs for the Nursery, or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing-house, Pudding Lane. Price Two

Coppers." Pudding Lane is now Devonshire Street. Mother Goose was not a fictitious character, as is commonly supposed. She was Mr. Fleet's own mother-in-law; he having married her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Goose. He is said to have been at first much annoyed by the rhymes the delighted grandmother sang to her daughter's first-born, but to have concluded afterwards to make merchandise of them, by collecting and printing them in a cheap form. Perhaps the popularity of the French book of fairy tales, *Contes de ma mère l'Oye* (Tales of my Mother Goose), suggested the use of his mother-in-law's name on the title-page. Many of the melodies are very old, and their authorship is unknown.

S. D. — Your "parsing lesson" got mislaid, and we have not been able to lay our hands upon it since your last letter came. You say: —

"Pinneo, in his 'Analytical Grammar,' tells us to 'avoid the improper use of *had* for *would*; as, "He *had* better not go," for, "He *would* better not go,"' etc. After giving its probable origin, he says, 'This error is so common that the correct form sounds unnatural.'

"Now, why should a work which professes to teach the art of speaking and writing the English language, *according to established usage*, tell us to avoid a form of expression which is about as well 'established' (if modern authors are to be our guides) as any in the language? In an old number of the 'New York Ledger,' I saw an attempt at parsing one of these erroneous sentences, but with poor success, it seemed to me; for I thought, and still think, that, since we can't strike it out of the language, this use of *had* must be parsed as an idiomatic substitute for *would*."

Your remarks are just. It is not modern authors alone who use *had* for *would* in this sense. Shakespeare uses it continually: "I had rather be a toad"; "I had rather coin my heart"; "I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew"; "I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon," etc. Yet if it were possible it would be better that all such ungrammatical idioms should be reformed.

The inscriptions under the two cuts on page 293, of our last number, became accidentally transposed. The creatures represented in the first picture are the lizards; and those called lizards are the newts.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., March 22, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

Seeing in the last number that "Our Mutual Improvement Corner" is to be discontinued, and that there are so many that can't be noticed in it, I thought that some of "Our Young Folks" might like to become members of a club after the same plan as the "Corner."

I send you a copy of one that I belonged to two years ago. With some half-dozen of the members I formed a very pleasant correspondence, and although I have not written to any of them for over a year, memories are awakened by hearing of them in the amateur papers. A great many were closely connected with Boys' Papers.

Hoping that you may consider my plan for the club favorably, and find room in the "Letter Box" to say that I would like to form such a one, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

HENRY P. DAY.

Persons interested in the plan proposed by our correspondent, can address him at Jacksonville, Ill.

RICHMOND, VA.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I think the following a correct answer to R. E. N. Bain's inquiry. The Stockton and Darlington line, in England, (the first complete railroad in the world,) was opened for traffic on the 27th of September, 1825, and one of George Stephenson's engines was tried. It was attached to a train consisting of six wagons loaded with coal and flour; after these came twenty-one passenger coaches, and, lastly, six more wagons of coal, making in all, a train of thirty-eight vehicles. The first railroad in America was the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad. The length of this road was sixteen miles, and it extended from Albany to Schenectady, New York. A charter was granted the company in 1826, but work was not commenced until 1830. It was finished in 1831. Both locomotive engines and horses were used on this road. At first stationary engines were used. They were placed on the top of the hills, and the train was hauled up the hill or let down, by a strong rope. The brakemen used hand-levers to stop or check the train. The first steam railroad passenger train was run on this road in 1831. The engine was named John Bull. It was imported from England; its weight was four tons. The engineer was John Hampson, an Englishman. Among the fifteen passengers who rode in the two coaches were James Alexander, "President Commercial Bank," Charles E. Dudley of the Dudley Observatory, Jacob Hays, "High Constable of New York," Ex-Governor Jos. C. Yates, and Thurlow Weed.

Yours very truly,

WINSLOW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: —

This is a true story, and it happened a few weeks ago. I hope you will put it in "Our Young Folks," because I think other children will be interested in it. There is a little boy and we will call him Bob, a bright, hearty little fellow of two years and a half old. One night his parents went to a party and left the nurse with him, telling her to stay with him till they came home. The woman got tired about twelve o'clock and went to bed.

After a while Bob woke up, and found he was all alone. He went to the bath-room and found his bottle of milk, and carried it down stairs. No one was there; so he opened the front door and stepped out. Then the door slammed to, and there was the poor little fellow alone on the step in his little nightgown in the cold winter's night. First he huddled up in a corner, and comforted himself with the milk. But, after a while, he was so cold and tired that he could only cry. At last a policeman heard him. He came and rang and rang at the bell. The servants did not hear, but the neighbors did, and took the little fellow in and warmed him and gave him to his father and mother, when they came home about one o'clock. They took him up and wakened the nurse who had slept through all. I think she must have felt bad. The next day little Bob was quite well; he had not taken cold.

MOLLY MOSS.

CHESTNUT HILL, Phila.

Our Young Contributors. — "*How Hans killed the Grizzly*," by "Calie Fornia; "*A Visit to Blarney Castle*," by Mark S. Hubbell; "*The Circle Benefit*," by C. E. M.; and "*Molly and the Brook*," by A. S. B., are accepted.

The following are reserved for *honorable mention*: "*City and Country*," by Eudora M. Stone, — a pretty little poem on an old subject; "*The Weaver*," by Henry C. Woods, — another well-written poem, but rather too long for our use; "*Rosalind*," by Alice C. Osborne, — still another poem, very well written indeed; an interesting description of "*A Picnic on the Plains*," by Daisy Owen; "*What the little Shoe said*," by A. E. W., — pretty and pathetic; "*How we went Hunting*," by Clarence Schwartz; "*The Day I went Blackberrying*," by Fannie E. Rowell; "*A Kiss*," by Alice M. Jones; "*The Snow Storm*," by Charlotte Lay Dewey; "*Carl and Christina*," by Viola Rasbaro; "*Our West Window*," by May Huston; "*A Wolf Chase*," by Herbert J. Miller; "*Our Nutting Party*," by Mary Howard; "*A Dream*," by Nellie Warner; "*The Story of a Star*," by Leonora Cooke; "*In the Firelight*," by Emma Browne; "*Little Margery Wonders*," by Evie M. Essex; "*A Few Flowers*," by C.; and, last but not least, "*A Day among the Black Hills*," by Charlotte L. Dewey.

"*Squire Utter's Fall*" shows talent at versification, but the piece is too long.

"*Little Grace*" treats an old, old subject, in a manner not at all original. Yet the versification is very well.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

I love you very much, and have loved you ever since you first came to me, six long years ago, to cheer, help, and give me glimpses of the happy child-life I had lost. How many *weary* hours of suffering you have helped me through! And when I grew sad and lonely, longing to be one of the happy, healthy little girls I saw running past to school, instead of the little lame girl who had to lie all day on the bed by the window, I would take my last "Young Folks" from under the pillow, sure to find something comforting.

I am very much interested in "Our Young Contributors," and always turn to them as soon as I have followed Jack "from one scrape into another." I think I was almost as frightened and astonished as he was, when he looked out from the log and saw Squire Peternot's stern visage. I so little expected it; I think I expected for once things would "go on swimmingly."

Do you think I can ever be an authoress? I do so want to be. If it is not too much trouble for you to tell me in the "Letter Box" the principal faults in my writing, would you please tell me at the same time if I can ever hope to be one? It does seem to me sometimes as if I should hardly care to live if I could not; it has been my constant wish and hope so long.

The only girl I know who takes "Our Young Folks" is my "crony." I have tried to get other girls to take it; but they say "it 's silly." I was so vexed once when a girl said that! I told her it was herself that was silly and she could not appreciate it. But still she is glad enough to borrow it.

When I was boarding on a farm in Wisconsin four years ago, all the family read my "Young Folks," and when I came away they missed it so, from the farmer to the four-year-old, they began taking it, and have taken it ever since. That shows it 's interesting. I guess Aunt Candace would not read every number through if it was silly. And Cousin Ida's using it as a reading-book in her school shows it 's instructive.

Please put my name in the "Mutual Improvement Corner" as Daisy Wood, Malone, Franklin Co., N. Y., (age 14: miscellaneous subjects).

I answered your Geographical Puzzle about the last of February. You say those who have answered it once can answer it again if they want to. Why won't our old answers be noticed?

With love,

DAISY P. WOOD.

All the answers to our Geographical Puzzle were noticed, dear Daisy. But, having extended the time of answering it, for the benefit of new subscribers, we thought it fair that those who had sent in their answers in haste should have an opportunity to substitute new ones for them, if they wished.

What you say of yourself is very touching; and when you speak of the comfort which "Our Young Folks" has afforded you in your suffering loneliness, that is a comfort to *us*, dear Daisy! We are

very glad, for your sake, that you are not only interested in reading, but that you can also occupy and improve your mind by writing. Your poem, though a little uneven in the versification, has some pretty lines and images, and is quite as good as the productions, at the age of 14, of some persons we know, who have become quite noted as authors. We are sure that our readers will think with us that these two stanzas describing the "Brook," have pleasant pictures in them: —

Green meadow-grasses bend above,
Striving to win the brook to love,
But the brook never lingers.
A sweet little girl looks in and laughs
At her mirrored face, and water quaffs
From her berry-stained fingers.

Now over steep rocks it goes merrily dashing,
On shy little violets its bright water splashing,
As it hurries on its way.
Wild lilies bend its margin over,
And each has its little zephyr lover,
But the brooklet cannot stay.

Although our "Mutual Improvement Corner" has been discontinued, we print your name, Daisy, with your letter, and we hope that some good, nice, sympathetic young girls will write to you.

L. — "When were steel pens first used?"

We do not suppose your question refers to the steel gravers of the ancients, used in writing upon metallic or stone tables, — like the iron pen of Job; nor to the metallic styles employed in writing upon wax. The first modern steel pens of which we have any account were manufactured in Great Britain by a certain Mr. Wise, in the year 1803. But they were clumsy affairs; and it was not until 1822, when Mr. Gillott of Birmingham commenced the manufacture of a superior quality of steel pens, that they began to be generally used. Since then the business of manufacturing steel pens has become immense; Birmingham alone — the centre of it — producing annually not less than 1,000,000,000.

Your second question, regarding "Mother Goose," you will find answered elsewhere.

S. A. Coal. — "Are the expressions, 'good grammar,' and 'bad grammar,' grammatically correct?"

That depends upon the manner in which they are used. Grammar is the science which treats of the laws of language; or it is the art of speaking or writing a language. Hence, to say that a person "talks bad grammar," when we mean that he *talks ungrammatically*, is as awkward and inelegant as it would be to say of a painter that he "paints bad art." However, a book which treats of grammar is also called *a grammar*, and that may be either a "good" or a "bad grammar."

PORTSMOUTH, April 23.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

In your May number you explain the Equinoctial Storm as coming from atmospheric disturbances caused by the passing of the sun from the northern hemisphere to the southern, or the reverse. Now my father says (and I suppose that you are aware all boys think "father knows") that the belief in an "equinoctial storm" is like the old theory of there always being a change of weather at the change of the moon; or that shooting stars show which way the wind will be the next day. In many cases the two may coincide, but are by no means the result one of the other.

He says that during the winter months there are many worse storms than the equinoctial; that while the sun is in the opposite hemisphere from us storms are frequent, and while he is in our hemisphere they are rare; that the first severe storm when the sun is leaving us, and the last one when he is returning, would naturally occur *about* the time that he "crosses the line"; but that the sun's passage over an imaginary circle in the heavens cannot be the cause of "atmospheric disturbances." As you say, the time of this gale varies greatly and sometimes there is none, which agrees with what we might expect from his theory, but hardly with the popular one.

Very respectfully, your constant reader,

FRANK P. TARBOX.

The varying influence of the sun upon the earth is generally admitted to be the great cause of atmospheric disturbances. Hence, it seems reasonable to suppose that the turning of the balance — when the sun, from shining mainly upon either the northern or the southern half of the globe, passes over to the other half — should often be accompanied by unusual atmospheric changes; not that the mere fact of "the sun's passage over an imaginary circle in the heavens" has, abstractly, anything to do with them. Yet we do not claim to be especially weather-wise; we are not prepared to affirm that the equinoctial months, March and September, *are* especially windy months, as old-fashioned folks believe; perhaps "father knows," and will enlighten us still further.

"*First Violin.*" — The violin made its appearance in Europe about three hundred years ago, but who was its inventor is not known. It is one of the many modifications of the ancient stringed instrument called the viol.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I was very much interested in "Moths and Cocoons" in the April number of "Our Young Folks," and I thought I would write and ask if any one would correspond with a little girl aged twelve on that subject. If so please address,

ANNIE C. BOWER,
Lincoln University, Chester Co., Pa.

THIS little poem got crowded out of the body of the magazine, so we drop it into the "Letter Box": —

ROBIN PAPA.

I had found a nest one beautiful May,
As cosey a nest as ever could be,
And once as I merrily passed that way,
I softly peeped in to see what I could see:
Who should be there but the father bird,
And what do you think it was that I heard?

Said Robin Papa, in a fretful tone,
"O yes, it is well for *you* to be gay,
But here am I sitting all alone,
While my wife is away in the fields at play;
Who would have thought — chirk! chirk!
Keeping house was such lonesome work?

"You see it was I proposed last night
To take my turn sitting here on the nest,
So that my dear little wifie might
Fly abroad in the sunshine and have some rest.
But I did n't know — chirk! chirk!
Keeping house was such very dull work!

"I would beat the air with my slender wings
And trill you a song if I had my choice,
But here I have n't the heart to sing,
And I 'm sadly afraid I have lost my voice.
It would be such a pity — chirk! chirk!
If I ruined myself in this dreadful work!

"What would become of this nest of mine,
And the four little eggs so pretty and blue,
If I should leave it just while I could dine,
And take a drink of the cool, sweet dew?
Would anything happen — chirk! chirk!
If I ran away from my tiresome work?

"I don't think I 'll try it, but, O dear me!
'T is enough to bring any bird to grief.
Is that a strawberry there that I see,
Ripe and red, hiding under a leaf?
'T would do for dessert — chirk! chirk!
Keeping house is such hungry work!"

Something chirped in the leaves close by,
And the sweet little mother peeped within,
A look of love in her soft brown eye;
Then papa hopped out as mamma hopped in,
And she crooned as she cuddled the eggs to her breast,
"Dear home, of all places I love you best."

ANNA L. JOHNSON.

"*Jack Straw*" puts this arithmetical question: who can answer it?

"I have played cards for counters for several evenings. If I lose fifty counters to-night I shall have altogether lost at the rate of fifteen counters an evening. If I win fifty counters to-night I shall have lost at the rate of twenty counters per night. How many times have I already played and how many counters have I already lost?"

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I enclose a Charade by Praed, which has puzzled every one who has attempted to solve it; perhaps some one of your readers may succeed better.

Yours truly, H.

CHARADE.

I.

I graced Don Pedro's revelry
All dressed in fire and feather,
Where loveliness and chivalry
Were met to feast together.
He flung the slave who moved the lid
A purse of Maravedis;
And this the gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

II.

He vowed a vow, this gallant Knight,
Before he went to table,
His only sport should be the fight,
His only couch the stable,
Till he had brought, as he was bid,
Five score of Turks to Cadiz;
And this the gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

III.

To ride through mountains where my first
A banquet would be reckoned,
Through deserts where to quench their thirst
Men vainly turned my second;
To leave the gates of fair Madrid,
To dare the gates of Hades;
And this the gallant Spaniard did
For me and for the ladies.

C. H. L. sends the "Letter Box" these "frolics with the pen": —

A *bridle* couple. Two horses.
The *last* man. A shoemaker.
A favorite exclamation. *A-lass!*
A rising man. The balloonist.
A model man. The sculptor.
Above *par*. Fast boys.

When does a man take issue with an editor? When he steals a paper.

Why is a baby like March? Because it brings *squalls*.

Why are women more economical than men? Because their *waist* is smaller.

When is a man like a duck's nest? When he is down.

THE earliest and best answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by Mary Dimond, Eunice M. Beebe, Annie L. Foster, T. L. R. R., Frank L. Mellen, and Lizzie G. (age 11).

Bertie Clarke. — The receipt of money by mail, whether by check or otherwise, should be duly acknowledged.

"THAT NIGHT ON THE SHAGGY RUG I LAY."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

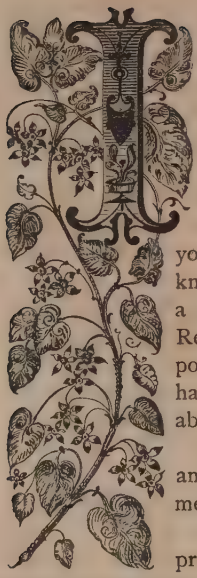
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VIII. JULY, 1872. No. VII.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXI.

JACK IN DISGRACE.



"S'POSE my nag is gitting a little mite impatient," remarked the constable. "Shall we be driving along? Put on your shoes, sonny; not your Sunday-go-to-meeting pair; these and the other things will have to go to court with you, to be put into the evidence."

"Hearken to me one moment!" said Mrs. Chatford, laying one hand protectingly on Jack's shoulder, and holding her husband's arm with the other. "Both of you! Don't be too hard on this unfortunate boy! You know, husband, how he came to us; he was the victim of a false accusation then. Appearances are often deceitful. Remember, Squire Peternot, how you were once on the point of having his dog shot for a fault which another dog had committed. We are all liable, under the most favorable circumstances — sometimes — to make mistakes."

"If you think there is any mistake here, Mis' Chatford," answered the squire, "I must say you show a failin' judgment."

"I don't doubt his taking the money. And I don't approve of the course he took to get it, either. But forgive me if I say I think you drove him to it. It 's the old story over again, — the rich man with large flocks and herds taking the poor man's one little

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lamb. Much as I condemn him for breaking into your house, I 'd rather at this moment be in his place than in yours, Squire Peternot!"

"Wife! wife!" expostulated the deacon, mildly; while Peternot stood silently champing the bit of mortified pride and resentment.

"I hope to be pardoned here and hereafter, if I speak anything unjustly or in anger," Mrs. Chatford went on; "but I must say what is in my heart. The boy has done wrong; but consider, he is but a boy. Think what he was when he was brought here, what bad influences had been about him all his life, and then acknowledge that he has turned out better than could ever have been expected of him. He has been steady, industrious, truthful, well behaved, — as good as most boys who have had the best of training. And now to cast him off for one offence," appealing to her husband; "you will regret it as long as you live, if you do! And for you," turning again to the squire, "at your years, with your wealth, and your knowledge of our blessed Saviour's teachings, to drive this poor, ignorant child to transgress the law in the maintenance of his rights, in the first place, and then to execute the vengeance of the law upon him without mercy, — as I said before, I 'd rather be in his place, in the eyes of Heaven, than in yours!"

Jack, who had stood sullen, despairing, full of hatred and a sense of wrong, a minute before, burst into a wild fit of sobbing and weeping at the sound of these gracious words. The deacon was touched; and even Phin looked conscience-smitten, —white about the mouth, and scared and excited about the eyes, — as he thought of his share in Jack's disgrace.

"Mrs. Chatford," said Mrs. Pipkin, wiping her tears with her apron, "you 've spoken my sentiment, and you 've spoken it better than I could, because you 're a better woman!"

"So she has, by hokey!" added the sincere Mr. Pipkin.

"I wish you could be prevailed upon to let the matter rest at present, squire," said the deacon. "The boy has certainly done well, since he has been with us, till this unfortunate affair came up."

"You have n't known him!" said Peternot, striking his heavy cane upon the floor. "What 's bred in the bone will stay long in the flesh. You can't wash a black sheep white in a day. He can put on a smooth outside, but he 's corrupt at heart as he ever was. If you could have been present with him in the woods yesterday! I never heard such profanity from the lips of mortal man!"

"Jack!" said the deacon, "do you swear?"

"I swore at him; he was robbing me; I could n't help it, he made me so mad!" Jack acknowledged.

"Then his leaguing himself with midnight marauders, whose names he is ashamed to confess, shows what he is!" continued Peternot. "A boy is known by the company he keeps."

"Is n't a man as much?" retorted Jack, blazing up again. "What company did you keep yesterday? What *day* marauders did you league yourself with, to get the money away from me? Wonder if you are ashamed!"

"Jack! Jack! don't be saucy!" said Mrs. Chatford.

"Let him speak out; then mebby you 'll see what the boy is," said Peternot, chafing with anger. "He has no respect for age. He sassed me to my face yisterday as you never heard the lowest blackguard on the canal sass another. I am amazed that anybody in this house should be found to excuse or stand up for such a profane, house-breakin', hardened little villain!"

"I don't stand up for anything he has said or done that is wrong. But there is good in the boy, for all that," cried Mrs. Chatford, in tones and with looks full of deep emotion, "and that I stand up for, as I would wish another to stand up for a son of mine in his place. This may be a turning-point in the boy's life. He may be saved, he can and will be saved, if we are just and charitable towards him; but I shudder to think what may become of him if we cast him off. I fear he will go back to his old ways, and that his last state will be worse than his first. Then who will be answerable for his soul?"

"I have no ill-feelin' towards the boy," said the squire, coming now to a subject which he had been waiting for a favorable moment to introduce. "And if he will show that he repents of his inikity by askin' pardon for his wholesale blasphemy, and abuse of me in the woods yisterday, and — and — give up the plunder he took from my house last night, — I don't know, — peradventur' I may be prevailed upon to let him off."

"What do you say to that, Jack?" asked the deacon, anxious to see the matter settled. "Come! show yourself a brave, honest boy now, and the squire won't be too hard on you. Give up the money, and he 'll return a fair share of it to you, I 'm confident, — all you could reasonably expect, after the course you have taken to get the whole; won't you, squire?"

"Sartin, I 'll be liberal with him; though I can't make any bargain with a malefactor till he names his accomplices and gives up his booty."

"And recant your falsehood about Phineas; that has hurt me more than anything else," added Mr. Chatford, as Jack was hesitating.

"How can I recant what was n't a falsehood?" replied Jack.

"Take care, take care, boy!" said the deacon, warningly. "Stand here face to face with Phineas. Now, did Phineas tell you I said you would be justified in taking that money wherever you could find it? — Did you say anything of the sort, Phineas?"

"No, I never opened my lips to him about it!" said Phin, with all the vehemence of earnest innocence. "But mabby he imagined I did."

"I did n't imagine it!" cried Jack. "Phin Chatford, you know you said it! You are lying at this minute, if you say you did n't."

"Jack, what motive could Phineas have to say such a thing to you in the first place, or to lie about it now? Your story is untrustworthy, on the face of it. And I beg of you to consider again; for I can do nothing for you, if you persist with a lie on your lips."

"It is n't a lie. If I say I lied then, I shall be lying now."

"I have nothing more to say. Squire, I leave him to you." And the deacon walked mournfully away.

"If saying I am sorry I swore yesterday in the woods will do any good," Jack continued, "I 'll say it, for I am sorry. I had made up my mind never to swear again; and I never should, but you drove me to it."

"Stubborn and hardened to the last!" said Peternot. "He is bound to find some excuse for his conduct, somebody to shift the blame on to. Still I accept his apology, such as it is. And now, if he will give up his ill-got plunder —"

"Plunder!" echoed Jack. "Was it *your* ill-got plunder when you took it away from me? It is my money; but I wish now I had never seen it, for a thousand times as much could n't pay me for what I have lost! She has lost faith in me," — looking through his streaming tears at the retreating form of Mrs. Chatford, following her husband from the room, — "and I can never again be in this house what I have been. But I can't give up the money; I have n't got it, and I don't know where it is."

"But you know who has it?" Jack would not reply to this or to any other question tending to bring out the names of his accomplices; and the squire, losing patience at last, exclaimed, "Well, Sellick! I see no use of dallyin' any longer here."

"He has n't had his breakfast yet," said Mrs. Pipkin. "You 'll give him a chance to eat something, I guess!" her eyes sparkling as she glanced from Sellick to the squire.

"O, sartin!" said Sellick. "I never thought of that, having had a bite myself 'fore I started. I believe in a full stumick. Come, sonny! snatch a bite; you 'll feel better."

But Jack was too full of grief to think of food. "I shall never eat anything in this house again!" he exclaimed, with short, convulsive sobs.

Upon this, little Kate, who had been looking on with wonder and sympathy, not understanding what the dreadful trouble was, ran up to him, and threw her arms about him, exclaiming passionately, "O Jack! you will! you must! I love you, if nobody else does! But we all do! You must n't go away! You have been better to me than my own brothers; they plague me, but you never do! — O Mr. Peternot! he ain't a bad boy; Jack ain't bad! Don't take him off to jail!"

But there was no help for the poor lad then. Peternot was inexorable. Jack made no resistance. Mrs. Chatford, returning from a last fruitless appeal to her husband, kissed him tenderly, and said what comforting words she could. Mrs. Pipkin put something into his pocket, as she bent over him; and Mr. Pipkin told him to keep a stiff upper lip. Kate clung to him with affection and wild grief. But Mr. Chatford did not come to bid him good by; and he did not say good by to Phineas.

CHAPTER XXII.

JACK AND THE JOLLY CONSTABLE.

So Jack left the home and friends that for a brief season had been so pleasant and dear to him, and went out to take leave of another and older

friend. This was Lion. He hugged and kissed the poor, faithful, affectionate creature; then, sending him to his kennel, he said to Kate, "See that he is taken good care of, won't you? I — if I never — " But he here choked and could say no more.

"Come along, sonny," said Sellick.

They walked on to the length of fence where the constable's horse was hitched, mounted the wagon, and rode away, watched by more than one troubled and tearful face in the farm-house door.

Mrs. Pipkin set about her work with more than the usual fury which distinguished her on Monday mornings; while Mr. Pipkin went out to finish the milking Jack had begun.

Phin chained Lion to his kennel, saying guiltily to himself, "I ain't to blame for his going to jail; I did n't mean to lie; but I don't care! folks were getting to think more of him than they do of me; and now I 've got his dog!" Still his sense of triumph was no more like happiness than roiled and troubled waters are like some pure crystal fountain.

Mr. Chatford walked from the house to the barn and back again, and about the yard and stables, in an absent-minded way, frowning, and looking strangely uneasy in his mind. His wife, in the mean while, tried to forget her grief and anxiety in doing something for poor Jack, — packing a portmanteau of such clothes as she thought he would need if he went to jail,

putting in a few books, a pin-cushion, a box of Mrs. Pipkin's cookies, which he was fond of, and some cakes of maple-sugar, besides many little things for his comfort, or to remind him that he still had a friend.

"Now, husband!" she said, calling the deacon in to breakfast, "this must go to the Basin at once, or it may be too late. Shall Mr. Pipkin take it, or will you?"

"O, well, I suppose I will! Peternot said he would like to have me go over and identify the shoes and things; but I hate to! Strange the boy should have stuck to his lies so!" exclaimed the dissatisfied deacon. "There 's nothing I would n't have done for him, if he 'd shown a proper spirit." And he sat down to eat a hurried breakfast before starting for the Basin. "I don't see how the boy is going to get out of this scrape!"

"The best way I know o' gittin out of a bad scrape," remarked Mr. Pipkin, entering just then, "an' it 's a way I 've tried many a time —"

"How 's that?" asked the deacon.

"It 's to wake up an' find it 's all a dream," replied Mr. Pipkin.

"Ah! I guess Jack would be glad enough to wake up and find this a dream, money and all!" said the deacon.

Sellick meanwhile, as he drove away with his prisoner, beguiled the time with pleasant talk.

"Don't you think you 've been a little too hard on our good neighbor Peternot? You should n't try to get money away from a poor man like him, even if 't is yours. A very poor man, the squire! I don't suppose he 's wuth more 'n fifteen or twenty thousand dollars; and what 's that? If he had a hundred thousand, he 'd still be the poorest man in town; for he hain't got anything else but money and property to speak of. That 's what makes a man poor. Now, there 's Mr. and Mis' Chatford, they would be rich with barely enough to live on. You might have robbed them, and no harm. But a poor old couple like the Peternots, for shame! Then you must consider, the squire has n't had the advantages of society, and a good bringing-up, and the light of the Gospil, and edication, that you 've had. You ought to pity him, and forgive him. Good old man, the squire!"

In the midst of his wrongs and grief, Jack's keen sense of humor was tickled by these facetious remarks, while their undertone of truth and friendliness warmed his heart.

"You 've heard a good deal about his son Paul," Sellick went on, — "a hard case, Paul. His great mistake was, he thought it his duty to be spending some of the money the old man was laying up. He could n't see the use of a great heap of gold stored away, and no good times at home; solid sunshine in the bank vaults, and gloom in the kitchen. So he went wild. The squire whipped him once, for calling him a fool, after he got to be twenty years old; tied him up to an apple-tree; I was going by, and heard the rumpus. 'Call yer father a fool, will ye? when ye ought to say venerable father!' says the old man, and lays on the lash. Every five or six strokes he 'd stop and bawl out agin, 'Call yer father a fool, will ye? when ye ought to say venerable father!' Then, whack! whack! whack! 'Call

yer father a fool, will ye?' over and over, till I got out of hearing. Not long after that the spendthrift son and the venerable father parted. Paul took to gambling for a living, and drinking for amusement, — business and pleasure combined. You brought the last news of him to town, — how he went to bed drunk one night at Wiley's Basin, and set his room afire, and was burnt to death, and you afterwards got his dog, that was singed trying to save his master. One would have thought the old man would feel a kindness towards you and the dog now, but — he 's a *poor man*, as I said. Paul's bad end seemed to cut him up a good deal for a while, but now he 's taken home his nephew in his place. A plucky chap, the nephew! There 's courage for you! Me and you now would n't want to go and live with — with such poor folks, ye know, and feed our souls on the old man's hard corned beef and the old lady's vinegar, not for any length of time, just in the hope of coming into their money when they die, — would we? Not that I wish to breathe a word agin the Peternots; dear me, no! Best kind of folks in their way, though mebby their way is a leetle mite peculiar. Hullo! there 's some of your folks!"

"It 's Mose!" said Jack, his heart swelling with a tumult of emotions as he thought of all that had happened since he watched Annie and her cousin disappear in the direction from which they were now returning.

"The schoolmarm with him, ain't it? A re'l perty face! See! they know you. Shall we stop and talk?"

"No, — yes. O, I wish we had n't met them!" said Jack, wondering how he could bear to tell his dearest friend of the trouble and danger he was in, and take leave of her, in such a situation.

"Say nothing; I 'll make it all right," said Sellick. — "Good morning, good morning, Mose! Good morning, Miss Felton. You 're having an early ride this morning; good for the appetite; makes rosy cheeks. Me and Jack 's riding out a little for our health too."

"It makes his eyes red, if not his cheeks," said Moses. "Where ye bound, Jack?"

"I 'm going over to the Basin; Mr. Sellick asked me to ride," replied Jack, with a smile. "They 'll tell you all about it at the house."

"Can't talk now; there 's Squire Peternot in the buggy close behind us," observed Sellick. "He 'll complain of us for blocking the highway, if we keep two wagons standing abreast here when he wants to pass. Fresh for your school agin, hey, Miss Felton, this bright Monday morning? I wish we could keep you the year round. My little shavers never learned so fast or liked to go to school so well as they have this summer."

"I could n't walk through the snow-drifts, to say nothing of governing the big boys," replied Annie.

"I 'll resk the big boys!" cried Sellick. "You 'd bring them to your feet, like so many whipped spaniels. Then you 'll have some smart boys on your side to start with, — Moses, and Jack here. — You 'll go to school, I suppose, next winter?"

"If I am here; I had meant to," faltered Jack, while Annie's searching eyes seemed to look into his troubled heart.

"Jack! what is the matter?" she exclaimed.

"He may have engagements elsewhere," said Sellick. "In fact, a little matter of business which he is too modest to mention, — that 's what takes us to the Basin, and it may lead to his accepting a situation. I have n't time to explain. Good morning!" And the constable whipped up his horse just as the squire 's came close behind.

"Good by!" said Jack, as bravely as he could. Then, his grief mastering him again, as he thought how different life would be to him this pleasant morning if he had gone home with Annie in Moses's place, as he might have done, he set his lips and teeth hard, pulled his hat fiercely over his eyes, and rode on, in his bodily form, to the Basin; while his mind travelled back, and witnessed in imagination the scene at the house, when Miss Felton and Moses should arrive and learn of his crime and his disgrace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BEFORE JUDGE GARTY.

SELLICK drove down the main street of the village, past the blacksmith-shop, the meeting-house, and the tavern, and turned up to a hitching-post near the canal. Just beyond was the high bridge, beneath which a line-boat was passing. A wild impulse seized Jack, — to run for his freedom, and return to his old life among the rude boatmen; for anything seemed to him better than going to jail. But Sellick said quietly, "I set a good deal by you, sonny. I want to keep you close by my side, for a few hours anyway. Don't think of parting company with me; I could n't possibly bear you out of my sight."

"If you were in my place, would n't you want to part company?" said Jack.

"Naterally. And if you was in mine, you 'd feel as I do. Now I take it you 're a sensible boy; and you know you are only a boy; while I have twice the strength, and can run twice as fast as you can. I don't want to be obliged to tie ye; so I hope you 'll be quiet, while we are about town together. Set in the wagon now, while I hitch the hoss."

So Jack remained in the wagon, and carefully watched the situation, determined to miss no opportunity of escape that might possibly occur. The wagon was standing before a grocery, on the corner of the street and the canal. On the other side of the canal was another grocery, of the lowest description, where he had more than once seen his former master, Jack Berrick, fill his whiskey jug or stand and drink at the bar. Near by were some old canal stables, about the doors of which three or four drivers were currying their horses, swearing and joking. He could hear their rough language to their horses and each other, and he thought, "O, I can't go back and be one of them! But I 'll get away if I can."

Judge Garty's office was in the second story of the building before which Sellick hitched his horse. "Good arrangement," remarked the jovial con-

stable. "Boat hands and town loafers git drunk and break the peace in the grocery down stairs; take 'em to be fined or committed before the judge up stairs. A very good business plan."

"I should think," said Jack, "'t would be hard to get a drunken man up that narrow flight; 't would be more convenient if the judge had his office in one corner of the grocery."

"A very good notion; I 'll suggest it to him," said Sellick. "Come now, sonny! Re'ly, you must excuse me for calling you sonny; it comes so handy."

The "narrow flight" to which Jack alluded was a staircase built up to the second story on the outside of the building. Up this the lame Peternot and his nephew went first; then followed Jack and the constable, who stood on the upper landing, while the squire, in a narrow entry beyond, shook and pounded a door which appeared to be either locked or bolted.

"He ain't here!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently.

But just as Jack, keenly watching everything, began to hope that some advantage to him might grow out of the absence of the magistrate, Sellick exclaimed, "There he is, over the way! He sees us."

On the opposite corner was a country store and forwarding-house, with one side on the street and the other on the canal; from the door of which Jack saw a short-legged man hurrying towards them across the way. He mounted the stairs, passed Jack and the constable, and unlocked with a key from his pocket the door which Peternot had been shaking. As he led the way into the office, Jack, who noticed everything, noticed that the key was left sticking in the lock on the outside.

"Good morning. Walk in, gentlemen," said the judge. And, seating himself before a sloping desk placed on a common pine table, he laid off his hat, exposing a big, bald head, adorned by a couple of light tufts of gray hair over the ears, and put on a pair of steel-bowed glasses, covering a pair of very light-colored and very weak eyes, which had a habit of winking constantly.

"A case of breaking and entering," said Peternot, introducing the business. "As 't was my house that was robbed, and as I am the complainant, I thought it best to have the prisoner brought before you."

The judge winked many times at Jack through his glimmering glasses, examined Sellick's warrant, winking hard over that too, and prepared to write. By this time several village loungers, with their usual keen scent for a criminal case, began to throng the room.

Peternot, being sworn, stated circumstantially how, on the previous evening, he had been interrupted during prayer-time by burglars breaking into his house, and had caught one by the heels as he was leaping from a window, and so forth. The bundle of clothes left behind was displayed; and Jack's legs were about to undergo examination, when he saved the court that trouble by frankly confessing himself the person who had been caught.

"The clothes have been identified by the Chatfords," said the squire. "They will also, if necessary, be sworn to by them, when the case comes

up for trial. So any further evidence with regard to them might be dispensed with, since he has confessed his crime; though I told the deacon he might be wanted here as a witness, and I 'm expectin' him every minute. My nephew will corroborate my testimony."

"Very well, as a mere formality; though your testimony is sufficient."

Byron Dinks having given his evidence, in the presence of an ever-increasing crowd of spectators, the judge turned to Jack, winking extraordinarily hard at him, and said, "The complaint against you, I suppose you are aware, is of a very grave character. Is there any statement you wish to make?"

Winked at by the weak-eyed judge, stared at by the group of idle spectators, and frowned upon by the relentless Peternot, Jack, standing at Sellick's right hand beside the desk, clutched the table with his nervous fingers, caught his breath quickly, and answered in a frank, firm voice, "All I have to say is, that the money I took belongs to me more than it does to him; and I believed I had a right to it. I found it in an old rotten log; and he had robbed me of it before I took it from him. I did n't think it was housebreaking when I got into his window; the window was open; it was broken accidentally when I was getting the money out."

"I 'll say here," interposed Peternot, "what I 've said to the boy before, that if he will give up his booty and name his accomplices, — though I know perty well who they be, — I 'll accept his apology, and withdraw my complaint."

"That 's a fair proposition," said Judge Garty, "and both as a friend and a magistrate I advise you to take up with it. You are young; there appear to be really some extenuating circumstances in the case, and it seems hard that you should be punished."

"It is hard!" said Jack, his voice heaving, but not breaking. "I never had a chance for myself till just a few weeks ago; and I meant to make the most of it, — I meant to do right, and be honest and true; and now this is what it comes to! But I can't give up what he calls my booty." His eyes flashed out proudly and defiantly: there was something in his look that said, "I can be wronged, I can be trampled on, but I won't give in to the tyrant!" "If the money is what he wants of me, he won't get it. I 'll go to jail, if I must."

The magistrate winked, the spectators stared, and Peternot frowned, harder than ever. After writing a few words, Judge Garty looked up again and said, "I don't see but what I shall have to bind you over."

Jack, who had never heard the legal term before, turned to Sellick with a bewildered look. "Bind me over? I have n't been bound at all yet!"

There was a general titter at his expense; and Sellick laughingly replied: "He means, you must give bonds; that is, get somebody to pledge a certain sum of money that you won't run away, but that you 'll appear for trial when your case comes up before the county court."

"I know!" said Jack, blushing. "That 's what you call bailing a fellow."

"Exac'ly! Now if you can git bail, you 'll be let off till you 're wanted for trial. But if you can't, you must stand committed, — that is, go to jail and wait there till you 're wanted."

Judge Garty conferred in low tones with Squire Peternot, — whom Jack overheard to mutter, "Hardened little wretch! desperate character!" and then announced that he had fixed the amount of the required bonds at five hundred dollars.

"Do you know anybody who will be security for you?" he asked, winking at the prisoner.

Jack thought of Mr. Chatford, — but Mr. Chatford had lost faith in him, and could not be expected now to show him any favors. So he answered, faintly, "No, sir." And the judge resumed his writing.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PRISONER'S CUP OF MILK.

THE prisoner looked anxiously at the door, and about the room, and after a little reflection said to the constable, "I 'm kind of hungry. Can't I have some breakfast?"

"Where 's the lunch Mis' Pipkin tucked into your pocket?" said Sellick. "Here it is, all right. She knew you would come to your appetite."

Jack had hoped to be taken down into the grocery, and at the moment he did not thank Mrs. Pipkin for her kindness.

"Can't I have something to drink with it?" he asked. "They have milk in the grocery; I can pay for a cupful." And he took from his pocket the solitary half-dollar, which was all the riches he could command out of the hoard of treasure he had found so lately, and lost, and regained, and perhaps lost again forever.

"Here, sonny!" said Sellick to a boy in the crowd (every boy was "sonny" to him), "take this money and go down into the grocery and buy a cup of milk, and bring back the change, and you shall have a penny for your trouble. And be spry, for we must eat our breakfast while the judge is making out his papers."

The lad took the money and, pushing through the crowd of loungers, passed the door, and went down the outside stairs at a rattling pace, the sound of which filled the heart of the waiting prisoner with envy.

Jack looked about him, nibbling his dry biscuit and butter, and saw that there was only one other door in the room, and that it was nailed, with a bar across it. There were three windows, one on the side of the street near the entry door, the other two overlooking the canal. He was still nibbling and studying the premises, when the lad returned.

"I hope this ain't canal milk," said Jack with a laugh, as he pocketed the change and took the cup, after giving the lad his penny. "They sell horrid stuff to the boats sometimes, — mostly chalk and canal-water, I believe." He poised the cup, still munching the dry biscuit, and glanced furtively at

the door. The loungers had not yet begun to leave, and there was a crowd in the way.

Sellick was saying to a village acquaintance, "I never yit lost a prisoner, and I never expect to lose one; and I never yit was afraid to take a man. Not one in fifty can run as fast as I can, and once I git holt of a chap, I jest freeze to him; 't would take a perty good set of muscles to shake me off, and a mighty long head to outwit me. — Come, sonny, drink yer milk; judge is shaking the sand on his paper."

Jack lifted the cup to his lips, and began to drink, but stopped suddenly, and, with his mouth full and his cheeks distended, made sounds and motions of distress, as if about to eject the liquid.

"Sour?" cried Sellick.

"'M! 'm!" said Jack, through his nose; and with milk spilling from the cup and spirting from his lips, he started for a window; while the crowd, laughing at his ludicrous plight, and anxious to avoid a sprinkling, made way before him.

It was the window on the side of the street, and it was closed. While Sellick, laughing with the rest, was stepping quickly to help him open it, Jack, beginning to choke, and appearing quite unable to control himself longer, started for the door. The mirthful constable — who had never yet lost a prisoner and never expected to lose one — turned to follow him, rather leisurely, pausing to laugh at Mr. Byron Dinks, who had received some conspicuous splashes of milk on his black broadcloth.

Jack took hold of the door, as if to steady himself, then, in an instant, darting through, pulled it after him (just missing Sellick's fingers), turned the key on the outside, went down the stairway with flying leaps, and ran as for his life; leaving court, constable, witnesses, and spectators locked up in the room together, prisoners in his place, with abundant leisure to find something to laugh at besides him and his spilled milk!

J. T. Trowbridge.

GLIMPSES OF BOSTON.

I AM to tell you something of the curious places and people in and around Boston, belonging to "*ye olden tyme.*" And first, I know you will not object to a sail with me down our beautiful harbor, on one of these bright, sunny days of opening summer, when the clear blue skies above and the rippling waters beneath combine to make our voyage a pleasant one.

Let us take a steamboat at Liverpool Wharf; but, before we cast off and are away, I must tell you that you are on the spot, then known as Griffin's Wharf, where sixty or seventy of our forefathers, disguised as Indians, destroyed the tea on the 16th December, 1773. This was the most famous tea-party of which we have any account, not excepting the one where Dr.

Johnson drank thirteen cups and refused to say a word to his hostess. Besides the men engaged in throwing the tea overboard, there were a number of lads and apprentices who assisted; they, as well as their sires, were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of resistance to the unjust tax imposed by England upon their favorite beverage.

Now we are gliding swiftly down the harbor, past South Boston Point, — of which something anon, — past the institutions for the blind and insane, past the House of Correction, and are under the guns of Fort Independence in President's Roads. How solid the granite ramparts and bastions look, and how beautiful the green sward of the esplanade! while over all, and above all, wave the stars and stripes.

Fort Independence.

President's Roads is the name given to the anchorage before the fort; before the Revolution of 1776 it was King's Road. Here, on the fatal morning of the 1st of June, 1813, lay at her moorings the United States frigate Chesapeake, commanded by the brave but ill-fated Captain James Lawrence, the victor in the naval battle between the Hornet and Peacock, fought on the 24th of February, 1813. The Peacock was a British brig-of-war of about equal force with the Hornet, but the fire of the American tars was so murderous that in less than fifteen minutes the Peacock was obliged to surrender.

While the Chesapeake was lying quietly in the roads, there appeared in the offing a frigate with the hostile flag of Britain flying; this was the Shannon, Captain Broke, who thus defied the Chesapeake to meet him. The Shannon was a new ship, with a picked crew and a heavy armament. The Chesapeake, on the other hand, was in no condition for fighting. Her crew were on shore, just returned from a cruise, with the reins of discipline relaxed; but Lawrence was not the man to refuse the offered challenge, and the Chesapeake fired a gun and hoisted her colors, as a signal for her crew to come on board. Fresh from the grog-shops of Ann Street, they repaired unwillingly to their ship. Their prize-money was in arrears, and they were grumbling and discontented. As soon as the tide served, the Chesapeake

got under way and stood down the bay under a press of sail. The Shannon was in plain view, and thousands of spectators had gathered on the wharves and every available point of observation in hopes to witness the battle, and to see the Yankee frigate return with the British under her lee.

The battle began a little before six o'clock about thirty miles to the eastward of Boston Light. At about six, the Chesapeake ran on board the Shannon, and the contest continued yard-arm to yard-arm. In about five minutes there was an explosion on board the Chesapeake, caused by a grenade thrown from the Shannon, and in a few minutes after the smoke cleared away, those who had witnessed the action in boats and vessels saw the English colors above the American. Both ships then bore away for Halifax.

Captain Lawrence was wounded in the leg by the first broadside from the enemy, and soon after by a ball through the body. The lieutenant of marines, the acting fourth lieutenant, and the boatswain were mortally wounded. The master was killed, and Mr. Ludlow, first lieutenant, twice wounded. These casualties left the ship without an officer competent to command, and the result was defeat. The battle, short as it was, was sanguinary in the extreme. The Chesapeake had forty-eight men killed and ninety-eight wounded, the Shannon twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded.

Captain Lawrence died on the 6th of June, and, on the arrival of the vessels at Halifax, was interred with distinguished honors, the enemy showing every mark of respect to his remains. After Captain Lawrence was wounded and carried below, when he could speak, he would say, "Don't give up the ship!" His remains were first brought to Salem, and conveyed thence to New York, and found a final resting-place in Trinity Churchyard, where you may see his sarcophagus inscribed with his dying exhortation, "Don't give up the ship!"

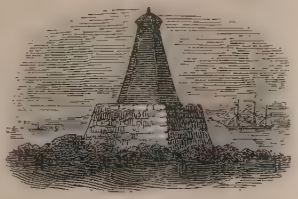
We will now return to Fort Independence, about which are some quaint bits of history. This is the oldest fortified place in the United States that has remained such. It was selected in the year 1633, for a fortress, by Governor John Winthrop, who, with four assistants, three ministers, and eighteen others visited it, when they were detained two days by a severe northwest wind and cold, and obliged to lie on straw in an open cottage, with nothing but mussels to eat. The first fort had only mud walls, and soon fell into decay, when it was rebuilt of brick. The first commander was the renowned Captain Richard Davenport, who was struck dead by lightning, as he lay upon his bed by an open window, with only a thin partition between him and the magazine.

In the year 1689 the Castle, as it was now called, was taken possession of by the Bostonians, who also deposed Governor Andros upon the news of the accession of the Prince of Orange to the throne of England and the flight of King James II. King William, as the Prince of Orange was called, sent a celebrated engineer named Edward Romer to New England, who demolished the old fort and built a new one mounting a hundred cannon, and the Castle now took the name of Castle William.

When the British were compelled to evacuate Boston, they dismounted the guns of the Castle, broke off the trunnions, and did all the damage their haste to get away would admit of; leaving the works in ruins. In 1798 an Act was passed by Massachusetts ceding Castle Island to the United States government, and the next year, President John Adams visited the island and gave the present name, Independence, to the fort.

The present fort was built by Colonel Toucin, in 1802–3, and the national flag was first displayed from its walls in June, 1802. It is of granite, in the form of a pentagon, with five bastions, and has both casemate and barbette guns.

Speeding on down the bay, we come to a monument of split stone rising out of the waters, blackened by exposure to the winds and waves of the Atlantic. This beacon marks the site of what was once a verdant island of at least twelve acres, and is the subject of a singular tradition. Six years after Boston was settled by Winthrop's Company, it is upon the court records that, "there is twelue acres of land graunted to John Galop vpon Nixe's Iland, to enjoy to him his heires forever, if the iland bee so much."



Nix's Mate.

Previous to the present century, it had entirely disappeared, — as have also Bird's and other islands, — before the encroachments of the sea. The legend runs thus: Nix, who was the master of a vessel, was murdered and buried on this island by his mate. The mate, who was executed, persisted to the last in declaring his innocence of the crime, and prophesied that the island would be entirely washed away in confirmation of the injustice of his death. The pyramid marks the spot where he was executed, and the total disappearance of the island has led the credulous to believe in the fulfilment of the prophecy. This was nearly two hundred years ago. It was once a custom to hang pirates in chains on the islands in the harbor, as a warning to sailors against the crimes and fate of these freebooters.

But let us get away from this gloomy subject; pull on our wishing-cap, and, presto! we find ourselves in a twinkling in State Street. It is filled with modern buildings, one only excepted, and that is, the Old State-House; and now I want you to go back with me a hundred years or so, in imagination, and, having done so, let us look about us.

We see the sea flowing up on both sides of Long Wharf as far as Merchant's Row and Kilby Streets, and the bowsprits of the queer-looking vessels projecting over those streets. We see men and boys with ugly cocked hats — such as Ben Franklin's statue has tucked under its arm — stuck on their heads; waistcoats reaching to the hips, knee-breeches, tight-fitting stockings, and high shoes with buckles of silver or plated metal, while from underneath their hats projects either a stiff queue, curled up like a pig's tail, or a knot of hair gathered loosely by a ribbon.

But the streets, how narrow and crooked! Change Avenue has turned into Pierce's Alley, and Congress Street into Leverett's Lane; wharves run

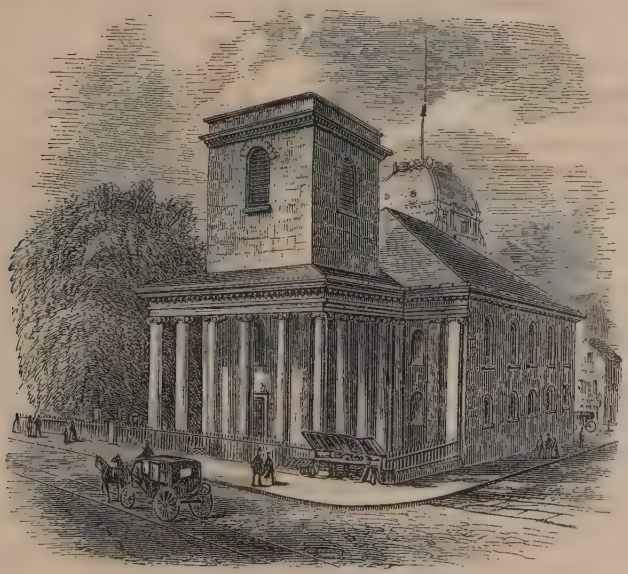
State Street, and Old State-House.

into the harbor from Kilby Street, and a tavern with three bunches of grapes for a sign is on the corner where the New England Bank ought to be. Exchange Street has become Royal Exchange Lane, and Devonshire, by some *hocus pocus*, is transformed into Pudding Lane; while Wilson's Lane is now Crooked by name as well as nature. What queer names the taverns have! We have passed the "Admiral Vernon" and the "Crown Coffee-House," then the "Bunch of Grapes," the "Royal Exchange," corner of Exchange Street, "British Coffee-House," and the "Lighthouse," opposite the Town Hall. Looking up, we see over where Joy's Building ought to be, a wooden meeting-house with an apology for a steeple, and now we stop to take breath.

We are more and more bewildered, for on the numerous taverns we see the arms of Great Britain, and on the corner of Exchange Street is pacing a sentinel before his Majesty's Custom-House. Over opposite, in front of where Brazier's Building now is, we see the stocks and the whipping-post, with a culprit tied up by the wrists, while he receives a severe flagellation amid the jeers of the bystanders. If we did not keep our eyes fixed on the Old State-House, we should feel lost in the old street, and yet we do not feel so sure but that we will make bold to inquire of this fine-looking gentleman, who, clothed in a magnificent coat of scarlet, with ruffles of the finest linen, is advancing towards us. "'T is King Street," he tells us, while the idlers lift their hats, and the lads whisper, "Yonder is John Hancock, going to his business in Faneuil Hall." He is the popular idol of the day, and all who meet salute him, except the sentinel on duty at the Custom-

House, who mutters between his teeth, "King Hancock," as the royal troops were wont to call him. And now we see that the State-House — or Town-House, we should say — is full of redcoats, who scowl fiercely at the citizens, and are met with looks of hatred and defiance.

Here on the 5th of March, 1770, was the first bloodshed which preceded the Revolution, and the poor sentinel at the Custom-House was the innocent cause of it. The citizens, exasperated by the number of King George's soldiers quartered in the town, were in continual conflict with them, and each attacked the other whenever opportunity offered. The massacre of the 5th of March began about nine o'clock in the evening by an affray between some soldiers and four young men in Dock Square. The "youths," as they were styled, were reinforced by citizens, and the soldiers came running from their barracks in Brattle Square to aid their comrades; but their officers succeeded in getting them back to their quarters. The citizens, now greatly augmented in number, next poured through Royal Exchange Lane, now Exchange Street, and began to abuse and maltreat the sentinel, who, seeing himself likely to be overpowered, loaded his firelock and shouted for assistance to the main-guard in the Town-House. The officer of the guard was Captain Preston, who happened to be at Concert Hall, on the corner of Court and Hanover Streets, where he was immediately sent for, the lieutenant of the guard sending a sergeant and six men to the relief of the sentinel. The bells of the town had been rung, and a great number of people had assembled in King Street, when Captain Preston arrived. He immediately took six more men and joined the others at the



King's Chapel.

Custom House. The soldiers, after enduring insult and even blows for a long time from the mob, finally fired upon them, killing three and wounding two mortally, besides several slightly. One of the killed was Crispus Attucks, a mulatto, whose cup and powder-horn are still preserved.

A few words more about the Old State-House before we leave it. The Declaration of Independence was read from it on the 25th of July, 1776; there was neither railroad nor telegraph then, and it took a long time for the couriers to bring the glad tidings that our fathers had, at Philadelphia, on the glorious 4th of July, 1776, thrown off the British yoke, and declared the thirteen colonies free and independent. When the Declaration was read from the balcony fronting on State Street, there were two Continental regiments and a detachment of artillery stationed in the street, and at its conclusion, the infantry fired volleys of musketry and the cannon roared, while answering echoes came from the forts on Fort Hill, Dorchester Heights, the Castle, and even from Point Alderton, the farthest seaward point of our harbor. This famous old building, erected about 1658, of wood, and twice burnt, was at last rebuilt in 1748 in about its present form. It was once decorated with a steeple rather higher than the present tower and belfry. Here General Washington received the citizens of Boston, when he visited the town in 1789, and from a temporary balcony at the west end, clad in his old Continental uniform, and with his noble head uncovered, greeted the people he had delivered in 1776.

As we are now at the corner of Court Street, which was first called Prison Lane, and then Queen Street, we will refresh ourselves at the Town Pump, which once stood here. Then, passing by the Advertiser building, where our young Ben Franklin worked as an apprentice in his brother's printing-office, and the old jail or prison on our left, where now the Court House stands, we turn the corner of Tremont Street, and are soon before King's Chapel.

The present building, which you know they talk of removing over towards the burial-ground, — thinking that the dead will not mind being crowded to give the living more room, — was built in 1754. Our Puritan ancestors did not like the Church of England, from which they had fled in 1620, and resisted the efforts made to establish a church in their midst. They would not sell the Episcopalians land, nor permit them to worship in other meeting-houses, but at length an Episcopalian, Andros, became governor and took forcible possession of the Old South, much to the disgust and indignation of the members of that society.

In order to rebuild the present chapel, the church after a great deal of opposition took the Old Latin School down, and bought land and rebuilt it on the opposite side of the street. To this proceeding a noted wag objected thus: —

> "A fig for your learning; I tell you the town,
> To make the church larger, must pull the school down;
> 'Unhappily spoken,' exclaims Master Birch;
> 'Then learning, it seems, stops the growth of the church.'"

To this school went Ben Franklin, whose statue you see represented by Greenough, with his hat under his arm, in a brown study, very near the

spot where his old school-house stood. To this school, also, went John Hancock, and this is where he learned to write that bold and striking hand you will see first affixed to the Declaration of Independence. Hancock, President of the Congress which framed our Magna Charta, was the first to sign it. Here is what the British said of Hancock after the battle of Lexington: —

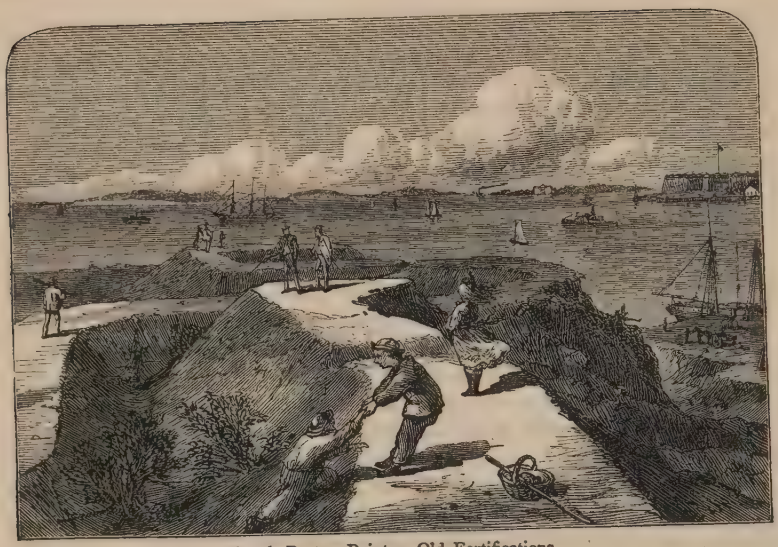
"As for their King, John Hancock,
And Adams, if they 're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high,
Upon that hill called Bacon." *

Now, let us jump into a South Boston car, and visit Washington Heights. Unfortunately for us, all traces of the old fortifications have disappeared, but on the summit of the hill, where is now a reservoir surrounded by a beautiful park, the fate of Boston was decided. These heights were occupied by the Americans on the night of the 4th of March, 1776, under cover of a heavy bombardment from the works of General Washington, at Roxbury and Cambridge. Washington had resolved to strike a blow which should liberate Boston, and expel the king's troops from the town. All night the patriots toiled in the frozen ground, and before daybreak they had erected a sufficient protection against the small arms or grape of the foe. During the night, Washington, with a few of his officers, was observed riding towards the works, and as the morning of the 5th of March dawned, the troops were animated by the recollection that it was the anniversary of the Boston Massacre. Washington did not for a moment doubt that the enemy would attack these works as he did those on Bunker Hill, and all his preparations were completed for an attack on the town as soon as the British moved a force towards Dorchester Heights.

General Howe commanded in Boston, and Bunker Hill was fresh in his memory; nevertheless he prepared to attack the heights, embarking his troops on transports which dropped down to the Castle, whence they were to land on South Boston Point, under cover of the guns of the fortress. But Providence had ordained that the struggle should not take place, and a heavy storm arose during the night which prevented the possibility of landing. This delay was taken advantage of by the Americans who worked like bees in strengthening their works; erecting a redoubt on the Point nearest the Castle and providing fresh methods of destruction. General Howe felt that it was too late to attack with success, and called a council-of-war, in which it was determined to evacuate the town.

On the night of the 16th of March the Americans fortified Nook's Hill, the nearest eminence to Boston, under a furious cannonade. This was the finishing stroke, and the British, who had been preparing to depart, now hastily evacuated the town; Nook's Hill, which commanded the Neck and all the south part of the town, would have made it too hot for them. This hill, which played so important a part in the siege of Boston, has disappeared, but the Lawrence School now stands on the very spot once occupied by the redoubt.

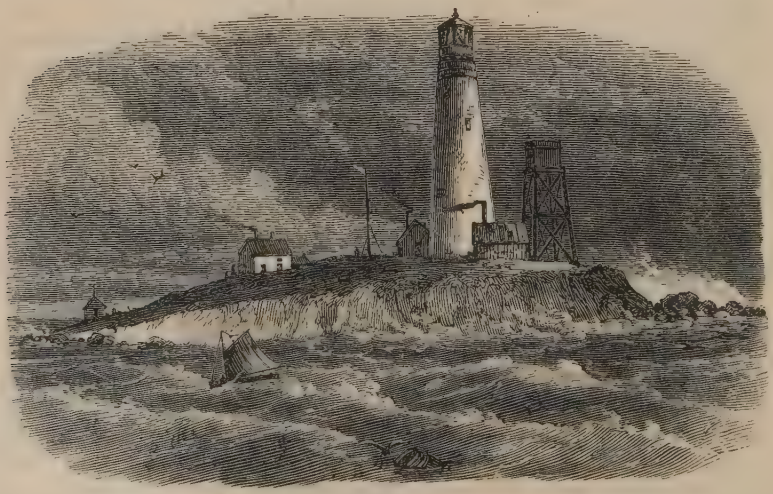
* This was the way they spelt Beacon Hill.



South Boston Point, — Old Fortifications.

Before they left, the British soldiers plundered the inhabitants and otherwise misused them, but on the 17th day of March, St. Patrick's day, the reviled Yankee soldiers marched into Boston, with drums beating and standards flying, amid the huzzas of the joyful inhabitants.

S. A. Drake.



Boston Light.

COW-LILIES.

A GREAT, green ring of water-reeds
Around the pool is growing,
And here and there the pickerel-weed
Its pale blue flower is showing;
Close by that tuft of cat-tails, look!
I see a minnow shine,
And there 's a yellow cow-lily,
I wish that it were mine!
'T is more a memory than a wish,
For, when that flower I see,
My happy childhood, like a bird,
Comes flying back to me.

For then, though I, the summer long,
Had wood and field to play in,
A marshy meadow was the place
It pleased me most to stray in;
Around the pools we used to flit,
The dragon-flies and I,
Where, moored like golden boats, I saw
The yellow lilies lie.
The choicest treasures of the year
They seemed to me, but, O,
Just where I could not reach, those flowers
Were always sure to grow.

The purple clover, where all day
The bees were honey sucking,
The brier-roses offered me
Their blossoms for the plucking;
The roadside elder sought my hand,
In silver mantle clad;
I left them all untouched; they were
Too easy to be had!
But, O, the lily's golden glow
Upon the pool's green breast!
The flowers that mocked my wishes were
The ones I liked the best!

Gay preacher in the yellow gown,
Thy silent lesson teach:
"A thing to charm Mortality
Must lie beyond its reach."

Marian Douglas.

OUR NAN AND HER DUMB FRIEND.

ONE evening at early twilight, years ago, father rode into the yard, dismounted from his horse, and calling Nan and George (our adopted brother), who were playing in the garden-house, bade them peep into his overcoat pocket and name the present he had brought them. The pocket was old-fashioned, with broad flaps, and into it went four eager eyes.

"A puppy! I 'm glad!" shouted George.

"A lovely white rabbit without ears, papa! Give it to us quick!" said enthusiastic Nan.

"Guess again, children. You have n't hit it yet."

"A fat, big cat with a thin tail," sneered George, who despised cats.

"A *dear* little raccoon," said Nan, with an air of certainty. "O, please hand it out!"

"A musical box," said father, and laid upon the grass a plump, cream-hued, pink-eyed baby *porker*, that instantly saluted the curious children with a faint but clear squeal.

"The beautiful, precious pig!" said Nan, with fervor, as she gathered him up in her clean pinafore, and snuggled his cold, snubby snout to her warm, soft cheek; for she loved every domestic animal, endowing them all in her imaginings, even frogs and snails, with human attributes.

To George, who was of a very practical turn of mind, the stranger was simply a pig, whose mission was to be "fed and fattened in a pen," pass through life in a sty, be butchered at "hog-killing time," and mingle with the existence of mortals in the guise of ham and sausages. Not so Nan. Having heard father's account of how he was riding through a strip of dense woods, when, hearing a cry of distress, he discovered piggy a prisoner among some tangled brush, and, having taken it to the nearest farm-house, was told by the owner that if he would bear the trouble of carrying it home it would make a nice roast soon, — she entreated him to say it was her *owney own*, and flew with it to mother for sympathy and advice.

Mother has the most delightful fashion of listening to the appeals and demands of us children, giving as much earnest attention to, and sympathy with, our little trials and joys, as though she were a United States President, and we her honored but not always harmonious Cabinet.

When Nan laid the restless roly-poly of a plump pig in her soft lap, she smoothed down its back with an air of the most serious tenderness, saying, "Poor little stranger! Now that it is in our home, of course we must make it as happy as possible, and train it in good habits. It is young and tender now, and with proper care may become an extraordinary hog."

"O mother! please don't say that last! I don't want this pretty thing ever to be a great, ugly, fat, dirty hog. Why, I 'm going to call it Rose." And Nan's dimpled face looked as aggrieved as a whipped school-boy's. "Maybe if pigs were taught how, and treated *very* kindly, they would n't

get to be hogs. May n't I try this one ? " In the belief that Nan would soon tire of her odd plaything before there was any chance to develop her experiment, the permission was granted, and she shot off like a rocket to hunt for a box, while mother gave free vent to her pent-up laughter.

" The child shall have her own way for a while," she said to papa, who protested against such a ridiculous addition to our family circle. " If there is anything interesting even in a pig, her loving heart will bring it out."

Before another hour, an empty soap-box lined with an old quilted skirt was heard coming *bump*, *bump*, up the kitchen staircase, propelled by my energetic, seven-year-old sister Nan, to that spot on the balcony nearest the nursery door ; in which piggy, its head first tied up in a small white handkerchief, was securely put to bed.

I remember well what queer sounds broke my sleep early the following morning. There were shrieks, laughter, squeals, and pattering footsteps, intermingled with snatches of dialogue.

" I say it 's right, or mother would n't do *me* so."

" But you 're no pig." The tone of the speaker was churlish.

" But I 'm just as much worth taking care of." This was followed by a triumphant chuckle of boyish laughter.

Soon again I heard the second voice, saying scornfully, " To think of naming such a thing Rose, after a pretty flower ! Maybe it 's a little boy pig ; what then will you call it ? "

" Then I 'll call it George, after you," was the affectionate rejoinder, succeeded by another scramble and a string of sharp, short squeals.

I rushed to the bath-room, from which the sound proceeded, where before the tub stood Nan, her dainty white nightgown wet from feet to shoulders ; George swinging out of her reach to the knobs of the towel-rack with face red as a peony ; and, floundering like a tiny porpoise in six inches' depth of cold water, the poor, frightened pig, shivering in its first bath.

" O Kiggins ! " (my real name is Keziah) " please put George out, he *botherates* me to death ! I will call my pig Rose just as if she was any other people."

George, who is a year Nan's senior, finally promising he would be the pig's stanch friend if he could only then and there *christen* her, was allowed the privilege.

I stood by for a witness, while Nan, with a face as solemn as three judges, held the wriggling porker under the faucet, which George, gently turning, said, —

" Rose ! Rose ! I baptize you, Rose,
And pour this water on your little pug nose."

The rhythm was faulty, but the children thought the poetry perfect ; and, thus Christianized, as they honestly believed, Rose was dried, and, with a blue sash-ribbon, taken from the wax doll's waist, tied around her short neck, trotted down to her breakfast of thick milk in triumph. For a while her position in the family was most uncertain, and, but for Nan's energy and patience, would have been even more unpleasant than perhaps it ac-

tually was, for, save her "little mother," as Nan dubbed herself, she was snubbed by every one as a household nuisance. Not that she did anything naughty or mischievous, but because she did *nothing at all* but eat, sleep, and look ridiculously stupid, not possessing, it seemed, one ray of intelligence beyond that belonging to an oyster. Wherever, as George said, "Nan dumped her down," — whether in the middle of the floor, on a chair, under an ottoman, or, as once, upon a velvet sofa pillow, — there she lay, motionless as a statuette of putty, until some one's boot-toe dislodged her. However rough the handling, she gave no sign of resentment or pleasure beyond a faint squeal.

"She 's getting deaf and dumb, Nan, and is so fat, she 'll soon be blind," said the comforting George one day, when, although he roared "Rose! Rose!" with his lips close to her ear, she still lay quiet as a stone.

"Now let me try my way," said our dauntless Nan, with an anxious face, breathing gently as a dove's coo, "Rosie! Rose!" while she stroked the pink ears.

There came a response, not expressed in piggy's face, but, immediately curling up her tail in an awkward quirl, she gave then and there her first evidence of pleasure.

"Do you see that, George?" exclaimed the victorious "little mother." "Rose knows more than we do. Just watch and wait. She may turn out yet like the Beautiful White Cat in the fairy tale."

Precious faith, which believed that love could work such a miracle; for everybody but mother ridiculed the poor child's devotion, and even her playmates, with whom she was a prime favorite, had begun to call her "Wootsy! Wootsy!" and salute her with grunts and wicked little squeals on all public occasions.

Thanks to the half-weekly bath and brushing, which Nan persevered in giving Rose, added to her healthy diet of milk, apples, and corn-meal mush, she was as comely a creature as it is possible for a pig to be, and having no offensive habits, was allowed free range of the back building, whithersoever her "own sweet will" directed. As that will, the older she grew, prompted her to sleep twenty hours out of the twenty-four, she was as sure to be found in one spot as a fixed star.

However, one Saturday, Nan, returning from a walk, failed to find her in the corner, and immediately there was an uproar. "Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," a pair of little feet twinkled out and in, but there was no sign of missing Rose.

"George and Royce war a-ticklin' ov her, the last I seed, an hour ago, an' if *she* don't get any fatter ov laffin', faith! an' *they* will," said our good-natured housemaid Norah.

But where were Royce and George, a pair of as mad-cap boys as ever kept a house in an uproar? Around the premises Nan flew; in wash-room, smoke-house, and garden, shouting *Geor — ge!* until her voice seemed to issue from the top of her head, but without getting any response.

One place only remained, the back warehouse, in which our father, who

was a town merchant, kept his hogsheads of molasses, barrels of sugar and crackers, and other articles in that line. A door from out of the front store-room led to it, but there was also one opening into it from the yard, through which, whether closed or not, the children were forbidden to enter. Nan lifted the latch, for she was desperate, and pushed. It slowly opened. She took a step forward; something sticky clogged her feet before she had looked inside. Again she advanced, and then saw a sea of molasses, in the middle of which, rising from out of it like a small promontory, lay the body of Rose, either dead or asleep, while a stream flowing from the loosened spigots of two hogsheads steadily increased the swelling flood.

What confusion followed! Anybody can imagine it. Nan screamed for help. A clerk opened the store door and the pent-up "sugar-house" and "Levering's best" rushèd in. Who was to blame, — Rose? If so, she would never "'fess," for as Norah, moved to the depths of her big Irish heart by Nan's piteous cries, washed the molasses from off her white bristles, she said, "Whativer sinse the poor baste had is clane gone now foriver, she 's ated hersilf daft."

Night came before the mystery was cleared up, — or the molasses either. Then two conscience-stricken boys, named George and Royce, fearful of the cold, dark cellar in which they had concealed themselves, came out, and, humbly imploring pardon, George confessed.

"We only meant to have some fun, for once, with Rose, as Nan was away; and thought it would be nice to give her a lickin' of molasses. We tried the spigots of two new hogsheads that stood together; and just turned them once to see which was the sweetest. They ran slow at first, and Rose began to eat and eat just like a pig, when all of a sudden it *gulched* out so big and fast we could n't stop it, and we ran."

Of course, free forgiveness followed their genuine repentance; but Rose became the victim of her own greediness and their mistaken kindness. For days she lay in a box in the wash-house to which she had been banished, sleepless, swollen, and moaning, wept over and coddled by Nan to such an extent that papa said one morning, "This is simply nonsensical. We 'll put the poor brute out of her misery, and I 'll buy Nan a grayhound I saw for sale lately. The foolish child! Her heart gives her far more trouble than her head."

In the mean time Nan, gathering from bits of talk here and there that Rose's case was thought hopeless, acted on a bright idea which popped into her brain just in the nick of time, and ran down town to old black Caleb's, who gathered swill and reared pigs for his living.

"Of course," thought that wise child, "he will know more than all the doctors."

How she stated the case to him, I do not know, but this I will assert, that no voice with a clearer ring of joy in it ever echoed through a house than Nan's, when she rushed up stairs after mother, shouting, "Fire and brimstone! Matches' stuff and warm milk three times a day. Mother! mother! That 'll cure her. It will. It will."

And it did, — that is, milk and sulphur, as prescribed by Uncle Caleb, not as told in her tangled-up words.

Entirely recovered, a wonderful change took place in piggy's mental condition. Whether it was awakened intelligence, or a keen sense of gratitude to the "little mother," I cannot say; but after that, wherever Nan went about our premises, there close at her heels trotted Rose, with head bent, ears erect, and tail in such a tight quirl, nobody could have untied it but herself. One peculiarity, however, was that she rarely made a sound, either of grunt or squeal, until on a certain occasion, which, had it not happened I should not relate it, so strange did it seem.

Mother and I were sewing in the library. All the doors were open. It was Saturday morning. The voices of the children, a number of whom were playing with Nan in the nursery, could be plainly recognized, when suddenly a succession of shrill, loud squeals was heard approaching, and Rose, galloping through the hall as fast as a dog, went up to mother and began jerking her dress.

It was remarkable conduct, certainly. Mother stood up. Rose held on to her dress, backing towards the rear hall-door, until certain that we were coming, then she let go and ran wildly ahead, looking back as if urging us at every step. We could but follow what seemed almost human guidance, until it led us to the door of that forbidden but tempting warehouse. Rose dashed forward and halted before a barrel standing upright, out of whose top, two little feet, well shod, were protruding, — nothing more, for Nan's body was all inside, sticking head foremost in five inches' depth of soft butter, and nearly suffocated.

We caught her by those two feet and pulled her out. She was a spectacle, for every hair of her short, crisp curls was standing upright, stiff with grease, while a water-cracker, clasped tightly in each well-buttered hand, told the cause of her downfall.

What Nan lost that day, by losing her balance over the empty butter-barrel, — mother's confidence in her obedience, and the picnic under the old apple-tree, to furnish provision for which she had visited the warehouse, — Rose gained in admiration for her unusual sagacity.

Even George, whose heart was steeled against her piggish witcheries, told me in confidence, "That was real 'bully' in Rose, Kiggins, but don't tell Nan I said so," while Nan blurted through her oily tears: —

"She saved my life, anyhow, and that shows she 's *splendid*, for it was awful to drown in a butter-barrel, just for doing such a little sin."

From that time forward, Rose was considered a heroine, and by Nan honored accordingly. She traded off her only little gold ring to a shrewd boy, for a string of tiny sleigh-bells, which jingled from Rose's neck and made music after the style of the little lady's toes who "jumped on the gray horse at Banbury Cross." She besieged a milliner in the neighborhood for every scrap of bright silk she could spare, which, being twisted in the most nondescript bows, fluttered from Rose's ears, tail, and throat, until she looked like a kaleidoscopic picture. She would have had her at the

table and in her bed, if allowed, and carried her enthusiastic affection to such an extent, that Bertha Thomas, her most intimate and aristocratic friend, said to me once, in a sad whisper, "Indeed, Miss Keziah, if Nan don't leave off with Rose, I won't come here any more to play; for soon as the old pig squeals, — I don't care what we 're doing, — Nan goes off into a *firmament*, she gets so excited. General Russell told at our house the other day that he called to see you, and — please don't get mad, Miss Keziah — when he went into the parlor, he saw *a fat hog* in it lying on a rug. Just think of that now!"

This was true, to my intense mortification; for Nan had gone to school, the day was warm, Rose had gone there in search of her "little mother," and, worse than all, Rose was no longer a funny *teensy-weensy* of an infant pig, but was now a half-grown, solid, fat porker, whose future destiny, owing to her peculiar position in our family, was getting to be a serious question to papa and mother.

"We 're going to have an exhibition, and I 'm to speak a piece, all dressed up in white, and blue ribbons," announced Miss Nan one noon, at the close of her first quarter. "As I can't read *good* yet, Miss Sybil says I can say whatever I know best. What one 's that, Kiggins?"

As poor Nan, by reason of her harum-scarum, impulsive temperament, had not made much progress in a literary point of view, her choice was limited to Mother Goose's nursery rhymes, the hymn, "When I can read my title clear," and "Mary had a little lamb." As the latter touching pastoral was not then so famous in song and story as now, we decided it would be the most appropriate poem for her *début*, and the rehearsal commenced forthwith.

The night arrived, a balmy, starry June evening, and Miss Sybil's "select" school-room was comfortably crowded. The stage, a platform a few feet above the floor, was transformed into an arbor of glossy green leaves and June roses. The performers made their entrance upon it, through a door in the rear draped with flags, which door also conducted through a small vestibule into the street.

In front of the stage, smiling like a Santa Claus, sat General Russell, the great man of the occasion, and beside him his son Howard, a handsome boy of sixteen, just home from his first year at college. The opening exercises, consisting of dialogues and singing, had concluded, and "Nan and the Lamb" came next on Miss Sybil's programme. It was warm, and all the doors and windows were thrown open. Nan, with a funny little bow which almost ended in a twirl like a teetotum, stood before the audience with a face red as a strawberry. She parted her lips, but not a sound issued from between them.

"Don't be scared, dear, just begin," whispered Miss Sybil from the side of the stage.

There was a bustle in the vestibule, where two girls stood awaiting their turn, which seemed to break the awful stillness, and, clasping her hands and swaying her little body to and fro, she tremulously began: —

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere — "

How pleased and happy the audience were, looking at her so smilingly, she thought. It inspired confidence, and taking another breath, she continued in a louder tone: —

"And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go."

At that instant General Russell broke into a great, irrepressible laugh, in which ever so many joined. Somebody clapped, and Nan, feeling something gently pushing her, looked behind, upon Rose, standing there in all the radiance of a fresh blue ribbon. At Nan's ludicrous look, the laugh grew louder, when, throwing her arms around the hog's thick neck, she burst into tears of mingled excitement, and — for the first time in Rose's history — mortification.

"Ain't it a pretty tableau, father?" whispered Howard, while prim Miss Sybil hurried to the rescue.

"It beats all the pigs ever I saw," said the General, wiping his eyes with a red silk handkerchief.

Poor Nan darted through the flags, Rose waddling after her, emitting a grunt of satisfaction with every step.

"The performance was tame after that *illustrated poem*," Howard said next day, — for I went home with Nan, whom nothing could induce to return.

That night mother and father decided that Nan might spend a few weeks among the coal-hills with our Aunt Rachel, and during her absence Rose should be put to board for life at a farmer's in the country.

Nan, ignorant of her destiny, kissed her good-by when the omnibus came, remarking sadly, as she turned from the two hundred pounds of solid pork, —

"Kiggins! I guess Rose is 'most as heavy as you now. I can't lift her any more. O, if only pigs would stay little!"

Nellie Eyster.

A SQUIRREL-HUNT.

YOU have been squirrel-hunting, have you not, boys? Capital fun, I think. So much better sport than shooting at the poor little half-starved snowbirds with the cross-bow or bow and arrow!

How the little gray rascals will dodge to the opposite side of the tree as you approach it, peeping stealthily at you with their black beady eyes! You can almost imagine, from their puffed-out cheeks, that they are laughing at you, only, you know, they are far too polite to do so in consideration of your being a stranger. It is plainly to be seen that they place a very high value upon the full bushy tail, for it is kept well hidden.

Sometimes you can steal a march on them while they are sitting on the ground cracking nuts, with one of their number acting as sentinel up some old hickory or post-oak tree. You will not get *very* near, however, before the wary little guard spies you, and sets up his warning bark. What a queer little bark it is! You cannot help laughing as the short, husky notes are jerked out so vigorously. I know of nothing they resemble so much as the tones of a puppy that has chosen the time to make his first vocal efforts when afflicted with a cold.

They are knowing little fellows, these squirrels, and it does seem a pity to shoot them; but you soon forget what they may suffer, in your ambition to make a good shot, and then they are such good eating, nicely cooked!

Let me tell you of a squirrel-hunt I had once. It happened years ago at the South. I was visiting an uncle of mine whose plantation was about a hundred and fifty miles from Mobile, Alabama. It was one morning, I remember, just after the persimmons had ripened, — a nice fruit when fully ripe, but very puckerish if not; in form something like a small tomato, of the color of baked apples, having a bluish coating such as is seen upon grapes. I had been to the gin-house, and ginned some cotton; been in the "pick-room," where the cotton, relieved of the seeds, comes out as white and light as a summer cloud; had watched the pressing of three or four bales, and at last, growing tired of such amusement, had wandered down to the side of a small run that emptied into my uncle's mill-pond, where the persimmon-trees grew.

My Cousin Rob was ill with "the chills," and I felt very lonesome without him; I wished very earnestly, as I stood eating the fruit alone, that he would hurry up and get well. I was not quite alone, however, for Hunter was with me. Hunter was my cousin's dog. A great fellow he was, cream-colored, with a long scar on his side where he had been wounded by a wild hog. His body was long and heavy, and he had short, stout legs, with a head very much like a lion's, the nose, perhaps, spoiling the resemblance, being too long and sharp, — an odd-looking dog, but a very smart one; the best squirrel and partridge dog in all the country round, — Rob used to say, the best in the world.

I soon had enough persimmons, and strolled down to the pond. Sitting on a stone, I watched the mud-turtles sunning themselves upon some floating logs. Once in a while, one would slip off, or get crowded off by his fellows, and, with a "toouk," would disappear. I tried to induce Hunter to go after them, but he would only bark, take a little plunge in the water, and then out, and go tearing through the bushes that lined the banks of the pond, scaring up wild-ducks, "jo-rees," red-birds, rice buntings, and blue-birds. At length he scampered away toward the forest and left me alone. Presently I heard his deep voice far off in the wood, and knew from the tones of it now that he had "treed" something.

I ran up to the house, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, as fast as my willing feet would carry me. Reaching the portico all out of breath, I sat down to rest. I could still hear his bark at regular inter-

vals, and knew that he would remain until he heard the dog-horn, or some one went to him; for Rob had told me that once Hunter had "treed" a squirrel, and, no one coming to him or calling him, had remained at the foot of the tree two days.* When they found him the poor fellow was half starved, but the squirrel must have been hungry, too, for there he sat, in a crotch of the tree, all curled up like a ball. The tree was too far from any others for him to jump to them, and Hunter kept such wary watch at the foot that he could not come down.

I did not require a great while to rest, and I soon went into the house, got my shot-gun, powder-flask, shot-bag, etc., putting them on as fast as possible. Just outside the gate I stopped and loaded my gun, and then, looking at my little compass, I started off quickly in the direction of Hunter's bark. I passed over one hill — for the ground rolled like the swells of the ocean — and ascended another, but the undergrowth was so dense that it prevented me from seeing any great distance in advance. Just at the foot of the hill, as I came out of a pawpaw thicket, a large gray squirrel started up from among the dead leaves, and ran along a fallen tree. I fired, but, as often happens with the young sportsman, I had been *too anxious*, and missed him. I followed his movements with my eye, and so, thinking it would be better to secure this fellow than to tramp after the one Hunter had treed, I put my horn to my lips before loading, and blew a strong blast. Then I began to load, still keeping an eye on the movements of Mr. Squirrel, who had gone up a post-oak like a flash of gray lightning, and, of course, as squirrels always do, had taken the opposite side of the tree, and was peeping at me. Without Hunter I should stand no chance whatever of getting him, for he would put the tree between us in any direction I might choose to assail him. Presently, the dog came, struck the trail, and, tracing it up to the tree in which the squirrel had taken refuge, began to bark; this brought Mr. Squirrel around on my side, and, taking good aim, I fired. He sprang off the tree and fell dead almost at my feet.

Before I passed over the next hill, I had shot four more. "I will make it an even half-dozen," I thought, "and then go home." So I trudged on after Hunter. There was little use in trying to keep up with him; to keep him in sight was all I could do, and I was obliged constantly to call him back. It was only natural, you know, that his four feet should carry him over the ground faster than my two would me. Just as I was beginning to despair of getting that last squirrel, far ahead I heard his voice; it seemed deeper and gruffer than I had ever heard it before, but I scarcely noticed the difference in my anxiety to get forward and obtain one more shot. I had good reason to remember it afterward.

My approach was stayed by a deep gully, about twenty or thirty feet wide, at the bottom of which flowed a small sluggish stream of water. The banks were steep and overgrown with wild cane. I could see Hunter at the foot of a blasted post-oak, near the opposite bank, and, cheering him, I made my way to a tree that had fallen across the run just below where I

* Fact.

stood, forming an excellent bridge of itself, but improved by some one who had chopped off the upper branches, and smoothed the uppermost side of the trunk. It was about sixteen feet above the water. As I reached the centre of this natural bridge, I cast a glance toward Hunter, who was nearer me now than when I had stood opposite him on the bank, — the tree at the foot of which he was, being very near the root of that which formed my bridge, — and what I saw at that glance made me pause, and hesitate about going any farther.

In the crotch of the blasted tree I saw the game. *Hunter had treed a young wild-cat.*

A chill ran down my back at the sight. My gun was loaded with number five shot, good for squirrel, but perfectly useless for larger game. Had I any other? I felt in my pockets, still standing in the middle of the bridge, and found four buck-shot and a bullet, that I had intended to use as sinkers for my fishing line. I went back to the bank and drew the small shot and rammed home the larger ones, four buck-shot and a bullet. Mine was only a single-barrelled gun. Then I crept out on the bridge. Hunter's deep bark had now subsided to sullen growls. Two thirds of the way over I stopped, and wound my legs around the trunk of the tree. My gun had a long reach, and I knew would kill at the distance that lay between me and the wild-cat; but, at the same time, I knew that I had *but one shot*, and it would not do to miss. I raised my gun and took deliberate aim; but my nerves were not steady enough. I dropped the muzzle until it rested on the tree. What should I do? Happy thought! out from the trunk of the bridge sprang a branch at an angle of forty-five degrees, in which about a foot from the main tree was a crotch. I would lie upon my stomach, place my gun in this rest, and my aim would be sure.

I did so. Running my eye along the barrel I selected a spot in the creature's hide just back of its fore-paw, and, taking careful aim, fired. The recoil of the gun knocked me into the water below, which, fortunately, was not very deep, though sufficiently so to prevent my receiving any serious injury from my sudden fall. For a minute it really seemed as if the world had suddenly slipped away and left me floating in space, but the chilliness of the water made me realize very soon, not only my position, but that it was a decidedly uncomfortable one. I sprang to my feet, and groping along the muddy bottom found my gun. Then I scrambled up the bank, anxious to know the result of my shot.

All was perfectly quiet on the opposite bank, and Hunter was in very nearly the same position as when I fired, except that he was lying down. I did not dare cross the bridge. The wild-cat was gone from the tree. Was it dead? A dark object directly in front of him, upon the grass and withered leaves, made me think that it was, and I crossed the bridge.

Yes, boys, the wild-cat was dead, and so was Hunter. Poor Hunter! The cat in its dying throes had fastened its teeth in the throat of the faithful and courageous dog, and both had died together.

Ithiel Dacre.

FRED'S FIREWORKS.

A TALK ABOUT BEES.

GRANDMOTHER LEE dropped her knitting, and sat for many minutes gazing at the beehives, with a smile slowly brightening her face, as if she saw through and beyond them into fields where her thoughts gathered sweetness like the bees.

Our hives were just common wooden boxes, arranged in a row on a bench, in the sunniest spot in the yard. It was a silent, drowsy little colony, doing its work as steadily as the busy bee of the poet, and making no fuss about it. Now and then a bee circled down and crept into one of the holes at the bottom of the hive, with his precious load, and another came out, and it might have been the same bee every time for aught that I could distinguish between them; but Grandmother Lee had watched them so long and so affectionately that I could almost believe she knew them all apart by the cut of their wings or the tone of their buzz, as a shepherd knows every sheep of his flock.

"Do you know the queen-bee when you see her?" I asked, breaking in on her revery.

"I think so," said Grandmother Lee, in all soberness. "The bees always follow a queen when they swarm, and settle wherever she does."

"Do you suppose they choose her by ballot or by a unanimous buzz?"

"Now you are poking fun at my bees; but if wiser creatures followed their reason as faithfully as bees do their instinct, this world would need very little mending. I love to watch them at work; they carry me back to my young days when your grandfather and I kept house in a little village in Maine. Everybody kept bees then, and we had two hives for a wedding present."

"A beehive would be rather a dangerous thing to put on a table of wedding gifts."

"No one thought of such a thing as a table of presents when I was married. My sister brought the hives to us after dark, when all the bees were at home for the night."

"Did they take kindly to the new place in the morning?"

"O yes, they always come back to the place they fly from, and show great distress if they don't find their hive precisely where they left it.

"Sometimes a swarm would fly to the woods, and make their honey in a hollow tree; then a party would go out seeking it, in the latter days of summer, and if the hollow was out of reach, they cut the tree down. They always chose a bright, warm day, that the bees might be nearly all away from the hive. If one watched then for the returning bees, they would be seen flying about in the air in a distracted way, near the spot where their home would have been if the tree had remained standing. If no trace of a hive was to be found, the hunters watched for a bee on a stump or a flower, and fed it with sugar or molasses, till it would take no more; then it would

rise in circles a few feet in the air, and make a dive, straight as the flight of an arrow from the bow, for its hive. By setting a compass in the same direction, and following it, one was sure to find the honey."

"So that is where we get the phrase to 'strike a bee-line,'" I said. "But what makes them swarm at all? They must be of a quarrelsome turn, that two or three generations cannot live in the same hive."

"No, they are peaceable enough; but with the honey, and the young bees, the hive becomes over-crowded, and you will see them hanging on the outside in rows and bunches, like passengers on a horse-car, till they can endure it no longer; then there is a sudden flight of half or more of the bees, with a new queen at their head. If they go too far, they may sometimes be brought down by the ringing of bells and beating of tin pans; it is supposed that the noise confuses the order of their flight, and it has been suggested by people who know no better, that the queen that leads them stops from curiosity, in order to learn what can be the matter below. They usually settle near the hive, on the branch of a tree, or the top of a fence, hanging on each other in a great ball. Then you must approach very carefully and put a hive over them; if you are lucky enough to have the queen inside at the first trial, the rest are sure to follow, and go to work at once, as if nothing had happened.

"Bees are very strong in their likes and dislikes; there are a few people in the world whom they seem really to love. I have often taken a swarm in my two hands as it hung in a great bunch from the fence, and placed it in a hive. O, how soft it was! the finest swan's-down is not softer to the touch than the wings of bees. It is not an experiment to try rashly, unless you are a true bee-lover. There is no deceiving them. I have seen people tie up their faces and hands in cloth to handle bees, and get fearfully stung after all.

"Nothing is more intolerable to bees than any sign of fear; if you move your head, as if to dodge them, when they are flying about it, they take it at once for a declaration of war. I called them peaceable, but patience sometimes ceases to be a virtue, even with bees, and they are then the fiercest of fighters.

"Two swarms never fight on the same bench, — that would be civil war; but one swarm will sometimes quarrel with another in the adjoining yard, or even farther away. One of my hives was once in great commotion, with angry buzzing, and plenty of dead bees lying about. I noticed it for several days; at last a great troop of my bees flew straight to a hive in the next yard, and, by dint of buzzing about it long enough, called out the bees belonging to it, and then followed a regular pitched battle, the bees clinching and stinging each other in couples, till one dropped dead, and sometimes both. My bees must have won the victory, for they stopped fighting all at once, perhaps at a signal from their queen, — and here was the oddest part of the whole matter; both armies began diligently to carry all the honey that had belonged to the vanquished, to the other hive, and from that day my neighbor's hive was deserted. My bees had taken them

captive, and the two swarms worked together, just as some savage nations make slaves of those they conquer in battle.

"One other fashion of the bee-world is rather barbarous. It is only the females who make honey, and go out for their material. The males are drones, and there are not more than thirty or forty in each hive. They live like the Indian braves, who sit outside the wigwams and smoke while their squaws hew the wood and draw the water. But the females, unlike the squaws, take their revenge at last. As the drones have made no honey, of course they have no right to live through the winter on the labor of others, and they are all killed off in the fall. I don't know whether the drones ever go out to battle or not; the laziest people, who will never do anything else, will sometimes fight."

"What are the beehives that we see in pictures? They are actually pretty; but it is difficult to get up any romance about plain pine boxes."

"The kind you mean are very old-fashioned; they were made of twisted straw, rounded at the top. But it was less trouble to use boxes, and the bees liked them just as well. They have no eye for the picturesque; their only object in life is to make honey. When the time came to take out the honey, the old-fashioned way was to stop all the holes after dark and put burning brimstone under the hive; of course the bees were all killed, and the honey could be taken out with safety. This method was both wasteful and cruel, and some one improved upon it by fitting the bottom of the old hive to the bottom of a new one and then sinking the old one slowly in water. The bees flew upward to escape the water, and the honey, being enclosed in wax, was uninjured. Part of it was always put into the new hive for the bees to live on through the winter, though both sugar and molasses have been found to answer the same purpose. Since then a two-storied beehive has been patented, with drawers in the upper story for the honey, and a glass front to show when they are full. I think, too, that the bees must be saved many a long flight, and lead easier lives, since people have more leisure to cultivate flowers."

"Perhaps they love as well

> "'To learn the secret of the weed's plain heart.'"

"It must be Wordsworth who says that."

"No, it is Lowell, but Wordsworth says it often in other forms, for he drew in his inspiration 'where the bee sucks' among wild-flowers on hill and lake side. Do the bees swarm more than once in a summer?"

"Sometimes, but not often, and of course it is better to have them swarm as early as possible, so that they may have the whole summer to make honey in. It is an old proverb: —

> "'A swarm in May
> Is worth a load of hay;
> A swarm in June
> Is worth a silver spoon;
> But a swarm in July
> Is not worth a fly.'

"It seems to me sometimes that bees have feelings almost like human beings; they are certainly grateful and they know their friends at sight. I do truly suppose that I did something once with bees that was never done before, and will never be done again," — and Grandmother Lee smoothed down her apron, with an innocent vanity, pleasant to behold.

"I was known far and near as one whom bees trusted; and one very hot day in August, a neighbor sent for me, as if I were a doctor, to attend to one of her hives that had come to grief. The honey-comb rested on crossed sticks, and in that month the hive was nearly full. The heat had been so intense that it melted the comb and all the honey had run down between the sticks and dripped slowly off the bench, while the bees hovered about in the deepest distress. If their buzzing had been angry, I should n't have ventured among them, lest, like people in a passion, they might be blind to their true friends, — sting first, and repent afterwards. Their buzzing had only a grieved and troubled tone, and I thought I should be safe. I took a milk-pan and scraped into it with a spoon all the honey and comb that had not been wasted, till it was full. It was a work of time, and all the while thousands of bees (owners of the honey, and others that had come to see what was going on) were flying about my head and hands, and sometimes lighting on them; but I set the pan beside the hive, and came away without a sting. The bees, having their material ready for the work, soon built up the comb as it was before."

"You must be a true bee-lover. If you should tell that story to a Hindoo or any other believer in the transmigration of souls, he would say that in some previous state of existence you had been a bee yourself. Have you told me all you know about bees?"

"Yes, I think so. It may be that scientific people know a great deal more about them, and would laugh at my small wisdom; but I have learned it all from the bees themselves, and not a word from books."

Grandmother Lee gathered up her knitting, and went down the piazza steps to see how high the honey had risen in the beehive drawers. A minute later, she came back and put her head in at the window: —

"I forgot one thing, you must not *buy* your bees. Let them come by gift or exchange. The rule has come down from the most ancient time, that bees will never prosper if they are bought and sold."

Ella Williams.

WONDERING TOM.

PART II.

Quite a big girl "little Wisk" had grown to be, but nobody thought of calling her anything else. She was so lithe and quick, so rosy, fresh, and sparkling, and so tender and true withal, that she was called Little Wisk as a matter of course.

One chilly November afternoon she missed old Katy, the apple-woman, from her accustomed place at the street corner.

"She must be sick," thought little Wisk. "Perhaps she has no one to help her."

With some persons, to think is to act. Wisk stepped into a neighboring cobbler's shop.

"Mr. Wacksend, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"No," said the cobbler, gruffly. "Shut the door when you go out."

Little Wisk looked at him as he sat upon his bench, pegging away at his work. "Poor man!" she said to herself, "pushing the awl through that thick leather makes him press his lips tight together, and I suppose pressing his lips so tight, day after day, makes him cross. I 'll try the butcher."

She ran into the next shop.

"Mr. Butcher, do you know where the old apple-woman lives?"

"Well," returned the butcher, pausing to wipe his cleaver on his sleeve, "she don't exactly *live* anywhere. But, as the poor thing has neither kith nor kin to help her, why, for the past year or so I 've just let her tumble herself in under a shed in my back-yard. She 's got an old chopping-bench for a table, and a pile of straw for a bed, and that 's all her house-keeping."

"And don't she have anything to eat but apples?" asked Wisk, much distressed.

"Bless your simple heart!", said the butcher, laughing, "she can't afford to eat her apples. No, no. She keeps the breath in her body mostly with black bread and scraps."

"Scraps?"

"Yes, meat scraps. I save 'em for her out of the trimmin's. But what 's wantin' of her so particular? Did you come to invite her to court?"

"I 'd like to see her for a moment," said Wisk, shrinking from his coarse laugh.

"Well," answered the butcher, beginning to chop again, "the surest way of seeing her is to go to the corner and buy an apple."

"But she is n't there."

"Not there? That 's uncommon. Well," (pointing back over his shoulder with his cleaver,) "go down the alley here, alongside the shop, steer clear of old Beppo in his kennel, he 's ugly sometimes, then go past the pigsties and the skin-heaps, and cross over by the cattle-stalls; and right back of them, a little beyond, is the shed. Maybe she 's lying there sick, like enough, poor thing!"

Little Wisk followed the directions, as she picked her way carefully through the great, bleak cattle-yard, thinking, as she went, that killing lambs did n't always make a man so very wicked, after all.

She found the old woman, bent nearly double with rheumatism.

"What can I do for you, Goody?"

"Bless your bright eyes! Did you come to see poor old Katy? *Ough ah-h!* the pain 's killing me, child! O, the Lord save us, *ough ah!*"

"It 's too cold and damp for you in here, I 'm sure."

"Ah, yes, dearie dear, — *ough, ough!* — cold and wet enough!"

"This old rusty stove would be nice if you had a fire in it, Goody."

"O, the stove, dearie! The good gentleman in the shop put it in here for me last winter. He's kept me in meat scraps, too. O — o — o! (it catches me that way often, child). But, alack! I haven't a chip nor a shaving to make a bit of a fire. *Oh! oh!* (the worst's in this shoulder, dearie, and 'cross the back and into this 'ere knee). Yes, cold and wet enough, so it is. No use s'arching out there, you won't find nothing. Not a waste splinter of wood left after *my* raking and scraping till I was took sick, I 'll be bound."

"I do wish I had money to buy you some, Goody," said Wisk. "I sha' n't have another silver-piece till my next birthday, but you shall have that."

"Blessings on you for saying it, dearie, but old Katy won't never last till then. What with cold and hunger (the meat on the nail there's no use, you see, if I can't cook it), and this 'ere dreadful rheumatiz, I can't last much longer."

Suddenly a thought came to Wisk.

"O Katy!" she exclaimed, and off she ran, past the cattle-sheds, the skin-heaps, the pigsties, the dog-kennel, down the alley, up the street, and round the corner till she came to a carpenter's shop. "Tom," she said, hurrying in, quite out of breath, "won't you give me some shavings and chips?"

"Certainly," said Tom, straightway scraping together a big pile; "what shall we put them in?"

"In my apron. They're for poor Katy, the apple-woman. She lives in an old shed in Slorter's cattle-yard. She's sick, Tom, and she has n't a thing to make a fire with."

"O, if that's it," said Tom, "we must get her up a cart-load of waste stuff, if the boss is willing."

The boss spoke up. "Help yourself, Tom. You're the steadiest lad in the shop, and you've never asked me a favor before. Help yourself. Take along all those odds and ends in the corner yonder. Chips soon burn up."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said Tom; and he added in a lower tone to Wisk, "I 'll load up and take 'em 'round to her as soon as I 've done my work. You can carry your apronful now." Wisk held up the corners of her apron while Tom filled it, laughing to see how she lifted her pretty chin so that he might put in a "whole lot" as she called it. "There, that's as much as you can manage."

"Thank you, Tom! O, how kind you are!" and she started at once.

"Wisk!"

He had followed her to the door. When she turned back, in answer to his call, he tried to speak to her, but coughed instead.

"Did you want me, Tom?" she asked, demurely.

"Yes, Wisk. I — I — wanted to say that — that I —"

"Why, what a cough you have, Tom! It's from working so much in

this windy shop. O Tom, I 've just thought! If Katy had a door to her shed and a bench with a back to it, she 'd be *so* comfortable."

"She shall have both," said Tom. "I 'll do it this very evening. It 's full moon."

"O you dear, blessed Tom! Good by!"

"Wisk!"

But she was already running down the street. Tom turned back slowly. I think he was wondering, though he had nearly conquered that old habit. But it is so difficult, sometimes, to say just what we feel to those we like very much!

"First the shavings, then the chips," sang Wisk's happy heart, as she hurried along, "first the shavings, and then the chips, and then a spark from old Katy's tinder-box, and sha' n't we have a beautiful blaze?"

That night the one-eyed dog in the butcher's yard had a hard time of it. There was the moon to be barked at; the pigs to be barked at; the sheep, the oxen, and the lambs to be barked at every time they moved in their stalls. The skin-heap, too, required a constant barking to keep it from stirring while the rats were burrowing beneath. And then there was the strange lad to be barked at, coming in twice, as he did, with a hand-cart heaped high with chips, shavings, and blocks, and again coming back with planks, hammer, and saw. And the smoke from the sick woman's fire, ah, how it bothered old Beppo!

He had lived long in the yard, and remembered well how the high chimney had stood there for years and years, all that was left of a burned-down factory, — and how the shed had been built up around it as if to keep it from tumbling. For months past it had been a quiet, well-behaved chimney, but now to see smoke rushing out of it at such a rate, bound straight for that aggravating moon, it was really too much to stand. So Beppo barked and barked; and Tom hammered and hammered; and old Katy curled herself up in the straw, saying over and over again, "How nice it will be! How nice it will be!"

Time passed on. One day the King and his court came riding down that same street again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a carpenter's shop, and asked, "Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigious Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. He works with a will, that fellow. I must let him build the royal ships."

"The royal ships! your most preposterous Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long ago, the question travelled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty young woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He 's a master-builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what 's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered, "but now he 's Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-catcher. And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master-builder threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"O Tom, the King wants to speak with you again!" said Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparations be made at once for proclaiming him Royal Shipbuilder! What do they call you, young man? I 've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eyes sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are *you*, my pretty one?"

"O, I 'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.

Mary E. Mapes Dodge,
Author of "Hans Brinker," etc.

UNDER THE PINES.

WE were idling under the pine-trees,
Grave Robert, fair Grace, and I,
Watching the plumy toss of the boughs,
The snow-inlaid blue of the sky;

Breathing the balm of the branches,
Brought out by the midsummer sun;—
Three in our aims and our tempers,
In our love and sympathy one.

That day, all work was forgotten,
All struggles that we had known;
Past tears and care for the future
Away by the south-wind blown.

That gentle rushing south-wind,
So soothing and sweet, yet strong,
Seemed to bear up our souls on its pinions
And carry us brave along.

Robert lay with his face to the heavens,
His head at the root of the tree,
In its silent pride and endurance
Not more kingly and strong than he.

On a bed of fragrant fern-leaves
Our pensive Grace reclined,
And I guessed by her blue eyes' dreaming
The sweet thoughts that filled her mind.

They had spread me a shawl of crimson,
On a moss-bed crisp and gray,
With pillow of lichened rock, made soft
By many a hemlock spray.

Now with berries that Grace had gathered,
Or books that Robert had brought,
We busied ourselves for a little,
Then fell into dreamy thought.

For the whispering of those pine-trees,
That soft *susurrus* song,
Was to us as the fabled lotos,
And held us in dreamland long.

"What do you think they are saying?"
(As I roused myself at last;)
"Do they speak to you of the future,
Of the present, or the past?"

A conscious blush came flitting
O'er the rounded cheek of Grace,
And she answered very softly,
With a timid, downcast face: —

"They sound to me like wind through the sails
Of a great ship sailing free,
Or the distant breaking of the waves
On the pebbly shores of the sea."

"Is the great ship homeward bound, dear girl?"
Laughed Robert. "I fain would learn
If there waits not a maid on that pebbly shore,
To welcome her lad's return."

"Now, Robert, you shall not tease her,
But truly tell in your turn
What lessons of wit or wisdom
Do *you* from the pine-trees learn."

He grew sober and answered quickly,
"I 've no gift of talking ever,
But it seems to me that the pine-trees say
'Upward and on forever!'

"That they tell of what we *may* be,
Of noble deeds to be done;
There 's a sound of soaring and striving,
Of glorious heights to be won!"

Then he rose, and abruptly left us,
Half ashamed at speaking his mind,
And Grace soon wandered for flowers,
Leaving me and the pines behind.

And again I lay and listened
To the song they sung to *me*, —
'T was still a sigh for the happy past,
And a sigh for the rest that shall be.

Laura D. Nichols.

THE WHISPERER.

UNCLE JOE, being "stumped" by the children to tell a story about a birch-tree, began as follows : —

"There was once a lovely Princess who had a Fairy for a godmother. This young Princess was slender, graceful, and very fair to behold. She usually dressed in green, green being her favorite color.

"This pretty creature would have been a great favorite but for her very troublesome habit of whispering. She had always some wonderful news, or seemed to have, which everybody must hear privately; so no wonder that she came to be known, at last, by the name of *The Whisperer.*

"Now this conduct was very displeasing to the old Fairy, who, being of a hasty temper, would often become angry and scold and threaten her, though, when good-natured, she would smile most pleasantly upon her and drop gold in her path.

"The Princess, as may be imagined, liked to see herself well dressed, and every year she saved up the gold which her godmother had dropped, and spun and wove herself a fine golden mantle. The Fairy was quite willing to find her in gold to spin, and all would have gone well only for the habit above mentioned, which habit, I will say in passing, was very strong upon her in breezy weather.

"But one day the old lady, who was, as has been remarked, of rather a hasty turn, became so provoked that she lost all patience with the Whisperer, and, touching her with her wand, changed her, quick as thought, to a slender green tree.

"'Now stand there, and whisper to the winds!' cried the angry Fairy.

"And sure enough she did. The pretty, graceful tree did stand and whisper to the winds ever after, but always saved up sunshine enough, through the long summer days, to weave for itself a golden mantle, and when decked in that was as pleased as a tree could be, to see itself so fine!

"And that's the way, so I've been told," said Uncle Joe, laughing, "that birch-trees began! Go into the woods any time when there's a light breeze stirring, and you may hear them, whispering, whispering, whispering! They never fail, however, to save up sunshine enough, through the long summer days, to weave for themselves fine golden mantles. But these fine golden mantles are sure to be spoiled by a rough old king who comes this way every year, storming and raging and making a great bluster. He gives them white ones instead, but they are not so pretty.

"Say, my little children, do you know who this old king is?"

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

HOW A LETTER WENT TO PAPA.

LITTLE Tiny Leigh came in and stood on tiptoe by the escritoire where Aunt Sue sat writing. As she did so a very small rose-bud of a mouth made itself apparent above the line of the desk at auntie's right, and a piping little voice, proceeding from it, demanded, "Vat you doin', auntie?"

"Writing letters," responded auntie, who, with a bunch of envelopes and a quire of paper before her, was very deep in the business indeed. Then a fat dimpled finger stole cautiously up and touched a finished pile.

"One, two, free, four, amen!" counted Tiny, who always cherished the belief that "amen" stood for a full stop, and made use of it accordingly.

"Vat for you wite letters, auntie?"

"O, to send to my friends," replied auntie, bending over her work, and speaking in a voice that seemed to issue from her eyebrows.

"Vere is you fends?" persevered the child.

"Everywhere," said auntie, who happened to be writing that word at the moment.

"Does letters go ev'ywhere?"

"Yes," responded auntie, absently.

"Would a letter go to papa?"

"Yes," said auntie again, who by this time was in the very heart of a brilliant description, and did not know in the least what she was talking about.

"How does letters go?" pursued Tiny. But auntie did not hear. "How does letters go?" urged she again, this time touching auntie's elbow by way of experiment. The experiment, so far as auntie was concerned, resulted in a bold, upward stroke, at an acute angle with the last "hair line," and she looked up really out of patience at last.

"O Tiny," said she, "what a little mis—" but she stopped suddenly. There was such a look of appeal in the soft, blue eyes fixed anxiously upon her, that she could not find it in her heart to visit any indignation on that small, golden head, so she only kissed the rosy mouth and said, "Auntie is very busy just now, darling, and you must not disturb her. Another day she will talk to you just as much as ever you wish. Here!" added she, seeing the look of disappointment that stole over the sunny face; "see! I will make a letter of you and send you to mamma."

So she took a postage-stamp out of her little drawer, and, parting the flossy curls, pasted it right in the centre of Tiny's smooth white forehead.

"I don't know how letters goes," said the baby girl, chuckling delightedly. "Does they fly?"

"Letters don't 'goes,'" said auntie, laughing, "they *go*, through the post-office. Now run along and put yourself in a post-office somewhere and mamma will be sure to find you."

"O yes! I know, I saw'd it — the po-soffis — me and mamma — one day. It 's down the corner and yound the ab'nue!"

So she trotted off across the broad library floor, out into the hall, and Aunt Sue, having heard the door close behind her, returned to her writing.

Out in the hall Tiny stood still. A great thought came to her. "I will go to papa," said she to herself. Papa was gone away. He had been gone, O, such a long, long time! She could only just remember faintly, like a dream, some soft, loving, brown eyes, and a gentle voice that called her "little daughter." Then the rooms were very dark one time, a strange, black box, covered with flowers, was carried out at the door, and papa had never come back any more. Never *once*, though she had run all through the house and garden crying out, "I want papa! I want papa!" many a day. But now she could go to him. They told her he was gone to God, but was she not a letter now, and had not auntie said that letters could go *ev'ywhere?* And if she could only get into the "po-soffis," papa would be sure to find her. Yes, she would go to papa! There stood the hat-rack, with her own small jockey hanging upon it; so with all her strength she pushed forward one of the great hall chairs, climbed up, and secured her hat, put it on hindside foremost — poor little Tiny! — and opening the door went out into the busy street.

Twenty minutes afterward Aunt Sue, having finished her letters, crossed the hall and noticed the displaced chair and missing jockey, and wondered where the child could be. At that very moment the clerk at the post-office heard a little piping voice, and, looking down, saw a strange sight, — a tiny creature, no more than three years old, it seemed, with jockey-hat awry, its sweeping plume tangled with golden curls, a postage-stamp shining conspicuous in the centre of a polished forehead, and wistful blue eyes turned up to him, glistening with a great hope.

"I want to go to papa," said the voice.

The clerk smiled. "Where is your papa?" asked he.

"Gone to God," said Tiny, solemnly.

The smile died out. They had sent many odd parcels to strange directions through that office, but never one to that address, thought he.

"I am a letter, and I want to go to papa," pleaded the child, her yearning eyes still fastened on his face.

"What is your name?" said the clerk.

But at that moment a blustering business man, bound on the redress of some grievance, pressed forward and brushed her aside; she was drawn into the current of people, passing in at one door and out at another, and before she could say another word found herself in the street again.

There she stood irresolute. Her heart ached with disappointment, the passers-by jostled and bewildered her, she began to be afraid, and her eyes filled with tears. Suddenly there was a great outcry. The frightened crowd fled into doorways. A pair of runaway horses came dashing down the street! The people on the crossings rushed to the sidewalk. No one noticed an unprotected little one standing there with blanched face, and eyes wild with

terror; no one heard a feeble, wailing cry. A great, burly boy with a basket on his arm, pressing forward in blind speed, found something in his pathway and bore it down. Then it was all over. The mad horses were down the street and far away. The relieved pedestrians came out from their places of refuge. Only one did not "move on."

A little, lifeless figure, with wide-open blue eyes, long, soft, golden curls sweeping the curbstone, and dimpled hands thrown out, lay where it had fallen. The jockey-hat had rolled from her head, its white feather was draggled in the dust, but the postage-stamp still clung to the shining forehead. The crowd looking on noted it with curious eyes. It had done its work well. Ah me! the little "letter" had gone safely to papa, and to God.

Annie Clyde.

WHEN I WAS A LAD.

WHEN I was a lad I cannot say
That I was exactly a fool,
Though I did n't learn Greek at school:
I caught up a book now and then by day,
And at night on the shaggy rug I lay,
With the firelight flashing and glancing
On my open page, and dancing
All round the room, like fairies at play.

The sleet might rattle against the pane:
On my hearth-rug snug and warm,
What did I care for the storm?
The wilder the night, with its wind and rain,
The brighter the visions that warmed my brain.
Out of the glowing romances
Trooped airy phantoms and fancies,
To build and people my castles in Spain.

Authors were giants then to me,
Seen through the magic lens
Of my boyish reverence:
I thought, "What a wonderful man is he
Who can write a book! how strange it must be
Only to see him and know him!"
From the very leaves of a poem
There breathed a charm and a mystery.

What did I read? what did I not!
Homer and Hudibras,
Essay on Man, Gil Blas,
Plutarch and Fielding, Burns and Scott,
The Pirate's Own Book, — I can't say what!
Ah-me, the pleasure I had in
Gulliver and Aladdin!
And Byron I reckoned the best of the lot!

The books I could borrow, or buy, or hire,
I brought: then never a word
Of the household talk I heard;
But, nestled there in the gleam of the fire,
I was alone with my heart's desire, —
Milton or Bunyan, Dante's
Awful visions, Cervantes
And his delightful Knight and Squire.

And near to Shakespeare's heart I drew:
I dropped the swift, hot tear
Over the passion of Lear;
I revelled with Falstaff's lawless crew;
And Juliet, Jessica, and the Jew,
Ariel and Ophelia,
And gentle-voiced Cordelia,
Were real to me as the friends I knew.

O, then I fancied, "I too will be
An author one of these days,
And write romances and plays,
And poems powerful, proud, and free!"
Foolish dreams, you will think; — ah me!
If only my tree of knowledge
Had been well pruned at college,
I might have been saved from such, you see!

But, nevertheless, I still must say
That I was n't exactly a fool,
Though I did n't learn Greek at school:
I picked up a thought now and then, by day;
And fed my heart in a wild, sweet way,
As, with endless love and yearning
The firelit pages turning,
At night on the shaggy rug I lay.

J. T. Trowbridge.

HOW BENNIE CAUGHT THE CHICKEN-POX.

A TRUE STORY.

"MAMMA, please, may I go over to Gracie Bancroft's?" said Bennie Chandler, as he rose from the dinner-table.

"I would n't go yet, Bennie, they 're not through dinner."

"O yes, I guess they be. Say, please, can't I go?"

"Well, I don't care. Don't be gone long."

Without waiting for further admonitions, Bennie seized his straw hat and started for the house of his intimate friend, a little girl who lived next door. Grace was eating her dinner when he entered; but she soon finished, and went to look for her hat.

"O Bennie!" she said, when they were out doors, "I want to show you sumpin'. Come down in the garden wi' me." She led the way to a heap of rubbish in one corner of the yard, on which lay a small dead mouse. "There, ain't he pretty? Charlie catched him this morning in a trap."

"Won't you give him to me for my cat?" said Bennie, disposed to take a practical view of the matter.

"I guess Charlie wants him. Poor, 'ittle rat!" she added, bending down and stroking his fur. "Say, Bennie, le's go over to your house. My mother said I might this morning."

"I don' wan' ter," said Bennie, reluctant to shorten his visit. "I 'm tired."

"We can go right down in the garden and crawl through the hole in the fence. Come!" They trudged across the garden, through the beets and cabbages, leaving their footprints in the soft earth and on the leaves of the vegetables. "Why, where 's the place?" said Grace, when they came to the fence. "I can't find it."

"If they ain't been an' gone an' mended the hole up!" said Bennie. "They 'll jus' have to take the board off again, 'cause we want to get through here every day."

"Here 's a little place what I guess we can squeeze through," said Grace. It *was* a little place, but with a good deal of crowding, Bennie managed to jam through. Grace was less fortunate, for, just as she got through, and was going to take a step forward, something held her fast. "O, I 'm stuck!" Bennie took hold of her hand and pulled her forward; when they heard a tearing sound, and there was a long slit in Grace's dress. "Well, I did n't do it, did I, Bennie?" said Grace, holding up her buff linen with an ugly rent in the side breadth. "'T was that old fence." And having shifted the responsibility, she felt at leisure to turn her attention to more important matters. "Be your cherries ripe, Bennie?"

"Some be, up to the top. I got papa's iron rake the other day, an' I could yank the branches down nice as could be; but I bended the teeth all up, an' papa he won't let me have it no more."

"You could n't climb the tree, could you?" said Grace, looking wishfully at the bright red fruit.

"O yes, I could," said Bennie, boastfully. "It 's a pretty high tree, but I could climb it easy as not if I wanted to, but I don't want to."

"Charlie he clam a tree 'most twice as high as that once," said Grace, hoping to encourage him by the superior example of her elder brother.

"Well, I 've clum a tree *three* times as high!" rejoined Bennie, determined not to be outdone.

"I guess I 'll go home now," said Grace, giving up all hope of obtaining any cherries. "I 'm awful hungry."

When children can find nothing to do, they invariably think they want "something to eat." They must be doing something, and eating helps pass away the time.

"O, don't go now," pleaded Bennie. "If you 'll stay, we 'll go an' get something to eat, an' then go an' play in the barn."

Grace could not resist this double inducement, and concluded to remain a little longer. Meantime Bennie was in the house rifling his mother's cake-jars. He came out with both hands full, and the two sat down on the piazza to eat.

"I think your mother 's a real good cooker," said Grace, munching her cake. They finished their repast, threw the remainder to the chickens, and then went into the barn. "Do you s'pose there 's any eggs?" said Grace, as they were scrambling on the hay.

"I sh'd think there ought to be. We 've got seventeen hens, and there 's a leghorn what steals his nest everywhere. We never can find his eggs."

They had some nice fun sliding down the hay until they got a quantity scattered on the floor. By and by they got tired of this; and then Bennie happened to remember that his father did n't like to have them slide on the hay, so they started to go down stairs in quest of something else to do.

"Jus' see all them hens in the corn-crib!" said Grace, pausing on the top stair.

"Yes, an' I declare if there ain't our old rooster! His name 's Richard Something, 'cause he 's so ugly."

"O, le 's catch him!" said Grace.

"So we will! I 'll go down an' shut the barn-doors, an' then we 'll chase him."

Grace picked up a handful of corn-cobs, they being the most convenient missiles she could find.

"O, give some of 'em to me," said Bennie, when he came back. "I can fire a good deal straighter 'n you can."

Bennie took some cobs and threw them at the hens. They cackled and scattered in all directions. The rooster, with a good deal of fluttering, managed to fly up on a beam. Bennie excitedly threw a stick at him, which came within about twenty feet of the mark. But Grace hit the beam, and sent the rooster cackling and flying down on the hay. Then commenced a chase.

"Grace, Grace, come an' help me fix this ladder," shouted Bennie. "I want to climb up after him." They placed the ladder in position, and Bennie climbed up. Grace slowly followed, a step at a time. "Come, hurry," said Bennie.

When she was almost up she looked down, and seeing how far she was from the ground, became frightened and began to cry. "Bennie, Bennie, I shall tumble! Oh! Oh!"

"Come along," said Bennie, impatiently. "Don't be afraid."

But Grace could not be persuaded, and retreated as carefully as she had advanced. When she was safely back on the floor, and looked up where Bennie was standing,

the distance seemed so small, and it seemed so foolish to be afraid to climb up that short ladder, that she was tempted to try again. This time she got safely up; and now, where was the rooster? They found him down on the barn-floor near the oats.

"O dear," said Bennie, "now, I s'pose we 've all got to h'ist down again!"

"You might go down an' drive him up here," said Grace. Bennie went down the ladder, and chased the rooster round with a stick. The poor fowl, finding no quarter there, flew up over Grace's head on to the hay. Bennie was up in a twinkling, and he and Grace chased him, laughing and shouting.

"O, I 'most caught him then," said Grace. "He slipped right through my fingers. I got some of his tail-fevvers, though," examining some of the plumage which had shortly before adorned the unfortunate rooster.

At this season the barn was about half full of hay. In one corner it was piled up very high; but where Bennie and Grace were it had been nearly all used, so that the floor was almost bare. The rooster, being hotly pursued by his assailants, flew up on the hay, far above the children's heads. As soon as he had reached a place of safety, he stretched his neck, bristled up his feathers, and sent forth a shrill, piercing crow, — an odd mixture of rage and defiance, such as a rooster always gives forth when pursued.

The children sat down to consult. They finally decided to bring the ladder up, and place it against the hay. Their united strength was required to move it; when it was in place, Grace sat down on the lower round to steady it, while Bennie climbed up. Then Richard flew down. Bennie slid down after him. In this part of the barn was a little door where the hay was pitched in.

"Grace, shut that door!" cried Bennie. "He 'll fly out!"

"O, I can't; I don't dare to! the hay 's so slippery!" said Grace. So Bennie shut it. That made the barn suddenly dark, so at first the children could not see where the rooster was. Bennie sat down on the hay to wipe the perspiration from his face. A subdued crow was heard.

"There he is, down on the floor," said Bennie. "Le 's slide down on the hay. We 've got to be quick, too, or he 'll be up here."

They started to run; it was dark, and Grace, not noticing where her feet were going, tumbled headlong over a rake. Her cries were long and loud. Bennie penitently felt that he was the cause of all this misery, and, not knowing any better way of showing his repentance, immediately went and opened the door. He was just asking Grace, in a sorrowful voice, if she had n't better come into the house and let his mother see her, when that young lady burst out laughing. At that Bennie laughed, and then they both laughed, until Grace happened to think of the rooster.

As Bennie slid down, Richard the Third ran in behind some barrels, but a few pokes with a shovel soon brought him out of his hiding-place, and he took refuge on the hay. There Grace drove him into a corner, and grabbed him by the tail.

"Bennie, come up quick, or he 'll get away!"

Bennie ran to the place where the ladder had stood, but there was no ladder there. They had taken it up with them, and there it lay on the hay above his head. The rooster was struggling and cackling, and Grace was calling to Bennie to come up or she should let go. He clutched hold of the hay and made frantic efforts to pull himself up. He tumbled back and hit the head of a rake; this brought the other end up, which hit his shoulder. A bright idea hit him at the same time. He reached up, hooked the teeth of the rake into one of the rounds of the ladder and pulled it down. In a minute he was up on the hay, and relieved Grace of her struggling charge.

"O dear me!" said Grace, "I was awful scart the rooster 'd bite me! What you going to do with him?"

"Sling him down the cow-stall, I guess. Now I 'm going to throw him: one — two — three!" The rooster swung like a pendulum over the opening, and dropped like a lump of lead at the last word. He did not get up and crow, as Bennie expected he would, but lay there quiet. The old cow stuck her nose through the bars and smelt him.

"O Bennie Chandler, just see what you 've done! What *will* your mother say?"

"Well, 't was you what caught him."

"P'r'aps your mother can get him out," suggested Grace.

Mrs. Chandler was sitting at the window sewing, when Bennie and Grace came in. "Well, little folks," looking up from her work, "what mischief have you been doing *this* afternoon?"

"The rooster 's in the cow-stall," said Grace, seeing Bennie did not speak.

"O mamma, the cow 's going to eat him up!" said Bennie, beginning to cry.

"Me 'n' Bennie chased him 'cause he 's so ugly."

"Why, I don't understand," said Mrs. Chandler, laying down her work. "Come out and show me what you 've done."

She followed the children to the barn. They found the rooster still lying there.

"Dear me, is there any mischief you are not into? I don't want to go into the stall; run and get me a hoe, Gracie, and then I 'll poke him out."

The rooster fell upon the barn floor, and, doubtless thinking that he would get some hard knocks lying there, jumped up.

"Such a looking fowl!" said Mrs. Chandler, bursting into a hearty laugh. "You 've pulled out his whole tail. I never saw such a ridiculous-looking object!"

Bennie, seeing his mother laugh, concluded it was n't a *very* serious affair after all, and began to laugh too. "O, did n't we have fun chasing him, Grace?"

"You must never meddle with the hens again," said Mrs. Chandler, trying hard to look sober, as Bennie told her the story. "You have hurt the poor rooster very much."

Grace went home, and Mrs. Chandler and Bennie returned to the house. The unfortunate Richard had been very proud of his tail, and now, deprived of his principal ornament, he seemed to know how ill he looked, for he kept out of sight as much as possible for the next two weeks.

Mrs. Chandler put Bennie to bed that night earlier than usual; partly, because she knew he must be tired from chasing the rooster that afternoon, and partly as punishment for so doing. He came down in the morning rubbing his arm.

"I itch all over," said he, in reply to his mother's inquiry.

"Let me see your arm. Why, Bennie, you 've certainly got the chicken-pox!"

"What 's that?" said Bennie, looking apprehensively at the little red spots on his arm.

"O, you 'll soon find out," laughed his elder sister, in her superior wisdom. "I called it the small-pox, when I had it, because the spots were small."

"I don't see who you caught it from," said Mrs. Chandler; "I did n't know that any one had it in the neighborhood."

"O, I know, mamma!" said Bennie, brightening. "I must 'a' caughted it of that old rooster what me and Grace pulled the tail-feathers out of yesterday; an' so I think it ought to be called the *rooster-pox!*"

Betsey Pringle, age 14.

Concord, N. H.

MORE ABOUT MY STEAMSHIP.*

The splendid and fast-sailing steamer "Nellie" will make her trial-trip on Saturday the — of ——, 1871, at half past two P. M.

Such was the placard that announced to the world that I intended to try my steamship on a pond the next Saturday. "Next Saturday" dawned clear and pleasant, and at an early hour myself and friends sallied out to the pond (about two miles distant) where the trial was to be made.

Having moored the tiny steamship in a safe harbor, and having put a gay flag at the main-top with her name printed on it in bright blue letters, we took a little candy bottle, and broke it over the bow, at the same time christening her "Nellie." Then came the grand business of getting up steam. First we poured about half a pint of water into the boiler, and filled the spirit fountain with alcohol; then we lit the fire, and soon had the heat pouring from the smoke-stack. In about five minutes afterward we heard the welcome singing of the steam.

"Now she takes it, fellows, I tell you what!" — "All aboard!" — "Cast off that bow-line!" exclaimed my enthusiastic friends.

When the excitement had subsided, we decided to send the boat straight to the opposite shore, which was distant two hundred yards. I stood, watch in hand, to see how long it would take her to cross the pond. A friend stood ready to turn on the steam and cast off the fastening as soon as I should give the word. I waited until the second-hand pointed to the even minute, and then gave the signal.

At 2.35 P. M. precisely, the Nellie's screw began to revolve, at first slowly, but soon faster and faster, until the vessel gradually gathering headway glided out into the open water. She steamed along very steadily, until she reached the rough water in the centre of the pond; then rushing ahead at full speed she began to pitch and toss wildly, and at first I feared that the gallant little steamer would founder, as I saw the spray dashing over her prow, and almost covering the forward part of the ship. But luckily she was a life-boat, and recovered herself. After this, she got along very well, and, ploughing her way straight through the waves, advanced swiftly and steadily to the opposite shore, where she arrived after a stormy passage, passing triumphantly into harbor at precisely 39 minutes 55 seconds past two P. M.

We were all much pleased with the speed and safety with which the "Nellie" had made the voyage, and I was congratulated on all sides on the success my steamer had achieved. While we were talking, and refitting the steamship for her return voyage, some one cried out, "What 's that thing over there?" and, turning round, we beheld away off on the other side what appeared to be another boat. I happened to have a small spy-glass in my pocket, with which I examined the "thing," and to my surprise I found that it was nothing less than a paddle-wheel steamer. I could see quite plainly the paddle-wheels revolving and the water foaming around her prow as she dashed ahead. I could even see the tiny puffs of steam issuing from her hull. She was in the very spot my own boat had just passed through, — the roughest part of the pond, — and she had a hard fight to get through safely. Sometimes her paddle-wheels, lifted completely out of the water, would whirl round with lightning speed, and the next moment they would be buried to the paddle-boxes.

At last she succeeded in reaching smooth water, although not so quickly as my boat had, and steamed along most beautifully; while the sun sparkled on her gilded

* See "Our Young Folks," Nov., 1871.

paddle-boxes, and was reflected in a thousand pretty colors from her dripping paddles. She had come so near by this time that we could see her with the naked eye. She was much larger than my steamer, although of the same build, with long raking masts, and a low sharp hull. She came quite close to where we were standing, and we thought she was coming to land; but, suddenly, a little bell sounded, and at the same instant her wheels, which had been whirling round at full speed, stopped and began to turn slowly backward. She had gained so much velocity, however, that she glided several feet farther before her motion was checked, and we could easily have seized her, but we wanted to see what else she was going to do. When she had backed out into the open pond, she slowly turned round, displaying as she did so, her stern, on which was stamped in gold letters, this inscription: —

Prince Alfred, built by G. R. & Co., Liverpool, Eng., 1871.

When she had turned round, a bell sounded again, and the paddles began to revolve once more. "Let 's chase her" was the universal shout. No sooner said than done, and the "Nellie," with fresh supplies of water and fuel, was despatched in pursuit of the stranger. At first the strange steamer had rather the best of it, being larger and having more powerful engines; but the "Nellie" followed steadily on until the steamers reached the rough water, then the stranger began to pitch and toss, so that she lost nearly all headway, but the "Nellie," being a screw-steamer, cut her way through the ripples, and lessened fast the distance between the two boats. Unfortunately for the paddle-steamer, my vessel in passing her was struck by a wavelet, which threw her off her course, and the next instant she ran full tilt upon the side of the stranger, striking her just behind the paddle-boxes. This blow threw the paddle-steamer over on her beam-ends, and she must have shipped some water, which put out her fires; for we saw her paddle-wheels stop soon after. The boat, not being propelled forward, of course began to drift about.

The "Nellie," however, kept on until she reached the shore in safety. When we got to the other side we found the owner of the "Prince Alfred" in no pleasant humor on account of the ill fate of his ship. I made all the excuses I could for the accident, and offered him the use of my own ship to tow his to the land. This offer he accepted, and, having very ingeniously rigged up a sort of hook and tackle on my vessel, he sent her off in the hope that the hook might catch in the "Alfred's" rigging, and thus bring her to the shore. The first time, the paddle-steamer drifted away, and the "Nellie" did not come near her. On the second trial we made allowance for the drifting, and succeeded in recovering the "Prince Alfred."

The owner of the "Alfred" allowed us to examine his ship, for we were all curious to find out how the wonderful effects we had seen were produced. He explained it all to us, and said that he had seen us on the opposite shore, and sent his steamer over to astonish us. He was also much interested in my ship, which he admired greatly. The way he had managed the stopping of the paddles and the ringing of the bell was this: he had taken the works of an old clock, and placed them over the lever by which the machinery was regulated. This lever reversed the motion of the vessel by a very simple movement, and he connected the clockwork with this, so that, by winding up the clock, he could make it move the lever at any time he wished. The engines of his steamer were larger than mine, and the paddle-wheels measured about five inches in diameter, while the screw of my steamer was barely two inches in diameter; so that in smooth water his ship would probably outstrip mine. We were going to race the two steamers, but it grew too late, so we put that off till another Saturday.

Captain of the "Nellie" (*T. B. Stork*).

THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

One pleasant morning, as I was taking my usual horseback ride, I thought I would give the humming-bird tree a call. This was a large live-oak, the branches of which nearly touched the ground on all sides but one. In summer this seemed to be a favorite resort for humming-birds, so we always spoke of it as the humming-bird tree.

"I think there is a nest in that tree," Hans the gardener had said, but although I had made my neck ache and nearly blistered my nose in looking up, I had never found it. On this particular morning, as I stopped my pony under the drooping branches, I saw a little green humming-bird fly out from a cluster of leaves. On looking closer I spied a little moss-covered nest not much larger than a good-sized acorn-cup. It was lined with cotton from the cottonwood-trees, but instead of being woven as birds'-nests usually are, it was stuck together with some adhesive substance like glue. And that it might not easily be seen the nest was covered with bits of green moss.

Such a nest cannot possibly hold two birds at once, and I have been told that, as it can accommodate but one, after a bird is hatched, another egg is laid, and the warmth of the young bird hatches it. By this time the first bird is able to leave the nest, and the second bird takes possession. I do not know that this is true.

In the nest lay a pearly egg about the size of a common bean. I told mother I wanted that bird to put with my pets. She laughed and said, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." I had a pair of canaries, a linnet, a white dove, and a big crow. This last was caught in a quail trap. He had bright bead-like eyes, and such a saucy toss of his glossy black head that he quite won my heart and was granted a place among my birdies. Hans said he was a little "contraband," and christened him Jim Crow. His being black did not make any difference with the white dove.

After reading in "Our Young Folks" about "Hum the son of Buz," I had wanted a humming-bird, so every day I called on Madam Bird, and at last one day I was greeted by what appeared to be a bunch of feathers with a pretty pink mouth wide open, expecting, no doubt, a tender fat worm or a drop of honey.

In about two weeks father said the bird was old enough to put into the cage, and that perhaps if we went after dark, the old bird would be on the nest and we could capture her too.

That evening mother, father, Hans, and I walked up to the tree. Father held a lantern and I the cage while Hans climbed up and sawed the little limb off. Baby bird was in his nest, and he so filled it up that there was no room for his mamma. She was not to be seen.

We put the part of the branch the nest was on into the cage, and returned home. We had been in the house but a short time when we heard a loud buzzing over the bookcase. "I wonder if the old bird followed us down," said I. Hans was called, and getting a stool climbed up, and there on top of the bookcase was — no, not the bird, but a great black bug! Hans said it was a humbug, and carried him out on the dust-pan.

I fed my pet on sugar and water, and every day he grew stronger and prettier. As I am writing he is sipping honey from the fragrant honeysuckles which almost cover the south window.

Nettie A. F.

Knoxville, California.

"OLE BULL."

I USED to have a monkey of which I should like very much to tell "Our Young Folks" a few anecdotes. My uncle, who gave him to me, had named him after Ole Bull, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer.

Ole was a very mischievous and tricky monkey, uncommonly so, I believe, and he led us a life of fun, and of anxiety, too, sometimes. One day we were all invited out sleigh-riding. Ole Bull was determined to go too, and it was all we could do to shut him in a closet and lock the door. At last we got started and were having a splendid time, when we heard a scampering behind, and there was the monkey coming at full tilt after us! We were afraid of losing him, so we stopped the sleigh and took him in. He chattered in glorious triumph all the way. We found he had escaped through a ventilator in the roof.

Again we were drying apples (we lived in the country), and had a shed erected for the purpose, on which they were spread after being cut in quarters. Ole had seen Bridget sweep the floor, and as he was in a helping mood, he thought he would help her along with her work, so he swept the apples all off from the shed.

But now I come to the saddest part of the life of my pet. One day we had some men clearing out our cistern, and they had just taken out the pump, and gone to dinner, when the poor monkey came along and tried the experiment of jumping in! Alas! he did not come out again alive, for we were all too far away to hear his cries and relieve him. It is a pity to bring the story of Ole Bull to so abrupt a close, but I think if he were alive he would recoil from having untruths told of him, even to end his life more romantically.

Stella Prince, age 13.

JACKSONVILLE, Ill.

TO MADGE.

BONNIE little baby girl,
Down at mamma's feet,
Playing with her snowy spool, —
Was e'er a fay so sweet?
Shoulders white as cherry blooms,
Arms like drifted snow,
Eyes as blue as seraphim's
Ever are, I know.

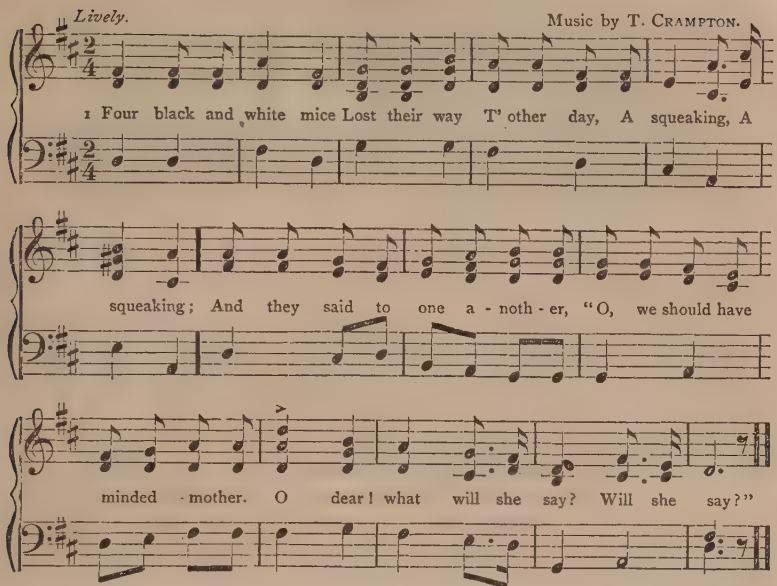
Overhead, sweet jasmine sprays
Swing in ceaseless play,
Floating now like winged things
From baby's touch away.
Hither, thither, all about,
Zephyr-kissed they go, —
How could they ever have the heart
To treat our Madgie so?

Ah, baby sweet! ah, baby dear!
You 'll always find it so, —
A thorn for every rose that blooms,
Some care where'er you go.
But, baby dear, ah, baby sweet!
Thus ever be you blest,
And lullabies like mamma's now
Bring calmest, sweetest rest.

"*Willie Wilde.*"

TUSKEGEE, Ala.

FOUR BLACK AND WHITE MICE.


Lively.
Music by T. CRAMPTON.
1 Four black and white mice Lost their way T' other day, A squeaking, A
squeaking; And they said to one a - noth - er, "O, we should have
minded mother. O dear! what will she say? Will she say?"

2

These black and white mice
Found it cold,
I am told,
A shivering,
A shivering.
And they cuddled close together;
For 't was very rainy weather,
And they not very old,
Very old.

3

These black and white mice
Did n't know
Where to go,
A puzzling,
A puzzling.
Then cried out the biggest mouse,
"There I see a little house!
Made for us, that I know,
That I know."

4

These black and white mice
Cried no more
As before.
A laughing,
A laughing,
Now they followed the big mouse,
Who had spied the little house,
And peeped in at the door,
At the door.

5

These black and white mice
Cried out, "O!
It will do!"
A chuckling,
A chuckling.
"It is all so very nice,
It was surely meant for mice.
Here is toasted cheese too,
Cheese too."

6

These black and white mice,
All, without
Any doubt,
A scampering,
A scampering,
Hurried all into the house,
Made so nicely for a mouse
To go in, not get out,
Not get out.

7

These black and white mice,
They are sighing,
They are crying,
Aweary,
Aweary.
Now all in a little heap,
They have cried themselves to sleep,
And quietly are lying,
Are lying.

WORD SQUARES. — No. 86.

No home is complete that contains not my first.
My second by shakers is dreaded and cursed.
My third is an animal, fierce, stout, and strong.
My fourth is a noise, but not music or song.

"Jay Bee Aye."

No. 87.

1. The earth.
2. Not this.
3. A river.
4. Does lend.
5. Apparel.

G. W. M.

CHARADE. — No. 88.

I am a word of two syllables.
My *first* is a biped.
My *second* is a biped.
My *whole* is a fruit.

Kitty Rose, age 9.

TREES TO BE SEARCHED FOR.

No. 89.

1. See the mice dart into their holes when the cat appears.
2. Buffalo, Albany, and Troy are cities of New York.
3. I have searched for my cap in every closet.
4. We shall have a great desire to hear the popular choruses at the Peace Jubilee.
5. Be neither a spendthrift nor a miser.
6. The purchase of a map left me penniless.
7. Lucy and Rollo lived in the country.
8. With arms akimbo Xerxes stood.
9. In the garden the bee chooses the sweetest flowers.
10. None but cruel men beat their horses.
11. On the fly leaf I read the owner's name.
12. My Cousin Will owes me a shilling.

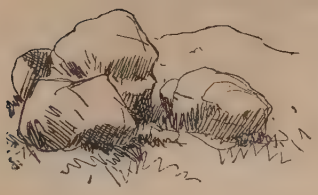
Eunice M. Beebe.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 90.

L. B. H.

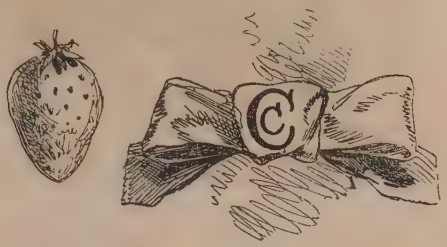
GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 91.



Hester.

No. 92.



Emile Loew.

HIDDEN BOUQUET. — No. 93.

1. We 're near. O, see the smoke!
2. Is that alkali lying there?
3. I am not acquainted with Japan syntax.
4. Why, sweet pears, of course; who ever heard of sour ones?
5. Is Europe on your map?
6. Not v-i-o-l, Ettie, but v-i-a-l, according to Webster.
7. I came, liar, to arrest thee.
8. Good? Ah, liable to be the other way!
9. Ada, is your uncle here?
10. I live up in Kingston, about a mile from here.
11. Ma, rig old Peter up in his best clothes.
12. Which horse has the Jap on? I can't see.
13. Oliver, be naughty for a little while.
14. The spire almost touches the clouds.
15. Patsy, ring an alarm; the fire is spreading.
16. Call and whistle, if they don't look.

"*Bilboquet.*"

ENIGMA. — No. 94.

I consist of 33 letters.
My 2, 29, 16, 16, 6, 29 is a girl's name.
My 2, 10, 12, 4 is an animal.
My 23, 19, 10, 13 is a bird.
My 30, 31, 8, 22, 10, 4, 7, 31, 27 is a tree.
My 3, 7, 5, 6, 12, 26 is a race of men.
My 9, 1, 26, 5, 32 some ladies are very proud of.
My 12, 26, 14, 19, 29, 17 is a boy's name.
My 33, 12, 25, 19 is the highest ornament of a lady.
My 24, 11, 15, 18 one of the United States.
My 21, 24, 19, 32, 10 is a very useful animal.
My 28, 10, 1, 20 people suffer from.
My whole is a proverb

M. B.

CHARADE. — No. 95.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in drunkard, but not in sot.
My *second* 's in ink, but not in blot.
My *third* is in cat, but not in its tail,
My *fourth* is in knob, but not in nail.
My *fifth* is in never, but not in now.
My *sixth* is in nose, but not in brow.
My *seventh* 's in bellows, but not in fan.
My *whole* is a noted Englishman.

G. S. M. P.

ANSWERS.

74. In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.
[(Inn) (men) this (BL under) (still) (ewe) (f in D) (awl) (thin K) (T hair) (little set) (man K in D).]

75. Stonewall.

76. Salt-cellar.

77 1. Rectilineal. 2. Stipendiary. 3. Medicinal. 4. Foretaste.

78.
R A I N
A R N O
I N N S
N O S E

79.
A N V I L
N O I S E
V I L L A
I S L E S
L E A S E

80. 1. Borneo. 2. Candia. 3. Malta. 4. Canary.

81. Denmark.

82. Locke on the Understanding. [(Lock) on (THE) (under stand in G).]

83. Elbow.

84. Washington.

85. 1. Pine. 2. Maple. 3. Elm. 4. Ash. 5. Pear. 6. Fig. 7. Orange. 8. Plum. 9. Pea. 10. Corn. 11. Turnip. 12. Bean. 13. Heath. 14. Aster. 15. Rose. 16. Calla.

JUBILEE! The word meets the eye everywhere. It is on every tongue. Even the birds seem to have caught it, and as the orioles flit through the orchard, we fancy them singing, "Jubilee! Jubilee! have you heard of the Great Jubilee, pretty birds?" Of course they have, — and of course *you* have, dear Young Folks, everywhere; for rumors of the great event have swept across the continent, and over the seas; — the great event, for which immense preparations are going forward as we send our last pages to press.

The immense Coliseum building, in which the world's musical festival is to take place, has sprung from the dreary waste of new-made land on what was once the "Back Bay" of Boston, stretching its vast wings over the plain, and turning up its acres of roof to the summer sun. It has risen, not precisely like a fairy palace, "at the stroke of an enchanter's wand," nor yet like Solomon's temple, but with a marvellous clangor from the resounding hammers of an army of workmen. Meanwhile, in the towns all about us rehearsals are taking place, in preparation for the grand chorus of twenty thousand voices!

Already in fancy we see the splendid spectacle of twenty thousand singers, the mighty array of musicians, and the audience of fifty thousand people crowding the benches, under the festoons of the flags of all nations, drooping from pillar and roof. We hear the swelling chorus, and the boom of guns pealing without, in time with the music. When these pages are in the hands of our readers, all this — should no misfortune prevent — will be actually seen and heard. Happy those who can be present and enjoy the feast presented to the eye and ear! But whether we be of the number or not, let us all, dear Young Folks, rejoice in an event which must result in the cultivation not of a beautiful art only, but also of Peace and Goodwill among the nations of the earth!

F. H. D' W. — The Coliseum building, erected for the World's Peace Jubilee, takes its name from the famous Coliseum — or Colosseum, for the word is written both ways — at Rome, the stupendous ruins of which still remain. This was finished by the Emperor Titus, A. D. 80. It was capable of accommodating nearly a hundred thousand spectators, and was designed for those bloody shows in which the Romans delighted. Between the days of the Coliseum, to which people thronged to see gladiators fight with each other or with wild beasts, or to see Christians flung alive to hungry lions, and the days of *our* Coliseum, devoted to music on a magnificent scale, what a vast stride in the history of civilization!

In anticipation of the throngs of strangers who will crowd our streets during the Jubilee weeks, we give in this number some "Glimpses of Boston." To those who wish to know more of so interesting a subject, here briefly treated, we recommend "Boston Illustrated," just published by J. R. Osgood & Co. It contains nearly *one hundred and fifty illustrations* similar to those given in our "Glimpses," and is by far the most complete and attractive hand-book of Boston ever issued. Price, 50 cents.

Being much interested, as we are sure our readers will be, in the story of "Our Nan and her Dumb Friend," but having some doubts about a pig's ever having saved a life in the manner therein described, we wrote to the author touching this and some other points, and were pleased to learn that the story was founded on fact. She says: —

"In reference to the pig of whose philanthropic turn you seem to entertain some doubt, let me assure you that the case on record found a parallel not long since, when a pig, that, like our Rose, rejoiced in being 'one of the family,' seeing a little boy who often fed and curried him fall into a trench, ran to the house squealing for help, nor desisted until help came. I think pigs are susceptible of mental culture to an extraordinary degree, and shall be glad if the true biography of Rose awakens an interest in the higher development of this hitherto neglected and despised animal.

"My pig, like myself and the *butter-barrel*, all belonged to a certain portion of old Maryland, where the fashions of its people are modeled after those of the dark ages. Nan's village home was on the highway, connecting the city of Washington, D. C., with Harper's Ferry, of John Brown notoriety. During the sessions of Congress, the Washington markets were largely supplied by the 'butter-mongers,' who, collecting the butter once or twice a fortnight from the country stores, conveyed it in Conestoga wagons to its destined mar-

ket. Every village merchant's warehouse contained two or three clean *barrels*, in which the butter taken in trade from the surrounding farmers was stored, until transferred to the buttermonger's tub. On the tragic occasion referred to, one of the barrels was nearly empty, — hence the opportunity for Rose's rare philanthropy."

F. H. Johnson. — "Alongshoreman" is a name given in certain localities to a person living on the coast, especially to one who gains his livelihood by boating, fishing, etc.

Lizzie R. Harrison. — The "edible birds'-nests" you ask about are the actual nests built by a species of swallow, called the "edible" or "esculent" swallow, which is found in Borneo and Java. What they are made of is not precisely known, but it is a gelatinous substance, which has probably been first dissolved in the bird's crop. When hardened, it resembles isinglass, and coarse print can sometimes be read through it. It makes an excellent soup, and is highly prized by the Chinese.

Ida Moss. — "*Et al.*" is an abbreviation of the Latin term, "et alii," or "alios," as the case may be, — meaning "and others." It is rarely used except as a law term; e.g.: "John Smith et al. vs. Thomas Brown et al.," means "John Smith and others versus (or against) Thomas Brown and others."

Stella Prince. — 1. A "thee and thou friendship" is a familiar friendship; "thee" and "thou," in German, French, and some other languages, being used in the intercourse between intimates, instead of the more formal plural pronouns used in ordinary society.

2. "Widow Dido," mentioned in Shakespeare's play of "The Tempest," is the famous Queen Dido of Carthage, of whom Virgil relates that she killed herself for love of Æneas, after he had deserted her.

3. Salt melts ice, because of its strong affinity for the water of which the ice is composed; absorbing the heat necessary for the process from surrounding objects, — such as cream, when ice-cream is to be manufactured by a well-known method. The salt and ice placed about the vessel of cream mutually dissolve, taking the heat from the cream, which is consequently frozen.

Your enigma, Stella, is ingenious, but incorrect. Look at it again carefully, and you will see the mistakes.

C. R. S. — Mrs. Conant's "Butterfly Hunters" is a beautiful book, which will give you information on the subject, in a charming way. It is illustrated with numerous pictures of butterflies and moths. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co. Price, $1.50.

"*Jack Hazard*" — our readers will be pleased to hear from him again — answers "Jehoshaphat, Jr.'s" question in our May number, "Suppose a hole dug straight down through the earth, and a stone dropped into it, how far would the stone go?" Our friend's letter came too late for use last month. Several other answers to the same question have been received, none of which, however, can be regarded as satisfactory.

Jack writes: "The stone would go as far as its momentum could carry it beyond the centre of the earth; it would then return, repassing the centre; and so keep on, vibrating from one side to the other of that point, making shorter and shorter movements, like a pendulum left to itself, until it would at length stop exactly at the centre of attraction."

Will the author of "What the Choir sang about the New Bonnet," in our April number, favor us with her address? A communication from our cashier, sent to the address given with the poem, has been returned to us.

E. T. W. — We are unable to explain the discrepancy in the accounts of Pietro da Cortona's youth, to which you allude. Probably what was obscure in his early history has been colored with romance.

Jacob Clark. — "Does England export or import cotton?" Both; she imports the raw material, and exports the manufactured article.

W. E. H. — The authorship of the "Arabian Nights" is not known; neither are critics agreed as to the country in which those famous tales were written. They are probably a compilation of Oriental stories, derived from many sources. They were first made known to Christendom by Antoine Galland, a French scholar, who, about 1679, brought home from the East a copy of the "Thousand and One Nights," a portion of which he translated into French. They were probably written about two hundred years before that time. They form the most celebrated collection of stories in the world, being translated into most modern languages, besides being at this day recited in the original Arabic, to eager listeners, in thousands of Arabian coffee-houses in Asia and Africa.

Jennie B. — 1. "Why is Xmas written instead of Christmas?" Because X stands for a cross, and the cross stands for the name of Him whose death made it glorious.

2. "I snum" is a puerile oath, used like "I swan," in place of the more profane "I swear."

3. The "Tammany Ring" was named from "Tammany Hall," once a famous place of resort for a class of New York politicians.

We cannot at this moment recall the names of the authors of the lines you quote.

R. E. S. sends us this parody, which will be appreciated by some of our readers who do not like

GEOMETRY.

The April day was fading fast,
As through a city street there passed
A school-girl, clasping in her arm
A book inscribed with mystic charm,
Geometry!

Her eye was dim with tears unshed,
Her cheek was pale, low hung her head,
And doleful from her lips it rung,
A word of sad and dismal tongue,
Geometry!

In happy homes with children bright,
She saw no books disturb their sight;
Before her eyes trapeziums shone,
While from her lips escaped the moan,
Geometry!

The teacher passed her on her way,
And glanced around a word to say.
"Study the Sun," she sharply cried.
But low that solemn voice replied,
Geometry!

"O, stay at home," the mother said,
"And rest thy weary aching head!"
A tear stood in her languid eye,
But still she answered with a sigh,
Geometry!

"Beware the History's endless round,
Beware Phonetics' jarring sound!"
This was the sister's last good by, —
Far down the stairs she heard the cry,
Geometry!

They found her stretched 'mid book-leaves torn,
Half buried in the chalk, next morn;
Her hand still grasped, as in a vise,
The cover with the strange device,
Geometry!

There in the sunlight bright and warm
Was seen her fair and beauteous form;
Her lips still murmured, as she lay,
And in her sleep she seemed to say,
Geometry!

Rosa K. — There is, perhaps, no better elementary work on chemistry than Youmans's, of which a new edition was issued in 1870. The publishers are D. Appleton & Co., of New York. Price, $2.00.

R. C. F. — Baker's "Elementary Treatise on Land and Engineering Surveying, with all the Modern Improvements" (London, 1859; Weale publisher) contains figures and descriptions of the instruments used by surveyors, and may be recommended as a good book. Merrett's "Land and Engineering Surveying" (London, 1863; E. & F. N. Spon publishers) is a larger and more elaborate work, but it figures and describes more instruments. Of American works on this subject, Robinson's "Surveying and Navigation" (New York, Ivison, Blakeman, & Taylor, 1867) will probably best meet your requirements. Price, $2.25.

Frank B. — 1. The phrase "As mad as a March hare" is said by some to be a corruption of the phrase "As mad as a marsh hare"; but this is only substituting one difficulty for another, it never having been shown that hares inhabiting marshy or swampy districts are any fiercer than those which live in dryer places. Others assert that breeding hares are more pugnacious in March than at any other season of the year; but this statement is not confirmed by the descriptions given by naturalists of the character and habits of this little animal.

2. The "Moon Hoax" was an account, published in the New York "Sun" newspaper, in August and September, 1835, of certain pretended astronomical discoveries made by Sir John Herschel at the Cape of Good Hope. It was professedly reprinted from an early copy of a Supplement to the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," but it was in reality the composition of Mr. Richard Adams Locke, at that time editor of "The Sun." The feigned discoveries were chiefly in the moon, and were made by means of a monster telescope, which revealed seas, cataracts, trees, birds, quadrupeds, etc., and — more wonderful yet — a sort of man-bats, or winged human beings. Such was the verisimilitude and apparent honesty of the account, so plausibly did it interweave minute scientific detail with general and popular description, that, though astronomical students did not fail to see — through the thin disguise — the numerous inconsistencies and absurdities of the narrative, the unlearned public were egregiously duped. Indeed, so great was the sensation created by the supposed discovery that the circulation of "The Sun" was more than quadrupled, and the proprietors were forced to issue the fiction in the form of a pamphlet, printing an edition of sixty thousand copies, which were all sold in less than one month. This pamphlet was reprinted, in 1859, by Mr. William Gowans, of New York; but it is now out of print, and is not easily to be procured. In Poe's "Literati," however, (contained in the third volume of his collected works,) will be found a very readable notice of Mr. Locke, and of his celebrated hoax.

"*Geo.*" — "Don Quixote" was written in ridicule of those extravagant romances of chivalry, the reading of which had turned the hero's head.

Our Young Contributors. "*My Experience at the Mer de Glace,*" by Irene, is accepted.

The following are reserved for *honorable mention*: "*Rummaging in Grandma's Garret,*" by Minnie R. Willard, — a natural description of the great room which no old-fashioned house is complete without, and its contents, from the trunk of curious old books to the cradle in which more than one generation has been rocked; "*Chicken in Bed,*" by L. F. E., — an amusing adventure of two hungry boarding-school girls; "*The Two Snowdrops,*" by Jeanie H. Newell, — a pretty fancy, with a moral; "*My Lovers,*" who turn out to be a constellation (O'Rion) and a planet (Jew Peter), by Carrie Hotchkiss; "*The Little Grasses,*" by Ellie V. Talbot; "*The Raindrop,*" by F. B. Osborn; "*My Pets,*" by Nina; "*The City of Montreal,*" by Annie J. Jack (age 8); to which we must add several poems, — "*The Four Glories of the Year,*" by Charles S. French, "*Beyond the Sky,*" by Myth, and "*At Sunset,*" by Molly.

"*Matty*" sends us, from away off in Nevada, two little poems, — quite pretty, considering the age of the writer (12), — in one of which she gives a charming picture of herself in the early morning, —

> "Watching sweet-peas climb the wall,
> Struggling higher, one and all;
> Seeing bees with wings of gold
> Buried in the lily's fold."

In her accompanying letter she says: —

"My brother and I enjoy 'Our Young Folks' very much, particularly the 'Young Contributors'' department, because this is our only opportunity for the society of other children. We live forty miles from any child, except, perhaps, a baby or two; and our life in Nevada among the mountains, mines, and Indians is very unlike that of either country or city in other States."

"*Weary with Rowing*" is tolerably well written, but isn't the theme rather melancholy for a young contributor?

> "Weary, weary, O so weary,
> Rowing up this stream so dreary,
> Rowing up the stream of life,
> 'Gainst pains and woes and sinful strife!
> Ah! who so weary as I?
> Who so willing to die?"

The other article, which the writer inquires about, was rejected.

A TEACHER in the Shaw Memorial School for freed-children, in Charleston, S. C., sends us some very creditable compositions written by her colored pupils, together with an interesting account of the school, for which we regret that we cannot find room. She says: —

"There are many smart children in this school, and several boys and girls, too, so bright and so studious that we wish very much they might receive a college course. But they are very poor, and this would be impossible for them without assistance. So some of us are trying to devise ways and means by which money may be raised for them. Would not some of the readers of "Our Young Folks" like to give these less fortunate children a little help? Perhaps you could get up little plays or tableaux or fairs among yourselves for this object. Any money raised for it should be sent to the Principal of the School, Mr. Arthur Sumner, now at Cambridge, Mass. He will see that the money is used strictly for the benefit of the children."

We know this to be a worthy object, and are confident that many of our readers can do much good in this way, with very little trouble to themselves. In conclusion, the writer adds: —

"Dear, happy Northern young folks! if you could see the poor and wretched homes of most of these freed-children, and could know the obstacles and discouragements through which many of them have to struggle in order to gain a little education, I am sure you would do your best to help them in their efforts to elevate themselves."

THE best and earliest answers to our last month's puzzles were by Lucy Lee Batchelder, T. G. S. W., Frank L. Mellen, Carrie Johnson, Ella D. Clements, Harry C. Walsh, Ella Hinman, Daisy E., Eunice M. Beebe, Lizzie and A., Annie L. Foster, Bessie G. Colt.

"*Stella*" sends the following rhymed answer to "A Queer Dream," — correct in all but one word: —

> I slept beneath a noble *Pine*,
> A *Maple* at my head,
> An *Elm* in front, — ah, would 't were mine! —
> And *Ash* with berries red.
>
> I dreamt of *Pears* of every kind,
> Of *Figs* from distant lands,
> And *Oranges* I tried to find,
> But *Plums* were in my hands.
>
> Soon in a field some *Peas* I found,
> And ripe sweet golden *Corn*,
> And *Turnips* too grew in the ground,
> Alas! the *Beans* were gone.
>
> A bright *Sword*flower * too bloomed there,
> Beside the *Asters* bright,
> A *Rose*, the fairest of the fair,
> And *Calla*-lily light.

Genevieve H. Cowles sends this rhymed answer to the Charade by Praed, of which she says: —

"It refers to a custom which obtained in the

* Gladiolus.

days of chivalry, — the taking of vows by knights for the *peacock* and the ladies. It was usual to place a peacock in a prominent position, and here the champion took his oath.

A brilliant throng of knights and dames
Bear witness to the vow,
As forth with proud and gallant mien
Comes brave Don Pedro now.
This task he 's sworn to do, — to bring
Five score of Turks to Cadiz,
And by these two has pledged his vow, —
The *peacock* and the ladies.

Ah ! dark and dreadful is the path
The gallant knight must tread !
He dares it with a steadfast heart
That knows not fear or dread.
For by the meed that he shall gain
His labor well repaid is,
So these be witness of his vow, —
The peacock and the ladies.

He goes, where even a *pea* would seem
A feast a king might share,
Where he the *cock* may turn in vain, —
No drop of water there.
Ay ! and his dangerous path may lead
Even to the gates of Hades,
But still these words shall nerve his arm, —
"The peacock and the ladies."

Go, gallant knight ! bright eyes shall shine,
And rosy cheeks shall burn,
And gentle hearts beat loud and fast
To welcome thy return.
The witness how thy vow is kept,
When thou hast seen fair Cadiz,
Be those that now behold thy vow, —
The peacock and the ladies.

ST. LOUIS, May 25, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS" : —

I have often thought I would write and tell how much I liked to read you, and have always been deterred by a profound conviction of my poor qualities as a letter-writer; but now that I have found in the "Arithmetical Sum" by Jack Straw an excuse for writing, I feel compelled to say that I never have enjoyed any magazine as much as I do the "Young Folks."

The only answer I can get to the sum as given, is, 20 times; and I therefore take it for granted that the sum was transposed, and should read, If I *lose* 50 to-night I shall have lost at the rate of 20 an evening, but if I *win* 50 to-night I shall have lost at the rate of 15 an evening. If this is the right way of giving it, then the answer is, —

Number of times played (not including to-night), ... 19
Number of counters lost, ... 350

Then if he wins 50 to-night he will have played 20 times and have lost 300; if he loses, he will have played 20 times and have lost 400.

Your faithful reader,
E. A. MORE, JR.

"Jack Straw" will please take notice.

MESSRS. EDITORS : —

This puzzle appeared over a year and a half ago in the "Chicago Tribune," and the paper stated that there were twenty-three cities buried in it, but did not give the names. I have lately taken it up and found thirty cities; seven more than the paper stated would be found in it.

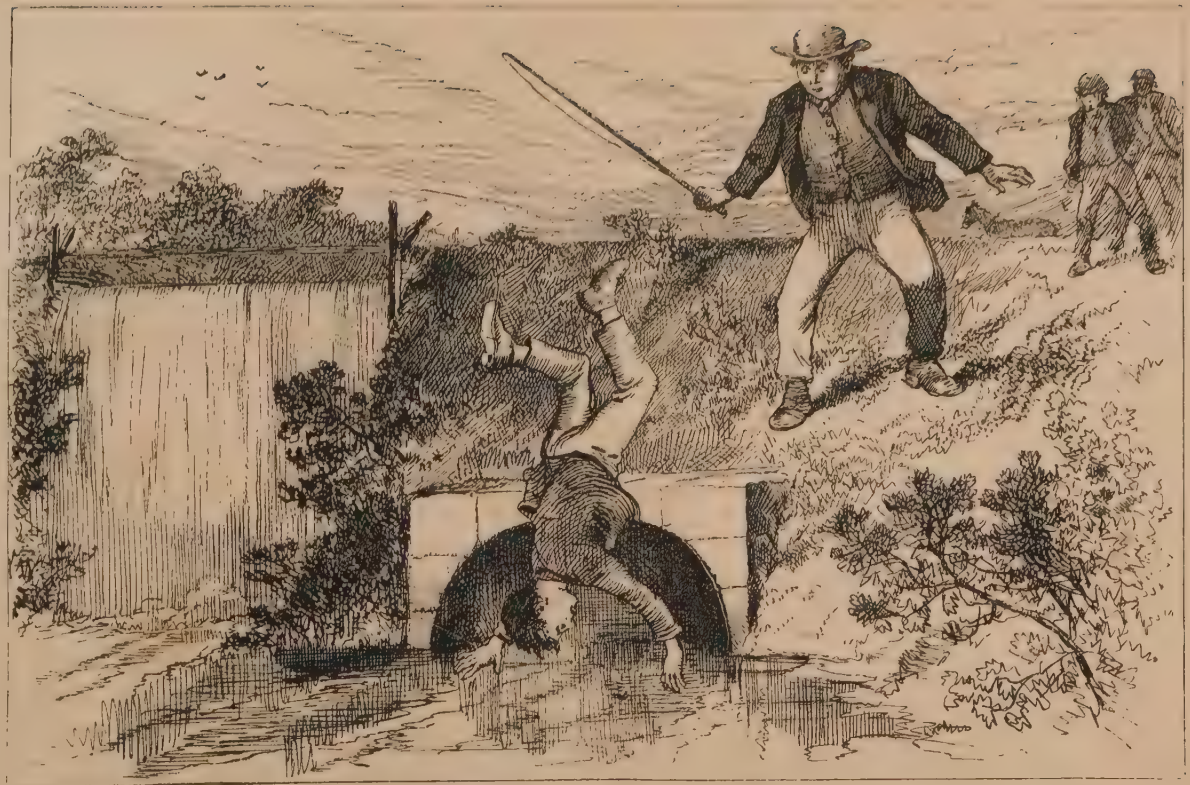
Yours respectfully, G. E. WESTON.

Accompanying the puzzle, our correspondent sends us a list of thirty geographical names; they are not all cities, however. Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to see how many *they* can find. Here are the lines : —

In the palmy, radiant month of May,
No other than its opening day,
A boy walked over Montserrat
To botanize for his Uncle Pat.
Mosses and lichens he gathered enough,
Entangled with thorns and briers rough;
Ocra, cowslips, and lilies blanc,
Asters, pinks, and the rose verplanc;
But when from the mountain he came down,
Patrick, his uncle, was out of town;
So he took a staff or divining rod,
To search for "Cities beneath the sod."
O, many a one in the olden time
Was swallowed up for its sin and crime;
And he plunged his rod in here and there,
For deep the buried cities were;
And sounded a cymbal, because sound
Might shake those cities underground,
Which are chiefly on sulphur and bitumen found.
The boy is trying to dig up
Saline relics, a crystal cup,
A tripod found in a den of pitch;
The bronze vase that adorned a niche;
A spear once used in a giant's cause,
Wayfaring men it oft made pause;
An amber necklace Lot's wife wore;
An opal Myra's finger bore:
A baby long since petrified;
The best of mothers mummified;
A marble head — But stop exploring,
We all are bored with so much boring.

HERE is a question proposed by our correspondent, "Sammy" : —

"Let me ask 'Our Young Folks' something very old, yet not often solved. You have all seen it. A snail is at the bottom of a well twenty feet deep. He wishes to be out of it. Every day he climbs three feet. Every night he slips back two, going to sleep after climbing three feet. In what time, by the conditions of the question, will he be at the top? When will he begin to crawl out?"



"TO AVOID A DANGEROUS FALL, HE THREW HIMSELF CLEAR OF THE MASONRY," ETC.

Drawn by J. J. Harley.] [See "A Chance for Himself," Ch. XXVII.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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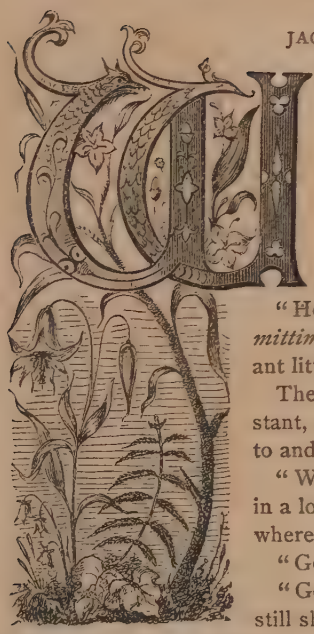
A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXV.

JACK'S PRISONERS.



WEAK-EYED Judge Garty, having sanded the warrant by which Jack was to have been conveyed to jail, and winked hard over it for about fifteen seconds (giving at least six winks to the second) to see that it was all right, shook it in the air at the empty space occupied a moment before by the jolly constable.

"Here! Sellick! where are you? Here's our *mittimus*," he was saying, when occurred the pleasant little catastrophe related in our last chapter.

The room was filled with confusion in an instant, sounds of men laughing, crying out, rushing to and fro, and clamoring at door and window.

"What's the matter?" called Squire Peternot, in a loud, stern voice. "Where's the constable? where's the prisoner?"

"Gone!" answered somebody in the crowd.

"Gone?" cried Judge Garty, rising to his feet, still shaking his paper and winking blindly. "He can't go without our warrant! Sellick knows better 'n that!"

"But the boy don't!" cried Sellick, running to the table.

"The boy!" echoed Peternot. "Where is he?"

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"Gone — got away — took leg-bail," answered several voices at once, in the general tumult. "He 's left his hat, though!"

"Why ain't you — why don't somebody — ketch him?" gasped out Peternot, striding towards the door.

"Screw-driver! pair of shears! anything!" said Sellick, searching the table, "to force the lock!"

"The lock? the lock?" said the judge, like one just waking from sleep in a strong light.

"Yes, man!" said Sellick, unable to take an altogether serious view of even so serious a matter; "boy has gone for more milk; 'fraid he would n't find us here when he got back, so he turned the key! Tongs!" And he sprang to the empty fireplace.

Peternot reached the door, and found his nephew, Mr. Byron Dinks, standing beside it in a comical attitude.

"Why don't you open?" cried the squire, putting on his hat.

"Can't open!" answered Byron.

"Stand away then!"

"Can't stand away!"

"What 's the reason you can't?" roared the impatient old man, seizing Byron by the shoulder.

"Door is locked — I 'm caught — coat-tail shut in! Look out! you 'll tear!" said Byron, anxiously holding the hinder part of his garment with one hand, and his uncle's arm with the other.

"I should think ye was all a pack of fools!" exclaimed the squire, pushing on to the now open window, where he found several heads in advance of his own. "Le' me come! make way here! Why don't somebody in the street ketch him?"

"The' ain't nobody in the street!" giggled a youngster, taking in his head to make room for Peternot. "All the loafers are in here!"

Pressing forward, cane in hand, shouting, and thrusting several of the said loafers aside, Peternot reached the window, and, in attempting to put his head out, smashed his hat very neatly and thoroughly over his eyes. Having then with much ado got his head first out of the hat and then out of the window, he began to bellow forth, "Help! ho! fire!" And he whacked the clapboards outside with his stout cane. "Where is everybody?"

The testimony of the youngster as to all the village loafers being locked up in the room, was so near the literal fact, that not until this moment did anybody appear in answer to the cries from the window. But now three or four persons came running over the canal bridge, two or three out of the store opposite, and as many from the tavern up the street; while a fat little man rushed out of the grocery below, and turning up a face, round and red as a newly risen full moon, at the judge's office window, screamed in a hoarse voice, "What 's the row up there?"

"Which way did that boy go?" demanded Peternot.

"What boy?" was answered back from the crowd assembling below.

"Sellick's prisoner! Run for him, some of you! He has locked us all in here! Hurry, and let us out! Help! ho!" And again the old man smote the resounding clapboards. He had put on his hat once more; and now, accidentally knocked off by striking the window-sash, it fell, and meeting the arm and cane as they were rising vigorously to give the clapboards another blow, it flew in the air, sailed down by the corner of the grocery, and alighted softly and gently in the canal. "Hurry!" repeated the squire, falling into some slight incongruities of speech in consequence of his very great excitement. "Ketch the door! Open the boy! Pick up — heavens and airth! — pick up my hat!"

Some hastened up stairs to the office door, to find that the escaping prisoner had seriously complicated the difficulties of the situation by carrying off the key. Others, dashing around corners, stared up and down the streets, and under the bridge, and up and down the canal, and into various dark places, including a pigsty, Sellick's wagon-seat, and an old molasses-hogshead half filled with rain-water, standing under the eaves, without making any noteworthy discoveries. In the mean while a boatman on a passing scow drew Peternot's hat out of the water with a pike-pole, and reached it to somebody, who placed it on the wooden head of a short post, well grooved by the friction of cables, where it was left to drip and dry.

"Bring a ladder! a ladder!" vociferated Peternot. The crowd below repeated, "Ladder! ladder!" and ran off in various directions to find one.

And now a man in a buggy was observed whipping his horse rather fast down the main street of the village.

"It 's the deacon!" cried Peternot. "Maybe he has seen him!"

It was Mr. Chatford indeed, who, perceiving signs of commotion at the bridge, urged on old Maje's paces at as high a speed as that tired and faithful animal could well make after his unusual morning's exercise with Mose and Annie Felton, and arrived on the spot just in time to be in the way of four or five ladders that came together from as many different directions. Maje turned to avoid one, and, being hit in the nose by another, backed the buggy upon some boys who were bringing a third. Men at the same time came running with fire-buckets and cries of "Fire!"

At last, after one ladder had been set up and found too short, another was erected in such haste over it that it broke the window, and also came near breaking Peternot's head. And now, just as this mode of egress from the room was established, Sellick succeeded in forcing the obstinate lock.

This was hardly done when a ragged little shaver in the street, who had been trying for a long while to tell his little story, managed to make himself heard. "I feen him wun and fow fumfin in here!" placing his little hand on one of the lower hoops of the aforesaid molasses-hogshead, to enforce his meaning, — that he had seen Jack run and throw something in there.

This speech being at last understood and partly credited, the hogshead was tipped and the water emptied out; and there, sure enough, was Judge Garty's office-door key, found just after the lock was forced and the useless ladder was sent crashing against the unlucky window.

But the child could give no information as to the way the fugitive had gone. Neither could Deacon Chatford, who now heard with astonishment how Jack had outwitted the witty constable, and turned the key on the court.

"The rogue!" said the deacon. "He ought not to have taken such a desperate course as that!" Yet somehow he was n't sorry. Riding over to the Basin, he had been greatly disturbed in his mind at the thought of Jack's going to jail, and had seriously questioned whether it was not his duty to offer bail for him. He was a kind-hearted man, as we know; but he had lost faith in the boy's integrity; and it was a relief to him to learn that the question of bail was settled. "Why, Sellick!" he cried, "what have you been about?"

The lately imprisoned crowd came laughing down the stairway to the street, Sellick laughing with the rest, though rather foolishly. He carefully folded Judge Garty's warrant, and stuck it into the lining of his hat, remarking, "'It may come in play some time,' as the stingy man said when he laid away the bad egg in his cupboard." Then stooping to pick up a bruised tin cup which lay at the foot of the stairs, "That 's an honest boy, deacon! He paid for the milk, and he left the cup. — This belongs to you, I believe," handing it to the little fat grocer. "It looks like a good cup, and the milk may have been good milk, but the boy, I 'm free to say, did n't seem to be satisfied with it. — Now what 's to be done, squire? There 's no use crying for the article arter it 's spilt, ye know."

The bareheaded old man strode past him, frowning prodigiously, and, taking his hat from the post, all wet as it was, put it on.

"Get track of your prisoner and take him!" he said, impatiently. "What do ye stand dawdling here for? Somebody must have seen him!"

That was true enough. Reports were even then coming in of a youth whom women washing at their back doors had observed leaping fences and running fast across gardens and fields, away from the village. And now came shouts from down the canal, which drew the whole crowd in that direction.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE OWNER OF THE POTATO PATCH, AND HIS DOG.

Passing the corner of the block, where he dropped Judge Garty's key into the hogshead of water, Jack slipped into a short, narrow alley, and turned down a back street which brought him quickly to the shore of a broad mill-pond, where it stopped. He then took to the fields.

He got on very well until, as he was crossing a potato patch, he saw, only a few rods ahead of him, a man going up from the shore of the pond, followed by a savage-looking dog. It was our old acquaintance and Jack's enemy, Duffer,* a thick-set, red-faced, black-whiskered teamster, almost the last man Jack would have wished at that moment to encounter.

* See Jack Hazard and his Fortunes, Chapters XXIII. and XXIV.

He stopped running, but kept on at a fast walk, still hoping to pass the man and his dog without trouble. He was bareheaded, having left his hat behind in the court-room. That circumstance was alone sufficient to excite attention; and Duffer looked sharply at him.

"Go back there!"

"I 'm in a hurry, I can't go back," said Jack, continuing to walk on.

"You 're on my land! you can't cross here!"

"I can cross farther up, then."

"No, ye can't!" said Duffer, brandishing a long black whip which he had been trailing behind him. "I owns this 'ere land, from the pond to the street. Go back the way you come, or I lets my dorg on to ye!"

"I want to pass, and it 's as far going back to get off your land as it is going on," said Jack, anxiously; for he could hear the shouts in the village, and he feared that pursuers were already on his track.

"You don't cross this 'ere tater patch!" said Duffer, furiously. "I know ye! Ye had a hand in killing my t' other dorg!"

"No, I did n't," said Jack. "He was killed in a fair fight with my dog, — ask Grodson! Let me go on, and I never 'll set foot on your land again."

And he was going on. Then the ruffian said, "The dorg 'll take ye! Look alive, Bull!"

Jack, growing desperate, screamed back, "Let your whelp come!" and turned to face the brute.

"Sick!" said Duffer, cracking his whip, and the dog started.

Jack had in his hand a slender stick which he had picked up crossing the fields. Duffer laughed at it. "My dorg won't mind a switch like that! Go in, Bull!"

But Jack had no thought of defending himself by striking blows with so slight a weapon. His long experience on the canal had taught him, as he afterwards said, "a trick worth two of that."

Boldly facing the cur as he came bounding towards him, he grasped the stick firmly near the ends with both hands, and, lifting it horizontally, held it before him, about as high as his breast. Bull, as Jack had expected, leaped up and seized it with his teeth; in which exposed position he received full in his stomach so sudden and well directed a kick from Jack's heavy farm-shoe, that he loosed his hold and rolled over, yelping, on the ground.

"Sick him! go in! tear him!" roared Duffer, running to the rescue.

The "dorg," however, had had his courage quite kicked out of him with his breath, and nothing could induce him to renew the attack. Whining and limping, or rather crawling, he slunk back to his master, who gave him another fierce command to "go in" and "sick," and lastly a sharp cut with the snake-like lash, which merely sent him yelping in the opposite direction. Then Duffer, infuriated, advanced upon Jack, flourishing his whip, exactly in the way the boy had persisted in going.

Jack thereupon turned back. Duffer followed him. Jack began to run, and then Duffer began to run. Jack went tumbling over the fences, and

Duffer went tumbling over the fences after him. Jack ran for liberty at first, but soon he began to run from the whip; while at each moment, as he gave signs of failing courage, Duffer's rage and thirst for vengeance increased; for nothing so excites the valorous fury of your genuine bully as the appearance of faint-heartedness in a foe.

Beyond the street, Jack kept the shore of the pond where it swept around towards the canal. He now regretted not having taken that course in the first place, yet he had avoided it for a good reason; there was the waste-wear in his way.

The "heel-path" side of the canal was narrowed here to a high and steep embankment; into this was set a waste-gate in a frame of strong timbers; and over the gate and the timbers the canal poured its surplus waters in a shining cascade that fell into the pond below. This was the waste-wear, crossed by a single foot-plank, in full view of the village and of the canal, for half a mile up and down. Quite near the gate, its arched top visible at the base of the embankment, was a culvert for the pond water, which there flowed under the canal into a mill-race on the other side.

Towards this conspicuous if not very dangerous place, the hatless Jack, driven back by Duffer, now ran with all his might. Once across the waste-wear, he could still hope to baffle pursuit in the orchards and woods beyond. But Duffer was too swift for him; and, feeling his own strength giving out,

and the avenger of the "dorg" fast gaining on him, Jack stooped and caught up from the flat, goose-nibbled and goose-trampled pond-shore the only available missile in sight. Then, like David defying the giant of Gath, he turned, with upraised, menacing arm.

"Come on," he cried, "and I send this at your head!"

It could not have proved a very formidable projectile, being nothing but a dirty goose-egg, but it served his purpose for the moment; Goliath, mistaking it for a stone, stopped and prepared to dodge or retreat.

"Don't ye chuck that rock at me! I'll drownd ye in that water if ye do!"

"Keep your distance, then," commanded Jack, backing off.

He used often to laugh, in later years, at the ludicrous spectacle of the big-whiskered ruffian brought to a stand and put in fear by a goose-egg; but he had no leisure for laughing at the time. For now the uproar in the village, which had seemed to be subsiding, burst forth afresh in sudden cries of "Ketch him! ketch that boy!" and, looking quickly around, he saw a scattered crowd of men and youngsters running out of the village directly towards him.

Then Jack felt that his chance of escape was small; his breath was spent, and here were fresh pursuers on his track! In his rage, remembering that he might now have been a mile away had it not been for Duffer, he paused before once more taking to flight, and discharged the goose-egg at his enemy. Long practice with pebbles and stones on the tow-path, in the days when he was a driver, had made him a good shot; wrath nerved his arm; the mark was near, and by no means small; and the result was satisfactory. He whirled and ran, leaving Duffer half stunned, staggering and spluttering and spitting, mouth, beard, and bosom variegated and dripping with the mixed yellow and white of the egg, which had struck and burst, like a bomb-shell, full in his face.

Jack felt that the egg was suspiciously light, and anybody within half a dozen rods might have heard it *pop;* but it was Duffer who had the strongest evidence of the vile and gassy character of its contents. Blowing and snorting, he rushed down to the pond in order to purify himself, while Jack fled.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE RACE, AND HOW IT ENDED.

THE crowd came streaming out of the back streets of the village, not less than twenty or thirty men and boys, some intent on joining in the chase, while the rest were actuated only by an eager desire to witness the sport. It was not often that the lees of life in the quiet Basin were stirred by so exciting an incident as the locking up of a court-roomful of town officials and idle spectators, and the escape of a prisoner; and it was natural that a lively interest should be felt in the end of the little romance.

About half the crowd, thinking Duffer had received a terrible wound in

the head (mistaking the yolk of the egg for blood), ran down to the pond-side, where they found a large flock of geese already gathered about him, hissing and cackling at him, with outstretched necks, in a noisy and vivacious fashion, while he scraped and washed himself, and with occasional angry dashes tried to drive them away. The rest of the crowd followed Jack; and soon those who had drawn near the disabled combatant, perceiving the comical character of his injuries, turned laughing away, with the geese, and hurried to enjoy the more exciting scene at the waste-gate.

Among Jack's pursuers was one who, although a little later at the start than many, soon by diligent use of his legs and arms worked his way into the foremost rank, and at last took the lead. This was Sellick. If not absolutely the best runner of the crowd, he had certainly the best reasons for running. He had not only lost a prisoner, but lost him under peculiar and ludicrous circumstances. And although the jolly constable was a great joker himself, he did not surpassingly relish a joke of which he was the victim. He was well aware that the fact of his having been outgeneralled by a boy would be cherished as a standing jest against him as long as he lived; but if he could retort, that he secured the runaway, and after all took him to jail, that would be some comfort. So he put forth his strength, and tried the speed of his limbs; doing then and there such extraordinary running, in the sight of the huzzaing and laughing villagers, that it passed into a proverb, and I remember hearing many years after an old farmer say of a cow that once got away from him as he was leading her home, "She run like Sellick arter Jack Hazard!"

Much of the huzzaing, I am happy to record, was for Jack. Men naturally sympathize with the weaker party in a struggle, provided they have no personal interest in it. Peternot was by no means popular; few cared for Sellick, except as a wag, whom it was fun to see circumvented; while, on the other hand, there was a general feeling that Jack, by his shrewdness and spirit, well deserved his freedom. So those who were first in the chase finally gave it up, and fell back as spectators, leaving to the constable alone the glory of recapturing his prisoner.

"Go it, little one! Put in, limber legs!" came to Jack's ears across the corner of the pond, with many an encouraging shout and loud laugh. "Streak it! leg it! You 'll win!"

But there were many remarks of a less cheering nature, which he did not hear. "It 's no use! Sellick 'll have him 'fore he gets to the waste-wear!" said a shoemaker who had just left his bench and run out with his leather apron on.

"If he could only cross the waste-wear and pull up the plank behind him!" observed the tavern-keeper.

"He can't do that; plank is spiked down," replied a young journeyman carpenter. "But he might pitch Sellick off as he goes to cross after him, — if he only had a long pole!"

"He 's about beat out; see how Sellick gains on him!" cried Byron Dinks, clapping his hands. "He 'll have him! he 'll have him!"

"I declare, it seems too bad!" said Deacon Chatford, coming down to the shore. "Poor Jack! he has said so much about having a chance for himself, and now!"

"He has no chance with Sellick!" exclaimed Byron Dinks, gleefully. "He 's got him! He 's headed him off! He 's — Oh!"

The deacon echoed, "Oh!" and the throng of spectators broke forth in a chorus of excited *oh's* and *ah's*, and other exclamations of astonishment.

What had happened was this.

Jack, finding himself no match for the constable, believed that his only hope lay in reaching the canal and crossing to the tow-path. Being a good swimmer, he might gain some slight advantage by that manœuvre; while it seemed quite impossible for him to escape over the waste-wear. He reached the embankment, and went panting and staggering up the steep side; while Sellick mounted easily a rod or two nearer the village, and was at the top before him. This movement drove Jack on towards the waste-wear; but Sellick, it was plain to see, would be there first also.

"You run well, sonny!" laughed the constable; "but you 're beat!"

"Not yet!" Jack cried. And, attempting to run back down the embankment, he found himself on a steep and dangerous place over the culvert.

"Give up, give up, sonny!" said Sellick, working carefully down towards him from the top of the embankment. "Come! then we 'll go to the grocery and have another drink of milk, 'fore we take that little ride together. I guess we can find some better milk this time! Look out! you 'll fall!"

"I don't care if I do!" exclaimed Jack, groping farther and farther down, as the constable ventured nearer. "Before I 'll let you take me — "

At that moment his foot appeared to slip; he seemed to make a feeble attempt to regain his hold, then, to avoid a dangerous fall, he threw himself clear of the masonry, and tumbled headlong into the water. It was the fall and the splash that drew forth the aforesaid exclamations from the spectators.

Sellick ran back to a safe place, and descended quickly to the edge of the pond, just in time to see Jack come up once, gasp, turn heavily in the water, and sink again. The jolly man was serious for once.

"Help!" he called. "I vum, the boy is drownding!"

There was a great rush to the spot; but, as is usually the case at such times, nobody seemed to know what to do. Some cried, "Bring a rope!" others, "Get a pole!" but neither pole nor rope was brought; nor would either have been of the least use, as the event proved.

Jack had fallen in deep water at a distance of several yards from any standing-place near the culvert. It was the intention to reach out something for him to lay hold of when he should rise in sight again. But, strange to say, good swimmer as he was, he did not reappear.

What had become of him we shall perhaps learn in the course of a chapter or two.

J. T. Trowbridge.

"CHERRY-COLORED CATS."

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF OUR DOG.

WHEN we came South we were advised by friends to get a dog.

"A good savage one," said they, "providing you wish to retain any of your fruit and vegetables for your own eating."

As we confessed to a weakness for the products of our own garden, we thought best to look about for a specimen of the canine race which should answer the purpose of protector and guardian to the premises generally, and to the spot of ground aforesaid particularly.

Looking out one morning, we saw approaching a small yellow boy named Tom Milton. By a string he led a young dog whose lank, half-starved condition awakened our sympathies. The whole family adjourned to the front porch, and Papa commenced negotiations in this wise: —

"Want to sell that dog?"

"Yes, sah!"

"What 'll you take for him?"

"Don't know, sah!" in the most noncommittal manner possible.

"Is he savage?"

"Yes, *sah!*" with emphasis. "Ye ought to see him cramp a hog I set him at yes'day!"

Somebody suggested that if he did n't look savage, he *did* look hungry, and Dinah was called up to furnish doggie his breakfast. The celerity with which it disappeared caused some staring among our group.

"What do you say, boy? Set some price on him."

"Well, sah! I leaves him wid you for one week, and you tries him; den, if you likes him, you gives me twenty-five cents!"

Papa opened his eyes wide, removed his meerschaum, — the difficulty was obviated; the dog we had so long sought was, by a lucky chance, discovered at last; our garden was safe, our fruit-trees henceforth would remain inviolate, our poultry might go to roost in peace and safety, no vagrant porker would dare approach our premises, for had we not become possessed of a dog that not only *could* but *would* "cramp" him, — and all this for the outlay of twenty-five cents!

The group on the porch "smiled audibly," while Papa, taking things stoically, and maintaining his accustomed gravity of deportment, stepped up to Tom, and, possessing himself of one of the boy's brown hands, ejaculated, "Done!" giving the hand a series of pump-handle shakes; and thus the bargain was concluded.

But what to do with doggie? Obviously he must be tied up until his recollections of the old home had worn off.

"Feed him well," said one, "and he 'll not think of leaving."

Some one wondered if doggie had a name. Sure enough, we had forgotten to inquire, and after much consultation it was decided to call him Tom,

after his former owner. So Tom was led away to an outhouse, Dinah following after with a plate of eatables intended to reconcile him to the ignominious fate awaiting him. The food disappeared as quickly as before, — a circumstance which caused not a few witty remarks as to Tom's fitness for the office of keeping bread from moulding, should he prove unfit for aught else. After seeing him securely fastened, we spoke a few encouraging words, gave him a kindly pat on the head, and walked off feeling secure in the possession of a dog of yet undeveloped abilities.

The business of the day went on. Busy feet and hands were striving to make the new home inviting, councils were held "up stairs and down stairs, and in my ladies' chamber"; no one paused to think of aught beside the work in hand.

A series of whines and a noisy scratching at the door led us to drop broom and duster in order to see, as in the case of Poe's Raven, "what thereat was," the "what," in this instance, proving to be Tom, who had gnawed the cord with which he was fastened, and now presented himself as a candidate for more cold victuals.

Plateful number three was borne toward the place of his former bondage, he following, unconscious of our intention to again restrict his liberty. I must not forget to add that the cold victuals were gone long before the rope was knotted.

Advising Tom to curb his propensity for rambling and endeavor to become a steady, respectable dog, we left him to his cogitations, and went back to our sweeping and dusting, which were still incomplete, when the same scratching and whining told us that our captive had a second time escaped. This time he had slipped the noose over his head.

Explaining to him as clearly as possible, under the circumstances, that this sort of thing could not be allowed to go on much longer, we ordered plateful number four, and tied Mr. Tom up with our own hands, leaving him with a playful defiance to "get out of that if he could!"

Get out! We had not ceased congratulating ourself before the dog was back again.

The number of times he followed a plate of cold victuals to the outhouse, allowed himself to be tied, and got back into the house almost as soon as the empty plate, I could not pretend to enumerate. It is hardly necessary to say we finally discovered his motive, and informed him we were not to be trifled with longer. We warned him that our stock of cold victuals could not, in the nature of things, last forever, and we put it to him as a dog with some few grains of sense, whether he wished entirely to empty our larder. As a warning to him, we repeated the first stanza of the well-known poem of "Old Mother Hubbard," representing to him the stern fact that, should he continue his present course of conduct, our cupboard would doubtless become as "bare" as Mrs. Hubbard's was found to be on the occasion referred to.

Whether convinced by our arguments, or seeing determination stamped upon our countenance, Tom turned away disappointed, certainly, but re-

signed to his fate. We saw no more of him for several hours, and began to think he had taken himself off; but he "turned up" again at supper-time, and we found his appetite unimpaired. At night he was shut up in what we considered a secure place; but hardly had we entered the house, ere Tom was making his usual demand at the door. Finding he would neither be tied up nor shut up, we concluded to allow him to make his own election as to whether he would go or stay.

He concluded to stay, and has been with us ever since.

He has not been off the plantation during the whole time; consequently he is punctual at meal-time.

As for his propensity for "cramping" hogs, so loudly praised by Tom Milton, he seems to have forgotten it, for he has never been known to do more than bark, keeping himself at a safe distance from the intruder.

One morning shortly after the advent of Tom, a crowd of young negroes were lounging in the shade of a huge persimmon-tree on the lawn, and their voices floated in at the window.

"I tell ye," insisted Jake, "I seed 'em, six of 'em, all lyin' curled up in de basket, long side o' de fire in Aunt Tilda's cabin."

"Six cherry-colored cats!" echoed a chorus of voices. "O Jake! dat 'ar 's de biggest whopper you ever told! Ain't ye 'feared de spooks 'll cotch ye if ye tells any more sich?"

"It 's de truth," asserted Jake; "true 's I live and breathe, I seed dem cats just as plain as I sees you now, and dey 's just de brightest, shinin'est cherry-color!"

"Never heard tell o' no sich cats afore," objected Tom Milton. "Mighty queer you 's de only one ever seed 'em."

"Makes no difference," said Jake, "'spect dar 's a heap o' things in the world you never heard on. Fellows what 's never been 'round much can't be s'pected to know everything. Now I 's travelled a heap. You mind dat time I went down de river in de oyster-boat? See'd de big Fort and de Rap-rips and all de big guns ready to blaze away if a body did n't behave hisself. Tell ye what, boys, I 's seen right smart o' things."

"O, you can brag!" exclaimed the contemptuous Tom Milton, trying to look superior to any such folly on his own account. "Never saw any one could beat you at dat, no ways. S'pects ye wakes up soon in de mornin' purpose to study up all dem big stories."

Jake being renowned as the soundest and most remarkable sleeper upon the plantation, a shout of derisive laughter greeted this hit at his peculiarity.

"Dat 'ar does pretty well for you, Tom Milton, pretty well consid'rin'," said Jake, with lofty superiority. "Now I seed dem 'ar cherry-colored cats just as plain as de nose on your face; and if you fellows don't believe me, all you 've got to do is to go and see fur yourselves!"

"All right," pronounced Tom Milton, as spokesman for the party; "I propose we go over and see dem wonderful cats. What you all say, boys?"

Of course the whole troop was even more "willin'" than Barkis ever was, and started off tumultuously, down to the smallest picaninny, across the

truck-patch and over the cornfield, at the farther side of which stood the neatly whitewashed cabin of Aunt Matilda.

Whistling for Tom, the dog, who was only too glad to be counted in at any such time, Jake stalked away with the air of one who was above concerning himself about trifles. Running heedlessly along, the party came unexpectedly upon a large black snake, which had been killed and left lying in the middle of the field. They endeavored to call Tom's attention to it; but the more they pointed to the ground, the more his nose pointed to the sky, and he determined to see nothing below the horizon.

After chasing about frantically in every direction, he finally came plump on the snake, and chanced to look down. The next seen of Tom he was making a flying leap, some six feet in the air and directly over the snake, coming down about six feet off and facing the enemy. Making the snake the centre of a circle, Tom proceeded around and around the circumference, cautious, watchful, and half afraid. Seeing the strange foe did not stir, he gathered courage, and contracted his circle somewhat. All the while the boys were shouting with laughter, and, when they could get breath, urging him on. Finally he grew so bold as to extend his paw and touch the dead reptile, jerking his foot back as quickly as if it were bitten, and falling back to his old base of operations again.

After watching the result of this manœuvre a few times, he seemed to conceive a bold idea, and, flying at the snake, he caught it in his mouth, gave it a vigorous shake, and then as suddenly dropped it. Repeating this a few times, he seemed to feel that he had the upper hand of his antagonist, and stood over him, barking loudly, as if daring him to "get up and try it over again." Even after the boys had started on, Tom could not be satisfied that the strange black thing, lying so still in the grass, was not, after all, playing him false, but must turn back and reiterate his challenge.

But Aunt Matilda's cabin was in sight, and the vexed question of the cats was to be settled. Pausing in front of the little paling, the boys looked cautiously about. The cabin door was wide open, for, like all true Southerners, Matilda had a horror of closed doors; and, peering into the dusky interior, they could see the rude fireplace, but no cats of any description were visible.

Tom, who had the bad habit of treeing every cat he spied, — a habit we had vainly striven to break him of, — was evidently under the impression that there was some game afoot. After snuffing inquisitively about for a while, he made a dive into a thicket of brambles and berry-bushes, and commenced barking vigorously, as if he had an opossum right before his nose.

Deferring all thoughts of the cats, the boys rushed, pell-mell, to Tom's assistance. Parting the brambles and crowding into the tangled mass, they saw a ferocious-looking black cat, with erect and bristling tail, fiery eyes, and claws upraised ready to tear out the eyes of any intruding puppy, and beside her, in a nice bed of grass and leaves, five little shining black kittens! How black they were! Not a white hair among them all.

"O my!" cried Jake, "if here ain't dem 'ar cats now! Tom, you

ignorant dog, you come out o' dat and lef' dem 'ar cats alone. Now den, boys, what you think ? "

A roar of laughter was the answer to his question.

"Why," said Tom Milton, "you does n't call dem cats cherry-color ? Why, dey 's blacker 'n de ole Nick and you both put together ! "

"Well, s'pose dey is," said the undaunted Jake ; "ain't some cherries *black*, 'low me to inquire ? When I told you 'bout de cats you never asked me whether I mean you to un'stand dey 's de color of red or black cherries. 'Cause if you 'd asked dat 'ar little question, you 'd saved a heap o' trouble. Laws ! how ignorant some folks is ! " and Jake walked off with the consciousness of having impressed a salutary lesson upon the minds of his young companions.

" Cherry-colored cats " is a standing joke upon the Riverside plantation.

Mattie Winfield Torrey.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

LIGHT and shadows rise and fall,
In the room with the rosy papered wall,
Room to me that is best of all.

Wind, lift up the muslin screen !
Let in the light that comes between
The maple leaves of shining green.

Fall soft upon the patchwork spread,
Quilt of blue and white and red,
Upon a carved old-fashioned bed.

Your worn-out squares are quilted through
With thoughts of all I use to do,
When I wore the dresses now in you.

I was a girl with braided hair, —
I think of the time I gave the tear,
The zigzag rent beyond repair, —

As I went through fields, a girlish rover,
In dress of white all dotted over
With sprigs of wheat, and sprays of clover.

O dress ! that once was mine to wear,
Your clover blooms are scattered there,
In the pink and white of that patchwork square.

Wind, lift up the muslin screen;
Let in the light that comes between
The maple leaves of shining green.

Fall soft upon the patchwork spread;
For a little child that now is dead,
Sewed your squares of white and red.

One summer's day she wrought in you,
And left her needle half-way through,
With a knotted, twisted thread of blue.

Before she slept that summer's night,
She laid away, and out of sight,
Your folded squares of red and white.

She sought for blooms that fadeless grow,
And left for other hands to sew
The clover blossoms here below.

And still the light through windows small
Throws shadows on the rosy wall,
On the quaint old-fashioned bedstead tall;

And falls in waving bars of gold
Across each faded, wrinkled fold
Of clover blossoms growing old;

While into Life's great patchwork-square,
With knotted threads of thought and care,
I sew my dreams and fancies fair.

When night shall deeper shadows throw,
I will leave my work, and softly go
To seek for blooms that fadeless grow.

What matters it? I will not grieve,
If other hands shall interweave
And smooth the tangled threads I leave.

Beyond the dark, in fields of bliss,
I 'll gather flowers, and will not miss
The clover blossoms left in this.

I will backward look through all the shade,
To see in full completeness laid
The patchwork squares that I have made.

Margaret Mason.

CROCODILES AND ALLIGATORS.

Crocodile lying in wait.

"WHAT! have n't you got tired of hearing about reptiles?" said Cousin Tim, the next time he came to the house, when Rufus once more brought up the subject of lizards. "You 'll be wanting to hear snake stories by and by!"

"That 's so," replied Rufus. "But what I want to know now is this, — are not crocodiles and alligators *lizards?* Their pictures make them look like lizards."

"And they *are* like them; so much so that most naturalists have placed them in the same order, that of *saurians*, or lizard-like reptiles. But the crocodile is a huge and hideous creature, dangerous even to man, and capable of destroying an ox. He lies in his native river-bed, almost hidden by the mud and water, only his nose, through which he breathes, just appearing above the surface; and woe to the creature that comes down at unawares to drink! He has been known to seize an ox under the very eyes of the herdsman, and, hauling it into the water, drown it before any rescue could be attempted. And the herdsman himself must beware of him. The monster is covered all over with thick scales, which make his tough hide almost bullet-proof. A boat's crew of our ship attacked one on the shores of the Nile, and fired a dozen musket-balls at him before he could get into the water, but without the least apparent effect."

"How is he ever killed, then?"

"Sometimes he is caught with a hook, baited with meat. Where it

is thrown into the water, a pig is made to squeal, or a puppy to yelp; when up comes your crocodile, attracted by the noise, and swallows meat, hook, and all The hook is a strong one, attached to several small lines bound together which become entangled in his teeth when he attempts to bite them off. They are made fast to a tree; and now up rush the natives and haul the fellow out of the water."

"I should think they would be afraid of him!"

"Not at all. He is a clumsy fellow on land, and it takes him so long to turn about that a man can easily avoid him by running in a circle. He strikes terrible blows with his tail, however, and his captors must look out for that. They jump upon him, muzzle him with a good strong rope, twist his legs over his back, and finally kill him by driving a sharp piece of steel through the joints of his scaly armor, into the back of the neck. He is sometimes harpooned, instead of hooked; and a powerful and daring negro who understands the creature may attack him alone in the water, and kill him by thrusting a knife into his belly, where the scales are thinnest."

"I should n't fancy hunting crocodiles in that fashion!" said Rufus.

"They are hard to kill, any way," Cousin Tim continued. "I have read of one that had been killed, as was supposed, cut open, and dressed. His captors then went to dinner, and when they came back, behold! Mr. Crocodile had walked off and plunged into the river."

"But he could n't live!" exclaimed Ella, horrified.

"I should think not, for he forgot to take his digestive apparatus with him; and the loss of his stomach must have proved a great source of annoyance. He might continue to catch and swallow other creatures, but that was all the good it would do him; they would n't stay swallowed."

"How large are crocodiles?" Rufus asked.

"They are of all sizes, from that of the full-grown crocodile of the Ganges, — the largest species, often more than twenty-five feet long, — down to the size of puppies."

Crocodile of the Ganges.

"Are they ever as small as that?"

"O yes, and smaller, — the young ones, when they are first hatched."

"Hatched?" cried Ella. "You don't mean — "

"Yes, I do; the crocodile lays eggs, like most reptiles. Over sixty have been found in a single nest. They are about the size of goose-eggs."

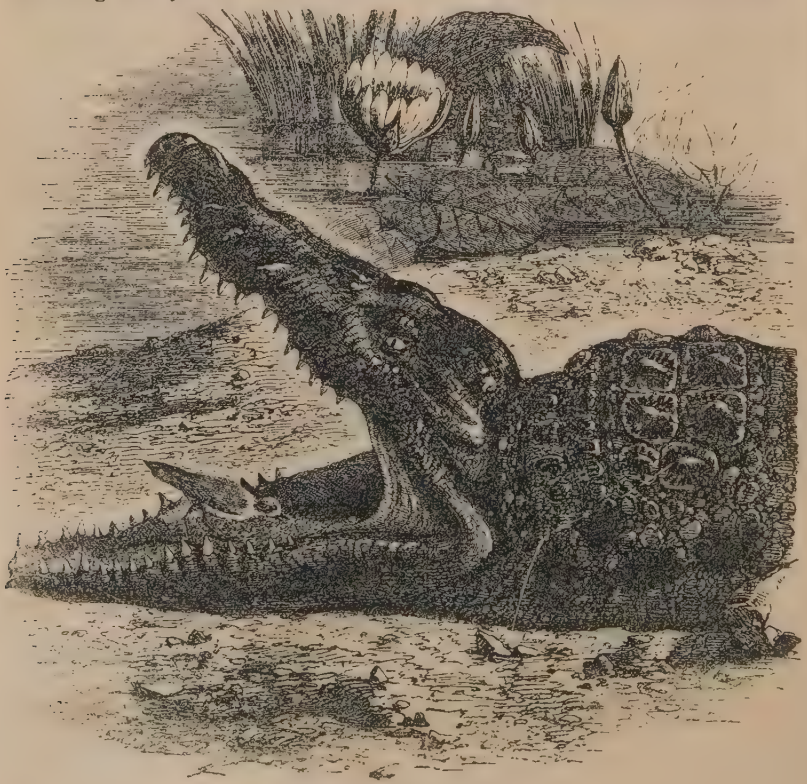
"And does the old one sit on them?"

"Like a goose or a turkey? Not exactly. She leaves them to be hatched in the sand. The nest is just a place hollowed out for them, and the eggs are left carefully covered with sticks and leaves. They begin to hatch in about a month or six weeks, according to the climate."

"Did you ever see a crocodile's eggs?"

"No, my dear, but I have seen men who have eaten them, and who have pronounced them not bad for a hungry man's dinner. The natives of the countries where they are found are very fond of them.

"The crocodile has been the subject of some strange stories and superstitions," Cousin Tim went on. "The ancient Egyptians made a god of him. The sacred crocodiles were kept in the temples, and fed by the priests, and hung with jewels, and worshipped by the people, and embalmed and



The Crocodile's Friend.

placed in the sacred vaults when they died. Their mummies are found to this day."

"What sort of people were they, to make a god of a horrible reptile!" exclaimed Rufus.

"Not a very spiritual or enlightened race, surely," replied Cousin Tim. "Another strange story told of the crocodile is, that he is accompanied, like the rhinoceros, by a friendly bird which gives him warning of danger, and helps to rid him of certain small enemies. His mouth, it is said, from being kept open so much in the water, becomes infested with leeches, which fasten themselves to his gums. When they trouble him much, he crawls upon the river-bank, and opens his great jaws; the bird hops into them, and picks out the leeches, making a nice dinner, and at the same time relieving the crocodile."

"I should think it would be afraid of being swallowed, — in the great creature's jaws!"

"So should I, Ella. But the crocodile seems to know its friend, and never harms it. I 'm inclined to doubt that part of the story, however, about the bird's picking the crocodile's teeth. I have never seen any authentic accounts of the thing having been witnessed by modern travellers; though the existence of such a bird, which lives on friendly terms with the crocodile, and screams to warn him of danger, seems to be well established. It is called the *zic-zac*, from the cry it makes."

"What is the difference between a crocodile and an alligator?"

"The two belong to the same family, Rufus, and there is, I suppose, about as much difference between them as between a pike and a pickerel. There is a difference in their shape, especially in the shape of the head; and I 've been told that the alligator always remains about fresh water, while the crocodile seems to like salt water as well as fresh. In winter the crocodile crawls into caves or holes in the river-banks, while the alligator buries himself in the mud; both alike lie torpid until warm days come to bring them

Alligator.

out again. There is a difference, too, in the way the mother alligator prepares her nest, and there 's something very curious about that."

The children were eager to hear what it was, and Cousin Tim proceeded: "I have the story from a friend of mine in Texas, who has seen what he describes. The female alligator, like the crocodile, lays a great number of eggs, which, however, she deposits in layers on the shore, covering each layer with a quantity of leaves and rubbish. In this way she builds up her nest, and has, when it is finished, several layers of eggs, with layers of rubbish between, and finally one of rubbish on the top. The last layer of eggs hatches first, being most affected by the heat of the sun. The mother alligator is on hand, and so is the father. As the young rascals hatch, she takes them in her mouth and carries them to the water as fast as she can, while the father eats all he can in her absence. So with the second layer, the third, the fourth, and so on, till all are hatched, — the father generally managing to get a few more than his share; he is very fond of his children."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Ella. "Did you ever see an alligator?"

"Dear me, child! see one? Why, I owned one once!"

"Owned one!" echoed Rufus. "A dead one, I guess."

"No, sir, a live one."

"How big was he?"

"Well, not quite so big as they sometimes grow; I have heard of them fifteen or sixteen feet long. A planter in Louisiana made me a present of him, and I started to bring him home on a New Orleans steamer. So, Rufus; I 'm not joking."

"How did you carry him?"

"In a tank of water. A very small tank, however; for, to tell the truth, it was a very small alligator, — what my friend called a puppy."

"O, a young one!" cried Ella.

"Yes, not more than ten inches long, but old enough to have in each jaw a pretty sharp row of teeth. He looked just a little bit like a puppy, all but his tail. We fed him on pieces of meat, which he snapped up and swallowed with a good appetite."

"O, I wish you had brought him here! What did you do with him?"

"I am sorry to say, an accident happened to him before we arrived at New York, though perhaps it was as well; I don't think a growing young alligator would be a very nice pet to have in the house."

"What was the accident?"

"There was a queer old gentleman on board who made a good deal of sport for the passengers, he was so very solemn and dignified. He walked the deck like the Ghost in Hamlet, but he was n't half so sociable; he was never seen to smile, or heard to speak except in monosyllables. But one day, when he was stalking in his solemn way by my little tank, he chanced to see the alligator. That thawed him.

"'Ha, what is the creachah?' he said, lifting his eyebrows, and looking down curiously into the tank.

"'An alligator, sir.'

"'An alligatah? Ha! Is he — ha — asleep?'

"At the same time he reached over and touched him with his long forefinger. Now the *puppy* was not asleep, but merely sunning himself, and it made him cross to be disturbed. With a savage little snap, he seized the finger. The old gentleman lost his dignity for once, and leaped back as if he had stirred up a rattlesnake. Unluckily, the puppy held on, and was not only drawn out of the water by the teeth, but kept his hold until the frightened old gentleman dashed him upon the deck and set his heel upon him. Such was the tragic end of my little pet alligator."

"O Cousin Tim! you might have sold him to a menagerie!" said Rufus.

"That reminds me of another story, — a true story, too, for the thing happened to an old friend of mine, Captain Dan Atkins; he has been dead now fifteen years, but I can see him sitting before me now, glass in hand, his arm on the table, his face glowing with good humor and a good dinner, and hear him tell the anecdote. He had arrived home from a long voyage, and had been out late one night with some friends, when, at about twelve o'clock, he started to walk up School Street, on his way to the Tremont House; for it was in Boston, you understand. He had n't gone far, when he saw a strange object coming slowly towards him on the sidewalk. At first he thought it was a man crawling on his hands and knees, and as he had lately had some adventures with savages at the Feejee Islands, he was startled; — but no, it was no crawling cannibal; it was not a man at all. The captain stepped into the street, — it was bright moonlight, — and watched the thing as it approached. He wondered for a moment whether he was drunk or dreaming; for, impossible as it seemed, it was a huge crawling reptile, — an alligator, in short, perambulating the streets of Boston at twelve o'clock at night!"

"How came it there?"

"That was the mystery, Rufus. But it was quickly cleared up by a watchman whom my friend, the captain, called to the spot. There was an alligator on exhibition in the old Boston Museum, which was standing in those days; and the watchman said at once that this must be the reptile, and that it had escaped. That proved to be the case. It had broken from its tank in the second story of the building, got out of a window, fallen I don't know how many feet to the pavement, and afterwards crawled off with a broken leg. How it was recaptured and carried back I 've quite forgotten.

"And now," laughed Cousin Tim, taking his hat, "don't either of you say alligator or crocodile or lizard to me again for a fortnight!"

Harvey Wilder.

PLAYING PUSSY.

TRIPPING lightly o'er the greensward,
Jewelled with the flowers of June,
Alice went to visit Gracie,
One bright, golden afternoon;
Long they gambolled, rolling "hoople,"
"Jumping rope," and "dressing doll,"
Last, of course, came "*playing party*,"
As the crowning joy of all.

Gayly, then, these little maidens
Flitted to and fro like birds,
Bringing on the dainty dishes,
Greeting each with merry words;
Plates there were, like white moss-roses,
Cups, like fairy lily-bells,
Knives, like tiny blades of grasses,
Forks and spoons that shone like shells!

Roll and biscuit looked like snow-flakes,
White and small and just as light;
Mites of cakes, with amber jellies,
Nice and tempting to the sight;
All were ready in a twinkling,
Then, cried little Grace with glee,
"Alice, *ladies* in the garden
Walk before they take *their* tea!"

Mother, looking from her window,
Smiled, their ways so grave to see;
Then she heard the faintest tinkling
Near the plates; what could it be?
Quick, on tiptoe, there was Bobby,
Eating fast of every sort!
"O you naughty boy! how *can* you
Rob the girls of all their sport?"
"*I* am playing *Pussy*, mamma!"
Bobby's quick and keen retort!

Louise S. Upham.

THE WONDER-LAND UNDER THE SEA.

GRANDMOTHER CAREW was dead. In her gray stuff dress and long red cloak she had tottered around among her neighbors, doing little acts of kindness for them; and the sound of her staff coming up to the door was pleasant music in many a poor cottager's ear, for she had a happy word and smile for every one, and although very poor herself, was a good nurse and knew how to give simple remedies, so that she did much good. But at last she was not able to rise from her bed, and some of the neighbors came to take care of her, and help her grandson, little Hugh. Then she died, and was buried in the churchyard, where in the afternoons the shadow of the old castle on Carn Bre hill lay across the grave. All night long the owls that lived in the ivy-covered church-tower mourned for her, and in the sunny summer days the fairies came riding through the air on thistle-down, to plant seeds on the grave, that next year grew into green plants and beautiful flowers, for Grandmother Carew was kind to every one when she lived, and the birds and the fairy folk loved her.

When the funeral was over, little Hugh put his fists in his eyes and had a good cry. He was left all alone now, and he had loved his grandmother, though he used to think it hard sometimes to have to cut turf to put at the back of the fire on the hearth, bring home dry furze to make the pot of soup boil, and pick rushes for his grandmother to make into mats. But she always gave him enough to eat, mended his clothes, and told him long stories about the fairy folks, and the wicked giants that lived in the hills hundreds of years ago. So it is no wonder that he rubbed his eyes with his knuckles and cried long and loud. But now he must do something for himself.

Hugh had an uncle, a fisherman, who lived on Marazion Green, about fifteen miles away, and caught mackerel and pilchards in Mounts Bay. This uncle had come up to see Grandmother Carew once, and talked about the sea and the wonders under it, until Hugh would have liked of all things to see those wonders for himself. Then Uncle Carew said if Hugh came to him, he could go out in the boat and help with the nets. So now Hugh prepared to go, and began packing all his things in a bundle. First he put in his best jacket with the nice patch on the right elbow, his new shirt, the pair of socks his grandmother had knit for him, his peg top, — which he could not put in his pocket because of the strings, and marbles, and piece of chalk he had there, — and all the little things he saw lying around. The table and two stools and the bed were too big to put in his bundle, so he left them with a neighbor until he might want them some day. Then Zacky Trenoodle drove up with his cart, going to Penzance, and he agreed to carry Hugh to his uncle's at Marazion Green.

Uncle Carew was very glad to see his nephew, and gave him a bed in his cottage, right by the window, where he could look out on moonlight nights

at the beautiful bay with its dark waters dotted with the white sails of the fisher-boats, and directly in front, climbing up to the sky, St. Michael's Mount, with the castle and chapel, and the tall tower from which all night long shone a light that could hardly be told from the stars around it. Sometimes, as he lay and looked, Hugh thought of the Giant that lived on the Mount in the old castle before the present one was built, and of valiant Jack, who went up the hill and blew the horn at the postern gate, summoning the Giant to deadly conflict; and as the shadows moved on the hillside, he thought sometimes that Jack and the Giant were again in terrible battle. Then he remembered about the bright Archangel Michael, with a burning star on his forehead, who, it was said, stood on the top of the tower and waved his flaming sword whilst the Christians and the foreign heathens were fighting on the very place where the cottages now stood. And as Hugh looked up, there was the bright star still burning, making him almost expect to see the white angel and the flaming sword.

In good weather he went out with Uncle Carew in the boat to fish, helping him and the other fishermen to lower the nets, and to pull them up again when all the fish were surrounded and caught in the meshes. When the weather was bad and the sea rough, Hugh helped the fishermen as they sat at the back of the cottage, out of the wind, mending their nets. There he delighted to sit and listen to the strange stories the old men told of the wonders of the sea, and of the Wonder-Land under the sea, — of the beautiful land of Gwavas that once surrounded St. Michael's Mount, and of the wonderful manner in which it sank beneath the sea, and the strange stories that were told of a people that still lived on it, and waited its rising to the surface again some day. Hugh was never tired of hearing this story, and asked to have it told so often that he knew it by heart. And when he floated over Gwavas Lake and the drowned Gwavas Land, he could see the trees beneath the water, and fancied sometimes he saw people moving about, when, all of a sudden, they would turn to fishes, and it was hard to tell whether the trees were real trees or only seaweed.

The old fisherman said he was sure they were trees, for he had picked up many of them after a storm, and they were of a different wood from any now growing in that neighborhood. And he told again the story, — how many, many hundreds of years ago, all the land around about was covered with a thick forest which stretched far out on what is now a wide and deep bay. Then came the great giant Cormoran, who was eighteen feet high and three yards about, and his wife Cormelian, who was equally big, and they wanted to build them a place to live. So they brought from the hills away inland great gray rocks, which they piled up, one on the other, hundreds of feet high, until they had built what is now known as St. Michael's Mount, but which they called *Carreg-luz-en-kuz*, or the "Gray rock in the wood." On the top of this they built their castle, and lived until the giant's wife died and was buried under the Chapel Rock. Then Jack the Giant-Killer climbed up the Mount, and after a hard fight Cormoran was killed, and there were no more giants in the land. Then came the Small People, who cut

The little Man under the Sea.

down most of the forest, and built cottages for themselves, ploughed the ground, made gardens, and lived happy for many years. But one day Merlin, the great enchanter, came to Gwavas on his way down to the beautiful land of Lionesse, where he was to feast with King Arthur and his knights at the Round Table. Merlin had walked far, and was tired and dusty and very thirsty. His strange dress and long gray beard frightened the women and children, so that they ran in and shut the door in his face whenever he came up to ask for a drink. At last he found the principal man of the Small People, a little old crusty fellow who was always quarrelling with the children for running around his house, and who was so miserly he would not even give his neighbors "Good morning" when they met. Merlin asked him very politely for some drink, but the Small Man told him he did not keep an ale-house for travelling beggars. Merlin said he only wanted a drop of water, but was told he could not have any, and that there was not a drop of water in the village for such beggars as he. At this Merlin said they should never complain again of want of water, and he stuck his staff into the ground, so that it made a hole, and then went on his journey. A little spring of water bubbled up through the hole, next a stream burst forth that swelled to a river, and soon the whole land of Gwavas was drowned, and the Giant's Mount became a lofty island. But the deluge

was a magic one, so although the Small People were buried under the water they did not die ; they still live there, and do just as they did before the flood came, waiting for the enchantment to be broken, when the land will rise again with all the people on it. Such was the story the old fisherman told as he sat and mended his nets.

One moonlight night when they were out fishing, Hugh leaned over the bow of the boat and looked on the water. Away out to sea was a wide path of light like a silver road leading straight out to the sky where it dipped down to the water. The trembling ripple was as the glancing of thousands of bright feet gayly tripping along the path, and, as he looked and listened, Hugh scarcely knew whether it was the soft music of the ripple that he heard, or the song of the bright creatures as they tripped along. When he looked down into the water the sparkles of light that came up from the depths he sometimes fancied might be from the lamps in the buried cities, and the fish that leaped up like flashes of fire out of the dark sea might perhaps be the Small People jumping up to see if the way was clear for them to join the fairy revels on Marazion Green. Once or twice he called his uncle to see the beautiful creatures, but was sharply told to mind his business, keep still, and not frighten the fish.

All of a sudden Hugh noticed something come close up under the side of the boat, and remain there staring straight at him. He bent over until his face nearly touched the water, when what he had at first taken for a fish appeared to be a very odd-looking little man, — as funny a fellow as ever could be seen. He was shorter even than Hugh, very broad about the shoulders, with funny little arms, and feet that were brought together at the heels, with the toes turned straight out when he stood up, making them look like a fish's tail. His eyes were big and round, without any eyelids or eyebrows. But his mouth was the funniest part, being of so odd a shape when he opened it that he looked like a fish trying to talk. This singular creature was dressed in silvery white and blue and green, the colors glancing as if the garments were of the finest silk.

The old fellow kept bowing and nodding and beckoning to Hugh, and pointing to the road which opened behind him down through the depths of the waters until lost in the distance. Hugh could not take his eyes from him, and, forgetting all about his uncle, the boat, and the fishing, he bent over more and more, so as to look closer at the singular old man, until splash ! down he went into the water.

There was a rushing as of a thousand cataracts in his ears, and he felt his breath go ; then he knew nothing more for he could not tell how long, until he found himself standing with the strange old man by the side of an elegant carriage made of a scallop shell, burnished until it shone with pearl and silver, and drawn by two splendid gold-fish and two silver-fish harnessed with the silken threads of the finest sea-mosses, and driven by an old coachman that looked like a mackerel.

"Jump in," said the old man ; and Hugh got into the carriage, though he was almost afraid to sit down on such beautiful cushions.

The old man got in by his side, the mackerel-faced coachman cracked his whip, the gold and silver fishes darted ahead, and away they went spinning down hill.

It was a strange ride. Great trees, unlike anything on the earth above, waved their long arms as the carriage swept past. Some were pale and seemingly almost without substance, others gray, some brown, and a few bright red. Odd-looking shapes came out from behind them to look at the travellers; pale bodies that you could almost see through, round in shape, with four eyes in the very centre of their bodies, that stared without winking as they passed. Others appeared with huge mouths opening and shutting, like the German figures in the toy-shops that are always eating the roasted pigeon. Some had numbers of long arms that they waved about, trying to catch anything in their reach, and if they succeeded they closed themselves up into a ball, hugging their prey and pushing it into a frightful mouth from around which the arms extended. Fierce-looking monsters with fishes' heads came rushing in from all sides and stopped the carriage, demanding that Hugh should be given up to them to be punished for the murder of thousands of their brethren caught in the cruel nets and taken on shore to die and be eaten.

Hugh was terribly frightened as these monsters came around staring at him with great savage eyes and opening their dreadful mouths. He hid in the bottom of the carriage, but his companion stood up, and, bowing politely to the furious crowd, made a speech in which he assured them his young friend had never willingly done their kindred any harm, and he ought not to suffer for the crimes of his uncle, who, he admitted, was a horrible old fellow, who had taken the lives of millions of their brethren, and who, he had no doubt, they would some day have the pleasure of eating after a heavy storm. He pledged himself for the future good behavior of his young friend, and, bowing again to the crowd, who went sulkily away, snapping their horny jaws with disappointment, he seated himself, the mackerel-faced coachman whipped up his team of gold and silver fishes, and away they went spinning down the road again.

At last the end of their journey was reached, and the carriage stopped in front of a fine mansion. Hugh rubbed his eyes and looked around, for he was not quite sure he was not dreaming, everything had such a strange appearance. From where they alighted a smooth beach of sparkling sand like diamond dust sloped down to a glassy lake on which curious and beautiful little boats, each with a single voyager, were rowing or sailing in all directions. Along the edge of the lake, and scattered about at varying distances from it, were numerous houses, from stately mansions to little cottages, all of singular shapes that at times reminded Hugh of the oddly formed rocks on Carn Bre hill. These were frequently covered with creeping plants of a different character from anything he had seen before. But the trees and the people were the most curious.

Some of the shrubs grew close to the ground, and others lay along it as if they had been blown down in a great tempest and remained there,

but still growing. Others again stood upright and waved their long branches to and fro in the most graceful manner. The trunks and branches were of several colors, some being dark green, some gray, and others of gayer colors. What looked odd in them all was the fact that they had no leaves like those of trees in other places, and the trunks were for the most part smooth and slippery. But the oddest things were what looked like curious plants and flowers, some of attractive color and having a slight perfume. Hugh was about to pick one of these flowers, when his companion stopped him with a look of horror, and said the seeming flower was a living being, to kill which would be a murder.

Then the people were so strange. People with very long noses and ugly-looking teeth in their wide mouths; people so thin they looked like small sticks, and others so round that they could almost trundle themselves along like a coach-wheel if they chose; big mouths and little mouths; big eyes and little eyes; good-looking and hideous-looking; some dressed in the shabbiest clothes, others in splendid suits, and some covered with knobs and spikes and strange-looking armor;—all came past, nodding to each other, and staring with wonder at Hugh, who thought to himself that these people were very "odd fish." Some went in and out of their houses, but the greater part kept travelling about, or rested themselves on the grass, or on the sandy beach. A number of very beautiful little cottages, of fantastic shapes and handsome colors, were scattered about. The people who lived in them were very fond of home, for they just put their noses outside and then went in again. Whilst the old man went into the house to prepare for his guest, Hugh went up to one of these cottages and knocked at the door, intending to ask a few questions of the person within, but, to his surprise, he had no sooner done so than the house was lifted up bodily, and the person inside ran off with it on his back. Hugh was so much astonished that he sat down on a small rock to look at it as it was carried off, when what he took to be a rock rose up, and ran away in another direction.

He was very much frightened at this, and was almost afraid to step on the grass or pebbles for fear they too would run away with him, or might be somebody who would be killed by his foot.

Then he was struck, as he looked upwards, by the peculiarity of the sky. It was of a darker blue than he had ever seen before, and there were no clouds. Nor was there sun or moon or stars, but a trembling, soft bluish light filled all parts of the sky. Whilst he wondered whether it were day or night, and what kind of a place he had got to, his guide came out and told him to enter the house. There he introduced him to his wife and their son, an ugly, mischievous, and wicked-looking little fellow. Hugh was told he was to be the playfellow and servant to this youngster for three years, when the boy, having reached his tenth year, would be sent away to school, and Hugh would be dismissed to his home with valuable presents. At first he did not like being so long away from his uncle; but the promise of such a large reward, and the novelty of the place, at length induced him to stay, and the bargain was made.

For three years Hugh lived with his strange friends in the Wonder-Land under the Sea, and learned many curious things about the inhabitants. They were all very kind to him, but he was always in a trouble and worry about his young charge, who would run away and hide, and play his companion other mischievous tricks, causing his parents as well as Hugh a great deal of uneasiness. At last the three years drew to an end, and the youngster's tenth birthday was at hand.

That day was to be celebrated by a great feast, and all the inhabitants of Wonder-Land were bidden to it. They came in great crowds, some running, some slowly and with great dignity, some riding in beautiful carriages, and others trudging along with their houses on their backs. There were the people in shining dresses of splendid colors, the people in shabby suits, and the people in strong armor; the thin people and the round people; the long noses and snub noses; the wide mouths and the mouths like little round holes; the saucer eyes and the eyes like small dots. They all lay on the grass, or on the beach, or moved about in front of the house of Hugh's master.

First the old fellow came out and made them a speech, in which he said the hour was come when the curse of centuries was to be removed, the beautiful land of Gwavas again lifted above the floods, and its people could once more dance on Marazion Green with their relatives, the Spriggans and Piskies and Fairies and Elves and Brownies, just as they used to do thousands of years ago. At this they all set up a shout and danced for joy at the mere idea.

Next came his wife, leading out their son, who was received with another shout. Hugh was told to stand forward, and he too was greeted with shouts. The old man went back into the house and brought out a quaintly shaped box, in which there was a small amount of very precious ointment, carefully protected by a massive cover. When this box was exhibited there was a great clapping of hands. Hugh was told to come forward and take the box in his hands and read the inscription on the cover, which was this: —

> "When christened anoints
> Unchristened eyes,
> The sea will sink
> And the land arise."

When this was read there was another shout. The old man solemnly lifted the cover, and told Hugh to take a little of the ointment on his finger and rub it on the eyelids of the boy. As he dipped his finger in the box there was a dead silence in all the vast crowd, and when he lifted it covered with ointment every breath was held. Just as he was about to anoint the eyes of the boy a dust got into his own eye, and he put his finger up to rub it out. A cry of horror burst from all the crowd, but it was too late. The enchanted ointment touched his eyelid, and then —

Hugh was petrified with horror.

Everything changed quicker than the things in the hands of a conjurer when he says, "Presto! Jack! begone!" The fine houses turned to ugly

rocks, the creeping plants to sea-mosses, the beautiful trees to slimy sea-weeds. The movable houses and the men in armor were nothing but shell-fish, among which were some horrible great crabs and lobsters that shuffled up to tear him in pieces; whilst the other inhabitants of the Wonder-Land under the Sea changed to fishes and sea-monsters of various frightful shapes, all rushing to devour poor Hugh.

Frightened out of his wits he gave one jump and started off with all the monsters in full chase. Running down to the lake, he plunged in, and the waters hissed and roared in his ears as they closed over him. Then he remembered nothing more.

When he came to himself he was in his uncle's boat again, and his uncle and another fisherman were holding him up by the heels to let the water run out of his mouth. As he gasped and choked they turned him up and laid him across the seat.

"That was a near chance for your life, boy," said the old man, when Hugh was able to sit up and know where he was. "We thought you were gone, sure, for you never came up but once after you went over."

"What have you been doing all the long time I was gone?" said Hugh.

"Doing? why, waiting for you to come up again, of course."

"What, all the three years!"

"Three years? three fiddlesticks! The boy is cracked. You were gone nearly three minutes, but it seemed three years to me, I can tell you."

"It *was* three years to me," said Hugh, and then he told his story. His uncle pooh-poohed at him, and the other old fisherman said he was only three minutes under water, but then he could n't tell about those things under the sea.

So Hugh could never make up his mind whether he was under water three minutes or three years; but of one thing he was certain, he never again wanted to visit the Wonder-Land under the Sea.

J. H. A. Bone.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BOYS?

WHERE is the usual clatter?
All of the fun and the noise?
What in the world is the matter?
What has become of the boys?
Mother sits solemnly quiet,
Not even a smile on her face;
O for a rush and a riot,
To banish the spell from the place!

There are the birds within hearing,
  Each on its own little nest;
Plainly no robbery fearing,
  Nothing to harm or molest.
Out in the lane and the highway,
  Yet not an urchin I meet,
Though each familiar old by-way
  Bears the impress of their feet.

Where are the truants in hiding?
  In what sweet far-away nook
Are they a banquet providing,
  Caught on a glittering hook?
Camping perhaps on yon islands;
  I can but guess of their joys;
Questioning still of the silence,
  What has become of the boys?

Well, but this world has departed
  Out of its tracks, I believe,
Going right back where it started
  With only old Adam and Eve.
They into trouble were getting
  On the Elysian plain,
Constantly fuming and fretting
  Till they began to raise Cain!

O for a race and a riot!
  O for a shout and a song!
Anything else but this quiet,
  That 's lasted so fearfully long.
Ha! there 's a fellow whose garments
  Are tickling the breeze in their glee!
I should n't be scared if the varmints
  Had sent him out hunting for me!

"Come, Uncle Nat, to the grove there,
  We 're having the jolliest fun!
There 's a queer, hifalutin old cove there,
  With the bulliest kind of a gun!"
I 'm with you, my lad, in a hurry!
  Now all my misgivings are fled!
I was in such a fright and a worry,
  For I thought all the boys were dead!

Josephine Pollard.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

DOLLY VARDEN.

IT had a sky-blue ground with bunches of roses, blush roses, sprinkled over it, — pink and blue, the Pompadour colors. And it was made in a *polonaise*, of course, caught up on the back breadth with knots of black velvet; and it had frills at the throat, and a knot of black velvet there, and frills at the sleeves, and knots of black velvet there; and it was worn over a black silk skirt with knots of black velvet there; and the girl who wore it had knots of black velvet in her hair, with a pink rose stuck cunningly into one to match the pink roses in the dress, and bands of black velvet on her arms, and a slender strip of it round her throat; and the girl herself was named for the dress, — Dolly Varden.

Her real name was Dolly something else, I shall never tell what. But the other day she was sixteen, and had a new dress to wear to the fair, and the dress, of course, was a Dolly Varden. And the minute she had got herself into it, with all those velvet bows stuck here and there, her father comes in, and looking at her, laughs and says, "Dolly Varden, how do you do?" And Dolly makes him a great sweeping courtesy, and laughs back, and says, "I 'm very well, I thank you, sir; but how did you know it was a Dolly Varden? you pretend never to know about girl's things."

Dolly's father laughs again. "So the gown *is* a Dolly Varden, eh? Well, I dare say all that flower-garden of blue and pink and those bobby little bows are the frame that brings out the Dolly Varden character."

"O, in Dickens's story, Barnaby Rudge, I know; I read it the other day, sir," and Dolly's head bridles a little.

"You did, eh? Well, Miss Dolly, let me tell you one thing; you 're a very nice little girl, but if you 've got a notion in your small brain that it will be a fine thing for you to *act* the character, I advise you to get rid of such an idea at once Anything but putting on airs, Dolly, and playing off somebody else's pranks. There 's nothing like being natural, nothing half so agreeable as being natural and self-forgetful. You remember that, now."

Dolly, as she promises to remember, gives another little laugh, which does n't seem to argue very well for the promise, and covers up her fine gay gown and the "bobby bows" with a big waterproof, and scuds away into the east-wind to the fair.

There she put away her waterproof, and came forth in her blue and pink and all her bobby little bows, ready for action. She was one of the café handmaidens for that evening; but the evening had n't quite commenced, for it was n't dark outside yet. There were only a few quiet people taking their tea at the little tables, and Dolly was as quiet as they. There was n't a sign of putting on airs about her. By and by — it seemed quite a long while to Dolly — the evening fairly set in, and things began to assume a more lively appearance. Tum-ti-tum-ti-tum, all at once the band burst out from the hall above in a Strauss waltz; and just at that moment into the café and

straight to Dolly's table came two young gentlemen, the brother and cousin of her greatest girl friend, Edith Elliott. They were both Harvard students, Harry and John Elliott; but "Cousin John" was a venerable young gentleman in the Senior Class, whereas Harry was a youthful Sophomore, a year or two older than Dolly.

The minute Dolly caught sight of these two, that minute Dolly lost her good sense; for all in a twinkling at that moment she thought of her father's admiring looks, and then of Dickens's Dolly Varden, that little coquette in the cherry-colored mantle, who played fast and loose with any number of admirers. And here were two admirers at her hand, and why should n't *she* play the same game? If it had n't been for Mr. John Elliott, Dolly would never have thought of playing off in this style. But a sudden desire possessed her not only to impress Mr. John Elliott with her charms and importance, but to show her old friend Harry what a fascinating grown-up young lady she could be in another person's eyes. With this thought whirling through her brain in time with the waltz that was playing, she commenced a little airy, absurd chatter, such as she had read about in very airy stories.

She thought Mr. John Elliott was very much impressed with her airs and graces, for he became exceedingly attentive and exceedingly vivacious, replying to all her small sallies of wit, her smiles and tossings of the head, with the most flattering response of word and glance. And, to make her success more certain in her own opinion, her old friend Harry, who was cast into the background by this new order of things, looked very glum and sober, — the usual sign, thought silly Miss Dolly, with jealous gentlemen.

So the little game went on for half the evening, and Dolly got more and more elated at the attention she was receiving on all sides; for not only Mr. John Elliott seemed to regard her with flattering observation, but everybody who passed and repassed stared at her as if she were the Princess May in the fairy tale. "O how witty I must be!" said Dolly to herself, as Mr. Elliott bit his lips and then smothered a laugh in his pocket-handkerchief. It was just at this delightful crisis that she saw her father's face, and met his eyes; she was about to give him one of the jaunty little nods she had been practising within the last hour, when the look of mingled vexation and sarcasm she caught in his glance stopped her.

In the next moment he was close beside her.

"Come, Dolly, the hall will be closed in a few minutes."

"How long have you been here, papa?" asks Dolly.

"An hour or so; but get your cloak, or we shall lose our car."

Dolly turned to introduce Mr. Elliott, but that gentleman was already speaking to her father in a very grave and polite manner, and in a moment more he was speaking to her in the same manner, bidding her good night. Dolly somehow felt disappointed, for all his gay gallantry had departed.

There was a great crowd about the door, and, as Dolly stood waiting with her father in the dark, she overheard the following conversation.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jack!"

"What, for making myself agreeable to Dolly Varden?"

"For making game of her, you mean; she 's only a little girl, for all she 's so tall, and you turned her foolish little head completely with your nonsense. I never saw her like that before; she has always been entirely unaffected and natural, without any of these silly airs."

"But, Harry, she began it," answered Mr. John Elliott, laughingly.

"Yes, I know that, but you encouraged and led her on. She thought she was impressing you very much."

"Well, she was," laughed Mr. Elliott again. Then a little more earnestly, "Harry, the trouble lies in the girl's own vanity. I dare say I was to blame, but I sha' n't make game of the child to anybody else, as some other fellow might; and so you 'll allow she might have fallen into worse hands."

The crowd parted, and Dolly felt as if the ground was sinking beneath her feet as she followed her father into the car with this conversation ringing in her ears. She was ashamed to look at him; she was ashamed to look at anybody. O, how dreadful it all was! To think she had been making herself ridiculous, when she thought she had been making herself the admired and envied of all beholders! As she went into the house with her father he glanced towards the library, and then said, "Come in here, Dolly; there 's no one here, your mother has gone to bed." She glanced up at this invitation in shame and desperation.

"I think I 'll go up, too, papa; I 'm tired," she replied.

"Nonsense, Dolly; come in here and let 's talk it over, or you 'll lie awake all night," answered her father, kindly, and smiling a little. At this Dolly burst out crying, and the next minute she was sitting on her father's knee, talking it over.

"I hope I never shall see either of them again, and I hate them!" she sobbed, incoherently.

"I know, Dolly, it is all very mortifying, and I don't mean to say you have n't been a silly little girl, putting on airs that did n't belong to you; but being a silly little girl of sixteen don't mean anything very criminal. You 'll get over this, if you 'll just take my advice and bear it sensibly."

"It was so mean of Mr. Elliott, papa, to make game of me!"

"It was n't very nice, perhaps, but Mr. Elliott is n't a very aged man, Miss Dolly. He sees a tall young lady making eyes at him and making a goose of herself. You *did* begin it, Dolly, I saw you; you set the ball rolling, and he flung it back."

"Papa, I think young men are dreadful creatures, so sly and deceitful and dishonorable!" Dolly here burst forth.

Papa laughed. "Dolly," he presently said, quite seriously, "what can you expect when vanity makes young women put on all manner of airs, with the rest of their fripperies, on purpose to show off before these young men? Don't you suppose the young men are bright enough to see through these things? and don't you suppose they are foolish enough, too, — we might call it human enough, — to feel flattered that all this is done for them? and don't you suppose when you go on like this that they 'll go on in their way, too?"

"Papa, it 's very natural, — you might call it very human," — says Dolly, slyly, "for girls to dress up, and make themselves look pretty with what you call fripperies, and wish to — be — liked — admired, too."

"To be sure, Dolly, and as long as you do it naturally and simply, it 's well enough; but when you are false and artificial in all your ways and words, they meet the reward that all falsehood does; it 's found out sooner or later."

"Papa, why did n't you come and tell me I was making a goose of myself?" suddenly asked Dolly.

"I warned you in the outset, my dear, and it did n't seem to do much good. I knew you 'd got to find out some things for yourself."

"And Harry talked about my foolish little head, and my silly airs! O, papa, papa, I *don't* like either of them any more, — I don't, I don't! and I never want to see them again; and of course they despise me."

"I dare say you feel that way now, Dolly, but consider that you are the one most to blame, and that it would be rather mean of you to show spite towards the person you involved in your own folly. As for Harry, I think he 's a friend worth having. There, good night; it 's half past eleven. Go to bed and go to sleep, and take my word for it, the two young men are no such formidable objects for you to meet. All you 've got to do is to be yourself next time, — *my* Dolly, and not somebody else's. By the way, my dear, if Dickens's Dolly *was* your model, you overdid the part."

This was papa's last shot; but he was laughing, and Dolly went to bed not quite so desperate after this matter-of-fact talk. But the next day there was the fair. "How *should* she meet Harry, and perhaps Mr. Elliott?"

The next day just after breakfast the bell rang, and the girl said somebody wanted to see Miss Dolly in the parlor.

"It 's Lucy Miles, I suppose; she said she 'd return my table-list this morning before we went down," said Dolly. And into the parlor serenely goes Dolly to meet Lucy Miles. And instead of Lucy Miles, there stood — Harry Elliott.

Dolly turned the color of the pink roses on her gown, and Harry reflected the same color. "I saw you just as you got into the car last night, Dolly, and I know you must have heard Jack and me, and I 've come up this morning to ask you to forgive us both. Jack is not a bad fellow, but he is very satirical, and — *can* you forgive me, Dolly? it was only my interest, my friendship for you!"

Then all Dolly's real sweetness and nobility came out, for it *is* the hardest thing in the world to forgive the people who have been sharp on our follies.

"I made a little goose of myself last night, Harry," she answered. "I knew it all the time, in a way, but it was n't until I heard you and your cousin talking that I saw how very flat it all was."

"And you 're sure you won't hate me, Dolly?"

Of course she would n't! And so Dolly's first lesson in society came to quite a happy end, but it left a bitter taste in her mouth for some time; a wholesome bitter, which will in future kill all the little false propensities as

they spring up. But there 's one result which, no doubt, was inevitable. Dolly is still a little shy of Mr. John Elliott. Harry told him how beautifully she took the whole thing, and Mr. John sent no end of apologies and compliments to Miss Dolly. And once he saw her himself at Harry's house, and expressed himself so respectfully and contritely that Dolly could n't help feeling gratified; and so they shook hands and parted. But it will be some time yet before Dolly can feel quite at her ease with him.

Nora Perry.

THE BUILDING OF THE MYSTIC.

THE boys were on the front steps, Mr. Cunningham walked to and fro on the piazza, and Lillie and Fred sat in the doorway. The boys were talking about a boat.

"I *do* want one dreadfully," said Ned; "and there 's one for sale at Mason's."

"I wish we *could* have a boat," said Lillie, overhearing him. "Will you buy the one at Mason's for us, papa?"

"What does he want for it?" asked Mr. Cunningham, halting between the doorway and the steps.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied Ned.

"That is a good price for a small row-boat," said Mr. Cunningham, resuming his walk. "What sort of a boat is it?"

"Quite a good one," said Harry.

"Splendid!" cried Lillie and Fred.

"It only holds four," said George, "and it is n't strong, but got up 'fancy,' to sell."

Ned looked indignant, while Fred suggested, "Why don't you go down to Mason's and see it, papa? You know more about boats than any of us."

"I wish you would, sir," said Ned. "I think you would buy it."

Mr. Cunningham had been thinking about buying a boat for some time. The river and Stony-Brook Pond were both near the house, and it seemed a pity, with such fine opportunities for boating, that the children should not enjoy them. So he agreed to go to Mason's the next day, and look at the boat with a view to its purchase; and Lillie ran in to tell her mother the good news, while Ned gave his father a glowing description of the "Wave," as the boat at Mason's was named.

Mason's was the favorite resort of all the boys in town. Close by the great bridge across the Charles River you came suddenly upon a tiny little house, in which David Copperfield could certainly not have swung a cat; and into which it was a source of wonder and amazement to all the small

boys of the town how Colonel Mason managed to enter, for he was nearly as broad as he was long.

This was his house, however. Beside it ran a narrow footpath leading to the rear, and, following this, you came upon the school-boy's paradise, — a tiny wooden wharf, a snug little harbor, and an inconceivable number of row-boats, floating on the water, bottom upwards upon the land, and packed on shelves under a rude shed, like sardines in a box. And here, bustling about, you would usually find the portly colonel.

Why he was called "colonel," instead of admiral or captain, — having to do altogether with boats, — has always been a mystery; but that he was a person of great importance has never been doubted since the time when little Tommy Whitney, upon being asked in Sunday school, "Who made the Charles River?" promptly replied, "Colonel Mason dug it."

Upon the little wharf, which was built around a large tree, there was scarcely room for three persons to turn around; yet, notwithstanding, a strong swing was rigged on one of the branches; and on the tree, the shed, the house, and one or two stray posts, appeared verses of poetry and popular songs, rudely painted upon boards. And, what between the danger of bumping your head on these boards and tripping over the swing into the water, you had to keep a sharp lookout. The largest board was devoted to "Home, Sweet Home," and this boating-parties frequently sang, to please the old man, who would stand by listening till the tears ran down his cheeks. But, in the midst of his emotion, did so much as a small boy's nose appear through a chink in the fence, he would be after him with the aspect of an ogre; for no boys found favor in his sight unless they owned or hired boats; for he kept his boats "for sale and to let," besides deriving quite an income by his commission for the care of private boats and their berths at his wharf.

When Mr. Cunningham and his party arrived at his harbor, he greeted them with great respect, and exhibited the "Wave," inviting them to try her. But Mr. Cunningham, to the children's great regret, decided against the boat. It was really very pretty, but not strong, as George had said, and altogether too small, four loading it very heavily and making it unsafe.

Not seeing any other more suitable, they drove home without making a purchase; Lillie and Fred greatly disappointed, and Ned thoughtful.

One or two half-built boats were at the harbor, and from carefully examining these the boy had got an idea.

"If I were not going away so soon I would make a boat for you," said Mr. Cunningham, as they turned in at the gate and drove up the hill. "When I was a boy I made a very good one."

"I mean to try to make one myself," said Ned, quietly. It was of this that he had been thinking.

"A very good idea," said Mr. Cunningham, encouragingly. "I dare say you can make a better boat than the 'Wave.'"

"I will help you," said Harry.

"But you don't know how, either of you," objected Lillie and Fred.

"What we don't know we will find out," said Harry, laughing.

The children looked dubious, but said nothing more. A boat made and ready for immediate use and one to be made in the future did not compare very favorably, they thought. But after dinner they went off to drive with the pony and phaeton, and came back with more hopeful views.

Ned was not a boy to waste words. He and Harry studied plans and boats together, and before long the boat was fairly under way. Mr. Cunningham and George were preparing to sail for Cuba before long, Charley was busy about the farm, and Harry could not spare much time from his garden, though willing to assist when he was actually needed. So Ned was obliged to depend chiefly upon himself for the progress of the boat.

He decided to build it of pine, that it might be as light as possible; it was to be about sixteen feet long and three feet wide, and intended to hold seven persons. He went to the carpenter's and picked out two good boards sixteen feet long and sixteen inches wide, for the two sides, and three more of the same length and one foot wide for the bottom, besides material for the stern and other parts.

Behind Mr Cunningham's house was a rocky mound, called by the children Stony Point. It was a favorite resort with them all, commanding an extensive view of the river and town. Here the boys had put up a flag-staff and a tent, and in the oak grove adjoining had slung two hammocks. To this pleasant and convenient spot Ned took his working materials, tools, and two carpenter's horses; and, being an energetic boy, began his work at once. In shaping the boat he found Harry's assistance of great value; for, being only fourteen, he had not sufficient strength for all parts of the work, and in some of the details two pairs of hands were necessary.

Fig. 1. Cross-Piece.

They first shaped the sides of the boat, taking for this purpose the two widest boards, which they placed edgewise upon the horses, inserting between them two small boards, or cross-pieces, three feet wide at the top and two feet six inches at the bottom **E**, Fig. 1). The sides they then bound tightly together with ropes (**H H**, Fig. 2). Between the ropes they inserted stout sticks **J J**), and by twisting them gradually brought the ends of the boards nearer together. As

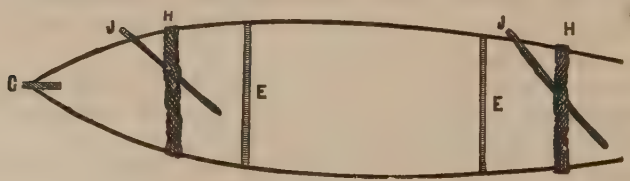


Fig. 2. Shaping the Boat.

the ends forming the bow meet to hold the cut-water, the forward rope required much more twisting than the other. When the forward ends nearly met, they inserted the cut-water, a strip eighteen inches long and three inches wide (**C**, Fig. 2), twisting the ropes again until it was held fast. The

stick was then secured by passing one end over the edge of the side board. This kept the rope tightly twisted, and the cut-water and bow in place, while they bored several holes through both boards and the cut-water, and secured all three firmly together with screws. The stern (Fig. 3), Ned sawed out carefully, making it thirty-six inches wide at the top, eighteen inches deep, and twenty-four inches wide at the bottom. A strip (A) was fastened on in the centre, and provided with two iron eyes, or screw-rings (C C), to receive the rudder-hooks. When this was done, the stern was fastened firmly to the end of the boat by long screws. Then the cross-piece (E E, Fig. 2) were removed, and the body of the boat was done.

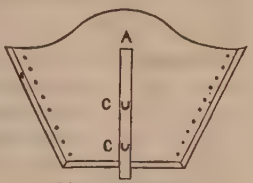


Fig. 3. The Stern.

The bottom he made of three boards one foot wide. He took them to the

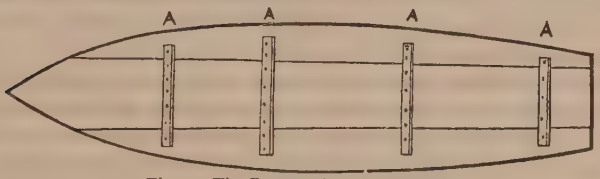


Fig. 4. The Bottom of the Boat, inside.

carpenter's to have the edges rabbeted, not having the proper tools at home. When the rabbeting was done, he laid the boards upon a work-bench, fitted them carefully together, and fastened them in place with laths tacked lightly on. Then he carried them to Stony Point, and placed them carefully upon the horses there. Then, putting the body of the boat upon the boards, he carefully marked out the shape with a lumber-pencil, and, removing the body, carefully sawed out the bottom in the proper shape. He then removed this from the horses and replaced the body, bottom side up, and, fitting on the bottom, bored holes for the long, slender screws, which he drove securely in, firmly fastening the bottom to the sides and stern. Turning the boat right side up again, he removed the laths, and screwed upon the bottom, inside, four cleats or cross-pieces (A A A A, Fig. 4). He also screwed four cleats upon the sides within the boat, and two in the corners of the stern, making the boat very strong. Ned was particular to bore all the holes with a straight, sharp gimlet, thus making a very neat job of his work.

The boat now began to look like a boat, — "Quite ship-shape," as Mr. Cunningham said, — and the children came every day to see how it progressed, and brought all their visitors to Stony Point to admire it. They longed to see it on the water, for their plans were already laid for a grand picnic, "to come off just as soon as the boat was done"; and they would sit in the hammocks rocking to and fro, talking to Ned and watching him at work.

Ned had been very anxious to get his boat done before the Fourth of July; but as he could only work upon it out of school-hours, and was frequently

interrupted in his work, it progressed but slowly, and the Fourth came before he was ready for it.

The day before the Fourth he put on the keel, a long strip an inch square, and firmly fixed it along the bottom, exactly in the centre.

Fig. 5. The Rudder.

The rudder (Fig. 5) he made with a cross-piece at the top, to which small ropes were attached for the purpose of working it easily. Two iron hooks (D D) were inserted, that the rudder might be hung to the strip (A, Fig. 3), in the centre of the stern.

The boat was thus far towards completion on the evening of the 3d of July, and Ned, as he gave it a parting glance of satisfaction, little thought how near to destruction this object of his patient labor would be before morning.

The house was full of company when he went in. The two married sisters had come home, with their husbands, and aunts and cousins had also arrived to help celebrate the morrow. So full, indeed, was the house, that the boys had to "camp out," and sleep in their tent on Stony Point; and here it was that the mischief began, and in this simple way, as Dotty Dimple has it, — "a boy fired a cracker" just as the rest were settling themselves for sleep. Of course it was regarded as a challenge, and a dozen retorted. Ned said that "it was dangerous," but nobody listened to him, and, finding that he could not stop them, and being very tired, he rolled over, and tried to shut out the noise of the crackers which were kept flying and squibbing about the tent for some time.

At last, tired of this fun, one after another the boys dropped asleep; and meanwhile a little spark of destruction was smouldering in a corner of the canvas, creeping on, feeding, and growing while they lay unconscious.

By and by Ned began to dream that it was the hottest day he had ever known; a heavy smoke seemed to hang in the air, making it difficult to breathe; and some one said "the woods were afire." If that was so, he must save his boat; but he could not get to it. The air grew hotter and hotter, and sparks were falling thick and fast. Then he heard voices; help was coming; but it was too late, — he was choking.

After a while he felt the cool night air upon his forehead; he was lying on the grass, and the stars were shining above him, while the moon was just coming from behind a cloud, disclosing a group of shadowy forms flitting to and fro at a little distance from him and around his beloved boat, which was quite safe.

"So it was nothing but the nightmare!" and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Do you feel better, Ned?" asked a voice; and, turning, he found one of his cousins beside him.

"Yes," he answered; "but what is the matter?"

"O, one of us set the tent afire with our crackers, and you were nearly smothered."

"What?" said Ned, sitting up.

"Yes, truly! and it 's just a wonder we all did n't smother, too. We were all asleep."

"Is the fire out?"

"Yes; Charley saw the sparks from the house, and ran down and hauled us all out, and put out the fire with a piece of carpet; but you were farther in than the rest of us, and he did n't see you at first, and the smoke stifled you."

"Here, drink some water, Ned," said George, approaching with a cup. "You 'll be all right presently, old fellow."

Ned swallowed the water eagerly, and felt better.

"Is my boat hurt?" he asked.

"No, not a bit; but it came near going, and the flagstaff, too, and nobody knows what else. Everything is as dry as tinder. It 's lucky Charley saw the fire."

"It 's all right, now," said Charley, approaching, "and you can go to your beds again. But you, Ned, had better come into the house with me."

But Ned thought that he would stay with the others, first going to examine his boat, which he found uninjured.

All were quite concerned next day about the accident which might have proved so serious; it had at least the good effect of making the boys more careful; but no more "camping out" was allowed, Mrs. Cunningham finding beds in the house for them all the next night.

With the exception of this accident they enjoyed themselves greatly, and all begged Ned to finish his boat soon, that they might have some sport with it. He promised to have it done, if possible, at the end of a fortnight. It had yet to be calked and painted.

Boats are usually calked with tow or oakum stuffed into the seams and coated with melted pitch. Ned, however, calked his boat with white lead, and he is perfectly satisfied with it, for it has never leaked a drop.

After the calking, the boat was neatly painted, white inside and green trimmed with black on the outside. Then Ned went to Boston and bought four oars and row-locks, a chain, padlock, and key. Including everything, his boat cost just fourteen dollars and a half. The seats were now put in, and the name neatly painted upon the stern, and in another day the "Mystic" was ready to float.

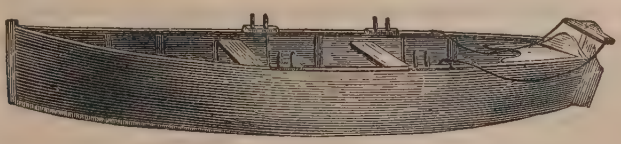


Fig. 6. The Boat complete.

Of course all hands attended the launching. Rattler, the old horse, was led up to Stony Point, the boat was carefully loaded on the wagon, and the procession moved toward the pond.

The "Mystic" floated on the water, graceful as a swan; a great success, light, swift, and safe, and "twice as pretty as the Wave," the children say.

Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

RUGBY SCHOOL.

MOST of my readers are doubtless familiar with Mr. Hughes's delightful story of "Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby." After reading that book several years ago, I always had a desire to see the spot where all those fagging-scenes took place, to walk over that lovely play-ground where Tom and Arthur strolled arm in arm together, and to see the walls of Rugby standing, as they have stood for years, gray and massive and ivy-covered. Rugby, too, is undoubtedly associated in the mind of many a boy who has conned his Arnold's "Latin Prose Composition" with little feeling of reverence for its respected author; and the name of Dr. Arnold is familiar to many an American, from his published sermons and lectures on education.

It was my good fortune to visit the school some time ago, and the impressions then formed are still fresh and pleasant to my memory. To have fully appreciated the school-life, I ought, doubtless, to have ridden from London on the outside of the old "Tally-ho," or the "Pig and Whistle," and seen how the boys of to-day peppered the pedestrians with beans and shot. But the old "Tally-ho" has doubtless passed out of existence long since, and lives now only in the memory of men who are on the shady side of life. Formerly the boys came by the stage; now the young gentlemen arrive at the station by rail, and drive thence to the school in a fly.

Rugby is now the great terminus of several railways, and the shrill steam-whistle awakens the echo among its green hills many and many a time during the day. When Lawrence Sheriff was alive, green hills and meadows with few houses thereon were to be seen around the school of his founding. Now the village is alive and flourishing, and the little school has a world-wide reputation. It was established during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and from that time to the present many an English boy has suffered within its walls the tortures of fagging; for you remember in "Tom Brown's School-Days" this system of fagging was severely carried out.

In the autumn of 1865 I visited the school, and the reception I met with was so very pleasant that I am going to write you an account of it. That morning, very early, I had left Dublin, had crossed the Irish Channel at daybreak, and, taking the cars on the English side, rode through the picturesque country of Wales, shot through the wonderful Menai Bridge, rattled along through lovely towns and out into green meadows, where fat kine and fatter sheep were browsing, until we reached the old town of Chester, — the oldest town in England, whose gray, time-honored, and weather-beaten walls still stand up strong and solid, as in olden time. A few minutes' stop here, and away we sped again over this lovely country, seeming as if we were riding through cultivated gardens, divided by full, green hawthorn-hedges. About three in the afternoon we arrived at Rugby station, and here I alighted, and, getting into a cab, drove over the country about two miles distant, to Rugby School.

The town of Rugby is quite old, and has a quaint appearance. The school-buildings are the principal feature of the town, and are fine granite stone structures, of the Norman style of architecture. The entrance to the school from the street is through an arched gateway; and near by is an octagonal tower, covered with ivy. Passing through an iron gate, at the side of the tower, I found the private entrance to the Head-Master's house. As I entered the spacious hall, there before us was the old fireplace, bearing a Latin inscription, stating the name of the worthy founder of the school and the date of the event. Now Lawrence Sheriff has passed hence, and sleeps with his fathers. The worthy Dr. Arnold, too, is at rest; yet Rugby School bears witness to a noble work begun by the one and nobly perpetuated by the other. The present Head-Master, Dr. Temple, is a worthy occupant of this honored position. He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman, of about fifty years of age; a man beloved by his pupils and honored by his associates. During our late war he was a stanch friend of the Northern cause, and even in our darkest days prophesied the success of arms which fought for an honorable and sacred right.

Dr. Temple received me very kindly; I was an American, that was enough. I dined with him and his family, and, after a pleasant chat about America, I was asked if I would visit the school-house. The old matron (she looked as if she might be the very one who took Tom's keys and scolded him for being the "coolest new boy in the house") was introduced to me; and, following her as she led the way and jingled her huge bunch of keys, I was led down a long passage through several turnings. At last we came to the dark entry from which the boys' studies opened, and at the end of which a large wood-fire was blazing.

How vividly the description of Tom Brown's advent that first night came to my mind. Here was the very hall East took him into, the very fireplace where he afterwards received his terrible roasting; and there is the study, the "Rugby boy's citadel," into which East bolted, and which so delighted Tom. This "citadel" was certainly not large, but it was impregnable from outside attack. The heavy oaken door on the hall side, and the iron-barred window on the side towards the quadrangle, rendered it totally unapproachable. A room scarce six feet square could contain little else than a study-table, a rack for books, a sofa, and two chairs. But this was paradise to many a school-boy.

Next came a visit to the dormitories, the scene of midnight tribulation to many a lower-form boy. Then a look at the dining-hall, and we had seen all for the present. On returning to the parlor, the family were gathered around a cheerful coal-fire, and our pleasant conversation about home was renewed. Both the Dr. and Mrs. Temple insisted on my remaining with them all night. I hesitated; but how could I spend my first night in Old England more pleasantly than under the roof of old Rugby, and the guest of the Head-Master! How many an English boy would have considered it the highest honor to be entertained by the Head-Master of Rugby School!

I was not sorry that I decided to stay, for it gave me an insight into Eng-

lish life and customs. At ten o'clock the Doctor rang a bell, and then invited us to walk into the dining-room for evening prayers. As we passed through the hall we found the domestics of the household arranged on either side of the door; on the one side the butler and men-servants, and on the other the housekeeper and her maids. These filed into the dining-room after us, making quite a little congregation. All being seated, the Doctor read the evening prayer, and those assembled responded.

In the morning, before breakfast, we had family prayers, in the same manner as the evening before. After breakfast, in company with a young Mr. ——, one of the head boys, who was shortly to enter Cambridge, I visited the school-buildings. The chapel is a stone building by itself, beautifully decorated inside. Here the school assemble for daily prayers, and here on Sundays the Doctor always preaches to his pupils, as did Dr. Arnold in days gone by. We walked out into the meadows, and there before us was the foot-ball ground, and the same clump of tall trees, against which each contending side used to try to get the ball, for then it was easy victory to drive it home. The boys themselves that I met were good-looking, healthy fellows, bright, and of pleasing address, and touched their hats as we passed. After that I was shown a beautiful crimson velvet banner, a gift to Rugby School by a young townsman of mine, Master Mills; an American lad who thus paid a graceful compliment to the popularity of the school, and showed his appreciation of "Tom Brown's School-Days."

This ended my visit to Rugby, and sorry was I to leave so charming a spot. Doubly sorry I was too, because, that same afternoon, had I stayed, I should have witnessed the great school-match of foot-ball.

Doubly interesting to me, now, is the story written by Mr. Hughes, for I feel as if I knew Rugby well. I have seen all that Tom Brown saw, and walked over the same ground he did. Then, too, to know that Tom Brown is now one of England's leading men; a member of Parliament, and a good friend of all Americans; and to know that Arthur, good, timid little Arthur, is now the respected and beloved Bishop of London, gives the story greater interest than ever. Truly, as Mr. Hughes says, he did not die when he was so sick at school, because God had a greater work for him to do; and nobly is he doing that work.

It is but the character of Arthur, developed by years and experience, that we see in him who carries the gospel to the poor and wretched in that great city. It is the same courage to do right that leads him to address mechanics and firemen and laborers, standing on an engine, in the midst of their workshops.

I wish I could tell you who the other boys were, for I should very much delight to know myself what became of East and that bully Flashman. But all is passed now, and each is filling his station in this world, and developing the traits of character that were so conspicuous at school.

And now, after this little glimpse into Rugby School, I hope you will all join with me in endorsing the school motto, "Floreat Rugbæa."

N. P.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE POPE.

LAST Saturday I and a friend of mine were presented to Pius IX. We had almost given up the idea of seeing this important individual, as we had no desire to kneel to him, or to kiss his hand, neither did we wish to be rude in declining to do so. These objections were entirely removed by a friend, who assured us that, being Protestants, we should not be expected to pay homage.

We were first obliged to obtain a permit through the Consul. Saturday, at eleven o'clock, was the time appointed. My friend and I were in the audience-room promptly at the stated hour, but we were kept waiting over another hour, so we had plenty of time to examine the apartment and its occupants. The former was quite large, about eighty feet by forty feet, and thirty feet high, with an arched ceiling. The walls were hung with tapestry, representing scenes from the Scriptures. There were two ushers, large stout men, dressed in richly embroidered red velvet, with scarlet stockings to the knee, tied with rosettes at the side. There were sixty persons to be presented, and it did not take us long to discover, that we, with six others, were the only Protestants in the room. Eight nuns sat in a row opposite to us, looking as solemn and awe-struck as possible. They waited with arms folded, heads bent forward, and eyes cast down, evidently considering the sight of the Pope to be the first vision of heaven.

Soon after the clock struck twelve, an usher came in and announced that the Pope was coming. All but eight were down on their knees in a trice. It is needless to state that we were two of the perpendiculars. I will now give you a description of Pius, so you can imagine how he appeared. He is short, and very stout and portly. On this occasion he wore a white cloth outer coat buttoned low down, white stockings, and scarlet shoes with a cross worked upon the toe; over this a scarlet cloak with small cape was hung. On his head there was a white skull-cap, while a broad-brimmed scarlet hat was carried by one of his suite. He was attended by five or six officials, most gorgeously arrayed in purple robes.

He now began the tour of the room. As he came to each person, the master of ceremonies took the card of admission, and announced the name; the parties then kissed his hands, murmuring something unintelligibly. He had passed ten Romanists in this manner, before he reached us. My friend's name was announced. The Pope extended his forefinger, which my companion courteously shook. He next stood before me, smiling very benignantly. I most certainly looked as though I ought to be a true child of the Church, for I had *ten* rosaries dangling from either arm, and two velvet-bound prayer-books, with big silver crosses on the covers, in my hands. He again stretched forth his finger, and I quietly took it in mine. He then looked down, and blessed my rosaries and prayer-books. I had brought these at the solicitation of some friends.

After the Pope had passed entirely around the room, he stood in the centre and delivered a short address in French. He said that some of those who were present were not Romanists, and looked straight at us, while we bowed, but, he continued, it made no matter, he blessed us all. Ever since we two call each other "blessed brother."

He then walked out of the room, and the interview was over. I was greatly pleased with the simple manners and fatherly appearance of the Pope. There seemed to be no affectation of power displayed.

After we were seated in the carriage, my friend, who, I perceived, had been endeavoring to restrain himself for some time, turned around to me, and said, "Well, *my blessed*, the Pope is quite a hearty old fellow after all, is n't he?" I seconded this opinion, thinking it fitted exactly.

"*Bilboquet.*"

MY BIRDS.

EVERY month I read the nice little stories in "Our Young Folks," and I have been thinking, perhaps, the girls and boys might like to hear the story of my birds.

I am a farmer's daughter; I live in the country, and have the whole farm for my playground. One day last summer, while searching in the pasture for strawberries, in a barberry-bush I found a beautiful bird's-nest all lined with hair, and in it were four little robins so young that their eyes were not yet open. On a tree close by sat the mother, making a pitiful cry, thinking her darlings were in danger, not knowing I loved them almost as well as she did. I soon left them, because I frightened her so.

A little farther on, as I was passing a low juniper-bush, out flew a small bird about the size of a sparrow. I peeped in, and there was the tiniest nest, with one speckled egg in it. I thought I might just take it one minute very carefully, without the old bird knowing it. Reaching in, I tried to pick it up, but the shell was so thin it crushed. I was dreadfully frightened, not wanting the bird to think I was such a bad little girl as to rob a nest. At last I thought the robin could afford to give up *one* of her young ones, as she had so many. I went back, took one from the nest, and carried it to the sparrow.

Every day I had to go to the nest to see if the sparrow fed the robin, and I always found the mother-bird there; but while the other robins grew fat and had feathers, this one was only skin and bones. I carried it worms, and as I had read in a book that birds would eat raw meat, I fed it on beefsteak. At last I visited it one rainy day, and found the sparrow gone, the nest all wet, and the robin, as I thought, dead. I took it out, and could not help crying to think it would have been alive and well if I had not troubled it. Just then I felt it move; I looked, and found it was only chilled with the cold and rain, and my warm hands had restored it. I carried it to its old home, and laid it beside its brothers and sisters.

I watched, and found its mother fed it like the rest, and soon it grew fast. The others were able to fly four days sooner than this one, but the old birds did not forsake the poor little creature. They stayed with it until its wings grew strong and it was able to take care of itself. Should they come again next year, I shall not touch them, and I hope all the boys and girls who read this will never trouble little birds' nests.

Mary Howard, age 10.

NEW MARKET, N. H.

HOW WE BOUGHT A WAGON.

Our father had been killed by a railroad accident, and Tom and I were left to support our mother. Father had bought us a fine young horse, and had intended to buy a wagon. We lived two miles from the city, and owned a twenty-acre farm. Having thoroughly cultivated three acres of it for the express purpose of raising vegetables, we had more than our small family could use. Tom and I wanted to take some to market, and, for that reason among others, we needed a wagon.

"Perhaps Mr. Shepard will lend us his, until we are able to buy one," said I to Tom.

"Well, let 's go and see about it," replied Tom. "If we can get it, we shall want to take some things to-morrow."

We found the good man in his garden, fighting weeds, and I asked him about the wagon. To our great joy he consented to lend it to us, provided we would take good care of it.

Having procured the wagon, we prepared our things for market. Early next morning we started for the city, and, arriving there earlier than the other gardeners, succeeded in selling from the wagon nearly all of our vegetables. The few that were left we disposed of at the groceries.

I noticed that there were only a few fresh fish in the market that day, and they sold for a good price. On our way home I said to Tom, "Shall we have time to go a-fishing this afternoon?"

"I guess so. We 'll hurry home and see, anyway."

Finding nothing to do at home, with ma's consent we started for a beautiful lake, a short distance from our home. On one shore lived Mr. Shepard. He owned a small canoe, which he permitted us to make use of. It leaked so badly that one of us had to bale it out all the time; however, that was good exercise. Tom soon paddled out in the middle of the lake, where the water was very deep. The fish did n't bite well at first; but when we had waited patiently for an hour or two, they began to bite as fast as we could throw in our hooks.

At twelve o'clock we rowed to a shady bank on one side of the lake, to eat our lunch. When we had finished, Tom threw his baited hook in the water close to the shore. I was about to do the same thing when he said, "Be quiet. I think I 've got a bite." And sure enough he had; for suddenly his pole bent nearly double, and his line cut through the water at a rapid rate.

"Come and help me. Quick!" he cried, "or it will pull me in the lake."

I dropped my pole and ran to help him, but got there too late. The fish had given a sudden jerk, and Tom was pulled into the water.

"Hold to it!" said I. "Get hold of the line and give me the pole."

He gave me the pole, and with our united strength we pulled a monstrous cat-fish on shore. I killed it to keep it from flapping out of the boat, meantime laughing at Tom's ludicrous plight, covered with mud, and wringing wet. He soon became reconciled to his misfortune, in spite of his dampened spirits, especially as the fish which he had captured was a very fine one.

I threw my hook in the same place and waited for a bite, but did n't get any. Seeing what seemed to be a good place by an old snag about twenty yards from shore, I climbed out on the limb of a tree that projected over the water; then dropped my line in a little ripple close to the snag.

No sooner had I done this than the cork on my line bobbed under the water.

I thought my lucky time had come, and gave a strong jerk. In my haste, I lost my hold of the tree and fell into the water. Luckily for me, it was shallow and I was near the shore, for I was not the best of swimmers, and the fall nearly knocked the breath out of me. Holding to the pole, I managed to wade out, and, pulling the supposed monster out of the water, was surprised to find it only a small bass. The little fellow, I suppose, seized the bait and swam under the snag, and for that reason was so hard to pull out.

It was now Tom's turn to laugh, and you may be sure I did n't hear the last of the mishap very soon. We dried our clothing the best we could, then tried fishing from the boat again. Before it was sundown we had caught several more fine fellows. As it was getting dark we started for home, as hungry and tired as two young fishermen could be. Rest assured that we did justice to the nice supper and bed ma had prepared for us.

If you had been at market next morning you would have found us there among the first, selling some very nice-looking fish to the many customers. We sold all we had, and could have sold twice as many more. Two days after we went a-fishing again, with still better success; and for the next two months went once or twice a week. On good market-days we made from three to four dollars, and when we had fish, two or three dollars more.

We made our mother treasurer of our savings, and in less than three months had enough to buy a good second-hand spring-wagon, which Mr. Shepard aided us in bargaining for. This is the way we bought a wagon. Next spring, after school closes, we intend to enlarge our garden, and work in the same manner, earning all we can. By laboring and waiting a few years we hope to have a fine large farm of our own, and that will be an independent fortune won.

Is our plan a good one?

John Curtis, age 14.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

ITALIAN HOUSES.

ITALIAN houses are usually built in a massive style of architecture little known in this country. They have none of your flimsy shells of walls, through which you can hear what your next-door neighbor is about, but great, thick stone ones, which seem to defy time. Here houses are considered old when a hundred years has passed over them; there they are still young after having seen several centuries. Naturally, they take a much longer time to build than American dwellings, and an Italian would open his eyes in amazement if he could see the rapidity with which whole rows go up here. Even after they are finished, they are not thought to be habitable till they have been allowed about two years to dry. Before that time they are considered too damp and unhealthy for any Christian to live in. This, however, is due in a great measure, perhaps, to the large quantity of paint consumed upon the house, as the walls are very rarely papered, but frescoed instead.

Another characteristic of Italian houses — from the palace of the nobleman down to the cottage of the contadino — is the great size of the rooms and the height of the ceilings. But I have hitherto only been describing the advantages of the Italian style of architecture; I must now mention some of the disadvantages, and these, I think, preponderate.

To begin with, the floors in the highest story, as well as the lowest, are either of

brick, stone, or marble, and these, combined with the size of the rooms, already alluded to, make the house very cold and cheerless in winter. The consequence is, that not only the natives, but foreigners who live in the country for any length of time, are almost universally afflicted with chilblains; in fact, I can't at present recall a single person of my acquaintance who did n't suffer from them, either on the hands or the feet. The way of treating chilblains is a standing topic of conversation; as great a blessing to people not gifted with "conversational powers" as the weather is in America. The specifics which are recommended as good for them comprise nearly every article in *materia medica*, as well as out of it. The following are a few which the writer has himself experimented on at different times: Alum, orange-juice, spirits of wine, cold cream, boiling water, turpentine, candle-grease, and tallow. He was also often advised to daub his feet with hot glue just before going to bed, but wisely refrained.

Another disadvantage is that the houses, as a general rule, are very badly arranged, at least to our American notions of comfort. The rooms are scattered about in all directions, without any of the regularity and method which characterize our dwellings.

A good specimen of Italian architecture was the Villa Rossi, in which we lived for nearly a year and a half. It was an immense, palatial-looking residence, so to speak, situated on the summit of the Colle Gigliato, or Lilied Hill, a spur of the Appenines, some three miles from the town of Pistoia.

The entire Colle was included in the grounds belonging to the villa. A long, winding carriage-road up this hill led you to a lawn big enough for several base-ball grounds, and almost entirely surrounded by solemn, funereal-looking cypress-trees. In the middle of this lawn stood the villa. This, as I have already intimated, was quite an imposing structure. It was three stories high, and each story had seven windows in front, except the ground-floor, where the door, of course, took the place of one window. But what was the least bit curious about them was, that several of the windows were not real, but merely painted on the wall; and this is the case with many other Italian villas.

The front door opened right into a billiard-room, — another curious arrangement, by the way, — in which was a fine, large table of the old-fashioned kind, with all the appurtenances, such as cues, balls, etc., complete. On the right-hand side of this room was the dining-room; on the left, a sitting-room. A long corridor, which terminated on either side in a staircase, separated these three rooms from the back of the house, which consisted of a stable, a pantry, and two kitchens, all on an enormous scale. Then on the second story was a grand parlor, — an immense affair, — a chapel, and seven bedrooms. And here there occurred another instance of the defective arrangement to which I have already alluded as a characteristic of Italian houses. The grand parlor had three doors, all of which opened into bedrooms; and, what was worse still, one of these bedrooms had no other means of entrance, so that the maids had to pass in and out of the parlor in the performance of their chamber-work.

On the third story were other bedrooms, making a total of thirty rooms. The house was furnished and carpeted in the most complete style from top to bottom.

And now, having given you an idea of what it was like, don't you think that a rent of *three hundred dollars* a year was — well — rather a moderate price? Yet that was actually all we paid for it, and everything was proportionably cheap. Here are a few of the market prices: Meat, ten cents per pound; butter, twenty cents per pound;

eggs, three cents per dozen, etc. The best wine cost only sixty cents a half-gallon. How 's that for *low?* Servants' wages were also very small. Our two maid-servants received only two dollars a month apiece, and the man-cook three; in all, eight dollars a month, about half of what you have to pay for *one servant* in this country.*

Pistoia, by the way, though a town little visited by travellers, is situated in quite an interesting locality, being the site of the memorable battle of Pistoria (of which the modern name is a corruption) that followed the discovery of Catiline's conspiracy.

W. S. Walsh.

Camden, N. J.

MY FRIEND HATTIE.

She was a lovely girl, with a mass of sunlit hair and hazel eyes. She was as good, too, as she was beautiful, and was always winning friends; but I was her chosen companion.

Last summer, when the weather became warm and the leaves began to droop on the town trees, Hattie and I began to long for the country. One day we were talking about it, when an uncle of mine overheard us, and said he would take us home with him where we could remain as long as we wished.

I almost screamed with delight, and could hardly wait for an answer from head authority.

Hattie's parents consented, and in a few days we had made all necessary arrangements to accompany my uncle.

His home is a beautiful one, situated on the banks of a lovely little lake. We girls named it for the muse of pastoral poetry, Thalia. The house is very old, having been built of brick brought from Holland. The rooms are very large and old-fashioned, with great quantities of carved wood-work in very quaint and pretty styles.

Hattie and I had one great room to ourselves, and we were not very much afraid, although it was said to be haunted. Sometimes the dark shadows on the walls would make me start with fear; but Hattie would put her soft little hand on mine, and say, "Iola, *God is here.*"

My Cousin Edgar used to take us sailing and rowing on the lake. We always took baskets to gather the berries that grew along the banks.

On rainy days we played games in the wide hall, and practised duets on the piano, whilst Edgar accompanied us with his flute.

O, those were happy, happy days! Hattie, with her sweet disposition and lovely manners, won all the members of my uncle's family to love her sweet self.

One morning, — how vividly I remember it! — after breakfast, we put on our large hats and started out of the door in quest of amusement. Aunt called to us to be back in time for lunch, and we left merrily, little thinking that *one* of us would never return.

First we went to the barn and had a cosey chat, lying on the soft hay. We soon tired of that, and thought it would be more pleasant by the lake. So off we started, running, trying to see who could reach the oak first. Hattie's fleet little feet touched the selected spot first, and I arrived several minutes later, and, panting, threw myself on the grass. Hattie remained standing, looking out over the broad bosom of the rippling lake.

* If any of the "Young Folks" feel interested in the subject, they may find a very pleasant description of Villa Rossi in the last chapter of C. R. Weld's book on Florence, the author of which spent a few days under our roof.

"O Iola," she said, "I wonder if the crystal waters of heaven can be purer than these."

"Well," returned I, "you must go there and find out."

"Iola, don't jest, please, for you know I could never return."

The boat lay at our feet, and we seated ourselves in it and commenced playing in the water with our hands. We were busy chatting, and did not know that the boat was slowly floating from the shore. Hattie turned pale when she perceived this.

"Iola, I thought the boat was anchored."

"So did I, but as it is not, we can try to row back."

"Where are the oars?" said Hattie.

On the beach we could see them lying dry as bones, from the fervid sunlight, and the boat had already floated sixty feet from the shore.

"Well, we might as well resign ourselves to our present fate," said Hattie. "The boat will float ashore *somewhere*."

The lake is about three quarters of a mile in width, and in an hour's time we had floated to the opposite shore. But it was a rough-looking place, and one with which we were wholly unacquainted.

"We must get out here and walk home," said I.

"Yes," answered Hattie, "but the water is very deep here, and the underbrush too thick for us to get the boat farther in without oars."

We sat there some time, staining our mouths and fingers with berries, and thinking we should have to stay there until some one missed us, when Hattie startled me by saying, "Iola, I have a plan." Before I could prevent her, she had seized a large branch overhead and swung her lithe form into the air.

"Look, Iola!" she called out, laughingly. Another moment a heavy thud, and she was struggling in the water. The branch had broken and thrown her out of my reach. A mist came over my eyes, but I called out with all my strength, "Hattie, try to swim!" I broke off branches near me, but they were too slender. My excited movements moved the boat, and she came up for the last time by the stern. I caught her as she was sinking for the fourth time, and pulled her into the boat. I chafed her clammy hands, but it was of no avail. I had not the most remote idea how to treat a drowned person. . . . .

I cannot paint the anguish of her parents and brothers when they heard the sad news, nor do I wish to probe the wound in my own heart by doing so.

Five months have passed since we laid her in the old churchyard, where her young friends often go to place flowers on her tomb.

Doubtless, now, Hattie could tell me whether the waters of the River of Life are purer than those of Lake Thalia, where her sweet young life on earth was ended, and her true existence began.

Iola Montgomery, age 15.

KNAPSACK. — AN ACTING CHARADE.

SCENE I. — NAP.

CHARACTERS.

BILLY BALDWIN. TOM TURVEST.
CHARLEY LESTER. HARRY HITCHCOCK.
PUSSY, *by the best ventriloquist of the company.*

SCENE, *a school-room in a very dim light. Upon a platform in background, facing audience, is a blackboard upon which is chalked in large letters,* "*Lecture to the class on Friday evening at eight P. M. Subject,* SLEEP." *Curtain rises, discovering* BILLY *stretched upon a bench fast asleep.* CHARLEY, HARRY, *and* TOM, *standing near door in background.*

HARRY. There! I believe everything is right. Did you put away the inkstands, Tom?

TOM. Yes. And Charley looked at all the gas-keys.

CHARLEY. Come then, Harry, lock the door. I was so much interested in the lecture that I am half asleep now.

HARRY (*yawning*). So am I. Come!

[*Exeunt* HARRY, TOM, *and* CHARLEY, *locking the door after them. After a moment of silence, a faint mew is heard from one of the desks.**

BILLY (*moving uneasily*). What 's that?

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY (*yawning*). Who 's there? (*Waking and sitting up.*) Hollo! Where am I? How dark it is!

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY. There 's a cat under the bed. (*Feels bench.*) This ain't my bed. Where — O, I know! I dropped asleep at the lecture. Well, this *is* pleasant! They 've all gone off and left me here alone.

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY. Not *alone* it seems. There 's a cat in the room somewhere. O, I do believe Charley Lester has left that kitten he brought to show us in his desk. What a shame! (*Stands up.*) Pussy! Pussy!

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY. Poor kitty! (*Gropes about and tumbles over a coal-scuttle.*) What 's that? (*Limping.*) I 've got a nice bruise this time. (*Knocks a chair over.*) There 's another! How dark it is here! and it is getting cold, too.

* This had better be done by a boy concealed under the desk.

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou! (*Louder.*) Miaou! (*Spits and cries.*)

BILLY. Pussy apparently don't like it any better than I do. Poor puss! I wonder if we are to stay here all night. I 'll try the door. (*Groping.*) It ought to be here. (*Feeling along the wall, knocks over the blackboard.*) I 'll rouse the whole neighborhood at this rate. Here 's the door! Locked? Of course it is locked. I wonder if anybody will hear me if I call. Hollo! Hollo! Hollo!

PUSSY. Miaou! Miaou! (*Both call together.*)

BILLY (*feeling about*). What 's this? (*Lifts a bell from a desk.*) Here is Mr. Brown's bell. (*Rings the bell and shouts,* PUSSY *crying and spitting, both making all the noise possible.*) I have n't any breath left! (*Sits down, and jumps up suddenly.*) What 's that? Somebody has left a pin on this bench. O dear me! To-morrow is Saturday; there 's no school; none on Sunday. I shall have to stay here till Monday morning. Well, this is a nice mess! I shall starve to death. I 'm hungry already at the very idea. I shall have to make a stew of you, pussy.

PUSSY (*dolefully*). Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY. No, I won't, pussy. Don't cry.

PUSSY (*cheerfully*). Miaou! Miaou!

BILLY. Come, puss, let 's commence our concert again. (*Takes the bell, rings and shouts,* PUSSY *crying too. Knock at door.*)

BILLY. Who 's there?

POLICEMAN. I 'm a policeman. What 's all this noise about? Open the door.

BILLY. I wish I could! I 'm locked in! There was a lecture here this evening, and I took a nap.

POLICEMAN. A nap?

BILLY. Yes; and when I woke up everybody had gone.

POLICEMAN. Who 's got the key?

BILLY. Mr. Brown, the teacher, 504 Elm St.

POLICEMAN. I 'll go get the key. I 'll be back in about half an hour.

BILLY. Thank you. Do you hear, pussy? We 're going to be set free in half an hour. Pussy!

PUSSY (*faintly*). Miaou!

BILLY. Poor puss, she 's all tired out. Well, I don't know that I can do any better while I 'm waiting than (*yawning*) take — another — nap.

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — SACK.

CHARACTERS.

GRACE LEE.	ALFRED LEE.
NETTIE HOLMES.	ARTHUR HOLMES.

SCENE, *a parlor.* *Curtain rises, discovering* GRACE *and* NETTIE *seated sewing on a cloth sack.*

GRACE. There, Nettie, when you have finished that sleeve I will sew it in, and the sack will be done. Poor little Jennie will not have to stay at home from Sunday-school again for want of clothes.

NETTIE. Who gives her the other garments?

GRACE. Aunt Helen has made her a dress of nice, warm woollen stuff, and grandma has knit one of her pretty hoods. Papa gave the cloth for this sack.

NETTIE. I can give her a scarf, and perhaps mother will find some other things for her. Poor Jennie! she has to work so hard since her father died!

GRACE. And her only opportunity to learn anything is at Sunday-school. I am so glad that mother taught me to make all my own clothes, for I can often make something for the poor, when she has not time.

Enter ALFRED *and* ARTHUR.

ALFRED. O Gracie, are you very busy?

GRACE. I am just now. Why did you ask?

ALFRED. You know we are going to have a meeting of the Club, — our club for the promotion of athletic exercises.

NETTIE. Take a long breath after that, Alfred.

ARTHUR. You need n't laugh. We are to have a grand festival next month, and amongst the exercises is a sack-race.

GRACE. A sack-race! What is that?

ALFRED. It is an old English game; each of the runners is tied up in a sack.

GRACE. That must be graceful!

ALFRED. And we want you to make a sack for Arthur and one for me.

NETTIE. I 'll make Arthur's.

ARTHUR. Thank you, sis. I did n't ask you, because you dislike sewing so much.

GRACE. Would n't old potato-bags do as well as anything? There are two in the woodshed that mother has been saving. If she says you can't have them, I will make you one.

ALFRED. I 'll run now and ask her. [*Exit* ALFRED.

NETTIE. What a funny idea, to run races in sacks! Are we to be invited to the festival, Arthur?

ARTHUR. Certainly you are. We are to play a match-game of base-ball with the Caledonia Club, and games of foot-ball, foot-races, wrestling, ring-throwing, — O, I can't remember half the programme.

Enter ALFRED *with two sacks.*

ALFRED. Hurrah! Mother says we may have them! Come, let 's try if we can run in them. (*Gets into sack feet foremost.*) Must we tie up our heads?

ARTHUR. No, it must be tied round your neck. O, what a figure you are! (*Gets into sack.*) Can you walk?

ALFRED. Of course I can! See me run! (*Tries to run and falls.*) Pick me up, somebody!

ARTHUR (*singing. Air, "Johnny Sands."*)

"I can't, my love, though much I wish,
Because my hands are tied!"

GRACE. I 'll help you. (*Helps* ALFRED *to rise.*)

ARTHUR. You did n't start right. See me! (*Tries to run and falls.*)

ALFRED. Ha! ha! *You* can run, can't you? (*Tries again, and falls beside* ARTHUR.)

NETTIE. O Arthur, I owe you a tickling. You tickled me yesterday when I was holding the baby. (*Goes towards* ARTHUR.)

ARTHUR (*screaming out*). Don't! don't! Keep her away, Grace!

NETTIE (*tickling his nose*). Will you ever tickle me again?

ARTHUR. O Nettie! stop! stop! I 'll report you to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

ALFRED (*scrambling up*). Hurrah! I got up!

ARTHUR. Take Nettie away!

NETTIE. I 'm going. (*Helps* ARTHUR *up.*) Now see which of you can catch me first! Stand against the wall. (*The boys walk to the wall.*) Don't you look handsome? (*Stands beside them.*)

GRACE. Now, then! One! two! three! Away! (NETTIE *runs across the room, the boys start after her, and fall sprawling on the floor.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

SCENE III. — KNAPSACK.

CHARACTERS.

WILLIE MARTIN.	ELLEN MARTIN.
JOHNNIE MARTIN.	BOB GREEN, *a drummer-boy.*

SCENE, *the kitchen of a farm-house.* WILLIE, JOHNNIE, *and* ELLEN *seated round the fire.* WILLIE *making a boat,* JOHNNIE *reading, and* ELLEN *knitting.*

WILLIE. How cold it is!

ELLEN. The wind blows round the house as if it would tear it down.

JOHNNIE. Don't you pity the poor sailors in the winter?

ELLEN. I do; and I used to pity the soldiers too in war time. How glad I am the fighting is over!

(*Knock at the door.*)

WILLIE. Come in.

Enter BOB GREEN, *dressed in uniform, and with a knapsack strapped on his back; he limps and carries a cane, upon which he leans.*

BOB. May I rest here a little while?

JOHNNIE. Of course you may. Come near the fire.

WILLIE. Take this chair. You are a soldier?

BOB. I have been a drummer-boy, but I was discharged from the hospital last week and I am going home.

ELLEN. The hospital! Then you have been wounded?

BOB. I guess you 'd think so, if you could see my foot. It was torn by a piece of shell. I got a cut on the arm, too, with a cavalry sabre. That 's not the worst, either.

WILLIE. What can be worse?

BOB. I slept in a field last night, and somebody stole my haversack, and I had put all my pay in it. I had my knapsack for a pillow, or I suppose that would have been taken too. They would n't have got much, for there 's nothing in it but an old torn shirt and one sock.

JOHNNIE. But why did n't you put your money in a safer place?

BOB. Where? My pockets are all torn out, and my haversack seemed safer than my knapsack, because it was under my hand all the time. Well, there is no help for it, though I am a walking rag-bag. Mother will be glad to see me, and I guess I can soon find something to do. I learned to write while I was in the hospital. My right hand and arm were not hurt.

WILLIE. Don't you want something to eat?

BOB. I have n't had a mouthful since yesterday morning.

WILLIE. O dear! Come with me. Aunt Mary is in the buttery, and I know she will find something nice for you.

BOB. Thank you! (*Takes off his knapsack.*) I 'll leave this here.

[*Exeunt* WILLIE *and* BOB.

ELLEN. O Johnnie, ain't it dreadful? He don't look a day older than Willie. And how cold he looked!

JOHNNIE. O Ellen, I mean to give him one of my new flannel shirts. They are

my own, you know, for I earned them splitting wood for Farmer Hayes. I can get along with two.

ELLEN. And, Johnnie, if you will let me I 'll give him the two pairs of socks I knit for your Christmas present, and I 'll knit you some more; only I am afraid you won't have them till New Year's day.

Enter WILLIE.

WILLIE. Poor boy! he eats as if he was starving.

ELLEN. O Willie, we are going to fill his knapsack. I 've got two pairs of socks, and Johnnie will put in one of his new flannel shirts.

WILLIE. I 'll give him my new comforter. I 'll go ask mother if I may.

JOHNNIE. Bring one of my shirts when you come down. [*Exit* WILLIE.

ELLEN. Can you open the knapsack? He said there was nothing in it.

JOHNNIE (*opening knapsack*). There it is. Where are the socks, Ellie?

ELLEN (*getting socks from a drawer*). Here!

Enter WILLIE *with an armful of clothes.*

WILLIE. Just see what mother says we may give! Here is your shirt, and my comforter, and a pair of mittens, and some underclothes, and this knit jacket that shrunk so when it was washed; it will fit our soldier, if it *is* too small for father.

ELLEN (*packing clothes in knapsack*). I wish I had something. O, I know! I 'll put in two of my new pocket-handkerchiefs auntie gave me. How lucky they are not marked yet! (*Gets handkerchiefs from drawer.*) There, the knapsack is nearly full now!

JOHNNIE. Here, Ellie, put in this dollar. I can't have quite so much at Christmas, but that 's no matter.

WILLIE. I 'll give a dollar too.

ELLEN. And so will I. There, it is all packed. Come, Johnnie, strap it up before he comes in.

(JOHNNIE *straps knapsack and puts it on chair.*)

JOHNNIE. I wonder what his name is.

WILLIE. Bob Green. He told Aunt Mary.

Enter BOB.

BOB. I feel like a new man! That was famous apple-pie. Well, I must be going.

WILLIE. Mother says you can stay all night.

BOB. O no, thank you. I want to be at home Christmas, and I have four good hours of daylight yet. (*Takes up knapsack.*) Why, how heavy this feels! (*Laughs.*) I guess too much dinner has made me lazy.

JOHNNIE. Let me help you put it on.

BOB. Thank you.

WILLIE. Don't let them steal that to-night, Bob.

BOB. They can't. Nobody can take my pillow without waking me. Thank you all a thousand times. Good by.

ALL. Good by.

[*Exit* BOB.

WILLIE. Won't he be astonished when he opens his knapsack?

[*Curtain falls.*

S. Annie Frost.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—No. 96.

Cora D. Green.

No. 97.

Hester.

CHARADE.—No. 98.

My *whole* of my *first* was a master profound,
And used them with skill and with grace;
My *whole* in my *second* did greatly abound,
The proofs you can easily trace:
If my *first* of my *second* you madly deprive,
You render them noxious and vain;
'T is only united they ever can thrive,
Or to learning and genius attain.
Then unite them, I pray, and discover a name
That has given to England honor and fame.

Effie Gates.

WORD SQUARE.—No. 99.

Part of a plant.
Part of a house.
To affirm.
A plant.

Carrie.

ENIGMA.—No. 100.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 6, 2 is belonging to me.
My 3, 4, 1, 1 is found in a prison.
My 6, 5, 6 is silent.
My *whole* is a seminary.

Viola.

No. 101.

1 E. D. S. T. VIII. 8.

Will. and *Vint.*

OBSCURE WRITERS.—No. 102.

1. To date from so many eras must puzzle you.
2. The streams of lava terrified the people.
3. Those lemons are of a pale yellow.
4. Go, ethereal form, return to me no more.

Ella Hinman, age 12.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

No. 103.

Foundation Words.

Calmly, noiselessly, mysteriously reign
My finals o'er man's unconscious powers;
As, eased of sorrow, misfortune, or pain,
He does my initials through night's long hours.

Cross Words.

1. Those in battle or out at sea,
This, I think, are apt to be.
2. No curse,—but, honest, strong, and true,
A blessing it will prove to you.
3. A railroad large, a well-known lake,
Out of this I am sure you 'll make.
4. A girl's name, very pretty and bright,
In this answer is, if you guess it right.
5. This, with its leaves waving and green,
In sunny Florida may be seen.
6. Some fifty years ago, or about then,
These were the terror of civilized men.

J. Reed S.

ENIGMA.

No. 104.

I am composed of 19 letters.
My 1st is in butter, but not in lard.
My 2d is in letter, but not in card.
My 3d is in cart, but not in dray.
My 4th is in night, but not in day.
My 5th is in stones, but not in rocks.
My 6th is in prison, but not in stocks.
My 7th is in tale, but not in story.
My 8th is in fame, but not in glory.
My 9th is in mast, but not in spar.
My 10th is in planet, but not in star.
My 11th is in talk, but not in speak.
My 12th is in rough, but not in meek.
My 13th is in rain, but not in snow.
My 14th is in wind, but not in blow.
My 15th is in snail, but not in sloth.
My 16th is in either, but not in both.
My 17th is in beaver, but not in rat.
My 18th is in lean, but not in fat.
My 19th is in rise, but not in fall.
My *whole* is a saying known to all.

Theodore B. F.

CHARADE.

No. 105.

My *first* is awaiting my *second*. When my *second* comes, if I receive from my *first* some part of the gain of my *second*, I will bestow upon my *first* my *whole*, which is a precious gem.

Luie.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

No. 106.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

Fanny Z.

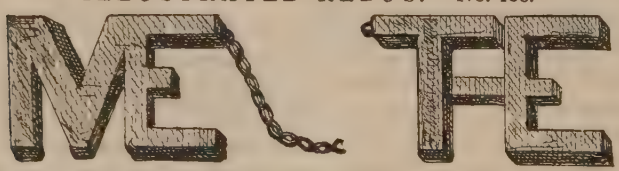
ENIGMA.

No. 107.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1st is in hill, but not in mount.
My 2d is in spring, but not in fount.
My 3d is in come, but not in go.
My 4th is in rake, but not in hoe.
My 5th is in story, but not in tale.
My 6th is in beer, but not in ale.
My 7th is in glory, but not in fame.
My *whole* is a wood much used by the lame.

Charlie S. Cook.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 108.



Tria Taginn.

ANSWERS.

86.

B	A	B	Y
A	G	U	E
B	U	L	L
Y	E	L	P

87.

W	O	R	L	D
O	T	H	E	R
R	H	I	N	E
L	E	N	D	S
D	R	E	S	S

88. Mandrake.

89. 1. Pear. 2. Banyan. 3. Pine. 4. Larch. 5. Aspen. 6. Maple. 7. Olive. 8. Box. 9. Birch. 10. Elm. 11. Fir. 12. Willow.

90. Be humble, be patient, be truthful, polite, condescending, and kind. [(Bee) (humble bee) (patient) (bee) (t Ruth) ful (Po light) (CON *descending*) and (kine) d.]

91. Roxbury.

92. Cincinnati. [C *in* C in a tie.]

93. 1. Rose. 2. Lily. 3. Pansy. 4. Sweet Pea. 5. Peony. 6. Violet. 7. Camelia. 8. Dahlia. 9. Daisy. 10. Pink. 11. Marigold. 12. Japonica. 13. Verbena. 14. Spirea. 15. Syringa. 16. Calla.

94. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

95. Dickens.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTGOMERY CO., PENN.,
June 17, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Papa thinks you make a great mystery of the question, Where does the day change? In the "Letter Box" department of the June number, you say: "Persons circumnavigating the globe found that if they sailed westward, a day dropped out of their reckoning, or, if eastward, they had one more day in their year than people who stayed at home. The day changed somewhere in the Pacific." The impression you appear to make by the word "somewhere" is, that the exact place cannot be known, and that the change is a mystery as to the locality, as well as to the reason of it.

His explanation is, that starting from *any point whatever*, by sailing eastward, the ship, while it makes the same revolutions round the centre of the earth that that point does, also makes an additional one on its own account; and, consequently, when it has made half a revolution round the earth, the ship will be twelve hours ahead of the point she started from, and by continuing her independent revolution, the ship will eventually reach the point of beginning, and will then have made an entire revolution of her own, in addition to all the revolutions of *that point*. This revolution would be equivalent to a day, and the mariner would, therefore, have a day more in his reckoning than the people who stayed at home. Of course he would drop this day. If the people at home should call the return day Saturday, he would call it Sunday. The change in the reckoning from Saturday to Sunday is therefore no mystery *as to place*, for it occupied the whole circumference of the earth, the change commencing as soon as the ship began to move, and ending only when it anchored at the home point. Neither is it a mystery as to *the time of the change*, for the entire voyage was required to begin and end it. The change was consummated at the point of starting.

But why drop the day exactly at the place *opposite the point of starting*, and not at the end of the voyage? Phenomenally 180° from any point on the earth is already assumed, at starting, to be twelve hours ahead of that point, and twelve hours gained in actual sailing would require a day to be dropped at that longitude, although, in fact, but twelve hours had been gained; the excess of half a day would be cancelled by the gain of twelve hours in the home run. By thus dropping a day midway, the mariner would meet the people at home on Saturday instead of Sunday.

That Greenwich should be generally, if not universally adopted, as the point to calculate geographical distance from, is owing to England's great naval power in the past, her numerous possessions in all quarters of the globe, her vast commerce, and extensive geographical literature; and not to anything innate in the position of Greenwich, or in the Pacific Ocean, through which the meridian opposite that observatory passes Boston has just as real a day as Greenwich, and that real day does no more change at the meridian opposite Greenwich than that it begins at Greenwich, although it can be reduced into the English day, and for geographical and commercial purposes is frequently so reduced. Here the question obtrudes itself, Where does the day begin? This letter is already too long.

FLORENCE J BAUM.

If "Papa" will take the trouble to read carefully the paragraph which he is so kind as to comment upon, he will see that *we* made no mystery of the question, but, after referring to a previous article on the subject, stated how the question first arose. Our correspondent's query was, apparently, the old one with regard to the geographical limits of the day which Christendom has agreed to call Monday or Tuesday — or any other name — in all quarters of the globe. "Papa" will, we think, admit (though his mind seems a little confused on that point) that there must be a meridian where the name of the day properly changes; else circumnavigators of the globe will often find it Monday with them while it is Sunday or Tuesday with the people they pass or meet. Now, suppose the world were agreed that that change should take place at the meridian of Chicago. Then everybody living east of Chicago would have a day called Monday, while the same actual day would be called Tuesday by everybody west of it. Thus nearest neighbors, having the dividing-line between them, would give two names to the same day. What confusion and inconvenience! The same would arise, if the line of change were located on either of the great inhabited continents. Neither was it natural or convenient to place it

in the Atlantic Ocean. But it must be somewhere, and — as we have already said — the meridian of 180° from Greenwich (or 103° west of Washington) has been generally agreed upon. As this meridian cuts off the East Cape of Asia, the meridian of 168° west of Greenwich, (or 91° west of Washington) would, we think, on the whole, have been preferable, since it passes through Behring's Strait, and has east of it the extreme western point of America, and west of it the extreme eastern point of Asia.

If "Papa" can cast any additional light upon this subject, which, after all explanations, remains a "mystery" to many, no doubt he will oblige our readers by so doing.

Dick writes from Baltimore: — "Nettie A. F., in her article, 'The Humming-bird's Nest,' says she found a nest not much larger than a good-sized acorn-cup, and that it could hold only one bird.

"I have the nest of a green humming-bird (the only kind I have ever seen about here), containing *two* eggs. The nest is one and a half inches in diameter, and the eggs are three eighths of an inch long and not quite a quarter through; they are of a white color, rather dull, and were, when taken, within a few days of being hatched."

Dick's humming-bird's nest is undoubtedly that of our common ruby-throated humming-bird, which lays two eggs, to be hatched together. Nettie A. F.'s California bird may have been of another kind, — there being some three or four hundred different varieties of these wonderful little creatures. [See Dr. Brewer's interesting article "About Humming-Birds" in the September number of "Our Young Folks" for 1869.]

G. W. Swinburne, Jr., R. R. Upjohn, and others. — Messrs. Geo. Richardson & Co., Central Chambers, No. 17 South Castle St., Liverpool, Eng., were the makers of the toy-steamer described by the "Captain of the Nellie" in our July number.

Several Inquirers. — "The Complete Phonographer," by James E. Monson (Harper and Brothers, N. Y.; price, $2.00), is recommended by practical phonographers as the best work on the subject now in the market.

Trapper. — Sorry we cannot answer your question as to the best method of curing hides; should think some neighboring trapper might inform you.

Ida E. Arner. — Your answers to our enigmas, etc., came too late to be noticed in the proper place. Readers should remember that, in order to get our large editions to press in good season, we are obliged to close our "Letter Box" for each month very soon after the first of the preceding month.

B. D. — The specimens of verse you send us read pretty well, although there is nothing very striking about them. If they are as good extracts as can be made from your uncollected poems, we see no reason why these should not remain uncollected. Pleasant newspaper poetry is one thing; poetry to make by itself a volume worth preserving, quite another. There will, however, be no harm in sending your pieces to some such firm as Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Hurd and Houghton, New York, or Roberts Brothers, Boston, for their inspection: if they see the right elements of popularity in the proposed volume, you may then be able to gratify your friends by its publication. We cannot answer your question as to the value of such a work, for

> "What 's the worth of anything
> But so much money as 't will bring?"

In preparing your poems for examination, it is not necessary, although it is better, to write on only one side of each sheet.

MT. MORRIS, N. Y., May 30, 1872.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

Why cannot the Young Folks get up prizes among themselves, and not take all the prize-money out of the pockets of the publishers?

Let it be understood that a prize is to be given for the best *rebus* sent to the editors of "Our Young Folks" before such a time, etc., and then let each competitor, when he sends his *trial*, enclose, say ten cents, which is to go to make up the prize-money, which is to be given, much or little, as the prize to the successful competitor.

Perhaps it would be well to mention this in the "Letter Box," and see what the boys and girls think about it.

I remain a constant reader of "Our Young Folks."

A. Q. KUMBER.

Well, what do they say?

D. L. H., Brooklyn. — We know nothing whatever of George Moir Bussey, author of the history of Napoleon which you admire.

Hattie B. wishes to know to whom Cowper refers, in "The Task" (Book V.), when he speaks of the

> "Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ,"

and to what he alludes when he says, —

> "No forest fell
> When thou wouldst build, no quarry sent its stores
> To enrich thy walls; but thou didst hew the floods,
> And make thy marble of the glassy wave."

The reference is to the Empress Anne, of Russia, — who reigned from 1730 to 1740, — and to a "most magnificent and mighty freak" which she took into her head. One of her nobles, Prince

Galitzin, having changed his religion, was punished by being made a court page and buffoon. His wife being dead, the empress required him to marry again, agreeing to defray the expense of the wedding herself. The prince, true to his new character, selected a girl of low birth. This was in the winter of 1739–40, which was one of extraordinary severity. By her Majesty's command a house was built entirely of ice. It consisted of two rooms, and all the furniture, even to the bedstead, was made of the same material. Four small cannons and two mortars, also of ice, were placed in front of the house, and were fired several times without bursting, small wooden grenades being thrown from the mortars. On the wedding-day a procession was formed, composed of more than three hundred persons of both sexes, whom the empress — desirous of seeing how many different kinds of inhabitants there were in her vast dominions — had caused the governors of the various provinces to send to St. Petersburg. The bride and bridegroom were conspicuously placed in a great iron cage on the back of an elephant. Of the guests, — all of whom were dressed in the costume of their respective countries, — some were mounted on camels; others were in sledges — a man and a woman in each — drawn by beasts of all descriptions, as reindeer, oxen, goats, dogs, hogs, and the like. After passing before the imperial palace, and marching through the principal streets of the city, the motley cavalcade proceeded to the Duke of Courland's riding-house, where dinner was served to each after the manner of cookery in his own country. The feast over, there was a ball, those from each nation having their own music and their own style of dancing. When the ball was ended the newly married pair were conducted to their palace of ice, and guards were stationed at the door to prevent their going out until morning. The building is said to have lasted uninjured, in that cold climate, for several months.

George Affleck. — "Will the editors of 'Our Young Folks' be so kind as to tell me the name of the best History of the United States for a boy of ten years who is very fond of reading histories?"

We should say Lossing's "Primary History of the United States," published by Sheldon & Co., N. Y. (price $ 1.00); or, if you are a rather sturdy reader for your years, Lossing's "Pictorial History."

Robert. — Confucius was a Chinese philosopher, born B. C. 551; he became a public teacher of morals at the age of thirty, and attracted many admirers and disciples. He was also at one time prime minister of his native country, the little kingdom of Lu. He died B. C. 479, — a few years before the great Greek moralist, Socrates, was born. His memory is revered by the Chinese, and his writings are the Bible of that nation. His code of morals was of a very high order for the age and country in which he lived. One of his sayings was, "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you," which bears such a striking resemblance to our own Golden Rule.

Ossian is a hero of Scottish tradition, said to have been both a warrior and a bard, and like Homer to have died old and blind. He is supposed to have lived about two or three hundred years after Christ. The "Poems of Ossian," which Macpherson published as translations from the Gaelic, about a hundred years ago, are thought by many scholars to have been composed by Macpherson himself, while others believe that they were genuine. They were probably founded on fragments existing in the Gaelic, but enlarged and remodelled by the professed "translator."

How many of our young friends in the country think it a fine thing to come and live in the city! Let them read what one of our Young Contributors writes, in a poem which she sends us, and which we shall entitle

THE COUNTRY GIRL IN TOWN.

So tired, so tired! And must I still go on
In the old weary way?
Must the clouds never lift to show the sun
And cheer the long, sad day?

So tired, so tired! O, I so long to rest
Under the grand old trees;
To lay me down on Mother Earth's green breast,
And feel the cool, soft breeze!

So tired, so tired! Nothing but brick and stone,
And stifling dust and heat;
No pleasant walks when the day's work is done,
Only the noisy street.

So tired, so tired! And far away the streams
Are plashing o'er their stones;
And trees, which I may only see in dreams,
Murmur their low, soft tones.

So tired, so tired! I hate this weary life
That drags on day by day.
I hate the noisy city's roar and strife,
And long to be away.

So tired, so tired! O home so far away
Among your cool, green hills,
I see in dreams the mowers in the hay,
I hear your babbling rills.

But O, to wake! to hear the city's roar,
To feel the old, sharp pain!
I would I were a country-girl once more,
At home, dear home again.

GENEVIEVE H. COWLES.

We make the following extracts from a letter which came to us with "My Friend Hattie," which will be found among this month's "Young Contributors": —

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, MD., Nov. 29, 1871.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I send you a short sketch of the death of one of your old admirers. We have often read "Our Young Folks" with our arms twined around each other's waists. I am sure she would not object to my sending you the enclosed. I hope you will think it worthy a place in the department of "Young Contributors."

Dear "Young Folks," I want to be something in this world of grand possibilities, but I fear I do not always obey that noble sentiment of Kingsley's, —

> "Do noble things, not dream them all day long,
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song."

I am acquainted with a young lady who is considered *very good*, and I believe her to be strictly conscientious; but she strips her life bare of all blossoms, and I do not think *that* either necessary or right. Because a man has to scale a high hill, there is no reason why he should not stop to admire the beauty around him, and stoop to pluck the flowers that are exhaling their odors at his feet. Our Heavenly Father has placed so many pleasures in the world, and why should they not be enjoyed? Is puny man to rise up and say that he is wiser than his Creator? Don't you think, dear "Young Folks," that such persons go to the other extreme from those who wickedly give themselves up to the enjoyment of this life, regardless of eternity? . . . .

I suppose I ought not to tire you further, but my little brother just said something so very funny that I will jot it down.

He came running in crying, a few moments ago, saying a dog had bitten his hand. After I had put a plaster on the little wound and kissed away the tears, he said, very gravely, "Sis Olie, I am glad that dog had n't the *lockjaw*, for he might have given me the *hydrogenphobus*."

He meant to say "if the dog had been *mad*, it would have given him the *hydrophobia*."

Will any one tell me where Rose Terry lives?

I am your true friend,

IOLA MONTGOMERY.

Rose Terry lives in Collinsville, Conn.

LANCASTER, June 20, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

I think I can solve "Sammy's" problem. According to the conditions of the question, the snail will reach the top by the end of the eighteenth day, but as he slips back two feet during the night, he will not begin to creep out until the nineteenth.

Perhaps "Sammy" can answer a question for me. Is there not a legend relating to the bloodstone, and if so, what is it?

Please let me take this opportunity to tell you how much I regret the discontinuance of the "Mutual Improvement Corner." I have received so much both of pleasure and profit from it, that I shall be heartily glad to see it again.

Yours truly,

MARY R. ATLEE.

Our Young Contributors. — We are now using up so rapidly the articles which have been allowed to accumulate, that we shall soon be able to accept more of our young friends' favors than we think it advisable to do at present. This month, however, we can add only one piece — "*Summer Twilight*," by Minnie R. Willard — to our accepted list; while the following are reserved for *honorable mention*: —

"*The Shadowy People who live in the Glass*," a fanciful sketch, with a moral, by Estelle; a brief accouut of the city of "*Tunis*" (Africa), by Emma A. Heap; a description of some "*Colored Schools*" in the South, by Florence Kelley; "*Somebody's Rosebud*," by Marion Starr, — a pretty little poem, though on a somewhat hackneyed subject; "*The Flowers' Convention*," by Lucy Bittenger; "*The Brook*," by Charlotte Lay Dewey; and "*Our Ray*," by Eliza Darling.

"*Writing for Our Young Contributors*" gives a very pretty picture of

> "Three forms in the growing twilight,
> Three heads bent silent and low,
> Three pens that over the paper
> Rapidly scratching go,"

but it seems incomplete, and lacking in point.

"*Show-Day in a Country Town*," has many natural touches, and is quite well written, but it is altogether too long for our use.

The authors of "*Jack in the Pulpit*" and "*Dandelions*" neglected to comply with our rule, which requires that articles designed for "Our Young Contributors'" department should, in every instance, be accompanied by a statement of the writer's age.

ANSWERS to our last month's puzzles were received from Allie B. Withington, Nellie, Lucy Lee Batchelder, T. L. R. R., T. G. S. W., Mary Dimond, "Bessie and Mary," "Sam Weller," Frank L. Mellen, Eunice M. Beebe, Carrie Johnson, "Dai Syelliott," Ida A. Wendell, Nellie Beach, Charlie D. Smith, Jessie, and others.

Florence Bucklin (age 11) and Cora Belle E. (12) send versions of the picture story, "Fred's Fireworks."

FRANCO IN THE GARDEN.

DRAWN BY AUGUSTUS HOPPIN.] [See the Poem, "Did you speak?"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE SEARCH, AND HOW IT ENDED.

CONSTABLE SELLICK was not a man devoid of feeling, for all his merry disposition. He stood gazing anxiously at the water, shading his eyes from the sun reflected in it; then, as Jack did not come up a second time, the worthy man was filled with consternation.

"Who are the good swimmers here?" he cried. "Go in after him, some one! You can dive, Len Edwards!"

"But I can't dive like Jack Hazard," answered Len. "I 've seen him in the water with the Chatford boys. There 's nothing he can't do in the water."

"His breath was most likely beat out of his body, striking the surface," observed Mr. Byron Dinks. "A man may strike the water in such a way, it will be like falling flat on a rock." And Byron picked his teeth with a stem of dry grass from the bank.

"I 'll go in if Harry Pray will," said Len.

"Well! I 'll go if you will," replied Harry. And in the midst of the general excitement and confusion, these two enterprising young men began to undress.

Before either was prepared for a plunge, however, a third young man, who had just arrived on the spot and learned that a boy was drowned,

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

leaped out of his clothes as if by magic; while the word ran through the crowd, "Percy Lanman! It 's Percy Lanman! He can get him!"

"Take away that rail!" shouted a clear, ringing voice.

The rail, which somebody had brought, and which Sellick was poking ineffectually about in the deep place where he had seen Jack go down, was quickly withdrawn; and the owner of the voice, white and gleaming as a living statue, sprang from the bank; a plash and a flash, and he had disappeared in the sparkling water.

He was gone about fifteen seconds, which appeared almost as many minutes to some of those who watched with intense interest for his reappearance. At length he came up again, shook the water from his dripping head and winked it from his eyes, and looked about him while he took breath.

"If he can't find him, we can't," observed Len, starting to put on his clothes again.

"I 'm going in, anyhow," replied Harry, moving towards the water.

"If you do, I will," said Len.

"No discoveries?" cried Sellick, anxiously.

Percy did not reply, but, thrusting his head once more beneath the surface, swam slowly about with his eyes open, gazing into the sunlit depths.

Deacon Chatford groaned. "This is a sad business, Squire Peternot!"

"He should n't have tried to escape an officer of the law!" was Peternot's stern reply.

"There 's no boy here!" Percy Lanman now announced, just as Len and Harry were going in.

"'T ain't possible!" exclaimed Sellick.

"I 'm sure of it!" said Percy. "Wait a minute, and I 'll tell you where he went."

Down he plunged again; fifteen seconds passed — thirty seconds — a minute; still he did not reappear. Suddenly Harry Pray, as he was swimming about, heard a hollow splashing sound, and shouted, "He 's in the culvert! Percy 's in the culvert!"

"That 's where the boy has gone!" exclaimed Squire Peternot.

"I thought of that!" said Sellick. "But there 's no current, the mill ain't going, and he fell at least a dozen feet from the opening."

Percy now came swimming leisurely out of the culvert; making for the bank, he there proceeded to put on his clothes.

"No," said he, laughing, as Sellick questioned him, "the boy could n't have floated into the culvert. But he went in just as I did, — swimming under water. And it 's my opinion, if you want to find him, you 'd better look for him on the other side of the canal!"

"Fooled again, Sellick!" said the journeyman carpenter. And the cry went through the crowd, "Jack 's got away! he has gone through the culvert under the canal!"

Sellick ran to the top of the bank and looked eagerly across, — a great crowd following him. Only the level tow-path met his eye, and a horizon of far-off forest-tops beyond: not even the saw-mill was visible, to say noth-

ing of the race into which the culvert conducted the pond water. The whole country fell away in that direction towards Lake Ontario, which lay behind the billowy line of forest-tops.

To make any discoveries on the other side of the high embankments, which carried the canal over what had once been a narrow valley opening out into the broad, low country, it would of course be necessary to cross to the tow-path. But there was no bridge nearer than the village, and Sellick did not like to get wet. So he called out to the two swimmers, now diligently looking for Jack in the pond after it had been shown that he was n't there, "Hello! Len and Harry! go through the culvert and see what you can see!"

"Will you, Harry?" said Len.

"No, I won't go through the culvert, for any constable!" replied Harry.

"Nor I neither, if you won't," said Len; the culvert being generally regarded with superstition by village bathers. "There 's water-snakes in it!"

"If the mill should start, we could n't swim back against the current," Harry answered Sellick.

"Then hurry up here, and cross the canal; come, you 've got your clothes off!" cried Sellick.

"What do you say, Harry?" asked Len.

"I d'n' know, I do' wanter!" replied Harry.

"Nor I neither!" said Len.

"Come, Sellick! don't be l'iterin' here!" exclaimed the impatient Peternot. "Either cross over, or go round by the bridge."

"Here comes an old wheat-boat; maybe the steersman 'll put us across," said Sellick. "Hello!" he shouted, "lay over here!" And he called to the driver: "Do you see any boy about the race-way, or running off anywhere, down on that side of the canal?"

"I see a man going into the saw-mill, — nobody else," answered the driver.

"Call him! tell him to come up to the tow-path."

"Call him yourself!" And the driver cracked his whip at the towing horses.

"I shall git aground, if I go over there," said the steersman.

"No, you won't! Good shore! plenty of water! you 're light!"

"What 's the row, anyhow?"

Before Sellick could answer, somebody in the crowd cried, "Prisoner got away — boy — went through the culvert under the canal — constable wants to go over and git him."

"Give ye a quarter," added Sellick.

Slowly the bow swung over towards the "heel-path"; then the steersman, bracing himself against the tiller, carried over the stern. The boat grated hard against the shore, and immediately, not only Sellick, but at least a dozen men and boys with him, jumped and scrambled aboard.

"Ruther more passengers 'n I bargained fer," remarked the steersman, as

the boat floated off again. "Guess I shall haf to charge ye all about ten cents apiece."

"Charge 'em what you're a mind to, and set me across in a hurry," replied Sellick.

"What boy is it," asked the steersman, "and what mischief has he been up to?"

"His name is Hazard, — Jack Hazard."

"You don't say! I know Jack! I used to go with a scow his step-father was captain of when he was a driver; Cap'n Berrick's scow. But I thought Jack was doin' well, back in the country here somewhere."

"He was, till he got into another man's house by mistake," said Sellick. "He ain't a bad boy, Jack ain't; a good feller; smart too, — smartest boy I ever see! But slippery as an eel! He's slipped through my fingers twice to-day. But you ain't putting us ashore!"

"Passengers hain't paid their fare yet," replied the steersman, coolly keeping the boat in the middle of the canal. "Tell me about Jack."

"Lay up and I will! Here's my quarter."

"Ten cents, — ten cents all round; no partiality," said the steersman, declining the proffered coin. "About Jack — I've knowed him off and on for a couple o' year an' more, and I never believed he would steal."

"It was n't exactly stealing. — Hurry up with your money! — Some disputed property. — Ten cents, boys! — He believed it was his, and took it. — Why don't you pay up, you fellows?" Nobody but Sellick, however, seemed to think it desirable to pay money for being landed on the tow-path; and Sellick was unwilling to pay for the crowd.

"On the whole," remarked the steersman, "I guess I won't take your money. You may all ride up to the Basin for nothing. But you 'll have to git off on the bridge, for we don't stop. — No, sir!" as Sellick offered to lay his hand on the tiller. "You're a perty good-lookin' chap, but ye can't come that nonsense here. I'm steersman of this craft, jest about now. You're welcome to yer ride, gentlemen, bein' friends of Jack's. Remember me to him, will ye, when ye fall in with him? — which I hope you won't in a hurry. Jest give him a hand-shake and a good word from his old chum Pete. Lay down that pike-pole, mister, or I 'll lay you down!"

"I 'm going ashore!" cried Sellick.

"You 'll go ashore in a way you won't like!" said Pete; and there stood two rough, reckless-looking deck hands ready to back him.

Sellick dropped the pole with a laugh, which did not seem so spontaneous and hearty as some of the outbursts of merriment in which that mirthful gentleman had been known to indulge.

The spectators on the shore understood the movement, and, at sight of the jolly constable and his companions carried off against their will by the slow-moving wheat-boat, sent after them a chorus of jeers and laughter, in which mingled the tone of one stern and angry voice, that of Squire Peternot, who struck the "heel-path" with his heavy horn-headed cane, exclaiming, "Hang the wretches! hang the miserable villains!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE CULVERT AND THE CORNFIELD.

ALL these delays gave Jack time, and time was what he needed just now.

It was not until the moment when, pretending to fall, he threw himself from the masonry of the culvert, that the idea occurred to him of resorting to a little trick which he had often practised in the water with Lion, for the amusement of his companions, and of playing the part of a drowning boy. The dog that usually rescued him could be dispensed with on this occasion; but the skill of the experienced swimmer might serve him.

He had seen the culvert whilst running towards the canal; and even then the thought had flashed through his mind that, if he could once get into it, pursuit might be baffled, and his capture delayed, for at least a little while. He did not, however, suppose that it would be possible to pass through and escape, against the chances of being met and taken on the other side.

But now he thought if he could make it appear that he was drowned in the pond, then time might be gained. So, after his first plunge, he came up once, in order to catch breath and give one glance at the situation, then turned in the water and sank. Fortunately the sun on the surface dazzled Sellick's eyes, or he might have seen a suspicious movement of the boy's hands, and the quiet gliding away of the boy's body through the clear depths, towards the arched opening in the masonry.

When next Jack came to the surface, he found himself in what seemed a long, narrow gallery, nearly filled with water; a low, vaulted roof just above him, and an opening at each end through which shone the light of the sky. Drops from the clammy and dripping stones fell with slow, echoing plashes in the cavernous gloom, reminding him that he was under the canal; that the great, winding, watery thoroughfare, which he had travelled many a summer, and through which the lazy boats moved, was now over his head.

Accustomed to diving as he was, a plunge at the end of an exhausting race was not a good thing for the lungs; and Jack declares that he was never so nearly dead for want of breath, as when he rose to the surface in the culvert. For a minute or more it seemed quite impossible for him to make any exertion, beyond what was necessary to keep his nose above water. But there he stayed, just moving his feet and hands, while he filled his aching lungs with drafts of air, which made him rise and sink, and sent gentle undulations and ripples along the dark culvert walls.

The cries for help came to his ears, and inspired him with fresh courage: he knew that his stratagem had succeeded. He knew, too, that it would not be long before search would be made for him in the culvert, or at the other opening. "I must be moving!" he thought.

Swimming swiftly and silently under the low vault, he passed completely beneath the canal, and cautiously put his head out on the other side. Before him was the tranquil mill-race half filled with floating saw-logs, the saw-mill at the end of it, and a low, wild country of stumpy farms and wooded swamps

beyond. Nobody in sight; but he could still hear excited voices on the other side of the canal embankments.

Gliding out of the culvert, he swam to the right bank of the race, which was there built up five or six feet from the ground, crawled over it, dropped down under it, and ran along beside it till he reached the mill. He heard the shrill shriek of filing saws as he passed, and knew that the sawyer was busy. Dodging between great piles of slabs and lumber, he kept on, and soon gained the shelter of a fringe of alders that bordered the onward-flowing mill-stream. That led him into a swampy piece of woods. And so it happened that, by the time Sellick and his companions scrambled from the deck of the wheat-boat upon the bridge at the Basin, and turned back to the culvert, the fugitive was nearly a mile away.

Traversing the swamp, Jack crossed several fields and a wood-lot, and at length came out upon a recent clearing, in which a number of half-burnt stumps and log-heaps were smoking. Beyond that was a road; and on the farther side of the road was a cornfield.

"That 's the place to hide!" thought Jack; and having stopped to drink at a little spring, he crossed the road, and was soon gliding between rows of tasselled stalks and long green rustling leaves.

The piece was wet, and a part of the crop was late, and Jack observed with interest a number of good roasting ears. Being a prudent youth, he had already begun to question where his next meal was to be obtained; for although he had a little money, he had no hat, and feared to present himself anywhere bareheaded.

"I 'll help myself, as the coons and squirrels do," said he, as he noticed the ravages of those destructive little beasts all about the field. "Hello! here 's something interesting!" It was a scarecrow of stuffed clothes, from which a flock of noisy blackbirds flew up at his approach. "That 's a pretty good felt hat," said he; "wonder how it would fit *me*. Excuse me, old fellow; I need it more than you do; I 'll bring it back when I get through with it. In the mean while the blackbirds can't respect you any less than they do now, I know!"

He pulled off the hat, gave it a good beating on the scarecrow's outstretched wooden hand, and found that, by stuffing a few corn-husks under the lining, he could make it do very well.

"Thank you," said he. "Now I feel as if I had traded myself off for another boy. If you 've no objections, I think I 'll keep you company a little while. Poor company 's better than none, as they say. Oblige me by holding my coat till it dries a little."

He hung his wet garment on the scarecrow, and walked leisurely about, selecting a few of the best roasting ears he could find. His breakfast had really amounted to nothing, — good Mrs. Pipkin's biscuit and butter having been sacrificed with the milk he bought of the grocer, — and he was growing faint.

The excitement of his escape had left him in good spirits. For a while he was buoyed up by a wild feeling of freedom; and his old love of adven-

ture came back upon him. The wrongs he had suffered made him reckless and defiant of the whole world.

"I 've tried to be honest; but what 's the use?" said he. "I thought I 'd got a chance for myself, and this is what it comes to! Even the deacon has turned against me! Now let 'em look out! I 'll have my pay, somehow!"

If Jack had kept near the canal, and in this mood had seen his old friend Pete comfortably riding the tiller of the wheat-boat, his whole future might have been changed by so slight a circumstance. But his good genius had not yet given him over to his own vindictive thoughts and rash resolves.

With weariness and hunger came memory and reflection. The burning sense of injury with which he thought of Peternot and Phineas Chatford, and all who had been instrumental in his disgrace, gave way to different emotions as he remembered good Mrs. Chatford, and lovely Annie Felton, and affectionate little Kate.

"O, shall I never see them again?" he murmured; and a big sob rose in his throat. And the home where he had been so happy for a few short months! And Lion! "I won't go without Lion, anyway!" he exclaimed. "I 'll see the Huswick boys about the money, and get that if I can, and Lion anyhow!"

It was a beautiful day, mild and tranquil and hazy, with just that tinge of melancholy in it which marks the gradual change of summer into autumn. To Jack, lurking there in the silent cornfield, it seemed like Sunday. He sat down in the warm sunlight by the scarecrow, and waited for his clothes to dry. The shrill song of the locust rose now and then on the still air, increasing for a few seconds in vehemence, then sank and ceased; and occasionally the gossip of the multitudinous blackbirds came quite near to him, as the chattering flocks settled on the corn; but he heard scarcely any other sound, until suddenly he became aware of footsteps and a rustling of leaves not far off. He sat still, and listened. Then all was quiet again for a minute or two. Then came the loud report of a fowling-piece, accompanied by a curious rattling sound close above his head. A scattering volley of small shot had cut the corn-tops all about the spot where he sat.

His first thought was that he had been shot at. But just then a cloud of blackbirds rose from the corn, and the feet he had heard approaching rushed towards them. He kept perfectly still, and saw a boy about his own size run past him, between two rows of corn, not a rod off. The young hunter might easily have discovered Jack sitting there beside the scarecrow, if he had not been so intent on picking up his blackbirds.

CHAPTER XXX.

JACK BREAKFASTS AND RECEIVES A VISITOR.

Soon Jack heard the gun in another part of the field; then a quarter of a mile off; then faintly in the far distance. Then the blackbirds came back again.

"Now," said Jack, "I 'll see what I can do for breakfast."

He put on his coat, filled his pockets with roasting ears, and returned towards the stump-lot where he had seen the smoking log-heaps. He had not gone far when he saw something black hop along the ground before him. It was a wounded blackbird. He gave chase, picked up a dead bird by the way, caught and killed the first, and dressed both with his jack-knife.

They were plump and fat. "Some folks think blackbirds ain't good to eat," said he, "but I am going to try 'em."

Cautiously emerging from the cornfield, he crossed the road, and got over into the clearing. There he found the spring at which he had drank before, and, having drank again, he washed his hands and face and prepared his birds for roasting. He now sought out one of the half-burnt log-heaps, and, crouching beside it, opened a bed of glowing coals with a green branch which he used as a poker. A part of the branch he whittled into a spit for his birds, and then proceeded to cook his breakfast.

He burnt the corn, and likewise his fingers a little, and more than once a bird dropped from the spit into the fire; but he did n't mind these slight mishaps. His appetite was good, and, everything being ready at last, he made a delicious meal without salt. How sweet the roasted corn was! And he laughed at the foolish prejudice of some ignorant people against the flesh of blackbirds, as he sucked the tender bones and tossed them into the fire.

All this time he kept a wary watch for intruders; and now he was not pleased to see over his shoulder a man crossing the stump-lot. He moved at a sauntering pace, and stooped now and then to examine objects on the ground; and Jack noticed that once or twice he appeared to put something into a little bag he carried in his hand.

"Maybe he won't see me," thought Jack. "Yes, he will, though! He 's coming straight towards me!"

He thought it best, however, to keep quiet and go on with his breakfast. He had already thrown the well-gnawed corn-cobs into the fire, and was picking the last ribs of his second blackbird, when the stranger drew near.

"You seem to be having a jolly time here, all by yourself."

Jack looked up, and saw beside him a rather short, square-built young man, with a face strongly marked by the small-pox, — a face which, however, in spite of its blemishes, was rendered interesting and attractive by a certain lively and good-humored expression. The little bag in his hand turned out to be a handkerchief tied up by the corners, from between which peeped the green tufts and delicate plumes of some fresh mosses and ferns.

"Not so very jolly," replied Jack, perceiving at once that he had nothing to fear from a person who looked down upon him out of such pleasant and kindly eyes.

"You 'd better stir your fire and burn up those cobs before old Mr. Canning comes this way," said the stranger. "He 's a man who would have prosecuted the Master and his disciples for plucking corn in his field on the Sabbath day."

"He can prosecute me, if he likes," replied Jack, with a reckless laugh. "I 've one crabbed old man after me already."

"I thought so. Your clothes have n't got quite dry yet, I see. Do you know, I have you to thank for a fine bath this morning?"

Jack stared. "How so?"

"I went into the pond after you." And Percy Lanman — for it was he — proceeded to relate what had occurred at the culvert after Jack's escape.

Jack was greatly entertained, especially by the story of Sellick and his companions carried up to the Basin by his old friend Pete, on the wheat-boat. Percy's good-humor and sympathy had by this time quite won his confidence, and the fugitive told him in return the whole story of his misfortunes.

"I think you have been treated outrageously!" said the young man. "But yours is not so extraordinary a case of injustice as you suppose. I advise you to read history a little: you will find it for the most part only a record of wrong and oppression. Human nature is about the same to-day it always has been. Most people — I am sorry to say it — are capable of seeing only their own selfish interest in anything that concerns them. As you go through life you must expect to see friends and neighbors start out into enemies and oppressors, when their personal interest is touched. The worst of it will be, that people of whom you expect better things — who are supposed to know something of the Golden Rule, and to be actuated by

feelings of justice and benevolence — will for the sake of a few dollars grasp and scramble, and show no more regard for reason and right than so many hungry wolves."

This picture of the worst side of human society was well calculated to show Jack that his was not the only or the worst case of wrong in the world. "But what is a fellow to do?" he asked.

Percy sat down on the ground, and, opening his handkerchief, talked on, while he assorted his mosses and ferns.

"You must make up your mind, in the first place, that you have got to bear a good deal of this sort of thing in going through life. Beware of briers and thistles, but remember that they exist, and be patient when you get pricked. In reading stories of persecution and martyrdom, I always feel that I had rather be the just man who suffered for the right, than the tyrants and bigots who tried to destroy him. Be true to yourself, and nobody can do you any real, permanent harm. Let 'em rage! what do you and I care? There is something in our minds superior to all their spites. You have done what almost any boy would do, that was smart enough; and I can't help laughing to think how you locked up the court, and afterwards went through the culvert whilst we were trying to fish you out of the pond."

Jack laughed too, as he mechanically looked over Percy's plants.

"But you might have done better, — you might do better now," said the young man. And his scarred and pitted features looked somehow radiant and beautiful to Jack.

"What could I do?"

"Why, let 'em take you to jail, if they want to. What hurt will it do you? Stand up and say, 'I thought I was right; I meant to do right; and now if you want to send me to jail, go ahead! I can stand it! I 'm willing!' Throw yourself boldly on your honesty, rest on that rock, and let 'em do their worst!"

Jack, feeling how little honesty there had been in his heart a little while before, hung his head over a sprig of fern he was twirling between thumb and finger.

"Mind, I don't advise you to do just that, for I 'm not sure you 're up to it. But if you could do it, 't would be grand in you! People talk of good and bad fortunes; but fortunes are good or bad according to the use we make of 'em. This disgrace you are suffering now you may turn into one of the blessings of your life; or it may make a thief or a vagabond of you. Understand?"

Percy's eyes twinkled like a clear, running brook, as they looked into Jack's, which fell before them, — the lad remembering how really he had been a thief and vagabond in his heart, an hour ago. Yes, he understood.

"Think it over," said Percy. "Meanwhile you will want a little money."

"No, I sha' n't!" cried Jack.

"But you will, though. Here 's a trifle, which you can repay when it is perfectly convenient," added Percy, seeing that the proud boy would not accept a gift.

"Well, if you *lend* it to me," said Jack, receiving the jingling coin in his palm. "I 'll pay you some time. If I can only get that money of Hank Huswick! I 'll go for it this very afternoon!"

"Well, good by," said Percy, tying up his plants. "Keep your head and heart right, and you 'll do well, whatever happens. Come to me if you want help. You know where I live."

And he sauntered off across the field, looking curiously at every bird and plant and stone.

"How happy he is!" thought Jack, following him with yearning eyes. "And I was just so happy once! Shall I ever, shall I ever be again?"

He revisited the spring, and afterwards made a dessert of berries in a wild field hedged by raspberry and blackberry bushes; then set out to find the Huswick boys.

J. T. Trowbridge.

"DID YOU SPEAK?"

I SAW the prettiest picture
Through the garden fence to-day,
Where the lilies look like angels
Just let out to play,
And the roses laugh to see them
All the sweet June day.

Through a hole behind the woodbine,
Just large enough to see
(By begging the lilies' pardon)
Without his seeing me, —
My neighbor's boy; and Pharaoh,
The finest dog you 'll see,

If you search from Maine to Georgia
For a dog of kingly air,
And the tolerant, high-bred patience
The great St. Bernards wear,
And the sense of lofty courtesy
In breathing common air.

I called the child's name, — "Franko!"
Hands up to shield my eyes
From the jealous roses, — "Franko!"
A burst of bright surprise
Transfixed the little fellow
With wide, bewildered eyes.

"Franko!" Ah, the mystery!
Up and down, around,
Looks Franko, searching gravely
Sky and trees and ground,
Wise wrinkles on the eyebrows!
Studying the sound.

"O Franko!" Puzzled Franko!
The lilies will not tell;
The roses shake with laughter,
But keep the secret well;
The woodbine nods importantly.
"Who spoke?" cries Franko. "Tell!"

The trees do not speak English;
The calm great sky is dumb;
The yard and street are silent;
The old board-fence is mum;
Pharaoh lifts his head, but, ah!
Pharaoh, too, is dumb.

Grave wrinkles on his eyebrows,
Hand upon his knee,
Head bared for close reflection,
Lighted curls blown free,—
The child's soul to the brute's soul
Goes out earnestly,

From the child's eyes to the brute's eyes,
And earnestly and slow,
The child's young voice falls on my ear:
"Did you speak, Pharaoh?"
The bright thought growing on him,—
"Did *you* speak, Pharaoh?"

* * * * *

I can but think if Franko
Would teach us all his way
Of listening and trusting,—
The wise, wise Franko way!—
The world would learn, some summer,
To hear what dumb things say.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

A VISIT TO THE YOSEMITE VALLEY.

"COME, Will," said Colonel Hastings, "I think you have teased Fannie enough for one evening; let her finish her lessons in peace, and then I will tell you something that will please you both, if I am not mistaken."

"I 've done them now, papa; — what is it?" said Fannie, all smiles again, as she closed her books and pushed them from her.

"What do you say to a trip to the Yosemite?"

"O papa!"

"There, there! that will do; another such hug and our starting even would be doubtful. But sit down now, and I will tell you all about it. I received a letter to-day from Mr. Carroll, and he proposes we should join him in a trip to the Yosemite. His daughter is now here, and he wishes her to see everything of interest before she returns to school again."

"How old is she?" asked Fannie.

"Near your age, I believe, or a little older."

"How do we go, and when?" said Will.

"About the 20th of June; how, I scarcely know yet, except that a part of the trip will be on horseback. How will you like that, Fannie?"

"O, glorious!" said Fan and Will in a breath.

The appointed day arrived at last, and one cloudless morning saw us on the road to Stockton. My brother drove Harriet Carroll, Fannie, and myself, while Mr. Carroll and Will followed in a buggy. The drive from Sacramento to Stockton offers little attraction at this season of the year, the plains having lost their fresh beauty, though the wooded streams and golden grain-fields sometimes present a pretty rural picture.

"O papa, just look at the grasshoppers!" exclaimed Fannie, as we were approaching a little cottage by the wayside.

"They *are* pretty numerous, certainly," said the Colonel, "and the number seems increasing every instant."

Shortly each revolution of the wheels crushed hundreds of the unlucky insects. Not a leaf, shrub, nor blade of grass was to be seen; all had been devoured by this invading army.

"Look how they have tied the fruit-trees up in bags," said I, as we rode past an orchard at the side of the house. It was a country tavern where we stopped to water our horses. My brother insisted on our alighting to see what complete possession the grasshoppers had taken of the premises, which we were glad enough to do, hoping to rid ourselves of those on our clothes and in our laps.

"Is n't it dreadful?" said Harriet Carroll, looking around at the furniture, walls, and floor, all completely coated with grasshoppers.

"Look at my garden," said the landlady, who seemed almost ready to cry, — "yesterday as green and promising as could be, and to-day — gone."

"Will you not be able to save your fruit?" I asked.

"No, indeed! The 'bags' are nothing but bunches of grasshoppers, and they have eaten the last peach, plum, and apricot."

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good," said my brother when we had resumed our places in the carriage. "The Indians will have a feast."

"You don't mean to say the Indians eat these horrid things, papa?"

"Yes, I do, and you need not turn up your dainty little nose at the idea, when you consider shrimp salad delicious, and eat raw oysters by the dozen. Tastes are arbitrary, you know, and the Indians eat grasshoppers with great relish, and dry quantities of them for their winter supply. Have you never noticed the queer hat or basket they wear on their heads? That is their cooking-vessel also."

"O papa, how funny!"

"Yes, my dear, they are ingeniously woven of the fibres of a root, and are quite water-tight."

"Ah, but if they were to cook in that it would burn up!"

"Not so fast, if you please. The Indians make a mush of pounded acorns and pulverized grasshoppers —"

"Ugh!" interrupted Fannie.

"And the water is heated in this hat, or head-gear, by throwing in stones heated almost red-hot."

"How horridly dusty it is," said Harriet, — "and I have lost my veil."

"Take mine, I don't mind the dust," said Fannie. "See that peculiar moss waving from those limbs. Do stop a minute, papa, and let us get some. Look, Harriet, it is just like green lace; is n't it pretty?"

"I don't care at all for mosses, thanks," said Harriet. "It is dreadfully hot, don't you find it so?"

"Yes, but we shall soon reach Stockton, and then we can rest."

We slept that night at Stockton, and were off next morning for Knight's Ferry, the road over the parched and burning plains offering nothing but an excuse for Harriet's complaints of heat and dust. From Knight's Ferry to Coultersville, our next stopping-point, the way was pleasant enough, leading through a diversified mountainous region. Here we spent nearly two days getting guides, horses, a cook, camping utensils, and provisions, for we were to camp out, greatly to the delight of the young people.

At noon on the second day everything was ready, and we again started for a drive of twelve miles, before taking our horses, which were led for us thus far. The road wound round the mountain-sides, disclosing at each turn new and varied scenes. We had not gone far when, in making an abrupt turn, our horses took fright at an ox-cart, and sprang toward the precipice side of the road. Our hearts stood still in that awful moment. In another instant we should have been dashed down hundreds of feet on the rocks below; but by an almost superhuman effort my brother jerked the horses around, breaking the pole, but turning their heads towards the mountain.

An hour or two of delay, and then we were off for Bower's Cave, where we obtained some refreshments and visited the Grotto. Soon after leaving there we mounted our horses.

"I will ride the black one," said Harriet, as they were brought up.

"I should n't advise you to, miss," said one of the men; "he goes pretty hard."

"I don't mind that," said Miss Carroll, and she persisted in mounting him; but a few minutes' trotting brought her to terms, and Will exchanged horses with her.

"I believe you made the best selection, after all," said Harriet to Fannie, as we again started off.

"I did n't select at all," replied she, indignantly; "I just took the one they gave me, but you can ride it if you like."

"No, no," said Mr. Carroll. "Harriet has given trouble enough; she must ride the one she is on, and no other."

We stopped for the night at Black's, a rude and lonely mountain inn kept by a man of that name.

"I do think, aunty," said Fannie, when we were alone, "that Harriet Carroll is the most disagreeable girl I ever saw; she is so selfish and —"

"Stop, dear! you are forgetting the beam and the mote."

"No, I am not, but it is so hard, to think of one's own beam when there are such tempting little motes to be seen in other people's eyes."

"So the world generally thinks," I replied, laughing; "but we must try."

The next day's ride was charming, as we followed the winding trail through odorous pine groves, by clear rippling streams, every turn revealing new beauties to our eyes. At noon we threw ourselves gladly on the mossy ground to rest, while the men prepared our dinner, to which we brought appetites sharpened by exercise; then on again through the long afternoon. A little before sundown we reached the camping-ground. Here former excursionists had made a rough enclosure of pine logs.

"This is jolly," said Will, as he threw his blanket on a huge bed of fern-leaves.

"I wonder if there is any danger of bears?" asked Harriet, gazing doubtfully at the great blazing fire, which had been built to scare away wild beasts, and about which the men were busy making coffee and getting supper.

"I wish one would come," said Will, "it would be such fun to see you and Fannie run."

But no bear or other beast disturbed our repose, though the novel, weird-like scene in the mountain forest, with only the starry heavens for a canopy, kept us awake till late into the night.

Early in the afternoon of the following day we halted on an elevated mountain-point; away below us, bathed in the warm sunlight, softly tempered by the blue haze of distance, with its perpendicular, wall-like sides, fantastic peaks, and glittering cascades, lay the famed Yosemite Valley. Long and silently we gazed, but the lengthening shadows warned us we must hurry on. The guides arranged and secured our saddles, and down the steep mountain-trail we started.

"If you mean to fall off, Fan, now is your time, for I feel as if I were slipping over my horse's head," said Will.

At the Ford.

"I would rather walk," said Harriet.

"O no," said Mr. Carroll, "there is no danger; the horses know where to place their feet, and all that is necessary is to keep a tight rein."

Before sunset we had reached the valley, and passing under the shadow of El Capitan (Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah), whose bold promontory seems to keep guard over the valley, we crossed by a ferry the clear and sparkling Merced, which, having cleared the wonderful walls of the Yosemite, is hurrying on to the valley below.

In gay spirits we cantered up to Hutchings's Hotel, forgetting our fatigue in the glorious scenes around us. Almost opposite, and seemingly but a few hundred yards away, is the dashing, surging Yosemite Fall, making its three grand leaps from the granite cliffs that tower to heaven behind it. We are so filled with a sense of our own utter insignificance, that even Fannie is subdued and silent.

"I will go to bed," said Fannie, as we separated after an early supper, "but I know I shall not sleep a wink, for I shall be jumping up every minute to catch just one more glimpse of the falls in the moonlight."

"What is the programme for to-day?" asked Mr. Carroll, as he and his daughter joined us at a rather late breakfast next morning.

"First, the Great Yosemite Fall," said Colonel Hastings. "The guide will be ready with the horses by the time we have finished breakfast."

None of us cared to linger long at table, and soon we were in the saddle again. Crossing the bridge which spans the river just opposite the hotel, we proceeded down the bank, not stopping till we reached the ford. (Cut p. 528.)

"Could anything be more enchanting!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll, as we paused under the trees that completely arch the pebbly stream and gazed around, catching amidst the firs and pines in the background a glimpse of the silvery sheen of the Yosemite.

"We must foot it now," said the Colonel, when within a few hundred yards of the fall, "for we certainly cannot make our way over these boulders on horseback."

Our horses were hitched to some trees, and we began climbing over the rocks towards the fall.

Falls of the Yosemite.

"How much colder it is growing!" said Harriet, as a cold draught of air rushed down upon us. "I wish I had brought my shawl."

"Is n't it a famous place for a shower-bath?" said Fannie, as, having gained the foot of the fall, the spray was dashed in showers upon us. "Just look at the rainbows! are n't they lovely? And see, Will! the fall itself looks as if it was made of snowy arrows shooting after each other, does n't it?"

"It almost makes me dizzy to look up these cliffs. I wonder how one feels who looks down from above," said Will. "Do you suppose any one has ever been to the top?"

"O yes," said the guide, "I have myself, but it is a tiresome and difficult undertaking, and I would not advise you to try it. The river runs along up there over a channel as smooth as glass, almost."

"How wide is the river?"

"Thirty or forty feet, and about a foot deep."

"What is the height of these falls?" asked Will.

"This is seven hundred feet above the valley; the upper fall is nearly twice as high, and the whole waterfall between twenty-five and twenty-six hundred feet."

"Fifteen times as high as Niagara! Just think of it!" said the Colonel.

"What does Yosemite mean, papa?" inquired Fannie.

"Great Grizzly Bear, is the literal meaning. No doubt it was the name of a chief of the tribe of Indians who inhabited the valley."

"Harriet called it Yo-sem'-ite, instead of Yo-sem'-i-te, when she first came out," said Mr. Carroll.

"So do a great many other people," said my brother, kindly, "so you need not mind that; and, by the way, some writers contend that we are all wrong, and that the Indians themselves call it Yo-ham-i-te, and not Yo-sem-i-te at all."

"I wonder how this valley was discovered," said Will.

"I believe some difficulty with the Indians led to its discovery in 1851; but it was not much visited for eight or ten years afterward. The Indians boasted that they had one retreat the whites could never penetrate; they little dreamed they themselves would soon be driven out, and their cherished valley become a favorite resort of the white people."

"It looks like an impenetrable retreat indeed," said Mr. Carroll. "What a curious freak of nature this rock-bound valley is! It must have been the work of some convulsion of nature!"

"Professor Whitney declares the only practicable conclusion is, that the bottom has dropped out, and the valley is formed by a *sink*, — that is, by a sinking of the earth, — and I suppose that theory is as reasonable as any. But come, we have lingered here long enough if we want to see anything else to-day."

After lunch the horses were again ordered, and we started down the valley to visit the Bridal Veil, more musically called Pohono Fall by the Indians. The first object of interest we passed was Sentinel Rock, whose lofty head can be seen for miles around, and from which the watch-fires of the Indians once gave notice of threatened danger to the surrounding tribes.

The Bridal Veil.

"Those must be the Cathedral Rocks, for they look like some grand old cathedral looming up above the valley," said my brother, as we saw some fantastic peaks ahead of us.

Again we had to dismount and climb over the rough and broken rocks to gain the foot of the fall; but we soon forgot our fatigue in the wonderful beauty of the scene.

"It does look like a veil, as it waves so gauze-like in the wind; don't you think so, Harriet?"

"I suppose so. But I have ruined my dress on those horrid rocks."

"And worse is to come," said Will, consolingly. "Did you know we have to wade through the mud to-morrow before we get to the Ladders?"

"Does Pohono mean veil, papa?"

"No, Fannie; the Indian signification is Spirit of the Evil Wind, and I have been told the natives have a superstitious dread of even passing near these falls, and never do so unless compelled to. An Indian woman is said to have fallen into the river above, to have been carried over the precipice and never seen afterward."

"I should think not!" said Will; "the guide says it is nine hundred feet high."

We should never have wearied of watching the undulating sheets of spray falling in lace like clouds before us, and the rainbows arching the abyss as the torrent is dashed on the boulders below. But the shadows were climbing the mountains, and we must return.

Next day we rode to Mirror Lake, nestling among the "everlasting hills" and mirroring their giant forms on its calm surface, stopping on our way to gaze upon the bald sides of the Great North Dome, which towers above the valley to the height of thirty-seven hundred feet. To the southeast of the lake is the South Dome, the highest mountain in the valley, and by far the most beautiful and striking in outline. Almost one half of its great dome has split asunder, and at some remote age has fallen into the valley below.

"And now, papa," said Fannie, as we seated ourselves under the shade of the trees which fringe the lake, "you promised to tell us of the Legend of Tis-sa-ack. Is n't that the name of the South Dome?"

"Did I? Then of course I must keep my promise. The legend, as I have read it, is quite a long one; but I think I can give you the outlines.

"Far back in the dim ages of the past, Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah (for whom the projecting rock at the entrance of the valley is called) is said to have lived and flourished. Under his care the tribe prospered as at no other period. From his rocky crest he prayed to the Great Spirit, who sent the rain and the sun to ripen his crops. When he laughed the river rippled into smiles, and when he sighed the winds whispered it through the pines. He was straight as an arrow, and as swift of foot as the deer that bounded over the plains.

"One morning a vision appeared before him; a maiden sat upon the South Dome, not dusky as his people were, but with golden hair and eyes of blue. Cloud-like wings waved from her dimpled shoulders, and her voice was sweet and sad as she whispered, "Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah." Then she glided up the rocky dome and vanished from his sight. Quickly he sped after her, but the soft down from her wings was wafted into his eyes, and he saw her no more.

"Every morning did he wander in pursuit of her; each day he brought offerings and laid them on her dome; he gazed upon her form and into her eyes, but never again did her voice fall upon his ears. All his thoughts were now given to the maiden; and, wanting his care and without rain, the crops daily shrank away. Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah, dazzled by the beauty of Tis-sa-ack, saw not the change, but she mourned over the neglected valley, and, kneeling upon the gray mountain, besought the Great Spirit to bring its beautiful freshness back again. Then with an awful sound the granite dome opened under her feet, and the melted snows of the Sierra Nevada poured through the cleft gorge; quickly a lake was formed, and a river sent murmuring through the valley; the moisture crept through the parched soil, the flowers raised their heads, the corn waved, and the birds sang with delight. Tis-sa-ack, however, had disappeared forever, but that she might not be forgotten has left the lake, the river, and the riven dome."

The Yosemite Valley.

"And what became of Tu-toch-ah-nu-lah?"

"He is said to have wandered away in search of the lost maiden; but before leaving, with his huge hunting-knife he carved his features on the rock that bears his name, and where they are still to be seen high up above the valley."

"The moral, I suppose," said Mr. Carroll, "is that you must not fall in love when you have more important work on hand, which you young folks will please bear in mind."

That evening Mr. Carroll and Will went trout-fishing, while we strolled about gathering the wild-flowers, and staining our fingers and lips with the strawberries that grew in profusion at our feet.

"And this is our last day!" said Fannie, the next morning, as we went down to mount our horses. "I wish we could stay a month."

"I do, too," said Will. "I 'd like another fling at the trout; I bet I 'd catch some next time."

"We will be gone all day, won't we, papa?"

"I expect so, for I see the guide has provided lunch-baskets."

Caring little to converse, as we rode along our eyes drank in all the wondrous beauty and grandeur around us. The valley widened as we proceeded, and was dotted over with groups of oaks like some grand old park. To our right the perpendicular granite mountains, three thousand feet high, walled us in from the outer world, with whom we seemed to have lost all communion, and to live for nature only.

About two miles from Hutchings's we came to the south bank of the Merced, and soon after, leaving our horses, began scrambling over the rocks. Crossing a stream by a log bridge, up and on we climb till suddenly we catch a glimpse of the Vernal Fall, and soon we are enveloped in its spray.

"I wonder why it is called vernal!" said Will; "it is snowy white, and not green at all."

"But vernal only means belonging to the spring," said I, "and may not refer to its color. Perhaps this fall is more affected by the drought of summer than the others, and may in that sense *be* a Vernal Fall."

"I think Py-wi-ack, or Cataract of Diamonds, quite as appropriate," said my brother; "and the Indian names should be retained if possible."

"Look out for your feet!" called Will, who had started ahead with the guide.

"Mine are as wet as can be already," groaned Harriet. "O dear! have we got to climb those ladders?"

"Why, yes, my dear, and very fortunate are we to have them. Formerly travellers climbed to the top of these rocks with great difficulty by aid of ropes and fallen trees, and then you could not have seen the Nevada Fall at all."

"I wonder if the man who has charge of the ladders does not get tired of staying here. They say he even eats and sleeps here," said Will.

"Anything for money," rejoined Mr. Carroll.

"There, we are all up; let us rest on this rock and enjoy the view before we go farther," said the Colonel, — a proposition to which we gladly acceded.

After a short rest we proceeded on our way toward the Yo-wi-ye, or Nevada Fall, and soon were as near as the clouds of spray would permit us to approach to this most glorious waterfall.

"See, Aunt Frances, when it gets partly down how it spreads out like a sheet of silvery lace!"

"Yes," said Mr. Carroll. "It looks as if an Undine might have vanished here, and left her draperies behind her."

After our lunch had been despatched Mr. Carroll, Will, and one or two gentlemen who had joined our party from the hotel, left us to ascend the Cap of Liberty, the majestic rock that juts out on the north side of the fall.

"I wish I could go with you," said Fannie, with a sigh.

The Ladders.

"I wish so, too," said Will, "but I will tell you all about it when I get back this evening." And soon we saw them threading their way up the rough ascent, while we returned leisurely down the valley to Hutchings's.

Early next morning we were off by way of the Mariposa trail on our return home.

"It will be hard to go back to every-day life again, won't it, Aunt Frances?" said Fannie, as we stopped at Inspiration Point to take one long, lingering, farewell gaze into that wondrous valley, whose image will rest lovingly in our hearts forever.

Aunt Frances.

NOTE. Although the preceding sketch has been written from the author's own recollections of the Yosemite Valley, she acknowledges her obligations to Mr. J. M. Hutchings's "SCENES OF WONDER AND CURIOSITY IN CALIFORNIA," which, by its clear descriptions and admirable illustrations, is well calculated to revive in the tourist delightful memories of that marvellous land. It is a volume full of information pleasantly conveyed; and to persons wishing to get charming glimpses of the "Yosemite," the "Big Trees," the caves, geysers, and other curiosities of California, — and especially as a guide-book, — it is highly recommended. Published by A. Roman & Co., New York and San Francisco.

"VOICES OF THE NIGHT."

I. In Town.

WHEN city roofs are thrilled with heat,
And nights grow sultry, late in June;
When the sounds of wheels and hurrying feet
Die faintly in some far-off street,
And over the silvered spire the moon
Lets her large crescent droop, and soon
Midnight sounds from the shadowy steeple,
And dreams fly down to the slumbering people;
When in my fiery attic I
Under the hot tiles gasping lie,
With windows wide to catch the beeeze
From distant hillsides cool with trees,
Till, fancy-led, I too at last
The blissful gate of sleep have passed;—
Then suddenly on my neighbor's roof
Two gray grimalkins, brickbat-proof,
By bottle and poker undismayed,
Begin their terrible serenade:

"Miow-miow! miow-miow!
Miow-yow-yow-yow! miow-yow-yow-yow!"

Night after night, and all night long,
I 'm wearied by their hideous song.
I 'm going to the country now, —
I 'll hear no more of their "miow-yow-yow!"

II. In the Country.

When country lanes are turning brown,
And the September nights grow cool,
And I have seen my neighbor Brown
Returning with the girls to town;
When the moon rises, red and full,
Reflected in the glimmering pool;
And in my chamber under the willow
At nine o'clock I seek my pillow,
While the unthinking katydid
Is scolding, in the dark boughs hid;
And now some stray mosquito comes
About my ears, and softly hums;
I cover my head, tuck up my nose,
And sink at last to sweet repose; —

Then under my open window, hark!
The landlord's dog begins to bark;
Before his kennel, one dreadful tune
He howls all night to the Man in the Moon:
"Bow-wow! bow-wow!
Bow-wow-wow-wow! bow-wow-wow-wow!"

Wherever I go, I 'm sure to find
I can't have all things to my mind.
I 'll hurry back to the city now,
And bid good by to his "bow-wow-wow!"

Augustus Holmes.

ON GUARD.

"FORTY whole dollars!" Alice said, looking at the crisp, fresh bank-notes lying in Ann's lap. "You never can spend it all, Ann. You can buy you a watch and a pink silk dress and — O, everything!"

"The likes o' me in a pink silk dress!" said Ann. "No, it 's better than that I 'll do with it. It 's land I 'll be buying; a quarter section maybe."

"What do you want of land?" Johnny questioned, as Alice nodded her head till every curl danced. "You don't want to go and live by yourself, do you?"

"Of course she does n't," said Alice; "she 'll have a house, and big Dennis will live with her. Won't he, Ann?"

"It 's no big Dinnis I want," said Ann, looking rather guilty. "Why should n't I live by myself, thin?"

"But you would n't want to go away from us, would you?" Alice asked, reproachfully. "After you 've been here so long, and all?"

"No, I would n't thin," said Ann. "But there 's no harm in having the land. It can't break nor be stolen like as if I put it in a bank. There it 'll be the same as money any day, an' I 'll have an estate to myself, an' my own hands to thank for it."

"Maybe you 'll find another calf and sell that," Johnny said.

"No such luck," said Ann, rising. "Now I 'll go an' put this away with the rest. It 's near milking-time."

"Let me come too," Alice said, following on to Ann's room, opening from the kitchen and overlooking the orchard.

Ann took an old family Bible from her closet and laid each bill carefully between the leaves, putting it back on the top shelf.

"If thieves was thick as blackberries, which they is n't," she said, "not one o' them would open a book to find money, let alone a Bible."

"That 's so," Johnny said, confidently; "they don't like to have much to do with a Bible, I guess."

Nobody saw two eyes which looked eagerly in for a moment and then disappeared as Ann went into the kitchen and the children returned to their play in the barn. Nor did they notice the faint rustle in the cow-house, or feel that the same sharp eyes watched them between the boards of an old stall at the very end where straw was piled in for the cow's bedding. Mr. Carter came up from the field presently, as the first bell rang for supper, and stopped for a moment as he passed the barn.

"Yes, if it is pleasant to-morrow," Alice heard him say in answer to some question from Winthrop, and ran out at once.

"O papa! are you going to take us all? Ann and everybody?"

"All but one who must stay to keep house," Mr. Carter answered. "You did last time, Alice, so it is Johnny's turn now."

"O, dear! I wish houses could keep themselves, papa," Johnny groaned. "You won't be gone all day, will you?"

"Till late afternoon my boy. We must get in our winter supplies, for soon the creek will be so swollen we cannot cross the ford. You shall go next day when we haul them home." Johnny brightened up at once, and began to plan what should be done in the hours he would spend alone; and the family went in. Milking-time passed, the great barn doors were shut, and nobody saw the dark figure which later in the evening dropped from a little window of the stable and skulked away through the orchard, muttering, — "All alone all day! Could n't have come round better."

Now forty dollars will not seem very much to you, but it was a great deal to Ann, who worked hard for all she earned in Mr. Carter's family, and to whom this was just so much clear gain beyond her yearly income. And this is how it came to her. Three years before an emigrant wagon, bound with several others still farther West, camped all night on the great Illinois prairie, in the midst of which was Mr. Carter's section of land. The Vermilion River ran close by, a stream full of rapids and deep holes and treacherous quicksands. Supposing the ford perfectly safe, the owner of the foremost wagon did not untie the cow following behind, but drove in carelessly, to find his horses, in a moment off their feet and struggling in the swift current. How they got across at last he could not have told, but when the screaming children were safe on the other side, the poor cow was found to be dead, strangled by the rope which had wound about her neck. The calf, only a day old, had been lifted into a wagon behind, and the owner, discouraged at the loss of the mother, went on next morning, leaving the little thing by the camp-fire. Here Ann found it in the afternoon, almost dead, and in her own strong arms took it home and fed it with warm milk. Nobody thought it could live; but Ann's baby, as Alice called it, after a month or two, wherein it seemed daily dying, turned about and grew as if to make up for lost time. In a year there was no finer heifer among all Mr. Carter's cattle, and when by and by she began to give milk, the neighbors all declared it was as good as their cream. Farmers came to see her, and Ann in time found that her nursling was a Devon, and worth more than any cow in the neighborhood. The calves were in demand all about, and the money you know

about was the second forty dollars Ann had received and laid away in the old Bible. Big Dennis, the head man on the farm, looked upon her as an heiress, and was ready at any time to begin housekeeping in the way talked of by Alice; but Ann, like many another heiress, was afraid he loved her money better than herself, and still held back from answering his question.

Johnny rode with them next morning as far as the ford, and watched the wagon safely through, wondering meantime where the bridge had gone, which in the spring freshet had floated off.

"Don't go far from the house!" his father called at the last moment.

"All right!" Johnny shouted back, almost wishing something would happen so that he could ring the big bell, and call Dennis and the other men from the distant field where they were ploughing for winter wheat. Then he walked slowly up to the house, going into every room and banging every door hard as he came out. It seemed very lonely and silent, though the sun streamed in and everything looked just as usual. But Johnny had his own plans, and, going to the barn, he picked out two big pumpkins and carried them into the kitchen, stopping a moment to watch big Dennis, who had come up for a spade.

"There is a wagon on the prairie, camping," he said. "I wonder it don't go on, such a fine day as it is."

"Maybe there is somebody sick," Johnny said, remembering the baby that had died near the camping-ground a year before.

"I 'll go over at noon an' ax them," Dennis said, walking away.

Johnny lugged his pumpkins to the kitchen, sat down on the floor, and was soon busy digging them out for Jack-o'-lanterns.

It was hard work, but he refreshed himself by thinking how fine they would look, one each side of the great gate, when all came home. Once or twice he looked up, thinking he heard a sound as if somebody were trying to open a window; but those in the kitchen were wide open, and Ann's, he knew, was fastened down by a big nail. The pumpkins were hollowed out, and Johnny was intent upon the eyes, when a step behind made him jump up and cry out, as he was caught and held tight by a dark gypsy-looking lad, seventeen or eighteen. Johnny screamed loudly, but in a moment was silenced by a handkerchief stuffed into his mouth and another tied over it.

"That 'll keep you quiet long enough, I reckon," said the boy, looking around uneasily, as if fearful some one might come. "Now, you little varmint, you see that knife! If you stir or move, I 'll cut your throat as easy as I 'd cut a pigs. I know what I want, and I 'll help myself."

Johnny kept his place on the floor, half choked, but so frightened he could not stir; while the boy, first bolting the kitchen door so that no one could come in that way, and fastening down the windows, went into Ann's room, took out the nail and opened the window, from which he could step at once into the orchard, and then turned to the closet. The upper shelf was too high for him, and, after reaching up for a moment, he brought a chair; mounting upon that, he threw down the various bags and bundles which Ann had piled over the old Bible, till he had it in his hand and began to turn over the leaves.

Now the door of this closet had been taken from a log house used in the old Indian days, and had not only lock and key, but two heavy bolts at top and bottom, never used now, to be sure, but strong as ever. And as Johnny sat there, his senses and courage coming back, he saw what should be done, and did it at once. With a bound so sudden that the thief had not time to turn, he dashed into the room, threw himself against the door, and turned the key. Then, as a kick came which might have burst the lock alone, he shot the lower bolt, climbed into a chair and did the same by the upper one, and then, dropping from Ann's window, ran like mad to the field where Dennis was at work, tearing off the handkerchief as he went.

"Go to the house!" was all he could gasp, when once in the field; and Dennis, thinking it must be fire, ran, with the three men after him.

Johnny sat down in a furrow a moment to recover himself, then sprang up and after them.

"You 'll have to get in at the window!" he shouted, as Dennis, finding the kitchen door locked, ran around the house. "Ann's window is open! Look in the closet!" he added, as Dennis, pausing outside to hear the storm of kicks and blows on the door, turned to the men and remarked, as he jumped in, "Shure an' the divil himself is shut up in Ann's room! Whativer ye are, ye 're in an' can't get out," he went on; "so, Johnny, me boy, there 's time enough for you to be tellin' what it is.

"It 's not I that 'll be lettin' ye out!" he shouted, with a responsive kick on the door, when Johnny had finished his story. "Be asy now, honey! Ye 'll get all ye want when the masther comes, an' in the mane time we 'll have a quiet pacable time kaping ye company outside. For fear, though, ye may make flinders of Ann's clothes, I 'll just tie ye a bit."

That was a scene, when Dennis opened the door, and the four men were kept busy for a few moments, while he wound the rascal up with two clothes-lines, and Johnny danced and screamed with excitement. Then Dennis laid him back among the bundles, picked up the money and Bible, and again bolted the door. Mrs. Catly, who had seen the men running, came over. Johnny, crying now hysterically, was placed in her care till his mother should come home, and was at once put to bed and fed with catnip-tea. But he was up again when at five o'clock the big wagon drove into the yard, and in the children's excitement lived it all over again. The emigrant wagon was nowhere to be seen, and it was not till some weeks afterward, when the boy was brought up for trial, that he confessed to having stolen away from it, intending to rob Mr. Carter's hen-house, and, hiding in the shed, had seen the money which tempted him.

Johnny at once became a hero in the neighborhood, and indeed in Ottawa, too, where he had to go as witness. But the proudest day of all was that on which the whole trial appeared in the county paper; and Johnny felt that Napoleon Bonaparte was small, and Wellington a cipher, when compared with him. He is older and wiser now, and yet I doubt if he will ever do a braver thing than his run against the door on that September day.

Helen C. Weeks.

KATYDID.

A TWILIGHT STORY.

"O, what did Katy do?
Pray tell me true.
For oft at twilight hour,
In woodland bower,
These simple words I hear,
Strong and clear:
'Katy did! She did! She did!'
From something in the branches hid.

"Was Katy young and fair,
Of beauty rare?
Or wrinkled, old, and gray?
Who can say?
Some deed of love did she,
Or charity?
Or was it else some act forbid,
That 'Katy did, she did, she did'?"

"'KATYDID! Katydid!'" cried Bessie. "'She did! She did!' I wonder what they are always saying that for! It is enough to put anybody out of patience! Their words are so plain, and they seem so earnest about the matter, I can't help trying to guess what it was, and sometimes I open the window and call out, 'Do pray tell, or else stop talking about it!'"

"I suppose the birds and butterflies know," Natty remarked.

"Yes," said Uncle Joe, "they may have and probably do have some knowledge on the subject, but the grasshoppers are the only ones out of the family that know all the particulars. The first Katydid married a grasshopper for his wife. The circumstances were quite peculiar. She was not his first love."

"But how came you to know?" asked all the children.

"Why, I read a poem about it once, written in a foreign language, and though not able to tell the story in verse, English verse, I might give the account in plain prose, if you could come down to that. It may not be entirely true, and it happened, if it happened at all, over a thousand years ago. Those of you who don't care to hear things in plain prose, and which happened, if they happened at all, over a thousand years ago, and which may not be entirely true, have leave to go in. The rest of us will sit here upon the piazza till the moon rises. All will remain? That is good. But draw close, for I have to speak of a young *Troll*, a *Troll Prince*. You must have heard that in the long, long ago there were little underground people, called Trolls, not much taller than a pipe-stem, who lived in hills, and who came out at night, all dressed in green, to frolic by moonlight. Draw closer around; it is said they are dead and gone now, still it is well to speak softly as, if any are left alive, this is the likeliest hour for them to be about and listening.

"The story goes that in that long, long ago the king of the Trolls had an only son, whom he loved with all his heart. This little Troll Prince, having had always everything that he cried for, began at last to cry for a mortal child to play with. So one night, when the moon was at the full, the king sent out his chief musicians with their fiddles, to sit upon the hillside and play fine tunes, hoping some mortal child might listen and be made to dance

to their music. For whoever danced to the music of the Trolls was obliged to dance after them wherever they might lead.

"The Prince hid among the ferns to watch while the music played. And it happened that a little maiden passed that way, a very tiny maiden, who was so lovely that the musicians nearly stopped their playing to gaze at her.

"And truly this pretty, delicate creature was fair to behold. Her cheeks were rose pink, her lips strawberry red, her eyes violet blue. She had fine, silky hair, like the web we see upon the leaves in the morning. It curled like grape tendrils, and floated about her like a golden cloud.

"Hearing the music, she smiled joyfully, and moved her little feet in time to it, swinging her gypsy hat. But just at that moment the cock crew, and the musicians vanished instantly, according to the orders of their king. The little Prince, however, could not leave the pretty maiden so. O no, he remained, and presently, stepping out from among the ferns, he said, 'Good morning, pretty maiden. I am a Troll Prince. How sweetly you smile! What is your name? Where do you stay?'

"'Good morning, little Troll Prince,' she answered. 'What a pretty green suit you have! My name is Katy. I stay at the mill. What makes your voice so hoarse?'

"'It is from living under ground in the damp,' said he. 'We all speak so. Will you play with me?'

"'With all my heart,' said she.

"Now this lovely maiden was not really a mortal child, but the daughter of an Elf. Her mother, some years before, stole the miller's babe from its cradle and placed her own child there, that it might be nourished with a mortal mother's milk, and also that it might be sprinkled with holy water and receive the blessing of a priest in the temple, hoping that the child by becoming in part human, would, like human beings, be endowed with a soul. It was owing to her Elf-nature that the maiden had the power of perceiving the Prince, as the *Hillfolk* were seldom visible to mortal eyes. She happened to be, just then, on her way home from a fairy revel, having spent the night with her kindred in dancing round the ring, and was quite ready to stop and play with the Troll. But just as the two were joining hands to skip along the woodpath together, they heard a strange laugh. Not 'Ha! ha! ha!' nor 'He! he! he!' but 'Haw! haw! haw!' deep and grum. It was the laugh of an Ogre.

"The Prince and his little maiden were frightened, and tried to hide themselves among the ferns. But the Ogre very soon discovered them, and reached out his long arms to clutch the pretty child. Our Prince, however, being the son of a king, was brave and bold. He stepped gallantly forward, holding up a dandelion by its long stem to protect her, which so amused the Ogre that he laughed again, 'Haw! haw! haw!' deep and grum.

"'Come with me,' he said, and placed them in his dinner-basket very tenderly. For, having been born on Sunday, he was quite soft-hearted, considering to what race he belonged, and commonly went by the name of *the Gentle Ogre*. The story goes on to tell how the charms and the sweet

disposition of the lovely maiden so delighted him, that, by the time he arrived at his den, he had determined to adopt her as a daughter. The spry little Troll, he thought, would do very well for a servant. Stopping at the entrance, he called out to his wife, 'Wife, I have here a beautiful child!'

"'Tender, I hope. Very well. I will hang the pot over.'

"The Ogress was ugly to look at, and was bent nearly double by stooping over to gather herbs for the making of her witch-powders.

"'O no. No, no. None of that!' said the Ogre. 'I am going to adopt her. She speaks softly and smiles sweetly, and has even stroked my beard. This is pleasant.'

"'Bah!' cried his wife, who, being a witch, was born on Friday, and who had an ugly temper. 'Bah! And what bunch of bones is this?'

"'That is the Prince of the Trolls. He can polish stones and look for jewels under ground.'

"'Bah!' cried the old witch, 'wait and see! wait and see! And what can this other do? She must work and shall!'

"'Why must she work?' asked the Gentle Ogre.

"'Because it will be for her good, and because she shall! That's why!'

"'And what shall she do?'

"'Scour the trenchers, mind the geese, card the wool, feed the cosset lamb, fetch the water, milk the goat, and dip the rushes in candle-grease.'

"'Ah, well!' he sighed. 'No doubt it will be for her good.' For his wife, being a witch, could easily persuade him.

"Now, every morning the Ogre took his club and dinner-basket, and walked off to attend to his affairs. And the old witch, after locking up the pantry, also walked off to gather bitter herbs, leaving the two children heavy tasks to perform, and a cross, dried-up old Grandfather Ogre to watch them. The Troll had a high heap of stones piled before him, and was ordered to work every day from morning to night, until he had polished them diamond-bright. If not enough stones were polished by evening to satisfy the old witch, she made his bed of prickles that night. And, as if this were not enough, he was obliged to pick the prickles himself off the herbs she brought home. Neither the Troll nor his little maiden dared complain to the Ogre, for the witch threatened that if they did they should sit in the chimney, half-way up, and breathe smoke.

"But for all these two had such a hard time of it, they did have the happiness of meeting now and then, through the day, to talk and plan and weep together. And both agreed that upon arriving at a proper age they would marry each other and go to housekeeping, and live happily all their lives!

"'And the Gentle Ogre shall warm himself at our fire,' the little Troll would say at the end, 'and eat of our broth. But old Crosspatch shall be tied to the doorpost, and drink the juice of her own bitter herbs!'

"Now it happened that the Ogre's wife, coming home early one night, overheard this speech, and ever after that she nearly starved the poor Troll, and made him live entirely on bitter herb-tea. And he grew so thin that the bones nearly slipped out of his skin.

"And upon the little maiden she laid tasks hard to be borne, hoping to make her cross and fretful, that there might be excuse for punishing her. But the child took bad treatment without complaint, and was so patient, so cheerful, that the old witch hated her more and more every day. But as for the Gentle Ogre he liked her better than ever. Every night, upon arriving home, he would say to the Troll, whose business it was to meet him outside the den and wipe his dusty feet, — he would say to the Troll, —

"'Well, you fellow in green, where is my Katy? Has she done her task to-day? Has she scoured the trenchers, minded the geese, and carded the wool? Has she fed the cosset lamb, fetched the water, milked the goat, and dipped the rushes in candle-grease?'

"And the Troll would lift his green cap and say, 'Yes, Gentle Ogre,' or 'Yes, your Highness.' For the Ogre, being short and broad, liked to be called 'your Highness.' Then Katy would run in from the goat-shed, and the Ogre would take her upon his knee, and smile upon her with a very big smile, on account of having a very big mouth. And if in remarkably good humor he would let the Troll stand in one of his huge hands, and then, bending down his long fingers, he would let him file the finger-nails, laughing meanwhile, to see how hard the little fellow worked. At these times the three were quite happy together. But the old witch took her stand behind, and shook her fist at the little maid, and would have bewitched her, only that she had no power over one who had been sprinkled with water from the sacred fountain.

"One night she sat up in bed and said to her husband, 'My dear, children should be punished. It is good for them. It will be good for our little maiden.'

"'Time enough when she deserves it!' growled the Ogre, turning over.

"The child's evening prayer was still sounding in his ears, which was the reason why his wife had then no power over him. So she could only jerk off her nightcap by its peaked crown and thrash it against the bed-post. But after that she lay down and planned a secret plan.

"Something must be done. For though in other matters the Gentle Ogre could easily enough be managed, yet wherever Katy was concerned the Ogress found her magic spells of no effect. Very provoking was this, and very puzzling. She could not understand that it was just the simple goodness of the child which prevented all this witchcraft from working.

"What the old witch planned will now appear. Coming home early one afternoon, with her bundle, she smiled upon the Troll in passing by, then stopped, and said to him, 'My fine fellow, do you like plum-dumpling?'

"'Yes, indeed!' he cried. And his mouth watered so that some drops ran down upon his green coat!

"'I thought as much,' said she. 'Now, when my husband comes, if you will answer his questions the way I am going to tell you, you shall have a whole plum-dumpling.' And, taking him aside, she whispered the answers.

"'No!' cried the Troll. 'Never! I will not wrong my Katy so!'

"The old witch said no more, but very soon set the dumpling a boiling,

and then, being careful to leave the pot-cover off, went out where the Troll was at work, and said to him, with a smile, '*Only for once.*'

"The hungry Troll smelled the dumpling boiling afar off in the den, — for Trolls have a keen smell, — and answered, faintly, '*Only for once.*'

"That night, when the Ogre returned, he asked the usual questions, — 'Where is my Katy? Has she done her task? Has she scoured the trenchers, minded the geese, and carded the wool? Has she fed the cosset lamb? Has she fetched the water, milked the goat, and dipped the rushes in candle-grease?'

"Then the Troll hung down his head, and gave the answers as he had promised.

"'She must be punished!' cried the Ogress. 'She deserves it! She deserves it!' For the Ogre, to pacify his wife, had agreed that as soon as the child deserved punishment she should get it. 'Now she deserves it!' cried the Ogress.

"'Ah, well!' sighed the Gentle Ogre, with tears in his eyes. 'But I have n't the heart to do it!'

"'Bah!' cried the old witch. 'I have the heart to do it, and will!'

"She went immediately out to the goat-shed, and punished the little maiden cruelly, and shut her up in a cave.

"And then, as the poem expresses it, the wicked little Troll became a sorry little Troll, and wandered about weeping and moaning. At last, watching his chance, he crept softly to the cave and looked in, and there he saw the poor child lying upon the damp ground, pale and motionless. Her hands were clasped upon her breast. Her eyes were closed. Her lovely hair enveloped her like a shroud.

"'Katy! My darling! My darling!' he called. She made no answer. 'Alas!' he cried. 'Alas and alackaday, I never shall hear her voice again!'

"He ran far away from the spot, and, throwing himself down among the grass at the foot of a hill, cried bitterly. The moon was just rising. Hours after he was awakened from a long sleep by strains of mournful music, which filled all the air about him. It grew softer and fainter, and, as the last sad notes died away, he was startled by the sound of a familiar voice very near him. Looking up he saw his father, the King of the Trolls.

"'My son,' he said to the Troll Prince, 'the music you have just heard was our dirge over your lost truth.'

"'O father!' cried the Prince. 'My Katy is dead! I will come now, and live always with you!'

"'No,' answered his father, sorrowfully. 'One whose honor is stained can never be welcomed by the Trolls. Though a merry race, we are true. Your sufferings were permitted for a time because we wished to try you. A few more days, and the whole race of Trolls, Elves, and Fairies would have joined to set you free. Come back to us? My people would never consent. A fine king he would make, say they, who could sell his honor for a plum-dumpling. Your Katy is not dead, but you will never see her more, for the Elf-mother has charmed her away!'

"At this the Troll Prince ran quickly to the cave. It was empty. The Gentle Ogre sat weeping at the entrance. His wife sought to comfort him, saying, 'Don't regret. Don't regret. We are well rid of her. She was lazy. She never did her tasks.'

"Here the little Troll burst out in a fury. 'The old witch lies! I say, Katy did! She did! She did!' The Ogress turned black with rage. She seized the poor Troll before the words were fairly out of his mouth, threw a witch-powder over him, and, after repeating the words of a charm backwards, cried out, 'Become a mean grasshopper and live in the dirt!'

"But in her haste and her wrath one word was left out, so that he became, not quite a grasshopper, but a pretty little green creature, and, instead of hopping in the dirt, flew into a tree which hung over the den.

"He retained not only his color, but his hoarse voice, and every night, at the twilight hour, mournful feelings came over him, and he would repeat the words he was speaking at the moment of his change, which were the only ones he could remember, —

"'Katy did! She did! She did!'

"And thus every evening the heart of the Gentle Ogre was wounded afresh. He sighed and moaned and pined away, and at last died of grief. And from his grave sprang the gnarled oak. I have heard that beautiful things are made from the wood of these trees.

"As for the Ogress, those few simple words, heard every night, just at the hour the wrong was committed, made her so angry that one evening she climbed the tree with a pinch of witch-powder between her thumb and finger, determined to change the provoking creature into a beetle, that he might have to live under ground.

"But, being just the color of the foliage, he was hard to find. He hopped higher and higher, calling out every moment from behind the leaves, 'Katy did! Katy did!'

"This so enraged the old witch that she expired in a fit of wrath, and, being too crooked to drop through, she lodged in the branches and there waved in the breezes till she dried up and blew away. And her dust turned to sand-fleas.

"The little green creature never forgot those twilight words, and from repeating them so constantly came at last to be called a *Katydid*. He wooed a pretty green grasshopper to become his bride, and they became in time the parents of a numerous family, and the founders of a race.

"And if among them, as with us, stories are handed down from generation to generation, I have no doubt that this tradition of the Lost Elf Maiden has been preserved, and that the Katydids of the present day still relate to their children the story of the Troll, their ancestor, who sold his honor for a plum-dumpling. Or else, why do they still, at the twilight hour, climb high among the tree-tops and repeat that same old cry, which at this moment we hear ringing around us, —

"'Katy did! She did! She did!'"

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

CLAM-CHOWDER.

'T WAS long years ago, yet I plainly remember
How, furnished with "fixin's" by anxious mammas,
A lot of us boys, one day in September,
Sailed off down the bay with cheers and hurrahs.
The object of this demonstration was chowder,
And I rather conclude that we made one that day
That excelled, as a chowder, any previous chowder
That ever was made on the shores of the bay.

What lots of hard crackers we put in that chowder!
And clams, with their heads off, potatoes, and pork,
And salt, I believe, and pepper in powder,
And how we kept fishing out "junks" with a fork,
To see if 't was time to "tackle" that chowder
And under our jackets to stow it away;
For we hungered for chowder, old Puritan chowder,
Such chowder as only is made down the bay.

'T was not like those chowders you make in a kitchen,
Little one-horse affairs, fit to make a boy sick;
That was made on the beach, — and our spoons, how bewitchin'!
Each made of a clam-shell fixed into a stick.
And when we 'd at last got outside of that chowder,
We bunked in the seaweed the rest of the day,
And dreamed about chowder, delicious clam-chowder,
Till the shadows of twilight came down on the bay.

I 've been to the land where the "heathen Chinee"
Makes his dinner on bird's-nests and rats and such trash;
I have eaten "square meals" in this land of the free,
Consisting of sausages, mince-pie, and hash;
But there 's no use in talking, — such victuals and chowder
Should never be mentioned upon the same day.
Because, you remember, the Pilgrims by chowder
Were saved from starvation down there in the bay.

Now the boys are all gone who helped make that clam-chowder,
To the North and the South, to the East and the West,
And I only remain; so I 'll raise my voice louder
On this solemn occasion, and speak for the rest;
And, to close, as I happened to speak about chowder,
With tears in my eyes I can honestly say
That of all the clam-chowders, the greatest clam-chowder
Was that *chowder* of chowders we made down the bay.

J. S. A.

KITE-TIME.

"FATHER, what makes the kite *go up?* The wind almost always blows things *down.* Why don't it blow the kite down?"

"So it will, my boy, unless the kite be well made and well balanced; then the wind, striking the under side of it, forces it upwards, while the string keeps it from blowing away. As it rises, it begins at once to make its way *against the wind*, impelled by the wind itself; curious, is n't it? On the same principle ships 'beat,' that is, sail against the wind; not directly against it, you understand, but obliquely; the sails being set so as to receive the wind slantingly on one side, while the keel acts like the kite-string, to prevent the vessel from drifting away. The string is held by the boy's hand, and the keel is held in its position by the water through which it rushes."

I don't know that "my boy" clearly understands this explanation, but he thinks he does, and it answers very well for his little head, until it is big enough to take in the philosophical theory of the "resolution of forces." Then he will see plainly demonstrated the reason why the kite and the ship move against the very force which is exerted upon them.

The kite was a great wonder to me when I was a boy, as no doubt it is to most children. Before I had one of my own I used to think that it had the power of flying away like a bird, and that the use of the string was simply to hold it a prisoner. Then I found that, but for this restraint, it

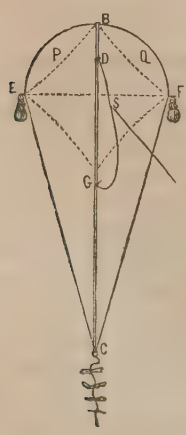
would n't fly at all, — very much like certain obstinate people, who never show much energy of action except when they are opposed.

Kite-time comes at almost any season of the year when the weather is favorable; but in my boyhood September was considered the "great month" for kites. Then the weather is usually cool and windy, without being so cold and blustering as in March. What delight it was, on some beautiful afternoon, to bring our kites to an open field or treeless hill, shake out their long, rustling tails, and send them up proudly into the sky! Then he who had the largest kite and the longest string was the "best feller." What times we had providing ourselves with string! Every bit of twine about the house on which a boyish hand could be laid was levied upon, to add to the ball, until it was found that all beyond a certain length, for the ordinary kite, was more a hinderance than a help, in consequence of the string's sagging from its own weight.

But if the kite was large and well made, and the wind strong, it was fun to "let her up!" Sometimes two or more kite-owners would unite their strings, just to see what one kite would do. What pleasure it was to see it soaring far, far away, up, up, up, almost into the clouds, and to feel it tugging at the twine! Then if the twine broke, what a catastrophe! What a chase across the country for the runaway kite, which was perhaps found lodged in the branches of some tall tree! A complete wreck, maybe; then it was abandoned, and our efforts were aimed at saving as much as possible of the string and tail.

The kite is not a plaything for boys only; why should not their sisters join them in the sport? The skill and exercise required to keep the kite in the air, the lifting, the running, the dodging of obstacles, — all this is as exhilarating and useful to girls as to boys.

Nearly every school-boy knows how to make the common kite, with a frame of three straight sticks crossing each other, or he knows some one who can teach him. But the way to make the more graceful sort, such as we see so often in pictures, is not so well understood. For one of these, choose first for the centre-piece or upright of your frame a flat, lath-shaped stick (a good lath itself may do) of the required length, say six feet. (B C, in the figure). Point the top, and fit into a crease cut below it a strip of light cane, which must be firmly bound to the upright (notched for the purpose) by stout thread wound about them. The cane is to form the bow (E B F), which, after being carefully bent, is held in its place by the cords E F, E C, and F C. The frame may be still further strengthened by fastening the cords P, Q, etc. (dotted lines), firmly to the ends of the bow and to the upright.



The frame complete, pains having been taken to make it perfectly symmetrical, it remains to be covered. Newspapers will answer for this purpose, though cloth may

be preferable, especially for a large kite. Newspapers can be pieced by pasting the edges together. Trim them to a shape a little larger than the kite, leaving just margin enough to be turned over the bow and side strings and pasted neatly down. The ends of the cord G D are to be passed through holes made in the cover and in the upright, and made fast by knots at the back of the kite. To this cord the kite-string is to be attached. At the sides E and F long paper tassels are hung; and now for the tail.

Upon this will depend the flying qualities of the kite. Be sure and give it sufficient length, — say twelve times that of the kite, — and have it well provided with "bobs." Boys seldom give their first kites more than half enough tail, and so they are subject to constant dipping and diving. Have patience, Young Folks, in experimenting with the tail and the fastening of the string to the kite at S, which it often takes a little skill to adjust.

There have been some famous kites. You all remember how Benjamin Franklin was once drawn across a pond by one, while a boy carried his clothes around to the other side, where he came out of the water after a delightful trip; and how by means of another he afterwards drew down lightning from the clouds. A kite has been invented for communicating between a stranded ship and a lee shore. And it is by means of a kite that suspension bridges over impassable chasms have been begun, — like one of those across the Niagara; the kite taking over the string, which is followed by a cord, which draws after it the rope, which leads the way for the wire cable and the whole marvellous fabric.

George Aspenwall.

TED'S "WOODCHUCK."

TED is a seven-year-old neighbor of mine, — a country neighbor, I mean, — living about a quarter of a mile off. His father is away from home the most of the time, and his mother is of no account, one of the woebegone sort. "She got discouraged," as her neighbors say, very early in life, and has kept discouraged ever since. As a natural consequence her health is rather poor. So, between them, Ted goes and comes and does about as he has a mind to. All he has to do to retain possession of his liberty is to keep out of sight. Nice way to bring up a boy! at least, the boy thinks so. But the neighbors shake their heads over Ted. The fact is, he has got to be a perfect little Bohemian already, and is on the high road to become a thoroughbred neighborhood pest and imp generally.

He owns a dog, Pincher, so very much like his master that together they make a comical picture of small-sized vagabondism. How the two live I really cannot imagine. Nobody can. But they do live somehow, and prowl about continually.

All through the fall my grandfather's orchard has been subject to little

Ted's depredations, especially one "sweet tree" standing temptingly near the line fence. The little rogue knows he could have all the apples he wants by just coming to the house and asking for them; but it suits him better to jump over the wall and help himself.

There have also been two other little poachers on the "sweet tree" during the fall. I give their photographs in the accompanying cut. Perhaps some of the boys may recognize them. Others may make as great a mistake as Ted did in taking them for woodchucks. They are sly, though rather stupid little chaps, who generally live on frogs, bugs, worms, small snakes, etc. But they cannot resist mellow, sweet apples. Who can? So nights, and sometimes by day, they steal down from the ledges on the mountain-side above the orchard to try the apples.

I do not exactly know how it happened, but it did so happen, that Ted and Pincher, on one of their sly raids, fell afoul of these two latter marauders. One was on the ground munching an apple, but the other had climbed the tree and was high up in the top. Ted and Pincher came upon them unawares. One would think there ought to have been mutual respect between them. But there was n't. Pincher rushed after the one on the ground, chasing him over the wall and under a large rock. Ted began to pelt the one in the tree.

The ground about the tree is not in sight from grandfather's yard; only the top of the tree is visible. I heard the barking, and, seeing something moving about in the top, guessed what was the trouble. Every minute or two Ted would run up through the orchard to higher ground to see if any one was coming down from the house, and, finding all quiet, would run back to resume the attack. Feeling interested to know how he would come out with his quilly little rival, I went up stairs to where a chamber window commanded a view of the miniature battle-ground, and, taking an old *lorgnette* belonging to one of my girl cousins, began to watch them.

Ted was sending the stones and apples into the tree with all the strength of his reckless little arm. Pincher stood at the root, looking up and barking furiously, — *yap! yap! yap!* But the little black fellow in the top was evidently having the easiest time of the three. Ted's missiles fell short, almost as far as Pincher's yaps. All the while I could hear Ted "jabbering." Presently he stopped to take another look at the house. Then he and Pincher seemed to hold a council; and, as a result, Ted ran to fetch a long pole that stood in the old "bow-back" tree, where it had been used to knock off the "high ones."

The pole was a very formidable weapon; so, at least, the little black chap in the tree found it. Ted ran it carefully up through the branches and began to poke, once, twice. The clumsy creature tried to jump across to another limb, missed his clutch and came tumbling down, bumperty-bump, from limb to limb. Pincher was waiting for him. But when the queer little animal, all rolled up in a ball, fell down among the leaves before him, he dropped his tail and drew back.

"'S' take 'im, Pinch! 's' 's' take 'im!" shouted Ted, dropping the pole and dancing about. But Pinch thought he would rather not, and dodged behind Ted. "Shake 'im! Shake 'im, Pinch."

Pinch did n't want to, and ran round to the other side of the tree.

This unlooked-for piece of spoonyism so exasperated Ted that he caught Pincher by the ear, and after kicking him soundly with his little bare, gray foot, dragged him up and again bade him "'s' 's' take 'im."

Thus brought to the scratch, Pinch made a sudden dive, gave a quick shake, then let go and began to dig at his mouth. Ted looked from one to the other, not a little puzzled. Then, by way of investigating the matter, he gave the little bristly ball a kick with his foot, but immediately jumped back on the other and began to pluck at his toes. This done, however, he ran to the wall, and, taking off a stone, speedily pounded the life out of the little coiled-up ball. But poor Pincher was still digging at his chops. Ted took him in hand and began to pick too; and by way of doing it at better advantage he sat down flat on the ground with his legs apart, and, pulling Pincher down on his back between them, began to operate on his mouth.

Feeling curious to see the result, I went quietly down into the orchard. The little impromptu surgeon was so busy that he did n't hear.

"Ted, what in the world are you up to?" Ted looked up with a jump and a queer, distrustful blink. "What are you doing to Pincher?"

"I 'se gittin' the *hairs* out uv his mouth." And then, his tongue once unloosed, "I an' Pinch was a goin' by, an' we sawd a woodchuck up in your apple-tree."

"A woodchuck!"

"Ye'us. There was another on the groun'; he runned off. This un," pointing to the crushed carcass, "was in the tiptop o' the tree. I knocked 'im out with the pole. Pinch di' n't wanter tech 'im, he 's got sech awful stiff hairs. O, he 's got the stiffest hairs!" holding up a quill three or four inches long with an ugly black point. "Stuck all inter Pinchy's mouth."

"Ted, you little goose! Those are quills. That 's a *hedgehog*. Let 's see your foot."

Still sitting on the ground, Ted held it up. "They sticked into it. I 'se pulled 'em all out but un, though." But that *one* was buried fully half an inch in the ball of his great toe. I had to pull hard to get it out. And yet, this little seven-year-old chap had sat uncomplainingly down with that sharp quill in his toe to relieve Pincher first.

I helped clear Pincher's mouth, and advised *them* to steer clear of hedgehogs in future.

C. A. Stephens.

FROM FAMOUS BALLADS.

TEA had been over an hour or more, and the girls were scattered about the parlors or on the steps in the warm summer evening. No dark coats diversified the groups of grenadines and muslins. One might have thought that society in L—— was like Mary Howitt's parents, and "did not approve of boys"; the truth being that the young men were obliged to go forth, as from most inland villages, in search of a career, while the maidens found or awaited theirs at home.

Stars began to twinkle in the sky and fire-flies in the grass; within the lamps were lighted and the white curtains swayed in the soft air. "Come in, girls!" called Helen Meredith through the window. "We 're going to have some impromptu charades or tableaux or something to amuse ourselves."

There was a little discussion as Helen selected her troupe; excuses and begging off. "O, I can't act! You could never do anything with *me*." And replies, — "Yes, you can! Just as well as anybody, — better than anybody, — come on."

The folding-doors were closed, and the spectators, shut in the front parlor, awaited, so to speak, the rising of the curtain. Helen Meredith presently appeared, a book in her hand.

"Ladies," she said, saluting her audience, "we shall have the honor to present for your approval a few scenes from the favorite ballad of 'Young Lochinvar.'" And she began to read,

> "O, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,
> Thro' all the wide Border his steed was the best."

The folding-doors flew open and young Lochinvar pranced into the room. His steed was a broomstick, which he managed with spirit and elegance, curvetting twice or thrice around the apartment. Long, light locks flowed from under his cap and mingled with its sable plumes; a velvet jacket and dark small-clothes completed the costume. Loud applause and laughter greeted his entry.

"It 's Fan — Fan Meredith," shouted the girls. "Look at her!"

"That 's Fred's cap and Helen's ostrich feathers," said one.

"Yes," said another, "and the — pantaloons — belong to the gymnastic suit she had at V——."

"And I wonder what Miss —— would say, to see a graduate of V—— careering about in that style? *Would n't* she be horrified?"

"I think so, — there she goes!" And out at the hall-door went the dauntless young hero, while Helen continued her reading. As she ended the second verse the bridal party appeared, — Nettie Chase, the bride; her sister Rowena, the bridegroom; with the bride-maidens, the parents, "the kinsmen and brothers and all," a goodly group. At the words,

> "So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,"

young Lochinvar pranced in again, and, leaving his charger near the door, confronted the party. At the question,

"'O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'"

the bride's father, Mary Sewall, laid her hand on a large carving-knife in her belt, and glared haughtily at the youth; while Rowena, the bridegroom, looked "cravenly" down, and visibly shook as the scene proceeded.

"The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up,"

and it was beautiful to see the spirit with which he "threw down the cup" when his draught was finished. (It was luckily an old silver cup, which had already received so many bruises that a few more did not matter.) The bride "looked down to blush and looked up to sigh," according to the text, and at the words "Now tread we a measure!" the pair danced away together. The bride-maidens whispered and glanced, the father and mother frowned and gloomed, while the bridegroom "stood dangling" a sun-hat by the strings, with a most downcast and sheepish mien; when suddenly, "as they reached the hall-door and the charger stood near," young Lochinvar threw his arm about the fair lady, "swung" her to an imaginary "croupe," and with one last turn about the room to show off the "charger's" mettle, they dashed out, and the "presentment" was ended, amid the laughter and applause of all who witnessed it.

The reception of her first effort was so encouraging, that Helen Meredith soon marshalled her troupe for a second. Again the folding-doors were closed, and again the girls waited in smiling expectation. When at last the barriers slid back, a water-scene was disclosed. A breadth of green carpet lay along the floor, and on it stood a small wash-tub; in the tub sat Rowena Chase, with a clothes-stick in her hand by way of oar. A little farther back a green table-cover was thrown over a couple of ottomans, to represent a grassy bank. Helen came forward with her book, and began to read, —

"A chieftain to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry,'"

and at the words appeared a youthful pair, — Fanny Meredith, skilfully arrayed in a plaid blanket shawl, hurrying Nettie Chase along. Nettie was loaded down with boxes and bundles, and the chieftain himself bore a bird-cage and a bandbox. They approached the boatman, and, as Helen read, they held with him in pantomime an animated parley. The chief pointed to the green bank and to the lady, while the boatman in return directed attention to the frowning aspect of the ceiling, and the dangerous roughness of the water; for the green carpet, being shaken by an attendant at each end, now began to look a good deal agitated. At the words,

"'Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?'"

the pair embraced as well as they could, in view of their numerous bundles. This affecting spectacle overcame the boatman's scruples, and as Helen read,

"Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I 'll go, my chief, I 'm ready,'"

Rowena leaped from her tub and gallantly handed in the trembling fair;

then resumed her place, the chief bestowing himself as he could. It was a small tub, and the garments of the three overflowed on every side into the loch. At the line,

"By this the storm grew loud apace,"

the shakers at each end of the carpet worked with energy, and the waves rolled fierce and high. A sound was now heard in the distance (i. e. in the dining-room back of the parlors).

"Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.
'O, haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,"

and Nettie turned to the boatman, and with agonized looks besought his aid. Rowena was not slow to respond. She plied her clothes-stick manfully, but the storm was evidently too much for her. Just then on the green bank (of ottoman and table-cover) appeared Lord Ullin, — Mary Sewall in a waterproof cloak, thrown up over one arm to display the carving-knife gleaming in her belt, and a slouched (wide-awake) hat. He gazed wildly at the boat, the high, dashing waves, and the brave boatman, who still

"Rowed amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing."

As that "one lovely hand" was "stretched for aid," his anguish increased, and his frantic gestures implored them to return. "In vain!" the tub capsized; boatman and chief and lady were plunged into the raging loch. As "the waters wild went o'er his child," the shakers at either end cast the green carpet completely over the struggling mass, and "he was left lamenting" a brief instant; then the doors slid together, and all was over.

After such a tragedy it was cheering to find the victims sufficiently restored to partake of ice-cream and cake ten minutes later, as if nothing remarkable had happened; and to see that the vengeful parent's heart was so softened by the late peril, that he was on the best possible terms with all three.

Katherine F. Williams.

WILLIE.

I. Ebb Tide.

CURLY-HEADED Willie played upon the sands,
Heaping shining pebbles with his nut-brown hands, —
Little barefoot builder, dressed in homespun gray,
Rearing cities for the waves to wash away!

On the shell-paved bar, behind the ebbing tide,
Purple star-fish saw he in the shallows hide,
Prickly armed sea-urchins, more discreet than bold,
Drawing tangled weeds about them, fold on fold.

Barnacles, like roses springing from the rock,
Held their living dew-drops, through the breakers' shock;
Green and violet mosses fringed the rimy stone, —
Gold and amber-hued a stranded sun-fish shone.

From his stolen dwelling peered a hermit-crab, —
Ah! Sir Spoiler, better had your coat been drab!
Keen the waiting eyes of justice, — never more
Will you trail your scarlet through that narrow door!

Where the tide, a faithless warden, dropped his keys,
From their grotto gleamed the shy Anemones, —
Live mosaics studding all the sea-wet wall, —
Flowery pennants, waving as for festival!

Little wandering Willie, somewhat weary grown,
Leans, at last, his hatless head upon a stone,
Sun-lit curls lie golden like a tasseled sheaf, —
Hark! the turning tide moans on the sunken reef!

II. Flood Tide.

The fisher's wife looked from her door,
Across the shining sand,
Her eyes against the level light
Were shaded by her hand, —
She heard, like winds 'mid autumn leaves,
The bright waves lap the strand.

Undriven came the lowing cows
Along the winding way;
Her good man's boat against the wind,
Was tacking up the bay,
She saw him stand, with rope in hand,
And cast the sheet away.

What was it on the lengthening shore,
Her strained eyes sought in vain?
She stooped to turn the drying nets,
Then rose, and gazed again.
"He waits behind the rock," she smiled,
"To greet his father fain!"

Yet, while she spoke, his boat to land
Alone the fisher drew, —
The breaking tide-wave's flashing crest
Cut white across the blue,
And a brimless hat beside his feet,
The mocking waters threw.

Mary A. P. Humphrey.

THE DOG, THE CAT, AND THE PARROT.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

BOSE the dog, Tabitha the cat, and Poll the parrot were alone together.

Polly lived in a strong cage, and was expected to stay there, excepting when she was invited to come out. She was out now, certainly, and the cage-door stood open. She was a handsome bird, and a great talker, but vixenish.

Bose was a very good fellow, and a useful member of the family.

Tabby was a good cat, as cats go. She was fond of milk, and sometimes caught a mouse. She would fawn around you if you had a cookey in your hand, or fly at you with ten sharp claws if you chanced to tread on her tail. But she was well enough.

Bose and Tabby lived peacefully together. Not a "cat and dog's life" at all, but a friendly sort of life.

Polly was not a favorite with them. They two did well enough together, but "three is a crowd." Tabby often found it pleasant to mouse round Polly's cage, and pick up crumbs of cake or cracker, but Bose kept away.

Polly had tricks that were not agreeable. She would call, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" and when Tabby roused herself from a quiet nap and ran to see why she was wanted, Polly would salute her with a fierce "Scat!" followed by a mocking laugh.

And she whistled for Bose so that he was completely puzzled, and could not tell which was his mistress and which was Polly.

Bose and Tabby had been having a little discussion. There stood on the table a sugar-bowl, and some empty cups and saucers. Tabby had proposed to climb up on the table, and had made bold to put her forepaws on the edge of it, but Bose had said, "No, Tabby, not while I am here!"

Tabby knew there was no use in persisting if Bose once set his foot down against it, so she dropped the subject. There was nothing on the table but sugar, and she never ate that. She had thought, however, that there might be some small drops of milk in the cups. Now Bose was fond of sugar, but he was much too honorable to touch it without leave.

While Bose and Tabby were having their little talk, Polly had flown to the table and had helped herself to a lump of sugar, and was now sitting on the drop-light, talking comfortably to herself.

"Polly, Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly!"

"O the wretch!" said Tabby, in her cat language. "I have a mind to pull out her tail-feathers." Bose said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have objected; but his prejudices were so strong against Polly, that he felt almost willing to see her punished a little.

When Polly had eaten the sugar, she began to call in an enticing voice, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty!" and although Tabby had been deceived before,

she allowed herself to think that Polly might possibly have something for her this time; so she promptly obeyed the summons, and was rewarded with the usual "scat!"

"Pit-pit-meow!" said Tabby, as she jumped upon a chair and clawed at Polly's feathers.

Polly took no notice of her, but flew to the table for another lump of sugar. Tabby saw her opportunity, sprang after Polly, and seized her by the neck.

Bose rushed forward to separate them, and, being a clumsy fellow, in some way pulled table-cloth, cups, sugar, parrot, and cat to the floor.

Polly feebly muttered, "Polly wants a —" and then closed her eyes and hung her head. "O Tabby, what have you done!" said Bose, plainly as a dog could say it.

"I only meant to pull out her tail-feathers," said Tabby, "but now she is dead, I might as well eat her."

"*No!*" said Bose, "I forbid it. Bow-wow!"

Tabby again submitted, and, having carried poor Polly under the table, seated herself on the sofa-cushion, heartlessly washed her paws, and composed herself to sleep. Bose sat on the hearth-rug, mournfully gazing at the scene of the disaster, and saying to himself, —

"O Tabby, what have we done! What will mistress say!"

"If you 'll let me eat Polly she 'll think she 's lost," said Tabby.

"I will not," replied Bose, "so don't think of such a thing. Poor Polly! I wish she was alive and on her perch again."

"You do, do you?" said Tabby, "I thought you did n't like her."

"I know it," said Bose, thoughtfully, "but she was a lively bird."

"Yes," said Tabby. "She had bright feathers, too."

"How fond mistress was of her!" said Bose.

"I suppose she liked to hear her talk," added Tabby.

"And well she might. She was a good talker. Worth a dozen of you or me," said Bose.

"She could n't purr," said Tabby.

"Perhaps she could," said Bose.

"Well, there 's one thing we can do," said Tabby. "We can take Polly, and put a —"

"Cracker! Cracker! Polly wants a cracker!" said a husky voice; and Polly herself crawled from under the table, and flew up on the droplight.

"Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly! Good Polly! Mother! Mother! Never mind! Never mind! Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty! Scat! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" screamed Polly, ending with a nervous laugh.

While Bose and Tabby stood rapt in astonishment, the door opened and in came the mistress. She gazed at the disordered table a moment. "O Bose!" said she, "did you do this mischief?" Bose hung his head and withdrew into a corner, but Tabby came boldly forward with a loud "Purr-meow!" and rubbed affectionately against her mistress's dress. "Why, Polly!" said the mistress, as she spied the parrot on her perch. "How did you get out?" and she put her into the cage and fastened the door.

"Never mind! never mind! Ha, ha, ha!" said Polly.

Then the mistress rang the bell, and as the servant came in to put things to rights Bose slipped out. Tabby re-established herself on the sofa-cushion, and Polly was presented by her mistress with a large lump of sugar, which she received graciously.

If Polly the talker could have related to her mistress the whole story, would n't she have been surprised!

Annie Moore.

WHAT BERCE DID.

"SIR!"

All the scholars started as the clear tones rang out in the silence of the school-room, and even Mr. Evarts, the stern master, raised his heavy eyebrows in surprise, before casting a look of greatest displeasure at the offender, and uttering a sarcastic, "Well, miss?"

Every eye was turned to the farthest corner of the room, from which had proceeded the startling sound. There stood little Berce Ray; she had risen to her feet in the exitement of the moment, with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, the very picture of frightened guilt. One hand rested on her desk, the other was hidden under her little pink apron.

"What is under your apron?" demanded Mr. Evarts, in his sternest tones. Berce, never lifting her eyes, slowly drew forth a book bound in scarlet and gold, with a lovely gold bird on the outer cover.

"Ten demerits for violating rule fifth in regard to story-books in school, and the rest of the afternoon to be spent upon the 'Idler's Joy.'"

Tightly clasping the unlucky book in her hand, while great tears rolled down her cheeks and splashed over the bib of her little apron, the child came slowly down the narrow aisle, and with some difficulty clambered up and seated herself on a high stool, in one corner of the room, which was called the "Idler's Joy."

It was one of Mr. Evarts's rules that no studying should be done there, the imperfect lessons which were sure to follow being part of the punishment. So Berce sat perched up there, with her chubby little hands folded over the book in her lap, her feet with their scarlet buttoned boots resting on the highest round of the high stool, winking her great blue eyes very hard to keep back the tears which *would* come in spite of her, and looking like a very unhappy, forlorn little girl.

Poor little Berce! She had surely jumped out from her warm bed that morning with her wrong foot first. Everything had gone wrong with her. She had broken two buttons off from her new shoes; sister Jessie had pulled her hair dreadfully when she combed out and curled the long, golden ringlets which were her chief beauty; mamma had made her wear that horrid old red dress she never *did* like; grandma had scolded because she had let

Amanda Augusta, her oldest dolly, go to sleep on her best cap; her very dearest bosom friend, Floy Ives, had played all recess with the new scholar, Helen Read; and now, worst of all, she had to sit on the "Idler's Joy" all the rest of the afternoon. She remembered, too, that the cause of this last trouble, the tempting little book she held in her hand, was one which her Uncle Henry had sent her, and which her mother had forbidden her to take without permission. She noticed now, for the first time, that her fast falling tears had wet the book and marred the beauty of its cover. This last was the bitterest drop of all, in her cup full to overflowing before, — for anything Uncle Henry gave her was doubly dear, — and to think that she had spoiled the beautiful book he sent her on her birthday!

Berce loved her Uncle Henry next to her papa and mamma. He had always lived with them, and had made a great pet of her from her babyhood. None of the other girls had such a splendid, handsome uncle, with such beautiful curly hair, such wonderful pockets, with something always in them for Berce, such a head full of stories, and easy ways to do hard sums, and so many bright new pennies. He was, to her loving, trusting little heart, the very best uncle in the world, and his leaving home to complete his studies in Germany had been the one great grief of her young life. His year of absence was nearly gone now, and in a few days her mamma had told her he would be at home again.

The recitation which Berce had interrupted with her sudden exclamation was the Astronomy class. It was resumed again by Mr. Evarts saying, "Alice, you may give us the mythology of the Constellation of Berenice's Hair."

At these words Berce started, and a look of deepest interest settled itself on her face, as she listened eagerly to the words which fell from Alice's lips.

"Berenice was a noted queen who possessed very beautiful hair. Her husband, the king, was once in a very dangerous battle, and she made a vow, that if he was brought back to her in safety, to dedicate her hair to the temple of Venus. In due time he came home, and, true to her oath, she cut off her lovely locks and placed them in the temple. A short time after they were missing, and an astronomer said that the great god Jupiter had placed them in the sky, and since that time a certain group of stars has borne the name of 'Berenice's Hair.'"

Now, when Berce was a very little baby, before she could walk or talk or do anything but kick with her rosy feet, and try to rub out her funny little eyes with her tiny fists, grandma had insisted upon naming her Berenice (pronounced Ber'-e-ni'-ce). Mamma did n't like it at all to have such a long, old-fashioned name for her darling, she wanted Pet, or Birdie, or some such pretty name. But grandma was bound to have her own way, so Berenice it was.

Very soon, however, it was found that Berenice was altogether too long a name for such a short baby, so they came to call her Berce, greatly to Aunt Dinah's delight, who had declared that it would "ruin de chile to call her 'berry nice' right to her face all de time."

Berce had been very busily engaged reading in her little scarlet book, hidden behind her geography, when she heard her name spoken, and, starting guiltily, had uttered her frightened "Sir!" which so astonished the school. To be sure it was only Mr. Evarts asking one of the girls a question in astronomy, but how was little Berce, deep down in her bird-story, to know that? and how was Mr. Evarts to know that his smallest scholar, that rosy-cheeked little girl, was blessed with such a name as Berenice, and that she was never called by it, except when she had been doing wrong?

Surely, neither knew, and so Berce was on the "Idler's Joy." When Alice began to recite, Berce's attention had been caught again by hearing her name, and as she listened she grew interested in the story. Some of the words she could not understand, but the most of it was clear to her. Then she thought of what her mamma had said at the breakfast-table that very morning, "that she was afraid Uncle Henry would have a dangerous voyage, it had been so stormy all the week," and like a flash came the question, "Why can't *I* bring him home safely by putting my hair in the church? I heard mamma say it was the temple of God!"

Sorrowful and forlorn she was no longer; her eyes were bright as stars, her little face was fairly alive with joy, and even her curls, her long, golden curls, seemed to dance and glisten in sympathy with their happy mistress.

As soon as school was dismissed — and Berce had thought the time never *would* come — she jumped down from her high, hard stool, gathered her books quickly together, took her hat down from its peg, and, without waiting for Floy, as was her custom, ran down the shady road as fast as her little scarlet feet would carry her, and was soon hidden from sight behind the bushes.

When she got home, she went straight to her own little room, locked the door, took off her hat, and sat down in front of the looking-glass. She did n't look at the face reflected there, with its bright eyes (very bright they were now), its cunning little nose, or its little rosebud mouth; all her attention was given to the bright silky hair, which fell in heavy curls to her waist. They *were* pretty, she thought. Papa called them his "Golden Fleece," and Uncle Henry, brave, darling Uncle Henry, had said that they were more precious than spun gold.

She got up presently, and, going softly to her mamma's room, took a pair of scissors from the table, ran back to her room as fast as she could, and locked the door again. Then she stood before the glass, and, lifting a long curl, cut it off close to her head. Two, three, four, lay together on the little white dressing-table, and then she stopped. It was harder than she had thought, and only the idea that she was keeping her dearly loved uncle from danger gave her strength to go on with her task. The glittering tears which rolled down her cheeks and fell pityingly on the golden curls showed how great was the sacrifice.

It was over at last, and Berce, with her hair standing unevenly all over her head, carefully wrapped the bright locks in a towel. It was nearly sun-

set, but she put on her sun-bonnet with its deep cape, and, taking her curls in her hand, ran softly down the back stairs, through the garden, across the orchard, and out on the back road.

Once outside the bars, seeing no one, she breathed more freely, and started for the village church, some half mile distant. Upon arriving there, she found it locked. She sat down behind some bushes near by to rest and to think what to do, when she saw the sexton coming to light up for the evening meeting ; so she waited until he had gone. Then she went in, glided softly up the aisle, up the pulpit stairs, and laid her bundle of curls on the Bible.

Outside the church again, she found that it was getting dark. Running swiftly along the road, she looked neither to right nor left, until she reached the garden gate. Softly opening it, she went towards the house, where she saw papa, mamma, grandma, Jessie, and best of all Uncle Henry, standing on the piazza and looking at something in the sky. Following their gaze, Berce looked, and there in the sky, near a very bright star, was her hair, her bright golden hair, each curl standing out alone, and falling gracefully towards the earth !

With a cry of delight Berce sprang forward, exclaiming, " O Uncle Henry ! it 's my hair ! my curls ! I put them in the temple of God, and he put them in the sky to bring you back ! I 'm so glad ! "

As she said this her excitement overcame her, and she burst into tears. Uncle Henry caught her in his arms, and her bonnet fell off, revealing the shorn head of poor little Berenice to the mystified group, who could make nothing of her excited utterances. It was a long time before she could tell them about it, for her long walk, together with the excitement of the afternoon, had exhausted her completely.

Tears were in Uncle Henry's eyes as he heard of the great sacrifice the loving little heart had made for him, and it was very tenderly that he took Berce in his arms and explained to her the story of " Berenice's Hair," and then how that bright, beautiful object in the sky was a comet. She thought it very wonderful and beautiful ; but the joy faded out from her face as she put her hand to her poor shorn head.

But the next morning when mamma had charmed the uneven locks into bright rings all over her head, and Uncle Henry had shown her the long ringlets carefully put away in his desk, and told her that he loved them and her too, more than ever, she felt like her own happy little self again.

That day, at school, all the girls looked curiously at her, and at recess the minister's little girl told the others how her papa had found Berce's curls on the Bible at prayer-meeting, and how her Uncle had come to their house and talked a long time to her papa and mamma, and taken the curls away. One, bolder than the rest, asked Berce what she cut her curls off for ; but all she said was " for Uncle Henry," and with that the girls had to be content.

She did not sit on the " Idler's Joy " that day ; and after school she asked Floy and Helen to go home with her and see the beautiful things Uncle Henry brought her.

Elizabeth Olmis.

OUR EAGLES.

ONE summer evening we heard father say that the ivy-plums were very thick on the "Roberts Place," near the spring. We — brother Bennie and I, aged six and eight respectively — were up with the birds next morning; and, after breakfast, put some bread and cheese in our two-quart tin pails, and started off ivy-plumming.

The "Roberts Place" was two miles and a half from home, and the road lay through the thick woods; but we had been there many times with father, and had no fear of losing our way. This place had been settled in early times by the man whose name it bears; but the family had been broken up and the buildings removed years ago, and the place had gradually grown up to woods again. There were a few old apple-trees still growing where the orchard stood, and I found some bergamot and rose-bushes where Mrs. Roberts had her garden.

Our walk was very pleasant that morning, and we reached the old place in fine spirits. Then, as we knew where the spring was, we found the berries without any difficulty. We ate our luncheon the very first thing, and then began picking berries very diligently. This work we varied by comparing our pails from time to time, to see which had the most ivy-plums; or by running down to the pretty little spring to drink, for it made us very thirsty to work so hard (on one of which occasions Bennie lost his pail cover, which we used for a drinking cup, and nearly fell in himself); or by discovering a nest on the ground, with four little birds in it; or by Bennie's spilling his berries, and getting me to help him pick them up. Such little incidents as these made the time pass quickly.

At length, with our pails filled with bright scarlet berries, we were sitting under a tree by the roadside, feeling quite tired and hungry, yet very well satisfied with our morning's work, when we saw a man coming out of the woods near us. He carried a carpet-bag in one hand and a queer-looking bundle in the other. When he saw us, he came and sat on the grass beside us, and asked us many questions. At length, he said, "Did you ever see any eagles?" and, without waiting for an answer, he opened his bundle, and showed us two dainty little birds, covered with soft down, like chickens. They had bright eyes, and beaks as black as jet, and, being disturbed, cried lustily for food.

Now all my ideas of eagles were derived from two pictures, which had impressed me very much. One of them represented an eagle flying off with a baby in its talons, while a group of people, the mother among the number, were gazing after it with astonishment and dismay depicted on their countenances. The other showed an eagle's nest (or eyry) on the top of a mountain, containing three or four eaglets. The mother-bird had just arrived, for she still held a lamb in her talons, and the young birds seemed very impatient to begin their bloody meal. In the nest and all

around it were the bones of former victims, which these little savages had devoured. (I hoped that there were no babies among them.) From these pictures I had decided that eagles, great and small, were exceedingly cruel and bloodthirsty. Therefore I was considerably disappointed at the harmless appearance of these eaglets, and I think Bennie shared my feeling.

We soon forgot our disappointment in delight at finding that they would eat ivy-plums; or, rather, would swallow them when we dropped them into their open mouths. After a while Bennie asked, "Where did you get them, sir?"

"I was walking on the shore of the pond, back there in the woods, — I don't know the name of it," — the man replied, "when I saw an eagle fly to the top of a tall pine-tree, a few rods from the pond, with something in her mouth; I waited until she had flown away, and then climbed the tree, — pretty hard work, I can tell you, — and found the nest with four young ones in it. I took these two and hurried down, for I was terribly afraid the old bird would come back and catch me there."

Then, to our great delight, he went on telling us the most wonderful stories about eagles, and, as we listened, we thought he was the nicest man we ever saw. When he had finished, he said, "I 've a good ways to go, and I don't know how to feed them, or I would not part with them for anything; but I can't keep them as it is. Will you give me your berrries for them?"

We gladly consented. The transfer was quickly made; and we immediately started for home to display our new treasure, of which we were very proud, leaving the man under the tree. He called me back, and gave me a little box containing some jewelry; and the last I saw of him, as I looked back, he was still sitting under the tree eating ivy-plums.

Reaching home, we burst into the house and astonished our parents beyond measure by the contents of our pails. Between us we told our story, and were scolded a little and petted a great deal, as usual. Mother had just been worrying because we did not come home to dinner, but supposed that we had stayed at Aunt Alice's, as we often did. Our pets were admired to our hearts' content. We gave them a meal of worms immediately, well pleased to find their appetites so good.

In a few days we were heartily tired of our eaglets. They were constantly clamoring for food, and, after the novelty was over, we found it very disagreeable to feed them. Unlike the birds that "in their little nests agree," they spent nearly all the time when they were not eating in fighting. So when mother gave one of them to a young gentleman whom people called the Naturalist (and whom I shall call so here), we were much relieved. We speedily followed her example by giving the other to a village boy named Harry Hanson, one of many applicants for it.

Though we had now disposed of our eagles, this was by no means the last we heard of them. Their story got about and was discussed, as all village news is, at the stores. We found that the wiseacres there had known all along that there were eagles at Long Pond, had seen them there year after year, and always supposed they had nests in those large pines, or else on the ledges at the south side. They said, moreover, that Harry Hanson and our friend the Naturalist would get big prices for them when they were raised. They were quite anxious about the man who gave them to us, no one having seen him or heard of him, except Bennie and myself. They wondered what he had been about in those woods. No good, they were sure. He was a suspicious character, and would be heard of again. But, in spite of all their efforts, they have never heard a word about him, good or bad, from that day to this.

As the eagles grew, their appetites increased in proportion. Had not the little

village boys carried them all the game they could get by hunting, fishing, or trapping, I think their masters would have found it difficult to provide for them. There is a scarcity of woodchucks, squirrels, snakes, frogs, fish, and the like, about Woodville, which I think is wholly due to the voracity of these birds. One day our top-knot died, and we carried it up to the Naturalist's for his eagle. We found him a great, brown, stupid-looking bird, occupying a "coop" in the yard. He brightened up amazingly when we threw the hen to him, and tore her with his sharp beak and claws in the most savage way possible.

When the Naturalist coolly announced that his *eagle* was a *henhawk*, there was quite a stir in the village. Our friends at the stores were on the right side, as usual. They said it was all nonsense to suppose that there were eagles at Long Pond! They had said so from the first. It was not likely eagles would have built their nest where that man could get at it so easily, — they always thought so! But Harry Hanson felt terribly when he learned the ignoble birth of the bird, which he fondly hoped belonged to the royal family. In his disappointment he rushed home and killed it instantly. But his trouble did not end here. He was teased about his "eagle," and the price he was going to get for it, till the least mention of it would make him angry. He somehow connected me with his ill-fortune, and cherished hard feelings toward me for years.

The Naturalist took his disappointment like the philosopher he was, — though perhaps it was not so much of a disappointment to him, after all. He kept his bird until it was fully grown, and then killed and stuffed it. He took us to his "museum" one day to see it. He had taken an L-chamber for this purpose, as his mother did not want his "specimens" in the other part of the house. In spite of its being unfinished and not quite upright, I have always thought of this as the pleasantest room I have ever seen. There were four windows to let in air and light. The stuffed birds were arranged on one side of the room. Then there were collections of butterflies, birds' eggs, curious shells, geological specimens, old Indian relics, collections of coins, and many other curious and interesting things, which he had gathered together. Pictures framed by himself hung on the walls, a luxuriant English ivy twining around some of them; and there was a well-filled bookcase in one corner. His rifle, shotgun, South American bow and arrows, fishing-tackle, butterfly-nets, tool-chest, and other boyish belongings were all here. Our "eagle" occupied an honorable place among the stuffed birds, and with his wings spread wide, his hooked beak, and cruel claws, he looked very imposing, — very different from the little bird I brought home in my dinner-pail. I think the Naturalist was pleased with our admiration of his curiosities, for he asked us to come often, and many pleasant hours we spent there.

I might mention here, that when I told the story of the eagles the day we got them, my sister Lucy (who was thirteen years old and had a taste for jewelry) wanted to see that which the man had given me. It was not to be found. I suppose that I lost it before I had gone ten rods from the "Roberts Place." Any possible clew that it might have given to the "man" was gone with it.

I wonder if Mr. ——, who is well known as an ornithologist, ever thinks of the boy and girl who passed so many pleasant hours with him in the old "museum," where he laid the foundation of his subsequent career. He is coming to visit his native place next summer, and I 'll find out. I wonder if the pretty chromo of an "Eagle's Nest," sent to me by an anonymous friend, has anything to do with the story told here. I wish I could find out that too.

C. E. M.

WILL'S EXPLOIT.

We were up on Lake Number Five in the North Woods. We were just cooking dinner. We had a splendid lake-trout, taken that morning, which Charlie was frying over a little fire, — Will and I were laying out the hard-tack and jerked venison, — when Charlie spoke up and said, "Boys, let us go up on Bald Mountain, back here, after dinner. What say you?"

"I don't know," replied Will, "I am pretty tired. You know I rowed a good deal coming up, and if you and Fern are willing, I will stay at camp and make things ready for night."

"Well," said I, "that will do; Charlie and I will go up."

So, dinner being finished, the dishes washed and stowed away, Charlie and I, having looked to our revolvers and knives, and put some hard-tack in our pockets, bade Will "good by," and started. We did not take our guns, for we were not on a hunt, and they were heavy and would be inconvenient in climbing. Besides, for weapons of defence we each carried a revolver and a heavy hunting-knife, with which we thought ourselves perfectly safe.

Taking a course due west from camp, we soon reached the foot of the mountain. Its steep rocky walls showed us how sensible we had been in not carrying any extra weight. Half an hour's brisk climbing put us at its top, and the magnificent view spread out before us amply repaid us for any weariness we may have felt in making the ascent. We could see, I presume, for thirty or forty miles, for the day was clear; and nowhere did our view extend beyond the range of the mighty northern woods. Away to the east, in majestic array, peak after peak, rose the Adirondacks, clothed with pine half-way up their sides, their summits bare and rocky, and in some cases already white with early snows. To the north, nothing met the gaze but woods, unchanging woods, stretching away until in the distance they seemed but a dim blue line against the horizon. Nearer by, so near it seemed as though we could almost hear the fire burning, nestling close to the silvery lake, we saw our encampment. Now and then we could see Will, a small black speck moving hither and thither near it.

Suddenly, even while watching him, I saw him quicken his pace toward the spot where I remembered to have laid my rifle. There he stops and turns, and for a moment remains stationary, when we see a light puff of smoke dart out and float up into the still summer air, and shortly the distant crack sounds on our ears. We look with all our eyes and see him drop the rifle, and retreating a short distance stop again, and from his outstretched hand, which we know must hold his revolver, comes puff after puff of white smoke, followed by sharp detonations.

"Something 's up!" I cried, turning to Charlie. "Will would never use ammunition in that way unless there were some deadly need of it!"

"You are right," replied Charlie. "He may need us." And without more words we turned and soon were scrambling, running, and tumbling down the mountain-side, making much better time in the descent than we had made in the ascent. Reaching the level ground, we crashed through the underbrush, and running as well as the thick trees would allow us, in less than ten minutes arrived at camp. Will was leaning against a tree, pale and trembling.

"What is it, Will?" cried Charlie. "Are you hurt? Quick, what is it?"

Will, without answering, pointed to a spot just beyond the fire; turning, we saw, lying dead from the ugly wounds which were even yet bleeding, a panther!

"Well done!" I cried. "Did he hurt you anywhere?"

"No," replied Will, leaving the tree against which he had been leaning; "but I am weak and faint from the excitement."

"No wonder," I answered.

"Fill up the cups!" cried Charlie, pouring from the coffee-pot which was yet simmering over the fire. "Here's to Will, the panther-killer of our party!"

Fern.

MY AQUARIUMS.

My first attempt at an aquarium was to keep nineteen minnows in a large bowl on my window-sill. I took a world of comfort with them; they got very tame, and would eat crumbs of bread from my fingers, but they had a trick of flopping out of the bowl, and almost every morning I would find one or more of my pets dead or dying on the floor. So finally I gave what remained of them to my little brother for his pond.

A while after, when at a picnic, I found a little pond swarming with newts. With the help of the other girls, and two tin pails, I caught sixteen, carried them home through a thunder-shower, and put them in a large wash-bowl half full of water, with a shell in it big enough for them to crawl up on, as newts, after they lose their gills, cannot live unless they come out of the water to breathe. I covered the bowl with two panes of glass, leaving a little crack between them for air, and put two stones on the glass to keep it in place.

The next morning I was somewhat alarmed to find that they had all shed their skins during the night, and were eating them. I thought they must be nearly starved, and hastened to get them some angle-worms. If you have never seen newts eat, you can have no idea what pigs they are. They will snap at anything they see move. Two often get hold of the same worm, and neither will let go, but both will pull, rolling over and over till the poor worm breaks in two.

I put my newtery out of doors under an apple-tree, and left it there all summer. Every morning I fed the newts and changed the water. One died, but the rest grew very fat. Every time they changed their skins, which was about once a week, their colors got brighter; and they grew so tame that when I put my hand in the water they would crawl up on it, and act as if they liked to be handled, — all but one, which seemed to have a different disposition from the others, and would snap at me when I tried to make friends with him.

I should probably have had them now, if the glass had not been accidentally broken by an apple falling on it. When I discovered it, some hours later, the little good-for-nothings had taken French leave of me forever.

Last fall we were going to have a little company, and I wanted something to interest our guests, so I got a large plain glass tumbler, covered the bottom with fine sand, put in a few small bright shells, and filled it with clear spring water. Then I put in two baby newts that had just been given me, a water-snail, a polliwog, two or three small minnows, and half a dozen fresh water clams, beautiful little white things about a quarter as large as your nail. My miniature aquarium attracted a great deal of attention, and all seemed more interested in it than in one another.

Christmas I had a present of a beautiful glass globe, and I look forward with much pleasure to filling it this summer.

"*Molly*," *age* 16.

THE GENIUS OF MENDELSSOHN.

THERE are very few persons born into the world whom fortune favors with *all* her gifts. To one she gives beauty without talents or wealth, to another wealth with neither talents nor beauty, and so on, dispensing, it is true, with a liberal hand, but very seldom bestowing all her good gifts on one individual. Yet sixty-three years ago fortune so turned her wheel that all fell to one person. This was Felix Mendelssohn, who was born on the 3d of February, 1809. He was well named Felix, for in character, talents, and circumstance he was indeed the "happy one."

Immensely wealthy, perfectly beautiful in person and character, and with such a mighty genius, we may well say he merited his name.

When a very young child, his musical talents developed themselves, and some of his most exquisite music was written before his twentieth year. The music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" was composed when he was nineteen. He was an admirable performer on the piano at fifteen, being possessed of a talent for improvisation and a memory so wonderful, that not only could he play almost all Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, but could also accompany a whole opera from memory, having seen the score but once.

His music is a faithful representation of his character. Delicate and graceful, solemn and earnest, grand and sublime, it lifts one to a pure region where there is nothing but good and heavenly ideas. Who is not familiar with the plaintive sweetness of the "Songs without Words," the dreamy *barcarolles*, to hear one of which wafts one to fair Italy, drifting in imagination on the blue waters of Naples, and catching the drowsy ripple of the oars?

In Mendelssohn's music there is none of the hopeless sorrow that so breathes throughout all of Chopin's melodies; for, though it is often intensely sad, still there is always a glimpse of a fair future, for he was Felix, the happy.

In gracefulness of expression, purity of ideas, healthiness of tone, Mendelssohn's music seems always to me like Longfellow's poetry.

In Mendelssohn's letters there is always shown a most touching and childlike affection for his family; and all his life he maintained a deep and tender regard for all his loved ones. He lived one of the most virtuous and heavenly lives on record, and died on the 4th of November, 1847, in his thirty-eighth year.

M. F., age 16.

"THAT FIVE-DOLLAR BILL."

MOST Washingtonians know, or have heard, of Ham Hughes. He has been a frequenter of the "Mash Market" for years innumerable, and any one who can truthfully boast that he ever got the best of Ham has cause, indeed, to be proud of the achievement. Many stories are told of his shrewdness, and some have even crept into print; but the one I am about to relate I can vouch the printer never saw.

It happened some years ago, when old Press Dorsey had just attained the height of his ambition, that of a hotel-keeper. He had leased a large house, and named it in honor of himself, — the Dorsey Hotel, — which name it still retains, though it has long since passed into other hands. Press was great on a practical joke; could enjoy one highly when perpetrated upon some one else, but if he happened to be the victim, in his opinion it was "disgusting." But I am digressing.

Dorsey had had in his possession for some time a bad five-dollar bill, and all his

efforts to get rid of it were in vain. One day he met Ham, and a brilliant idea flashed through his mind. Ham was a "sharp un," and if it was possible to pass the bill, Ham could do it. So, stopping that innocent individual, he observed, "Ham, here is a torn bill; I have n't time to bother with it, — you shove it off, and I 'll give you half."

"All right," says Ham, in a very confident tone, "I 'll bring you two dollars and a half to-morrow morning, *sure*."

Dorsey, well pleased, started down town, and what does Ham do but walk into the bar-room of the Dorsey Hotel and loudly call for a drink. Bob, the genteel bar-keeper, with his blandest smile sets up the bottle, and Ham takes a good "swig." He then pulls out the torn bill and tenders it in payment. Bob does n't look quite so bland, and with more force than elegance he informs Ham that "they ain't takin' them kind of bills as much as they used to."

"O, it 's all right," says Ham, "Mr. Dorsey gave me the bill himself, not half-an hour ago."

He maintained his assertion with such vehemence, that Bob finally gave him his change, and he went his way rejoicing. Soon afterward he met Dorsey.

"O," says he, "I passed that bill; here 's your share of the spoils."

"Good for you!" says Dorsey, secretly wondering at Ham's shrewdness. He immediately started for the hotel, as he had a heavy draft to meet that day, and was in search of the "needful." Entering the bar-room he went behind the counter and began taking out what money there was in the till. The first thing his eyes rested upon was that unfortunate five-dollar note. "Where in the world did this bill come from?" he demanded of Bob.

"Why, Ham Hughes left it here," says that gentleman; "he said you gave it to him."

The scene that ensued baffles description, and I left.

WASHINGTON, D. C. *E. B., age* 18.

"I 'SE DOIN' FOR BLACKBERRIES."

Two blue eyes like two bright stars,
Two little hands taking down the bars;
One pouting mouth like a rosebud red, —
"I 'se doin' for blackberries," was what it said.

Tripping across the fields so green,
Laughing and singing, came Mamie Elreane.
And she prettily told all that she met,
"I 'se doin' for berries wiz Carlo and Pet."

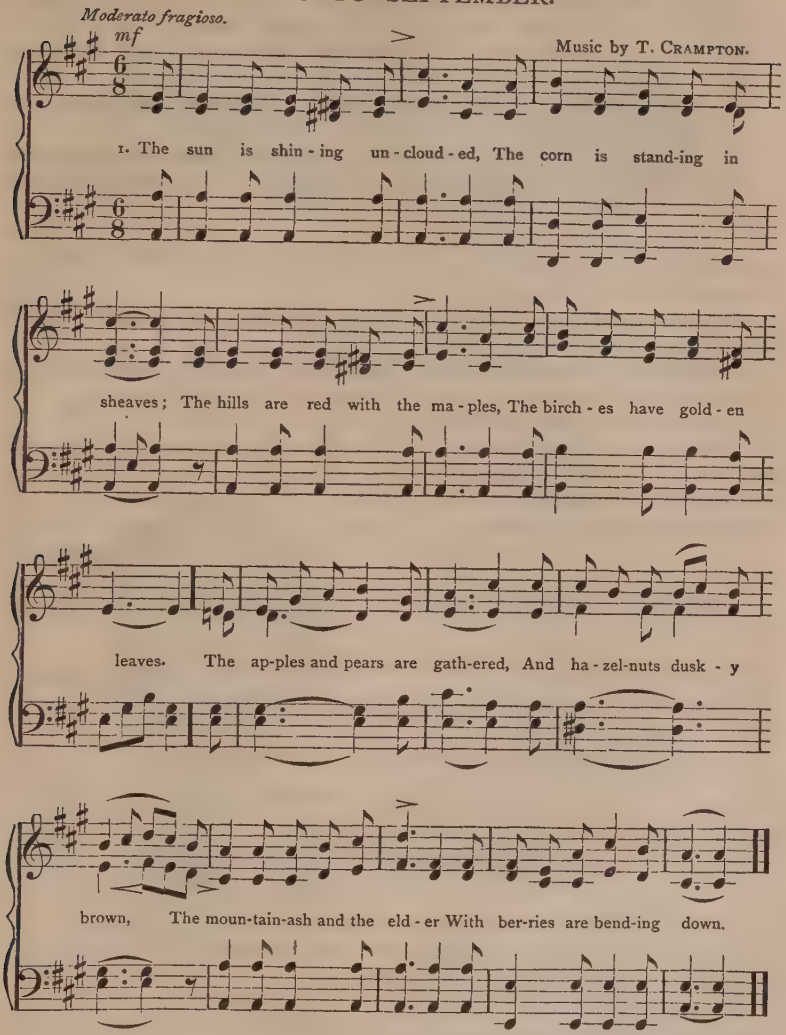
"Pet" was her kitten, her plaything and "pride,"
Carlo, the dog, who walked by her side;
And they both seemed to say, as they joined her play,
"We 'se doin' for berries over the way."

* * * * *

Two blue eyes like two bright stars,
Two little hands taking down the bars;
One pouting mouth like a rosebud red, —
"I 'se dot my berries," in triumph it said.

C. D. B., age 13.

SONG TO SEPTEMBER.


Moderato fragioso.
mf
Music by T. CRAMPTON.
1. The sun is shin - ing un - cloud - ed, The corn is stand-ing in
sheaves; The hills are red with the ma - ples, The birch - es have gold - en
leaves. The ap-ples and pears are gath-ered, And ha - zel-nuts dusk - y
brown, The moun-tain-ash and the eld - er With ber-ries are bend-ing down.

2

The robin is growing tamer,
And sings us a cheery song;
The little brooks by the roadside
Quietly ripple along.
The woodbine leaves and the sumachs
Are turning scarlet and red;
The seeds of thistles are flying,
The summer flowers are dead.

3

The blackberries on the roadside
Are changing and rip'ning fast;
The gentle breezes are sighing
That summer's brightness has past.
The nights are starlit and frosty,
The mornings are misty and cold;
The sun sets southward and early,
With clouds of crimson and gold.

ENIGMAS. — No. 109.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1st is in tea, but not in cream.
My 2d is in thought, but not in dream.
My 3d is in brook, but not in stream.
My 4th is in Arab, but not in Turk.
My 5th is in church, but not in kirk.
My 6th is in circle, but not in ring.
My last is in loam, but not in sand.
My *whole* is what will surely bring
Ruin and death upon our land.

Raleigh.

No. 110.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 1st is in snow, but not in hail.
My 2d is in head, but not in tail.
My 3d is in item, but not in news.
My 4th is in boots, but not in shoes.
My 5th is in carpet, but not in rug.
My 6th is in wineglass, but not in mug.
My 7th is in raven, but not in crow.
My 8th is in arrow, but not in bow.
My *whole* is a poet, whom we all know.

"*Rose Bud.*"

CHARADE. — No. 111.

Alack a' day, when my *first* doth come,
With its fume and hurry and toil!
A' well a' day, when 't is gone away,
And with it a week of soil!
Heavily now my *second* you see,
Weighing down wagon and scales;
But little, I ween, of the load you would make,
Were it gold, and not tenpenny nails.
With hand extended and majestic mien,
Commanding love and awe my *whole* is seen.

E. R. B.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

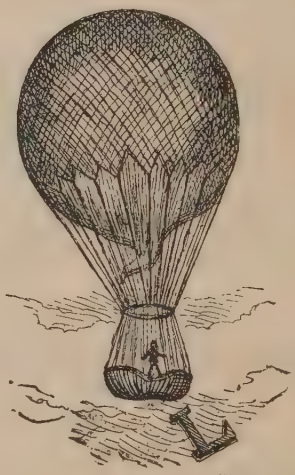
No. 112.

A LOVER'S TASK.

C. O. Arey.

No. 113.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.



G. H. D'A.

NAMES OF POETS. — No. 114.

1. An edge, and sick.
2. A vulgar word signifying to eat, and a title.
3. Silly talk, and a French word signifying good society.
4. A domestic animal, and a meadow.
5. Quieting, and a number of vessels.
6. Not wet, and the lair of a wild beast.

ENIGMAS. — No. 115.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1st is in rock, but not in stone.
My 2d is in sigh, but not in groan.
My 3d is in warm, but not in hot.
My 4th is in tie, but not in knot.
My 5th is in stone, but not in rock.
My 6th is in watch, but not in clock.
My 7th is in dime, but not in cent.
My 8th is in camp, but not in tent.
My 9th is in find, but not in seek.
My 10th is in Latin, but not in Greek.
My 11th is in merit, and also in worth.
My 12th is in joy, but not in mirth.
My *whole* may be found all over the earth.

Adam Ant.

No. 116.

I consist of 19 letters.
My 18, 2, 5, 6, is a girl's name.
My 10, 14, 9, men wear.
My 16, 14, 13, 15, 8, 6, is a girl's name.
My 1, 11, 5, 6, every one has.
My 12, 3, 19, is used on the table.
My 7, 14, 15, 6, 18, some people are afraid of.
My 4, 1, 6, is a number.
My 10, 17, 18, 5, 6, is an animal.
My *whole* is an old saying.

M. B.

CHARADE. — No. 117.

Without my 1, 2, 3, I am part of the body.

Without my 5, 6, 7, I am part of the sea.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, I am one of a pack of cards.

Without my 1, 2, 4, I am something that horses do.

My *whole* is the outside of anything.

C. M.

ANAGRAMS. — No. 118.

CHARACTERS FROM WALTER SCOTT.

1. Mary Barsto.
2. Deacon Chixters.
3. Col. Nyth, U. S. A.
4. Bridget Celia Horn.
5. Freddie Wilgam.
6. Major A. F. Egartoun.
7. Martha R. Berry.
8. Miss Ann P. Moodie.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 119.

1. Without bounds.
2. The back part.
3. Consumes food.
4. Before.

Hester.

HIDDEN POETS AND WRITERS.

No. 120.

1. This cloth seems to wear well.
2. He inevitably turns pale at the sight of misery.
3. A good map helps to render geography amusing.
4. Clare, I despise you thoroughly.
5. Be kind to her, Bertha, she is poor.
6. The child clambered up the hill.
7. George, you must shun those bad boys.

Barbara.

PUZZLE.

No. 121.

Two sixths of a potato, one seventh of a pumpkin, one third of a pea, one fourth of a beet, and one sixth of a carrot, equals what vegetable?

Al. Fredell.

A CHEST OF TOOLS LOCKED.

No. 122.

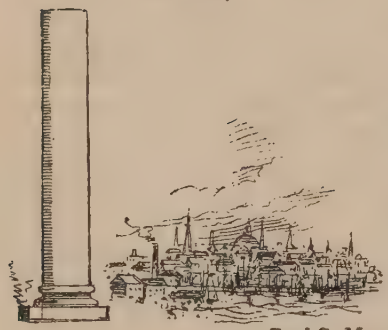
1. Who will be the first to open this awkward chest of tools?
2. The best plan ever proposed was the most successful.
3. Is "quar" ever used now? Webster says it is obsolete.
4. The glad zephyrs of summer will soon be with us.
5. He is blind, and when in public his eldest son is always with him.
6. We shall soon hear the wren chirping in the old cherry-tree.
7. In Windham, merchants sell goods at very low prices.
8. His best robe, velocipede, and boots were destroyed.
9. His robe was made of pale velvet.
10. An honest old squaw lives in our neighborhood.
11. A long auger is sometimes used.

"*Jay Bee Aye.*"

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.—No. 123.

W. W. R.

No. 124.



Paul S. M.

CONCEALED OCCUPATIONS.

No. 125.

1. He writhed with pain terrible to behold.

2. Birds in summer chant their sweetest songs.

Al. Fredell.

HIDDEN CITIES.

No. 126.

1. Who knows anything about the first Louis of France?

2. To both the poor and the rich Monday is generally "wash-day."

3. From Utica I rode to New York.

4. You should not throw stones at hens.

5. Yesterday I met Zara, the gardener's daughter.

Ida A. W.

GEOGRAPH'L ENIGMA.—No. 127.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 14, 11, 4, 10, 15, is a river in France.
My 6, 3, 2, 10, is a town in Maine.
My 3, 9, 13, 12, is a town in Massachusetts.
My 1, 16, 8, 4, 9, 10, 12, is a town in Florida.
My 5, 7, 2, 13, 5, is a river in England.
My *whole* is a large body of water.

H. M. T.

ANSWERS.

96. Popocatapetl.
97. Wheeling.
98. Wordsworth.
99. L E A F
E A V E
A V E R
F E R N
100. Lyceum.
101. United States.
102. 1. Erasmus. 2. Lavater. 3. Paley. 4. Goethe.
103. S C A R E D
L A B O R
E R I E
E M M A
P A L M
SAVAGES
104. Better late than never.
105. Friendship.
106. The great C serpent (sea-serpent).
107. Hickory.
108. The last link is broken that bound ME to THEE.

A LETTER FROM THE "LETTER-BOX."

"THE PIERS," KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

It seems very odd! For once I am to be my own correspondent; and I came very near beginning my letter with "Messrs. Editors" or "Mr. Editor, — Dear Sir!" I am no longer resting on the editors' table, in the dear old office-room on Tremont Street, but here I am in a cosey little chamber by the ocean. In place of the windows looking down on Boston Common, with its green lawns, its troops of grown folks and children walking or playing under the trees, its apple-women, and its delightful Punch and Judy, I have windows looking out upon rolling breakers and a bright blue sea. Instead of the noise of wheels rumbling and clattering over the pavements, I hear the ceaseless rush and roar of the restless waves tumbling upon the beach, — refreshing sounds to a Letter Box that has sweltered so long in the midsummer heats of the great city.

Ah, dear Young Folks, I wish you might all be changed from readers and correspondents into friends and companions, and be with me here for a little while! For I am no mere piece of wood, no inanimate article of furniture, you know; but a jolly Letter Box, — as you would soon find, if we could take a sail or go a-fishing together. The Kennebunk River flows right by the door, within a stone's throw of the house; and close by, at its mouth, are the "Piers," two immense walls, built of massy blocks of granite, extending out into the sea, and protecting the channel from the action of the waves. On these piers you can walk, high above the water, and look down into its depths, and see the colored rocks on the sandy bottom, the sea-weed waving to and fro, and the fishes gliding about, — all so beautiful and cool down there, that you are half tempted to leap in and enjoy the most delicious bath that ever was. But you are too wise to yield to the invitation of the beautiful, smiling, serene depths. On each side of the piers are fine beaches, where you can run down with bare feet upon the broad sandy floors, and have a safer and more delightful bath in the tossing swells and foaming surf.

At the ends of the beaches there are rocks, — O, such lovely ones, here on the east side of the river, where the Atlantic billows leap and flash, and burst in cataracts, and roar in caverns, and spout from the jagged lips of chasms! It must be a dull Letter Box, indeed, that would not grow enthusiastic watching such wild, beautiful waves. Then there is the great sea, forever changing its hues with every change in the sky; the passing sails, whitening and darkening in sun and shadow; the long lines of peaceful, purple shore; and, behind us, high, rolling fields and evergreen woods.

There is no hotel or great boarding-house here, — though I suppose there will be soon, for people are just beginning to find out what a charming place it is. But farmers and village folks take in a few summer guests; and here I am in the midst of ducks and chickens, with a family that was kind enough to receive a quiet and well-behaved Letter Box to board. I have two or three young folks with me, of course, — for how could I exist without them? I should be a lonely, disconsolate Letter Box indeed! They feed the chickens, and watch the fleet of dear little ducklings going into the water, and catch more fish than our hostess knows what to do with, and build sand-castles on the beach for the tides to wash away, and are always ready — as young folks should be — for a row or a sail, a ramble or a ride.

They got into a pretty scrape yesterday! They went over on the long beach, across the river, to bathe, and forgot to take me with them. They crossed in the dory, which they left hauled upon the sandy river-bed. When they returned from their bath, they found that the tide had gone out, and left the dory high and dry, fifty feet from the water! With all their strength they could not push it out and launch it again. And there was nobody on that side of the river to help them, and dinner was ready, and they were hungry, and of course one could not go over to them without a dory, and the tide would not rise again till after bed-time! They called to me, but what could the most benevolent and well-intentioned Letter Box do? They could not expect me to swim over to them, could they, and bring them home on my back?

Fortunately, a neighbor's dory was in the cove, and our host paddled over in it and brought the little rogues home. Then I found that they had been enjoying themselves all the while, imagining they were a sort of Swiss Family Robinson, shipwrecked on an island.

I could tell you much more about our life here, but a discreet Letter Box should not set the example of writing long letters! I merely intended to present my excuses for neglecting any of my correspondents this month, — for why should n't I get leave of absence from duty, and have my summer vacation, as well as anybody? I just meant to explain that; and how I have been running on! And I have n't told yet about the lobster-pots, or the clam-digging, or the fish-house, or little Nicky and his funny sailor yarns. Never mind. I must hasten to close, as the trap said after the mouse had got in. Hoping you will not say, with the mouse, that you wish I had closed before, I remain, dear Young Folks,

Ever your devoted friend,

THE "LETTER BOX."

SEVERAL correspondents have written to us, approving of "A. Q. Kumber's" plan for a prize rebus. *Edgar* proposes, as an amendment, that, the editors having selected and published the best of the rebuses sent in, the subscribers to "O. Y. F." should themselves award the prize. Votes could be sent by mail; and the prize should go to the rebus that receives the greatest number.

Now, what do our readers say to *this* plan?

HERE is an interesting question proposed to the "Letter Box" by "Our Young Contributor," *Betsey Pringle:* "Why have Rhode Island and Connecticut each two capitals?"

Who can answer it?

Nellie L. S. — "In what year was the poet Schiller born?" In 1759.

"Where was Mercury first discovered?" Do you mean the planet, or the metal? Both were known to the ancients, but where or by whom discovered is not known.

"*Milo.*" — The best practical work on gymnastics with which we are acquainted is "The New Gymnastics," by Dr. Dio Lewis. It is designed for "men, women, and children," and is copiously illustrated. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston. Price, $1.50.

Betsey Pringle. — Rev. Jacob Abbott, author of the "Rollo" and "Lucy" books, etc., and brother of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, was born in Hallowell, Maine, November 14, 1803; graduated at Bowdoin College in 1820, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1825; was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in Amherst college from 1825 to 1829, and pastor of the Eliot Church, Boston Highlands, 1834–35. He resides at present at Farmington, Maine.

Winnie F. L. and *May B. E.* — Your enigmas may be excellent, but no answers accompany them, and the editors have no time to study them out.

R. F. Warren. — The term "Majesty," as applied to royal personages, was originally bestowed upon Louis XI. of France, by his flatterers, — probably because he had no native majesty about him. The title of the "Most Christian King," enjoyed by monarchs of France, was also first given to him for an equally satisfactory reason. His "Majesty" Louis XI. was mean, crafty, and undignified in his demeanor; the first "Most Christian King" was superstitious, treacherous, and cruel. He died in 1483, and France was rid of one of her long list of despicable rulers.

Mary. — Thanks for your kind letter. The home of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is in Andover, Mass.

W. T. E. — C. A. Stephens resides in Norway, Me. Your other questions we are not at liberty to answer.

Marie L. Pecke, aged 13, sends us a list of one hundred and seventy-nine words, including proper names, made out of the letters composing the word *miscellaneous;* and asks if "any of 'Our Young Folks' can make any more." We will keep her list, and see who can beat it.

E. B. — We should have our hands full, if we undertook to explain satisfactorily to the writers of rejected contributions why their articles are not accepted. Young contributors who wish for criticism should make that request on sending their contributions.

Our Young Contributors. — "*Italian Peasants,*" by Wm. S. Walsh, "*The Candy Frolic,*" by Madge, and "*What the Fairy told me,*" and "*A Boat Song,*" by Marion Starr, are accepted.

"*A Fête Day in a French Boarding-School,*" by L. A., is equally well written, and only its length excludes it from the pages of "Our Young Contributors." Next in order of merit, on our *honorable-mention* list, this month, we place "*A Holiday's Pleasure,*" a neatly written sketch, by T. E. D.; after which come "*A Practical Joke,*" by Geo. P. Whittlesey, — well told (though we do not approve of practical jokes), and accompanied by a drawing quite as good as the sketch; a description of "*The Old Fort at St. Augustine,*" by Bessie G. Colt; "*Stella's Scholarship,*" by Berttie Clark; "*Wyoming,*" by Charlotte Daisy Bentley; "*The Death of Miss Pinky,*" by John K. Sever; "*A Trip to Mexico,*" by Minnie; "*Our May Party,*" by Nellie Hollister; and "*Silver Brook,*" by Margaret Douglas.

T. L. R. R. sends in correct answers to all but one of our last month's puzzles. Early answers are also received from Frank Mellen, T. G. S. W., Ida A. Wendell, Wm. C. Hubbell, Agnes H. Dodge, Arthur G. Hatch, Linda Carver, Carrie I. Kinsley, and Allie B. Withington.

THE BAD SHOT.

[See the sketch "Hippopotamus and Company."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TEA WITH AUNT PATSY.

ALONE in her lonely little house, in the closing twilight, Aunt Patsy had put up the leaf of her rickety pine table, and, having placed upon it a pewter plate and a cracked teacup, was busy preparing her humble supper, — bending over the hearth, toasting a crust of bread on a fork, beside a simmering teapot, — when the door was softly pushed open and somebody looked in.

"Who 's there?" shrieked the old woman, dropping her toast and starting up in affright.

"Nobody but me; don't be scared, Aunt Patsy." And the visitor glided into the room and softly closed the door again.

"You! Jack Hazard!" she exclaimed, recovering her self-possession. "Bless ye, lad, I 'm always glad to see ye. But vicious boys have played so many mean tricks on me, I 'm awful skittish! It 's gittin' so dark I did n't know ye at fust. Or is it that odd-lookin' hat you 've got on?"

Jack laughed, and said he thought it must be the hat that disguised him. "It 's a borrowed one; I 'm great on borrowing hats! Did I ever tell you how I made free with Syd

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Chatford's once? A very quiet and accommodating gentleman was kind enough to let me take this right off from his head; he 's standing out in the open field bareheaded now, waiting for me to return it."

"What are ye talkin'? Set down, won't ye, and keep a poor body company for a little while? You 're jest in time to take a cup o' tea with me, and eat a piece of Mis' Chatford's pie ye brought me. I wish I had a candle; but I 'm too poor to indulge in luxuries. I can start up a flash of fire, though."

"Don't start it up for me," replied Jack. "I prefer to sit in the dark."

"But we must have a trifle of a blaze, to see to eat by; besides, I want a glimpse o' your face. Friends' faces ain't so common a sight with me that I can afford to miss seein' 'em when they do look in. How 's Mis' Chatford, and dear Miss Felton?"

"They seemed to be in their usual state of health when I last saw them. I have left Mr. Chatford's; did you know it?"

"Left — Deacon Chatford's! Why, lad, you astonish me!" And Aunt Patsy, who was putting some chips on the fire, turned and stared at her guest. "I thought you was kind of adopted by them."

At this the cheery tone of voice in which Jack had spoken began to fail him. "I — I thought — I hoped so — too," he murmured, standing beside the mantel-piece. "But I have left. I can never go back there again. I 'm in a bad scrape, and even if I get out of it I can't go back; for there 's a lie between Phin and me, and of course they believe Phin and blame me," he went on with swelling passion in his tones. "I 've just come in to say good by to you."

"Good by, Jack? You can't mean it! Where ye goin'?" And the amazed old woman and the agitated boy stood facing each other in the flickering firelight.

"I don't know! I just want to see *her* first, — I mean Miss Felton, — and get my dog; then I 'm off; no matter where. I must n't be seen here. You could n't hide me, could you, if anybody should come in? There 's a constable after me."

"A constable! Why, what *is* the trouble? I 'll bar the door, the fust thing!" The door was barred, and then Aunt Patsy carefully arranged her dingy window-curtains so that no spying eye could look in. "Now, here is the wood-shed; you know that well enough, often as you have been in it to split my wood for me. The door is hooked on the inside. You might slip in here, if anybody comes; and then, if I give ye a signal, spring out of that door or out of the back winder, either. But I don't see why anybody should be s'archin' for ye in my house!"

"Peternot knows I come here sometimes," said Jack. "But never mind. I 've slipped through the officer's hands twice to-day. I 'll risk him!"

"Is it Peternot!" exclaimed the old woman, angrily. "Tell me about it! Meanwhile ye must drink a cup o' tea with me."

In vain Jack protested that he did not drink tea, that he was n't hungry, and begged her not to trouble herself for him. She removed the pewter

plate and cracked cup, and, reaching the top shelf of her closet, brought down the last remnants of an old-fashioned china tea-set, a couple of plates and cups and saucers, once fair and delicate but now much defaced by wear, the edges being nicked and the original colored figures and gilding mostly gone.

While more bread was toasting, Jack began his story.

"A trunk of money!" exclaimed Aunt Patsy, interrupting him. "In Peternot's woods! I wonder! But go on, then I 'll tell *you* something!"

When he came to his adventure with the squire, she broke forth again, "Jest like the mean old miserly curmudgeon! He 's tried for fifteen year to git my little morsel of a place away from me; but he hain't done it yit, and he never will, long as I 'm above the sod. But go on, go on, Jack; then I 'll tell *you* a story!"

So Jack related all that had happened, down to his encounter with Percy Lanman; by which time the toast and tea were on the table, and the old lady, though excited by the narrative, bade him sit up and share her supper. "It 's a poor show, I know," said she, "but it 's the best I have; and I should n't have all this if 't wa' n't for you and Mis' Chatford."

"This toast is all I want," said Jack. "I went to a house about two hours ago and got a bowl of bread and milk for ten cents. The woman did n't want to take anything, but I thought I 'd let her know I was n't a beggar, though I felt like one; for I 'd just had a wild-goose-chase after the Huswick boys and my bag of money."

"The Huswick boys! they 're as bad as Peternot himself, though in a different way," said Aunt Patsy, sipping her tea in the dancing light of the fire, while Jack, sitting at the table to please her, nibbled his toast.

"I 've done three silly things, — one every time I put any trust in those rascals!" said Jack. "First, when I left 'em to guard the money while I ran for Mr. Chatford; next, when I went with 'em to get it back from the old squire; and again, when I went home last night, instead of sticking tight to Hank and Tug till we found Cub and the money."

"That seems the weakest thing you have done," said the old woman. "Though if they meant to rob you, your follerin' on 'em up would have done no good."

"I thought of that; and I imagined it would have a good effect if I took Hank's word, and made him believe I thought there was a little honor in him. He may mean well by me still; but I 'm pretty sure he is dodging me on purpose. I found Dock and Hod and Tug this afternoon; and they said Hank and Cub had cleared out for a day or two for fear they would be arrested for helping me break into Peternot's house. Tug vowed he did n't know where they were or what they had done with the money."

"They 're playin' you false," said Aunt Patsy. "But don't mind. Now I 'll tell you my story, and you 'll see you hain't lost so much, and they hain't gained so much, as you and they think."

"What do you mean?" cried Jack.

The old woman took a sip of tea and went on. "I know about that

money; at least, I know somethin' about it. You 've heard complaints agin my fust husband, — how bad characters used to come to our house, for one thing. I don't deny but what there was somethin' in that, though he was a good man to me; whatever else he was, he was good to me!" And the old woman wiped away a tear. "There was one Sam Williams, — I always telled my husband he 'd better have nothin' to do with him, for I was sure he 'd come to some bad end; and sure enough he did; he escaped from a constable and was shot; died of his wound in jail. This was a year or two 'fore my fust husband died; and 't was when the officers was arter him that he come to our house one night with a little trunk of money."

"Half-dollars?" said Jack, eagerly interrupting her.

"I believe so, though I don't remember for sartin about that. He wanted my husband to keep it for him; but I said, 'Don't ye have nothin' to do with it, if you want to keep out o' trouble.' Well, he stayed with us from jest arter dark one evenin' till jest afore day next mornin'; and that was the last we ever see of him. That must 'a' been the trunk, and he hid it in the woods. If it was," added Aunt Patsy, looking keenly at Jack across the corner of the table, "then either Mr. Chatford or the goldsmith has made a grand mistake."

Again Jack anxiously demanded what she meant; but just as she was about to explain herself, there came a light rap at the door. He sprang to his feet in an instant.

"Hish!" she whispered, shaking her finger at him.

She hurriedly replaced the extra plate and cup and saucer in the closet, while Jack, stepping on tiptoes, took refuge in the wood-shed. The rap was repeated just as she reached the door.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A STARLIGHT WALK WITH ANNIE FELTON.

WITHOUT removing the bar, Aunt Patsy called out, "Who 's there? What do you want?"

"I want to see you, Aunt Patsy," answered a sweet feminine voice.

"Is it you, Miss Felton? Bless me!" And the old woman hastily unbarred the door. "To think of my keepin' you standin' outside! Come in, come in, you darlin'!"

In walked Annie, fresh and smiling, but casting nevertheless an anxious and wistful glance about the room.

"I have just run over from my aunt's," she said; "really, I can't sit down. I thought you might have some news of our friend Jack."

"Jack?" said the old lady, in a voice loud enough to be heard in the wood-shed. "What about Jack?"

"Has no one told you? I did n't know but he himself — O Jack!" exclaimed Annie, joyfully, taking a quick step towards the door through which the youngster at that moment advanced into the room, "I am so glad

to see you! I heard how you had got away, and I was afraid we might never see you again!"

"I could n't go without seeing you once more!" said Jack, trembling with emotion at this unexpected meeting. "Though I was n't sure you would care to see me."

"O Jack! why not? Whatever you may have done, I shall always feel an interest in you."

"An interest in me!" said Jack, chokingly. "Bad as I am, that 's kind!" He spoke bitterly, and drew back from her with a look of disappointment.

"My dear Jack! you are not angry with me?"

"No! you might say what you like, I could never be angry with you. But I did n't think you would believe anything so very bad of me, just from what other people say. I hoped at least you would wait and hear my story first." And Jack, still turning from her, wiped his quivering eyes with his sleeve.

"Have I said I believed anything very bad of you?" asked Annie, softly.

"No, but *whatever I might have done*, you said. That is, you don't quite give me up, in spite of my awful conduct!"

"Don't you see, Miss Felton," cried Aunt Patsy, "he 's been so put upon and misused, he can't be satisfied without his friends take his part in downright 'arnest? That 's nat'ral. Half-way words won't suit him."

"I know!" added Jack, with a passionate outburst; "Phin 's her cousin; he 's a saint, and I am a liar and a villain, of course, if he says so!"

"You know very well I don't think Phin a saint," replied Annie, with gentle dignity, "any more than I think you a villain. You are both boys, with the faults of boys. From all I hear, you have not done perfectly right in every respect; and I don't think you will claim that you have. If you expected me just to pat you on the back, and say, 'Poor Jack! good Jack! how they have abused you!' why, then, you have n't known what a real friend I am to you. I came here this evening, hoping to find you, and to do something for you. But if this is the way you meet me, I suppose I might as well have stayed at home." And now *she* turned away.

"Don't go!" Jack entreated. "O Miss Felton! forgive me if I am unreasonable! But it seems so hard to know that *you* think my enemies are in the right! Do you believe I would break into a house and steal; that I would make up a lie, to shift the blame to Phin or his father or any one else? I can bear to have others think so meanly of me, but not you!" And the boy's passion broke forth in uncontrollable sobs.

She took his hand with one of hers, and laid the other kindly and soothingly upon his shoulder.

"There, there, Jack!" she said, her own voice full of emotion; "I don't believe you would deliberately steal or make up such a lie. I know you would n't!"

"And as for the money," sobbed Jack, "I did just what Peternot's own nephew, who is studying law, said he should advise any one to do who found treasure on another man's land; he said, 'Pocket it and say nothing about

it; keep possession, any way; fight for it.' That 's what I tried to do. Then after I had been robbed of it, I went to take it again, and that 's the cause of all my trouble."

"I regard Squire Peternot's course very much as you do," said Annie, still soothing the lad, with one hand pressing his own and the other on his shoulder, "though I 'm not so angry at him. He has acted according to his nature; not according to the Golden Rule, very sure. But how few people act according to the Golden Rule, Jack! If we were to quarrel with all who fail in that respect, I am afraid we should find ourselves in difficulty with nearly the whole world. No, Jack; it 's useless to fly into a passion with everybody we see acting selfishly and meanly. It is much better to look carefully after our own conduct, and see what we may be doing that is wrong. Now I want you to walk home with me, and tell me your story by the way; then we will see what had better be done. Aunt Patsy will leave her door unbarred, so that you can come back and see her again."

They went out together, and talked long in low tones as they walked under the starlit sky across the fields.

"Now, Jack," said Annie, when they had reached Mr. Chatford's orchard, and stopped beside the little brook that kept up its low liquid babble in the dark shadows that half concealed it, "I have heard your own story, and I can't say that I blame you very much for anything you have done. You have acted naturally, but not always wisely. No doubt so much money

appeared a great fortune to you, and of course something very desirable. But I am by no means sure it would have been a good thing for you to have. I 'm afraid your head would have been turned by it. You were doing well enough before. You were sure of a good living, a good home, and a chance for yourself, as I have heard you say with honest pride so many times."

"This is what my chance has finally come to!" said Jack, — "no home, no future, but a constable at my heels!"

"I can think of something that might be worse for you than all that, — *getting rich too fast.* That 's what ruins many. You were happy in slowly working your way up the ladder, happier than you could ever be again if you should suddenly find yourself at the top. The money might not have harmed you, but I am sure you could have done very well without it. Don't regret it if it is lost. And, of all things, don't associate yourself with bad companions or adopt unjustifiable means to gain even justifiable ends. Better submit to a little wrong. If your enemies succeed in overreaching you, so much the worse for them. Would n't you rather be robbed than feel that you have robbed another? I know you would, Jack!"

"You talk just like Percy Lanman!" said the boy, his heart beginning to feel warmed and comforted.

"The young man who dove for you in the pond? I heard Mr. Chatford tell about him."

"I saw him in the fields afterwards, and he lent me some money. He talked just as you do!" Jack declared.

"Now, Jack," said Annie, leaning tenderly on his shoulder and looking into his face by the pale starlight, while her touch and the tones of her voice set a little stream of joy dancing and singing in his heart, like the shadowy brook at their feet, "I am going to be frank with you; hear what I say. Don't run away. Don't hide. Don't try to shirk the consequences of what you have done, but go home with me now."

"To Mr. Chatford's!" said Jack with a start.

"Yes, just as if nothing had happened. Aunt's folks will receive you kindly, I know, from what they have said."

"Never!" said Jack. "I never can enter that house again as long as there 's a lie between me and Phin. It may be natural for his father to believe him instead of me; but it 's something I never can get over. No!" he added, as she would have urged him; "I can go anywhere else, and suffer anything, before I can go back there. Besides, how long before Sellick would be after me again, and carry me off to jail!"

"Worse things than that might happen to you," Annie replied.

"What?" said Jack.

"To go back to your former life and associates, to fall again under bad influences, and lose all the good you have gained since you have been with Uncle Chatford's folks; that would be worse. I don't want you to go to jail, but I 'd rather see you go there innocent, than run away as if you were guilty. How proud I should be of you, if you could stand up and say, 'I

may have done wrong, but I did n't mean to; now here I am, put me in jail if you want to!' You would be proud of yourself too! Your face would shine as it never did before."

"O Miss Felton!" said Jack, "that 's just the way Percy Lanman talked!"

"Get rid of all rash thoughts of revenge and wild living, and put your trust in Providence and in your own integrity," she went on. "Be yourself, your better self, always, and you 'll come off victorious over everything. That 's my advice, dear Jack; and if Percy Lanman gave you the same, I honor him for it. Now will you come in with me?"

"I 'll go as far as the door with you," said Jack, "but I can't go in; I can't!"

As they emerged from the orchard and approached the house, they could see through a lighted window the family sitting round the evening lamp; Mrs. Chatford sewing, the deacon reading, Mr. Pipkin holding a skein of thread for Mrs. Pipkin to wind, and Phin and Moses playing "fox-and-geese," while little Kate stood by looking over the board, — a picture of quiet domestic enjoyment that reminded poor Jack of what he had lost, and wrung his heart with grief.

"Everything is just as it was before; nobody thinks of me, nobody cares for me!" he exclaimed. "Good night!" And, moved by a wild and passionate sorrow, he broke from her gentle, restraining touch, and disappeared in the orchard.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A STRANGE CALL AT A STRANGE HOUR OF THE NIGHT.

WANDERING to and fro among the dark and silent trees, Jack mastered his grief at length; then, remembering that he had still one faithful friend, he went to find Lion.

No affectionate whine welcomed his approach. He spoke; he stooped and looked into the gloomy and deserted kennel: no dog was there. Phin, foreseeing the possibility of Jack's return on some such errand, had that night chained Lion in the barn, and the door was locked.

Passing again near the house, Jack cast a vindictive look through the window at Phin, — a look full of wrath and misery, which was, however, softened a little when he saw Annie, standing, bonnet in hand, and O how beautiful! talking to the family. Mr. Chatford had put aside his paper, and the women their work, and the boys their play, to listen to her. Jack knew she was talking of him; and it seemed that he could almost hear the gracious words that fell from those sweet, sad lips.

He watched until he saw all eyes turned upon Phineas, and Phineas began to cry. She went on into another room, and Mr. Chatford commenced talking to Phin. Then Phin looked up through his tears and made some violent protestation. The deacon turned with a dissatisfied countenance to his newspaper, while Phin slunk away and sat moping in a corner.

"I 'd rather be in my place than in his, anyway!" murmured Jack. "I 'd rather have anything done to me than *be* mean and cowardly!"

The memory of all Annie Felton had said to him came back upon his heart, which softened more and more under the influence of that pure and gentle soul, as he walked back through the fields to Aunt Patsy's house.

"I was dreadful 'fraid you would n't come back," said the old woman, welcoming him. "See! I 've made up a sort of bed for you on the floor. You can sleep here every night as long as you have to dodge the constable."

Jack, deeply affected by her kindness, regarded her with struggling emotions for some moments before he ventured to speak. Here was one of the outcasts of society, of whom it was impossible for many people to believe any good thing, who appeared to the world a hardened, embittered, hateful old hag, and nothing more; and yet how kind, how motherly even, she was to him in his trouble! Thus there are people all about us whom the world judges from having seen only one side of them, and that their worst side, while deep springs of human feeling lie hidden in their lives.

Jack murmured his thanks, and said, "I wanted to ask you more about that money. You said either Mr. Chatford or the goldsmith had made a mistake about it."

"I 'm sure on 't," replied Aunt Patsy. "So don't worry over your loss. There 's no doubt but what that was Sam Williams's trunk; and me and my husband knowed as well as we wanted to that Sam was a practised counterfeiter. Of course, the coin was bogus."

Jack took a quick step across the room, and, returning, looked steadily at the fire.

"If I had only come and told you about it in the first place!" he said. Then after a moment's thought, "Maybe I 'll come back and sleep on the bed you have made for me; I 'll be here again in half an hour, if I conclude to. Don't wait for me longer than that. Good night, if I don't come back."

"Any time to-night, I 'll let you in!" were her last words as he left her door and disappeared in the darkness.

He walked fast down the road, passed Peternot's house, turned the opposite corner, and kept on until he came to a farm-house standing on a gentle rise of ground near the street.

He walked boldly up to the door and knocked. A large-eyed, round-faced, cheerful-looking woman appeared.

"Is the man of the house at home?" Jack inquired.

"He 's somewhere about the barn, with a lantern," replied the woman, regarding him with some curiosity.

"I 'll find him then," said Jack.

As he approached the barn, he saw a man with a lantern come out, leading a horse. Near the door, which he left open, he set down the lantern in the yard, and disappeared with the horse around a corner of the barn.

"He 's just going to the pasture bars," thought Jack. "He 'll be back in about two minutes." His resolution began to waver. "I wish I had

waited till morning! Maybe 't is n't too late now. I 'll just slip into the barn, anyway."

He slipped into the barn accordingly, and seeing, by the light of the lantern that shone in, a pile of clean straw in one corner, the idea occurred to him that it would make a very good bed. He could n't help laughing as he lay down and covered himself with it, thinking, "This is a joke I guess the joker himself would relish!"

The man presently returned, took up the lantern, looked into the barn as if to see that everything was secure, closed a door leading to an adjacent stable, and then retired, shutting the barn door after him and fastening it with a padlock.

"There 's been a boy here for you; have you seen him?" said the cheerful-faced woman when he reached the house.

"I 've seen no boy, and I don't want to see another for a fortnight," replied the man, humorously; "I 've had enough of boys! What sort of a boy?"

"He had his hat over his eyes, but he looked to me just like that Hazard boy."

"Jack? That 's too rich! Ha, ha, ha! The idee of Jack's giving his friend Sellick a call! Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the merry constable.

J. T. Trowbridge.

DOCTOR SPANXTER.

A LONG time ago there lived a king and queen, whose splendid palace stood upon a great green island in the sparkling sea. They had only one child, little Prince Pucker, — a pretty boy, with golden hair and blooming cheeks, but for all that horribly naughty; though his father and mother thought he was so good and beautiful, they had the great silver bell in the highest tower rung for joy every day. For you must know that in their kingdom lived a wicked old fairy, who hated little boys and girls, and whenever one was born she directly gave its father and mother a pair of rose-colored spectacles, which grew on to their noses too tightly to be moved, so that all the people let their children do whatever they pleased, and never even found fault with them, for they all thought their own quite perfect; but the spectacles never had any effect when you looked at other people's children.

Now everybody in the palace and out of it knew that Prince Pucker was as naughty a little boy as could be. He was selfish and vain and proud, disagreeable in every way, and impatient as a bumble-bee; beside, if he wanted anything he had only to scream for it, and everything was set aside to get it.

Once he fancied he must have a white elephant, and yelled so long and loud about it, that the king directly sent the lord chancellor with four ships across the seas to fetch one.

Another time he wanted a blue rose, and every gardener in the land shook in his shoes, for the king said he should cut all their heads off unless some one of them brought him such a flower in a week; but one wise old man took a white rose-bush and watered it with indigo and alum-water, so that in four days all the roses were so blue it made one cry to look at them.

Now everybody in the palace quite hated Prince Pucker; the lord chamberlain ground his teeth half off trying not to say what he thought about it, and the first lady of honor had her face enamelled lest it should express her feelings.

As for the king's gentlemen and the queen's maids, they constantly went on picnic parties to desert islands, where they could safely say what was in their thoughts, for there was great danger that the words would come of themselves when they got very angry, except for this relief; and the prettiest of all the maids at length discovered the nicest way possible to relieve her mind without any risk; whenever she could get in a dark corner she constantly made up the most shocking faces at Prince Pucker, and felt very much the better for it.

Now it 's all very well to give a child everything it howls for when you can, but if you can't, what are you going to do about it? This view of the matter had not occurred to the king and queen, but of course there came a time when they could n't help seeing it.

Prince Pucker cried and fretted so much all day, generally, that when night came he was too tired to sit up, and so went to bed with the sun, which he firmly believed put itself out on his account and nobody else's, and got up in the morning so early in order that his room might be warm and bright before he rose himself; but one day he had overslept himself, and so kept awake at night, and, looking out of the palace window, saw the full moon in the sky overhead shining spendidly.

"Give me that thing, that round thing," bawled the prince, pointing at the moon.

"May it please your Highness," said the prettiest maid of honor, advancing from the corner where she had been making faces at him in the dark, and calling him names in her throat, "that is the moon; nobody can get it."

Prince Pucker boxed her ears, and burst out crying with all his might and main.

"Give it to me! ow, ow, ow! I will have it! I must! you shall! ow, ow, ow, ow, ow!"

"My love! my darling! my sweet boy!" exclaimed the queen, running hastily in, and tripping herself up on her blue velvet train.

"O, your Majesty!" said the maid of honor, running to help her; "are you hurt?"

"I 've only broken the end of my nose off, but that is no matter," replied

the queen; "tell me quickly, Angelica, what ails my lovely child. Puckery, darling, tell your own devoted mamma what you want, and you shall have it this instant."

"Ow, ow, ow-ow! I want the moon!"

The queen reflected two seconds, and then fainted away; in fact, she could n't do anything else under the circumstances, and I don't blame her. The maid of honor rang the bell violently, and in came the first lady, with all the maids at her heels, who instantly set the queen upright, and gave her two quarts of champagne and a globule, so that in six hours she was quite herself again.

In the mean time Prince Pucker danced up and down, screeching and howling like a very angry cat, and the king, who was holding a council of state in the back parlor, came rushing up without his wig (and of course all the gentlemen took theirs off), to see what ailed the prince.

"Who has been abusing my son and heir?" he asked, fiercely, looking about him at the maids; for it is a curious fact that all the men in that island always blamed the nearest woman when anything happened.

"Please your Majesty," said Angelica, making a courtesy, "his Highness wants the moon."

The king whistled, and put his hands in his pockets; but then they were velvet pockets embroidered with gold.

"You shall have a moon instanter, my boy," cried he, as a bright idea struck him when he beheld the reflection of the moon in a little lake before the palace door. He ordered the bell rung for the lord high chamberlain, and taking him into the closet by the buttonhole, commanded him to take the biggest gold plate in the palace, scour it well with Bath brick, bore a little hole in the edge with a hot knitting-needle, tie a fine catgut into it, and slowly sink it in the lake; while the tallest of the footmen held a sketching-umbrella in front of the real moon to prevent her reflection from being seen. In the mean time they had respectfully hung the queen over a clothes-horse, and taken her to bed.

So the lord high chamberlain trotted off to the kitchen to have the plate cleaned and select a footman; but the tallest footman was only seven feet and a half high, so he put him in a clothes-wringer and stretched him out to nine and a half on the spot.

But after all these pains the experiment was not successful; when the gold plate was brought to the prince, all shining and dripping, he was so angry because it did not light up the room as a real moon would have done, that he threw it fair and square at the lord chamberlain's head, and sheared off his left whisker. The chamberlain hustled himself and the plate out of the door, and the prince began to howl harder than ever.

"Spillikins and thimbles!" exclaimed the king; "I never can stand this an hour! Send me the head carpenter directly." So the head carpenter came.

"Fetch all your ladders at once!" said the king. "Prince Pucker is crying for the moon, and must have it!"

"Please your Majesty —"

"It don't please my Majesty! get 'em quick, I tell you! Buy, beg, borrow, steal, — get all there are in the kingdom."

"But your majesty, they won't —"

"They shall, I tell you!"

"But the distance."

"Hang distance! get enough ladders."

"But how to lift them, sire? gravitation forbids."

"Confound gravitation, turn it out, I won't have it round; my son shall have the moon, or I 'll chop your head off Friday noon."

The head carpenter went home, packed up two clean shirts and a pocket-handkerchief, kissed his wife, and put out to sea in an open boat, leaving word for the king that he had gone to the moon.

Prince Pucker yelled louder than ever; he would not eat or sleep, and nobody else could get a wink of rest. All the maids had red eyes, and the lady of honor put her jaw out of joint trying not to yawn; while the gentlemen stuck pins upside down in their collars to wake them up the minute they should nod. The king tried whatever he could think of; he sent a philosopher up in a balloon, but he never came back, and everybody was glad of it, particularly Angelica, who was sure he must have bored the moon till he came out the other side. Then the king sent a regiment of heavy artillery on top of the highest mountain to be found, with rifled cannon and patent reversible bomb-shells to shoot at the moon and dislodge it.

"But when they came unto the top
To their surprise they found
That the moon was just as far away,
As she was from the ground."

In short, the moon sailed on, and took no notice of any efforts made to bring her down for Prince Pucker, and the king and queen were at their wits' ends.

Moreover, the prince would n't stop crying. Why should he? Always before he had got whatever he wanted by crying, and why not now if he only stuck to it? So he cried and cried and cried; he grew thin and pale and weak; he could not eat, and they sent for the king's doctor, who looked at his pulse, guessed at his tongue, and formed an opinion. Very solemnly he shook his head.

"The vital tissues of the prince are rapidly disorganizing and disintegrating; nature, incapable of reaction, demands support, and the recalcitration of the patient delays recuperation to a degree. I shall administer sustenance of a diffusive and farinaceous character, and apply exterior caloric to the cuticle."

The next prettiest maid of honor opened her brown eyes big as saucers, and whispered to Angelica, "O dear, what does he mean?"

Angelica giggled softly: "Nothing, my dear goose, but that the prince is gone to smash generally, and kicks when you speak to him; he 's to have gruel with whiskey in it, and a hot bath!"

"M—y!" said Nelli.

But that was really so! However, the prince threw the gruel at the queen's head and spoiled her best waterfall and her cobweb cap; and he kicked the hot bath over, and scratched the footmen who brought it in, till they all crept under the bed.

So next day they sent for the queen's physician, who was a different kind of doctor. He looked at Prince Pucker, heard him cry, observed the whites of his eyes, and said nothing; he never did say anything, so people considered him remarkably wise. He pulled a large box out of his pocket, extracted therefrom a small bottle full of little sugar-plums, ordered one to be placed on Prince Pucker's tongue three times a day, and went off. The dreadful little prince seized the bottle, swallowed all the pills at once, and yelled louder than ever. Then they tried all the other doctors in the kingdom one by one, but none of them could get the prince to take their doses, and the only good it did was providing a subject for them all to agree on, which was an entirely new experience for them; yet it was a fact that they all hated and despised the naughty prince, who would neither stop crying nor take their medicines.

At length the prince grew so weak with crying and kicking they were afraid he would die, and one day as the queen was sitting in her private parlor weeping and eating popped corn, the king came in.

"My dear!" said he, in such a loud and joyful voice the queen nearly choked herself with a corn, "there's a new doctor from abroad come to town; shall we send for him to visit our dear Puckery? they say he really knows something."

"O directly, directly!" sobbed the queen, spilling all the corns into the fire, in her agitation, and wiping her eyes on her apron of blue satin.

So next morning the lord chamberlain called on the celebrated Dr. Spanxter, from foreign parts, and requested him to visit the palace at twelve o'clock.

The queen was sitting by Prince Pucker's bed, in a lavender-colored double gown, with pink ribbons to her cap, and a lace handkerchief in her hand, looking as interesting as she possibly could, and the prince lay snuffling and sobbing and howling under the green velvet coverlid, when the palace clock struck twelve, and immediately somebody stamped up the big staircase, the chamber-door flew open, and in bounced a big man with a brown wig, a thick nose, blue spectacles, a snuff-colored suit, and boots fit for a clam-digger.

First, he looked at Prince Pucker through his spectacles, and said, "Hum!" then he looked at the queen over his spectacles, and said, "Hm!" both in a very loud voice; then he took off his spectacles, and, turning a pair of small, gray eyes, sharp as gimlets, on the queen, said, "What's the matter, eh?"

"O my dear sir," sobbed the queen, using her pocket-handkerchief a great deal, "my lovely boy beheld the moon one woful night, and has cried to have it ever since, till his life is wasting away in tears and sighs."

"Fiddlestick!" growled the doctor.

The queen could not believe her ears, so she pretended not to have heard him, which is a very good way when people say unpleasant things, and she went on: "We have had all the celebrated physicians in the kingdom, and they have been useless; the king and myself despaired until we heard of your arrival; dear sir, for any sake, tell us what to do!"

The doctor glared at the queen till his blue spectacles burned like a Roman candle.

"Spank him!" roared he; and, banging the door behind him, clattered down the palace stairs.

Prince Pucker sat straight up in bed, and the queen tumbled down in a fit; but as there was nobody there to pick her up, she got over it at once, and sat square in her chair as she was before. In rushed the king with the nose-bleed, for he had been listening at the keyhole, and Dr. Spanxter bumped his nose when he bounced out.

"Wh-wh-what did he say?" sputtered his Majesty, though he knew perfectly well.

"O my dear! oh! oh! oh! he said! — oh! how shall I? oh! the ferocious creature! the awful man! he said — he — he said, 'Spank him!'"

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed the king, still mopping his royal nose, but thinking only of Prince Pucker. "Send for the lord chamberlain at once. I suppose we must try it; but let it be easy, easy, suasive, my dear; there must be a royal road to everything, and a common shingle is not to be thought of."

"Ring the bell, do!" sighed the queen. But just then the door opened, and in sailed the lady of honor, the queerest spectacle you ever did see, all the enamel on her face cracked in a thousand fine streaks; and as she came in you heard a soft, sweet, merry sort of rustle all through the galleries and corridors of the palace, as if the fairy people were dancing endless reels along the floors, with fairy laughter and fluttering wings.

"What is that?" said the queen.

The lady of honor's face cracked in three fresh places. "Please your Majesty it is the laundry-maids carrying your fresh-starched skirts into the garret."

Now that was a great fib, for it was all the maids of honor laughing under breath for joy to think the prince had got to be spanked; and laughing had cracked the enamel on the first lady of honor's face, so that she hated the prince worse than ever.

By and by the lord chamberlain came in, and received the king's orders, trying so hard to keep his face properly solemn that his eyes got crossed, and never got back again to their places; then he took ten of the most skilful workmen in wood, went out with them into the forest, cut down the biggest red cedar to be found, and from the very heart of it cut a long and wide shingle that smelt of sandal and roses and sweet-brier mixed, and fainting to the very dream of a perfume; this was carried to the city, shaved down to the thinness of a card, rubbed with sand-paper, polished on an

emery-wheel, and finished off with diamond-dust and a white kid burnisher, till no satin or velvet could be so shining and soft; then the handle was set with pearls and opals, — no cut stones might roughen even that part of the royal rod, — the edge was fringed with swan's down, and the whole wrapped in tissue paper, laid in a box, and solemnly presented to the queen.

It was an awful day in the palace when Prince Pucker was spanked. Nobody but the king or queen dared lay hands on the Prince Royal, and the queen would n't; she took to fainting away with such ease and rapidity that it took seventeen maids of honor and the chief lady to sprinkle and fan and rub her, and she never recovered till Angelica accidentally ran a hair-pin into her left ear.

The king seized the kind moment while everybody was busy, whisked down the bedclothes, and, grasping the royal shingle, spanked Prince Pucker with great celerity and grace; the bed shook beneath the prince's agitated form, and the king, bursting into tears, dropped the shingle. That wicked Angelica who was peeping between the curtains behind the bed at that moment, having first punched the hair-pin a little deeper into the queen's ear, always declared upon her honor that Prince Pucker was in fits of laughter; but nobody believed her, of course.

At length the queen came to, the king went down to the back parlor and swallowed some metheglin and ketchup to quiet his feelings, and the prince began to yell louder than usual. In vain did the queen sprinkle him with rose-water and offer him cream-candy, he was more eager after the moon than ever; vainly also did she, choking with sobs, feebly suggest more shingle; the prince made a very contemptuous nose at her, and winking one eye gave a fresh howl, so long and shrill that it pierced even to the king's retirement, and made him swallow some ketchup the wrong way. So matters went on for three days, Prince Pucker still growing feebler, except as to his lungs, which remained very powerful; and all the ladies and gentlemen of the court getting so provoked and so tired they began to get up secret societies called the Noble Order of P. P. (which meant private poisoners), whose sole object was secretly to put an end to Prince Pucker, and have a little peace in the palace. At last the king advised sending for Dr. Spanxter again, much to the queen's horror; however, the king kissed her every time she began to say anything about it, and that is a good way to stop anybody's mouth, it is so impolite to object when one kisses you; and so Dr. Spanxter came clattering up the great staircase once more, and found the queen by Prince Pucker's bedside, looking even more interesting than before, and the prince screaming still louder. "Hem!" grunted the doctor, putting his hands in his pockets, and glaring frightfully at the queen over his spectacles.

"Have you spanked him?"

"O yes, yes!" cried the queen, sobbing, and wringing her hands. "The king himself did it."

"What with?" sputtered the doctor.

The queen rose from her chair, and, sailing gracefully to a bureau of

sandal-wood and silver, opened the top drawer, and, extracting therefrom the royal shingle, laid it in Dr. Spanxter's extended hand.

"Donner und blitzen! what nonsense!" growled the doctor, like an angry bear. Another moment and the despised thing was sent spinning through the open window, and from one of those great coat-pockets the man hauled a real shingle split from a mighty chestnut-tree, tough and rough enough, and pierced with many a hole. With one hand he clutched Prince Pucker by the collar of his nightgown, whirled him out of bed, and applied the instrument of discipline with such force and dexterity that the royal boy writhed, kicked, and roared again; his shrieks echoed through the galleries and saloons of the palace till all the maids of honor clapped their hands for joy, and the gentlemen of the king whistled waltzes like a thousand happy canary-birds, while the king rushed to the scene just as the spanking was well over.

"There!" said Dr. Spanxter, depositing the prince on the bed; "now you have something to cry for! I shall come again when you do again cry!" and off he stamped.

The queen had hysterics, and the king more metheglin and ketchup all the afternoon; but the prince lay quiet in his bed, and ate a quart bowl of soup. From that day he grew better fast; once, indeed, when the great soft moon beamed in through his window, he began to weep bitterly, and An-

gelica, slipping out of a private door, sent a little page post-haste to fetch Dr. Spanxter, who came with more speed and fury than ever, and applied the shingle with greater zeal.

This, however, was the last time; the prince shook in his shoes when a shingle was named before him, and behaved himself like the best of boys ever after. Dr. Spanxter left for his own country with two saddle-bags full of gold; the maids of honor grew fat, and the gentlemen all raised mustaches, now that the prince had grown too good to pull them. Peace reigned in the palace, and the first lady of honor poulticed her face for a week, and smiled all the time after the enamel peeled off. Prince Pucker grew up to be a great and good king, and the first law he made as soon as he was crowned, ordered everybody in his kingdom to keep a stout shingle hung up behind the kitchen door, and spank all their children regularly every Saturday night. In consequence of this there were never seen such good and well-mannered children as those living in that island; they never thought of disobeying their parents; they never cried for anything denied to them, or whined, or fretted; and they always said "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," "Please," and "Thank you."

Prince Pucker set up a brass statue of Dr. Spanxter in the public gardens, and once a year, at the time of full moon, all the children had a great feast and holiday, and dressed the statue with wreaths of birch rods and festoons of tiny shingles, in memory of that blessed day when King Pucker fell into the wise hands of Dr. Spanxter.

Rose Terry.

FERN-SEED.

I MET a fairy in the wood
Beside the running burn;
I hid behind the broadest tree,
I did not speak nor turn;
I saw her carry in her hands
A little crystal urn;
I watched her search with eager eyes
The yellowing tufts of fern.

She was so small the feathery ferns
High arches o'er her made,
So small the passing butterfly
Threw all her face in shade,
So light her footsteps scarcely bent
The slenderest grassy blade,
So gentle that the shyest bird
Stayed by her unafraid.

Her hair was like a little mist
The yellow sun shines through,
Her eyes, like spaces 'twixt white clouds
Of purest heavenly blue.
Her tiny hands like snowflakes lay
On the leaves she towards her drew,
And her tears fell down upon the moss
Like drops of diamond dew.

And when I saw her weep, I said,
"O sweetest lady fair,
Set me some task that I may do,
One little tear to spare!"
She looked up from the ferny shade
With such a startled air,
I feared she 'd spread her rainbow wings
And leave me lonely there.

She spoke. Her voice was like the breeze
That whispers in the pine:
"Nay, friend! what could thy help avail
In such a quest as mine?
I seek, alas, almost too late!
The fern-seed bright and fine,
Which, fairies say, was never seen
By mortal eyes like thine.

"My sisters gleaned a goodly store
When summer days were bright,
But those were days of wildest play,
Of merriest delight;
I rode the humming-bird by day
And danced the waves by night,
Nor noticed how my fern-seed waned,
Till the vase was empty quite.

"Now I can hide myself no more
From curious human gaze,
The very sunlight seems to stare
With a cruel, blinding blaze.
I do not wonder as I used
That flowers droop in his rays.
O, must I haunt this outside world
For a year of weary days?"

I threw myself upon the moss,
Among the ferns I pried,
I saw the rusty dots that mark
The pale green underside.

"Is not this dust the seed you seek?"
All eagerly I cried;
But she looked, and laid it sadly down;
"There is nothing here," she sighed.

"These dots are but the baskets rough
Of various forms, which hold
The many-shaped and curious cups
Of silver, jet, or gold,
In which the precious dust once lay,
Which hot winds, overbold,
Have rudely rifled, leaving me
To loneliness untold."

And down her cheeks once more the tears
Fell fast, like summer rain.
"Nay, lady!" soft I said, "our search
Shall not be all in vain.
I 'll bring you sheaves of younger fern
From brookside, cliff, and plain;
You will surely find some caskets full."
I went and came again.

And down before her little feet,
Beneath the breezy shade
Of aster and of golden-rod,
My wealth of ferns I laid.
Her sweet eyes danced, and round her lips
The lovely dimples played.
Her beautiful and happy smile
My heart most happy made.

Into the rose's smoothest leaf
The gold-brown dust she shook;
"These cups are full!" she cried, and each
With dainty fingers took
And emptied in her crystal vase,
With a glad and childlike look,
And a silvery laugh that rippled out
Like the music of the brook.

But what she found and garnered up
Was naught that I could see,
More small than finest golden dust
On the thigh of honey-bee;
The vase filled slow with amber air,
Or so it seemed to me;

Only a sunrise tinge, that lit
The crystal goldenly.

What joy it was for me to stay,
And in her beauty bask,
While all the dreamy afternoon
Went on the sweet, slow task!
She filled the shining vase, and then
A little fairy flask,
And smiling said, "A memory
Within thy heart I ask!

"So take this little fern-seed cup,
And keep it hidden well,
Till thou desire to try the power
Of its magic fairy spell.
Then pour it on thy head, and lo!
Thou art invisible
As fairies that, undreamed of, walk
In haunted grove or dell!

"And now, farewell!" her sweet lips breathed,
While slow her fair hand shed
The fern-seed from the crystal urn,
Upon her golden head.
Like bright dissolving vapor-wreath
The lovely vision fled.
Was it the echo's voice, or hers,
The last, low farewell said?

Gone, gone! The wood grew lone and drear,
Lonely that ferny dell;
In heart-shaped petals on the grass
The last sweet wild-rose fell;
The woodbine dropped its crimson leaf,
While like a sad, slow bell,
My heart repeated o'er and o'er,
"Farewell, sweet fay, farewell!"

When shall I ope her fairy flask,
Its wondrous spell to try?
Shall I walk unseen to shun my task?
Or to foil my enemy?
Shall I steal to my beloved's side
When no one thinks me nigh?
Fern-seed for both! Ah, then, how blest
We wander, she and I!

Mary E. Atkinson.

THE BOY WHO WAS HIMSELF.

WHEN Captain Carew came home from his long cruise, he went, as usual, straight to his sister's house in Troy. He had, indeed, nobody to care for but her and her boy and girl.

"You don't seem pleased with Agnes and Joe?" she said uneasily, that evening, observing the keen watch he kept on the children. "They have altered very much, I think, and improved?"

"Yes, they 've altered." But he stopped there.

Presently Agnes brought him her photograph-album. "Here are my heart-treasures," she said, and turned first to a beautiful girl in a cap and plume. "That is Miss Lafon. So picturesque-looking and brilliant! Why, she talks in epigrams. She spent the winter with us, and mamma was as fond of her as I."

"Yes, she is a very clever, witty girl, and her manner is peculiarly fascinating. A daughter of Colonel Lafon's, Charles."

"I remember," said the captain. "There was a boy, too, eh?"

"O yes, John Lafon!" exclaimed Joe. "I wish you could see *him*, uncle. Such an exquisite gentleman! Dress, manner, everything!"

"He is a cadet at West Point," interposed their mother. "The training there does give a certain polish to a boy that is very desirable, brother." She glanced furtively at Joe.

"And these Lafons spent the winter with you? Oho! Now I understand," muttered the captain. "I remember the Lafon children," he added, aloud. "I liked their character and manner, too. Both were natural and unaffected, — *in them*."

The captain found the change deeper in the children than he had expected. Agnes, who had been a neat, Dutch-built child, with a downright honesty in her freckled face that was very pleasant to see, had acquired a habit of piping when she talked, with a falsetto sweetness alarming to plain people, and was subject to gushes of airy vivacity and attempted witticisms that set the captain's teeth on edge. Joe, who was a lumbering fellow, intended for a merchant's clerk, and who used to be noted for his steady plodding habit of study, and success in mathematics, had taken up the rôle of a genius; he studied, talked, worked, by jerks, only according to his "mood"; he tipped in and out of a room with the graces of a ballet-dancer; had adopted a light, courteous tone of *persiflage*, "which suits him," grunted the captain, "about as properly as a cockatoo's feathers would the hide of a walrus."

The next evening the children, forgetting for a while to play their new parts, snuggled, as they used to do, close to his side on the big sofa in front of the fire.

"Tell us a story, uncle," cried Agnes.

"About a shipwreck," added Joe.

"A story, hey?" The captain considered a moment, and then began: —

"One of the completest wrecks I ever saw was that of the brig L'Étoile, driven ashore on the coast below Cape Henlopen. She struck on the bar, and before morning she was beaten into bits like hand-rails. Well, that was a break up! There were but three of the crew saved, — the black cook, and two children, a boy and a girl. It might have been you, Joe and Aggy; lashed to a barrel, they were. When they were picked up, their clothes were torn to rags by the breakers; but there was life in them yet. Old Darnell, a fisherman at Rehoboth Bay, brought them in, and the women of the village soon had them in their hands. Darnell brought me up to his kitchen that evening, to see if I could make out who and what they were.

"'They talk some lingo,' he said, 'that none of us can understand.'

"I found it was a patois, half French, half German, not very clear, but I made it out after a while. The girl was exhausted, and slept heavily. The boy sat beside her, watching. His name was Louis.

"'Louis,' said I, 'where is your father? your family?' He pointed to the sea. 'There,' he said.

"'What! all?'

"'All.' I fancied, at the time, that the boy was one who would grieve bitterly, but that nobody would see him shed a tear. He had an odd, yellow-skinned, high-featured face, with steady, slow eyes; not like any boy I had ever seen. Though no boy ever does look just like another; eh, Joe?'

"'No, sir,' said Joe, wondering how a sea-captain could talk such platitudes.

"The boy's father, as it turned out, had been in service in Algeria, and was coming with his family to this country. Whether he had kinsfolk in France, Louis did not know; he had been born and reared in the Algerian fort. The sea had swallowed up all record of him but his name. Two days afterward Darnell came to me again to serve as interpreter.

"'Something must be done with the children,' he said; 'Squire Drow advises that they be sent on to New York, but that 's just sending them to the devil. It 'll go hard, if we can't fend for them here in 'Hobath Bay. My wife means to keep the girl, and there 's half a dozen have offered to take Louis.'

"When we reached the house, we called Louis. He was not a boy whom you could shove off into the gang of lads in the village. For all his quiet and childishness, he somehow made his mark on you, stood off from the rest with a sort of separate identity, a personal presence, which amounted to magnetism. Yet, withal, he was a simple little fellow, not quick-witted, either. We thought it right to tell him what the arrangements were.

"'Mrs. Darnell has been like a mother to your sister?' I said. He nodded, with a look which showed he was not ungrateful. 'She means to keep her, and rear her as her own,' I continued.

"'Pardon, monsieur, but I have only waited until Francoise is strong, and I will take her to my own home.'

"'But my dear boy,' said I, 'you have no home. Really, now, you are but a boy,' — arguing with myself, for something made me feel that he was more of a man than Darnell. 'You must let us plan for you for a few years. Leave your sister here; she 'll be in kind hands, and I 'll give you a place on my vessel. I 'll watch over you as if you were my own son'; for my heart warmed strangely to the poor boy, left to face the world without a rag he could call his own. 'Come, learn the trade of a sailor with me, Louis.'

"Louis laughed. 'But I am a wood-carver.'

"'Now,' Captain Darnell said, 'it 's only fair to put all his chances before the boy. Calder, the carpenter, wants to take him as 'prentice. He 's a kind man, Calder, and carpentering is a sure road to a good living hereabouts. But my own advice is that he turns into seines and rods, and makes a fisherman of himself. The sea 's the only meadow where the crops never fail.'

"The lad's eyes sparkled, as I interpreted this to him. 'They are all so good,' — crossing his arms over his breast. 'But you see, monsieur, I am a wood-carver. I cannot be a carpenter, or plough that big water-field,' — laughing, — 'for I am a wood-carver. There is a vacant hut on the sands, where I shall live with Francoise.'

"I was perplexed. 'It is impossible, at your age, that you can have learned the trade of wood-carving!'

"'No,' — coloring. 'But the men of my family, they have the mind in the fingers: you understand? One paints, one is draughtsman, one is sculptor. I am a child, but I can carve in wood. That is all. When I come to try myself,' — knocking on his forehead, — 'I find no talent but the one. I carve in wood. Voila tout!'

"'But nobody wants to buy wood-carving here. You will starve,' I persisted.

"Louis shrugged his shoulders. 'So? But I am wood-carver, moi!'

"'As for your sister, she must remain with Mrs. Darnell. What can you do with her?'

"'The men of my house have always supported the women,' proudly. 'Francoise shall not live on alms.'

"Darnell and I were both out of all patience with the lad. But though he was affectionate and gentle and ready to take advice on all subjects but the one, on that he was obstinate and pig-headed beyond belief. It seemed impossible for him to comprehend how he could do otherwise than work at the one thing he could do best, and carry out the peculiar traits of his family.

"Well, to cut the story short, the matter was still in dispute when I left the bay. When I returned, a year after, I found the two children actually living in the hut, and living comfortably. Louis had persisted in his wood-carving, which some of the fishermen took in trade at first for fish and vegetables, and at last one of the hucksters carried some of his work to New York, and succeeded so well in selling it for him, that the boy was

able to clothe himself and his sister, and to make a very snug little home out of the cabin.

"Now comes the curious part of my story.

"The next spring I had, as supercargo on my vessel, a man named Fonquerel, of what nationality I don't know; but, at all events, a very shrewd, intelligent fellow, wide awake to all peculiarities in human nature. One evening, in the cabin, talking of shipwrecks, I told him this story of Louis, just as I 've told it to you. He seemed remarkably interested in it.

"'What was the boy's name, did you say?'

"'Dessoux. Louis Dessoux.'

"'Then it can't be. No. There was a family in Alsatia, called Le Menager, to whom I fancied he must belong. They were counts under the Empire, men of large landed property. But the singular point about them was, that they each had unusual mechanical talent, and that every one practised some trade or art, not, of course, for remuneration, but as a constant occupation. They were simple minded-men, too, of exceptional independence in opinion and action, and obstinate as mules. I fancied your boy must be one of them. But none of the Le Menagers went to Algeria.'

"'And then,' said I, 'his name is Dessoux. That settles it.'

"The whole matter escaped my mind. I landed my supercargo in New York, and forgot all about him until, a year afterward, I received a letter from him, dated Lyons. He had been so impressed with my story, he said, that he had gone down to Cape Henlopen to see Louis, and, on returning to Europe, had made it his business to hunt up the Le Menagers. He discovered that one of the brothers had, in fact, received an appointment as officer in Algeria, had taken his wife's name, Dessoux, with her estate, and with his family had embarked on the brig L'Étoile for America, intending to visit a friend in New Orleans."

"So Louis and Francoise went home?" cried Agnes.

"Yes. There were large estates in Alsatia waiting for the boy, and, better than that, kinsfolk who welcomed him with the love they had given to his lost father and mother."

"And it all came to him," said Joe, thoughtfully, "because he persisted in making himself out of himself?"

"Pre-cisely. His best self." The captain clasped his hands behind his grizzly old head, and pushed his feet out nearer to the fire, watching Joe with a quizzical laugh in his half-shut eyes. "It 's my notion, Joe," he said, "that we can't change the features God gave to our mind, any more than the features of our body; and the loyaller we are in preserving them and making the best of them, the surer we 'll be of finding our estate and kinsfolk when we get into port in that other country beyond the sea."

Rebecca Harding Davis.

KITTY DOOLOO.

WHEN I was a very little girl, it was my fortune to have to go to bed early; but I was such a silly, nervous creature, that I was even afraid of the stars. So my maumer, as we little Southern children used to call our black nurses, would sometimes come and sing to me the sweet "spirituals," or tell me funny stories about "Ber Rabbit and Ber Wolf"; but my favorite of all was about Kitty Dooloo, and that is the story that I want all the Northern children to know.

The old days at the South have all gone now since the war, and with them the peculiar relation between the maumers and their little charges. Children loved their maumers dearly, and they fondled and petted us, and had sugar-plums in their pockets for us, and they were in everything next to our own dear mammas. I remember once seeing a bright, beautiful white baby, laughing and crowing in a very black maumer's arms, and the picture looked like Morning led by Night. But to go back to my own childhood.

One night I went up stairs chattering away, and feeling very wide awake, when I ought to have been sleepy; and, as Maumer Jane was going to leave me, I said, "*O, do don't* go, maumer! please stay and tell me a story; I don't want to be left all alone!"

"Well, missee, I 'll tell you about Kitty Dooloo." O, what joy it was, and what comfort it gave me, to have the dear soul close to me with my hand in hers, and telling me about Kitty and her brother Sam. She told the story, of course, in negro language, but I must give it as well as I can in English. It is a fairy tale, and I have never met with it anywhere since Maumer Jane used to tell it; but if any one who reads this recognizes it, I wish that I could be apprised of the fact.

Its peculiar charm lay in the wild notes of the little song, which was never skipped over by the maumer; and all who read this should first learn the music, and repeat the song every time that it is mentioned. And now for the story.

Once upon a time there was a great big tree full of leaves and branches and birds hopping about and singing, and somewhere inside there was a great hollow; and there Kitty Dooloo lived with her brother Sam. There was a door to this hole which was always covered by long hanging moss, that hid it so that no one could see it. Nobody knew where Kitty and Sam lived, nor where they came from, and, in fact, no one had ever heard of Kitty, for the tree was in the midst of a very deep forest that was guarded by brambles and thorn-bushes; and when Sam went to chop wood every day for his living, he would wait until the other men all went home, and then he would go back to his dear Kitty.

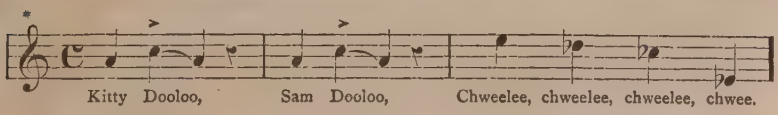
The door of the hollow only opened and shut from the inside, and Kitty would come down and let Sam out in the morning, and at night, when he

came, she would unlock the door for him. He never knocked at the door, because they had agreed that nothing should tempt her to open it unless she heard the song of admittance. When Sam came to the tree, he would stop and look carefully around and listen, and be sure there was no one near, and then he would say or sing * "Kitty Dooloo," and she would answer, "Sam Dooloo," and then both together, "Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee." Then Kitty came down and unlocked the door, and Sam disappeared inside of the big tree with her. How they lived there, or whether they had furniture or kettles and pots and pans, I don't know; but Kitty must have sewed very nicely, for Sam always looked neat; and she must have cooked very nicely, for it was known that Sam carried with him from the store the best of everything to eat. She had never seen any one but Sam, and no one had ever seen her. She used to walk with her brother every evening after he came home, but they never met any one in that dark, deep wood; if you had been up in one of the trees near them, however, you would have heard, ringing out sweet and clear, "Sam Dooloo, Kitty Dooloo, chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee." Once there was a horseman who used to say that, as he was riding in a deep forest in which he had lost his way, he heard among the song-birds a sweet sound of "Chweeley, chweeley, chwee," as if it were coming from a tree; but he could not find out where it came from, although he rode round and round the tree a great many times, and then he had to give it up, and he thought some of the fairy folk were hidden up among the branches. But whether he really gave it up for all time we shall see by and by.

One day Sam came home a little earlier than usual, with a lovely bunch of wild-flowers for his pet, and he listened as usual to assure himself of no one's being near; and everything was very, very still, for although the day had not yet gone to bed, the little birds had, and so had all the insects. Sam sang, "Kitty Dooloo," she answered, "Sam Dooloo," and then both together, "Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee," and down flew Kitty to open the door.

"I will not go in now, Kitty; let us go and walk, and when we are sitting on the log by the stream we will have such a good talk." So they walked on and sat down on the log, and he dressed her hair with the flowers, and while they were chattering and singing Sam suddenly said, "O dear! it is Saturday night, and my Kitty must have her Sunday's dinner, and I forgot all about it, I was so eager to take our walk. What shall I do, Kitty, chweelee, chwee? Will you wait here for me, or are you sure it will be safe for you to go to the tree and wait until I come? O dear! if any one — I mean anything should happen to you while I am absent from you!"

Now Sam's best way would have been to go to the very hollow itself with Kitty, even if it had taken him all night; for he knew well enough



that the spell that lay around her life was, *that he should never leave her one minute alone out of the tree*, or some one would come and find her who had a better right to her than he had. But for once he forgot his fears. "I cannot go all the way back to the tree," he reasoned within himself, "and then to the store. We never yet have met any one in all our wanderings, and I know that Kitty will arrive as safely at the tree as we do every evening; and it is still light enough to trust her, for the sun's gold is yet paying back the world's people for their love of him. Kitty," he said aloud, "do you think any bears or lions or wild-cats or snakes will trouble you?" He never had mentioned the word *man* to her, and she thought he was the only one in the world; so of course he did not use the word now. Kitty laughed, and said, "If there is a bear, I will make him carry me home; if there is a lion, I will shake hands with him; if there is a wild-cat, I will beg for a little kitten; and you know that snakes are my best friends. O Sam, Sam, what is there in the world to hurt *me?*"

"Nothing, darling, I only thought, — but, good by for only an hour."

"Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee" rang in the woods until they were so far apart that one voice sounded like the echo of the other. Sam stopped first, for he waited a moment to hear that delicious strain gradually lose itself in the distance, and then, with only a half-satisfied heart, he bounded away on his errand for the morrow. Meanwhile Kitty went on singing and growing more flushed and lovely with the exercise, when, as she neared the tree, she saw a man standing by it, as if ready to welcome her. His back was towards the west, so that her face was in the full golden light, while his was shaded by the darkening branches. Of course she thought it was Sam, and that he had been playing her a trick by saying he must get their dinner, and had run round a shorter way, and so arrived first at the tree. She sprang forward and said, "Why, Sam!" but the second look was enough. Those dark eyes were not of Sam's soft blue shade. That large black beard and mustache were not like Sam's beardless face. "What is it?" she thought. "What shall I do? It is neither a bear nor a lion nor a wild-cat nor a snake, even! O dear! what *shall* I do?"

"Do not be alarmed, beautiful lady," said the sweetest of voices, "I have been waiting for you a long time." The voice, although so gentle, alarmed the girl still more, and, as she measured the distance to the door with one glance, she sprang into it and locked it fast and tight, and ran whither, as I said before, no one knows. This was the very same young horseman who had heard the singing and the "chweelee" in the woods, and had watched the tree so long in the morning, but in vain. So he thought he would try some sunset-time, and see if the singing would be the same then. And now that he had seen her in all her perfect beauty, how could he bear to have her go into that ancient tree, like an old-fashioned Dryad.

"Never mind, when I knock she will come." Bang, bang; no answer. "I 'll throw a stone into the branches to lodge with this letter I wrote to-day." Whiz! up it goes, and lodges; but no answer. "I 'll sing"; no answer. "I 'll plead, — Lady, lady, give me one word!" No answer. And after exhausting

himself with his efforts, — for his long watching had already wearied him, — he turned and disappeared among the trees, just as Sam was coming up the path, with the resolve that he would never let Kitty go alone again. Equally did the young man resolve that he would come back the next afternoon, and wait forever, if need be, for the lovely lady.

Sam, all unconscious that the magic spell of Kitty's life was broken, sang, "Kitty Dooloo." Answer, "Sam Dooloo, chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee," and the door was opened.

Did Kitty come with looks full of wonder and questions too numerous to mention about all sorts of wild animals? Not she. She was a woman, and that one glance had struck into her soul, and the voice was a secret that she did not care to reveal. She was pale, and Sam noticed it, and said, "Kitty, *did* you reach the tree all safely, and did you meet a — "

"A lion or a bear, — no, no, Sam, not one; only an angel, — well, yes an angel." He would have asked her more, but they were so accustomed to joke with each other, that this answer seemed to him all right, and he merely said, "Well, child, it is the last time you shall ever be left alone to meet even angels." When Sam went to sleep, it was to a hearty, tired, refreshing snore. When Kitty laid her head on a bundle of leaves, it was to repeat, "I am waiting for you."

The next day the young horseman came back at noon, and at intervals he tried the same means to make Kitty appear, but in vain; for her promise to open the door only to the sound of "chweelee" was sacredly kept, and at last the intruder had to resort to patient waiting, feeling sure that she must finally yield to time. What was his disgust at seeing, just at sunset, a fair-haired young man approach the tree and stop before the door. But his disgust soon turned to joy as he saw Kitty's face merely repeated in Sam's, and he felt it must be her brother. He was almost afraid to breathe as he saw from his lurking-place that Sam was listening and peering all round to see if he was alone. But all was still except, in a moment after, "Kitty Dooloo, Sam Dooloo, chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee," and then Sam disappeared into the tree.

The stranger thought a little while, and said softly to himself, "I think I know it. I have it!" and he bounded off among the trees. The next day, in the lovely forest, with the singing birds and the bright sunlight playing with the leaves and little brook and giving them some of his own glory, the young man went to seek once more his enchanted love, and to try his voice in her ear. He sang, "Kitty Dooloo"; she answered, "Sam Dooloo." Both sang "Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee." The door was immediately opened, and once more he said, "I am waiting for you." She as easily woke to her true life as did the Sleeping Beauty in the old fairy story, and we must not stop to ask what passed between them, for they went at once into the mysterious tree to wait with beating hearts for Sam; and you know that none of us can tell what went on there.

Presently Sam came along with a very gay and happy heart, because Kitty had taken a walk all alone two evenings before, and nothing had hap-

pened to her, though to be sure he would never let her do so again; and when he came to the door he sang, "Kitty Dooloo," and *two* voices answered, "Sam Dooloo," and then *three* voices sang, "Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee"; and to Sam's intense amazement the door was opened by a young man, who said, "We have been waiting for you, brother, and you are to come and share our happiness forever."

The story merely adds that Sam soon found a young and lovely princess to take Kitty's place; for of course the stranger was a powerful prince, and once every year, as they all visit the old tree on the same day that the spell was broken, there is mingled with the birds' songs as in the same old days, —

"Kitty Dooloo,
Sam Dooloo,
Chweelee, chweelee, chweelee, chwee."

Mrs. Chs. J. Bowen.

O DEAR ME!

O IF you were a humming-bird
And I a honey-bee,
We 'd go into the garden now
The pretty flowers to see;

And I would make a buzzing,
And you would make a humming,
So all the lovely blossoms
Could know that we were coming;

And they would all put on their best,
Pink, yellow, white, and blue,
And ready stand to welcome us
With cups of honey-dew:

You 'd flutter round the trumpet vine
And set the bluebells ringing,
While I 'd rock in a brier-rose,
Or on a pink be swinging;

Or, hidden in a hollyhock,
A jolly little fellow,
I 'd roll me in the flowery dust,
And be all covered yellow; —

But you are not a humming-bird,
Nor I a honey-bee,
And it 's no use to wish we were; —
O dear me!

Marian Douglas.

HIPPOPOTAMUS AND COMPANY.

"TELL us a story, this time, Cousin Tim," said Ella, — "how you were chased by a wild animal once; a wolf, or a bear, or something else."

"But suppose he never was chased by a wild animal!" said Rufus. "Then what?"

"O, he has been, I know," cried Ella; "have n't you, Cousin Tim?"

Cousin Tim laughed, and scratched the end of his nose, as if at some pleasant recollection.

"Well, yes, I rather think I *was* chased once! and terribly frightened I was, I assure you!"

"By a wolf?" said Ella, clapping her hands.

"Not — exactly — a wolf," replied Cousin Tim, hesitatingly. "But a very hungry animal."

"A bear?" roared out Rufus, delighted. "A grizzly! O, ho, Cousin Tim! you never told us about that!"

"Let me see, — no, — it was n't a bear either. But — was n't I scared, though!" And Cousin Tim scratched his nose again in a very lively, facetious manner.

"What was it then?" both children were eager to learn.

"I hardly knew what it was myself, at first; a ferocious creature! It was that spring when I visited your Uncle Amos in Georgia, — I have forgotten how many years ago, but it was a good many, for I was only seventeen then. Heigh-ho! how the years go!" and Cousin Tim looked quite sober for a minute or two, his mind dwelling seriously upon the flight of time until the children reminded him that he was to tell them something of his own flight from the fierce, strange animal.

"I guess it was a jaguar," smiled Ella, encouragingly.

"No, my dear, it was n't precisely a jaguar; besides, I told you my jaguar story some time ago; this was a kind of animal which we have never yet talked about together."

"Then it must have been a hippopotamus, for I believe we have talked about almost everything else."

"Hippopotamus!" sneered Rufus; "there are no hippopotamuses in this country."

"Curiously enough," said Cousin Tim, "the animal I was chased by belongs to the same *order* as the hippopotamus; and — another coincidence — his name begins with an H."

"Hyena!" screamed Ella.

"No; the hyena belongs to a different order."

"Hippodrome!" burst forth Rufus, who immediately threw ridicule upon his own hasty and absurd conjecture, remembering that a hippodrome was — as he said — "something like a circus."

"Now if you give it up," said Cousin Tim, "I 'll go on with my story.

We will call the animal when we come to it the H. I was myself a G in those days (G stands for goose). I had been kept at school, and knew so much of a few things, and so little of the world, that I fancied myself extremely wise. It took me several years to find out how really ignorant I was. I remember thinking, as I looked at myself in the glass, what a handsome, intelligent young man that was, in the blue frock coat and standing shirt-collar; and how much I must be admired! Of course, Rufus, you never knew of any young fellow quite so conceited as your Cousin Tim at seventeen. Boys nowadays are so exceedingly modest!

"Well, I went to visit your Uncle Amos in Georgia; and that was almost my first experience of the world. I had learned something of botany, and had read Buffon's Natural History, and was inclined to set myself up as a man of science, — a great naturalist!

"I had a fine opportunity for pursuing my favorite studies at your Uncle Amos's. His plantation was bordered by an immense forest, extending along the banks of the Ocmulgee River; and there was no end to the strange plants and living creatures to be found in those great woods. Often I used to start off in the morning, carrying only a lunch-box strapped on my shoulders, a bag for my botanical treasures, and sometimes a gun; and be gone all day, coming home at night with spoils that littered up the house for a few weeks, and were afterwards thrown away and forgotten.

"But one day I had a surprising adventure, for a student of natural history. I had been some hours in the woods, and was seated at the roots of an oak-tree, enjoying my luncheon, when a strange rushing and grunting noise attracted my attention, and, springing to my feet, I saw a number of wild creatures coming directly towards me. It was the mother H and a small drove of little H's."

"O, I know now!" exclaimed Rufus, — "hogs! wild hogs!"

"Now you have hit it. It was a sow and her litter of squealing pigs. I knew there were hogs running wild in these woods, and had lately heard a story of their eating up two negro children, a few winters before. They were the descendants of a tame breed, but they had run wild so long that they resembled more the gaunt, high-shouldered, fierce wild boar of Europe, than any civilized hog you ever saw. I had no gun with me, and I don't suppose it would have been of much use if I had had one, as I seldom went prepared for any larger game than birds and squirrels. A charge of small shot in the tough hide of that savage brute could have had but little effect except to increase her fury.

"My first impulse was to climb a tree; but there was none near with a trunk small enough, or with limbs low enough, for me to grasp. My next thought was to run; and run I did, — though there seemed little use in that, for those wild hogs are almost as fleet-footed as deer. Luckily the drove stopped to devour a part of my luncheon, which I had dropped, and so I gained a little time. My lunch-box dangled from its strap, scattering more cold chicken and sandwiches as I ran, and the swine, as they came rushing after me, stopped to sweep up the fragments; and so I gained more time.

"Not far off there was a sort of hut or pen built of poles, and I made for that, taking longer strides, and leaving my flying coat-tails farther behind, than I ever did in any other race before or since. I reached the place just as the snorting sow, with her mouth open, came plunging at my heels. I was never so light in my life; I went up on the roof of that hut as if I had been a bird. And there I clung on my hands and knees, looking back at the wild sow and her pigs champing and squealing for me, and racing about the hut, as if searching for some convenient place to get up. I was never in all my life so terrified. I expected every moment to go the way of the poor negro children I had heard about.

Cousin Tim in a tight place.

"But I soon saw that the sow had no notion of leaping upon the roof, and that there was not much danger of its falling with me. Gradually I got over my fright. My dickey, which had stood so proudly erect in the morning, began to wilt with perspiration, and my hair, which had stood up quite as straight from the effects of fears, resumed its natural position. I sat on the poles, and watched the enemy tramping and squealing about my fortress, and wondered how long I should be able to stand the siege. It was no relief to my anxiety to see more wild hogs approaching, — wild boars, wild sows, wild pigs, all grunting and squealing with hunger. In a little while I was surrounded by a drove of twenty or more; and others were still coming. Then the horrible thought occurred to me, that even though I should stay where I was until the first comers had grown weary of the siege and retired, fresh comers would take their places, and finally starve me out."

"Why did n't you yell for help?" asked Rufus.

"Because I was too far from home to hope to make my cries heard."

"Then how *did* you ever get away?" asked Ella.

Cousin Tim smiled. "In a very simple way. Before I had been half an

hour in that interesting situation, I heard a negro singing in the woods. He was coming towards me. Then I shouted.

"'Ho, dar! what ye do'n' dar?' said he, showing all his ivory with a grin, as he came forward among the trees.

"'The hogs chased me!' I replied.

"At that he began to laugh so that I thought a heavy bag which he carried on his back would tumble off. At the same time the hogs left the hut and rushed at him. He beat them off with a stick he carried, and an occasional kick, and boldly advanced to the hut. There he threw his bag off on the poles at my side, opened it, and tossed out a quantity of ears of corn to the hungry swine.

"'Chased you, — hogs chased you!' he said, as soon as he had silenced their dreadful noise.

"'I mean,' said I, beginning to understand the situation, and to be ashamed of my cowardice, 'they ran after me — for my luncheon!'

"'Dat 'ar 's what dey want; did n't want you, hi, hi!' said the negro, laughing again. 'Dey s'pose you come to feed 'em.'

"And he went on to explain that he had been accustomed for some time to come there and feed the wild hogs, in order to tame them, and keep them in the neighborhood, until next acorn time, when they would soon get fat enough to kill. The hut was a pen into which they were to be tolled and shut up, two or three at a time, when the killing season arrived. To familiarize them with the trap, he opened a door at one end, threw in some ears of corn, and then shut and opened it repeatedly while they were feeding inside.

"Having heard this explanation, I coolly got down from the hut, walked about among the hogs, and finally walked home, not quite so proud of my knowledge of natural history as I had been before! It was a useful lesson to me. Many a time since, when I have found my youthful self-conceit cropping out again, it has done me good to remember the time when I was chased by wild hogs."

"I should have been frightened!" Rufus declared. "Why, I 'm afraid of tame sows, when they have pigs, they are so awfully fierce."

"Hogs are dirty, greedy, hateful, stupid creatures, any way!" exclaimed Ella.

"They are dirty, because they are commonly kept in pens where it is impossible for them to be clean; but that is not their fault," replied Cousin Tim. "They like to wallow in the mire, it is true, but that is to keep themselves cool; the dirt of the mire is clean dirt, and the wallow is their bath. As for greediness, the hog, though blessed with a good appetite, is really no more gluttonous than many other domestic animals. And stupid, did you say? What animal of the farm-yard is so sagacious? There have been *learned pigs*, — pigs that have been taught the alphabet, and have even been able to spell out certain words by selecting and placing blocks or cards marked with the right letters. They can be taught many curious tricks; and I have read a true story of one that was used as a pointer, in bird-

hunting, instead of a dog. It was as fond of hunting as a dog; and it would scent a bird at a long distance. Pigs can also be taught to draw carriages, and to carry children on their backs.

"The pig is an affectionate animal, too, — as you will find if you will take the trouble to pet one. If its flesh is sometimes diseased, that is the fault of its keepers, and of the food it eats.

"In his native forest the wild boar is truly a noble game; and hunting him was once a favorite sport with the monarchs of Europe. But he is a dangerous foe, swift-footed, strong, and courageous, and armed with terrible tusks, with one blow of which he can rip up the flank of a horse, or kill a

Wild Swine and Pigs.

man. Wild swine go in droves; they still exist in various parts of Europe, although the good old sport of hunting down the boars and killing them with spears, has, I think, gone out of fashion."

"You said the hog was like the hippopotamus!" said Ella, disdainfully.

"Most writers on natural history place both in the same *order* of animals; I don't think I said anything more than that. It is the order of *Pachydermata*,* or thick-skinned animals. *Pachydermatous** comes from two Greek words, and means simply thick-skinned. The elephant and the rhinoceros, which we talked about once, both belong to the order of pachydermatous, or thick-skinned animals. So do the hog, the hippopotamus, the tapir, and even the horse. You see the term *order*, in natural history, has a very vague meaning, and is used to group together animals of very different species."

"I should think so!" cried Rufus. "Horse — hog — hippopotamus — elephant!"

"The hippopotamus lives in the water, does n't he?" said Ella; — "what they call a perfidious animal."

* Pronounce pack-y-der'-ma-ta; pack-y-der'-ma-tous.

"Not exactly perfidious, Ella," said Cousin Tim, while Rufus laughed derisively; "but *amphibious*."

"O yes! that 's what I meant to say. Amphibious means something that can live both on the land and in the water; — need n't laugh, Rufus! Did you ever see one, Cousin Tim? I mean, a hippopotamus."

"Never one in a wild state. But I once saw a couple in the London Zoölogical Gardens. And huge, slimy, disagreeable-looking creatures they were; not tall, — their legs being very short, in proportion to their bodies, — but really enormous brutes. Their mouths are immense, and full of great broad teeth, one of which will weigh perhaps six or eight pounds. The teeth are the most valuable part of the animal; he is, in fact, hunted for his teeth."

"What are they good for?"

"Ivory, Ella. They are very hard and strong, and of a fine quality."

"How do they hunt the beast?" Rufus asked.

"In his native country of Africa he is a great pest to the inhabitants, coming by night out of the rivers where he lies all day, and eating up or trampling down whatever crops may happen to be growing in the neighborhood. Besides, his flesh is considered good eating; and his teeth, as I have said, are valuable. So the natives invent many ways of killing him. They dig pitfalls in his path, and leave them covered in such a way that he will fall into them and be killed by sharp stakes at the bottom. Another way is to suspend a heavy log over his path, which is crossed by a cord that pulls a catch when the hippopotamus presses against it; the catch lets the log fall, and in the under side of the log is fixed a poisoned spear-head, a slight wound from which produces death. A more exciting sport is to harpoon him. To the harpoon — an ingenious instrument — is attached a strong line, and to that a float is fastened. The boldest of the native hunters stands ready on a raft which is pushed silently among the herd, their noses or backs seen here and there above the surface of the water, until a good chance to strike presents itself. The harpoon is thrust through the tough hide; the animal plunges; the float is thrown after him; and wherever he goes, that shows his pursuers where to look for him. He may swim under water, he may walk on the river-bottom; still there is the float, tied to the line, following him. The hunters surround him in their canoes, and attack him with their spears or javelins whenever he comes up to breathe. Sometimes he turns upon them, crushes a canoe, and perhaps kills a native or two. But it is an unequal combat, and it nearly always ends in the death of the poor beast.

"European hunters shoot the hippopotamus with rifles, though it is not always easy to find a spot in his tough skin which the bullet will penetrate.

"The animals live in herds, and are generally harmless unless attacked. But their snorting and bellowing, as they tumble about in the water, are about as hideous sounds as one can imagine; so travellers say, and so I can readily believe, having heard the frightful noises made by the two I saw in the Zoölogical Gardens.

"The mother hippopotamus shows a great affection for her calf, — or perhaps I should say colt, since the word *hippopotamus* means *river-horse.* I read the other day an affecting story of a French traveller, Lieutenant Mage, who, in a journey up the Senegal, in Africa, encountered great herds of hippopotamuses. One day, just above the falls of the Senegal, in Bambouk, he came upon a number in water too shallow for them to dive in, and amused himself by shooting a young one."

"A pretty amusement, I should think!" exclaimed Ella.

"I don't think he admired the feat very much himself," said Cousin Tim. "The poor thing set out to follow its mother into deep water, when the current took it, and carried it down towards the falls. The mother saw that it was disabled, and turned to follow it, throwing her body half out of the water in her haste to reach it. Finding she could n't stop it, she threw herself over the crest of the falls after it, and both went down together. I don't think he ever cared to shoot another young hippopotamus, just for sport."

"Will the hippopotamus eat a man?" asked Ella.

"O no. Unlike the hog, that will eat almost every kind of food, he cares only for a vegetable diet. But he is an enormous eater. His stomach will hold five or six bushels, and he likes to keep it well supplied.

"He is a clumsy, waddling creature on land; but in the water his movements are swift, easy, and graceful, — so travellers say. He can stay under the surface about fifteen minutes without coming up to breathe.

"One of those I saw in London showed great affection for his keeper, a native who had come with him from Africa. So, you see, the most disagreeable animals we know have some interesting traits."

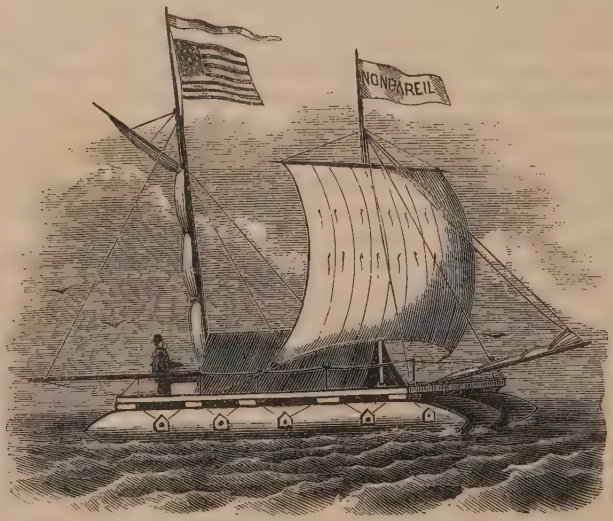
Harvey Wilder.

WONDERFUL OCEAN PASSAGES.

FOUR attempts have been made within the past eight years to cross the Atlantic Ocean in vessels so small that for periods of between forty and eighty days it seemed that they were in imminent danger. It may be reasonably said that the navigators were influenced mainly by a powerful craving for adventure, but it must be remembered that their experiences have aided in effecting valuable improvements in life-boats and life-saving apparatus. I shall briefly recount the voyages of the miniature ships, which were all very romantic, — wonderful in an era of wonders.

The first attempt was made in June, 1864, in the "Vision," a ship-rigged yawl, measuring sixteen feet in length, four feet ten inches in width, and nine inches deep. She was built and sailed by an indomitable seaman, and, as she was the smallest of the four small boats which attempted the ocean passage, she also was the only failure. Three days after leaving New York she

put into Boston, whence, having refitted, she again sailed. A few days later she was sighted by an inward bound mail-steamer, but has never since been heard of. The newspapers, which are always practical, did not lose the opportunity to enforce a moral, and three years afterwards, when the "Nonpareil" expedition was started by a Captain Mikes, his folly was soundly berated. The novelty of the adventure, however, excited a wide interest.



The Nonpareil.

The "Nonpareil" was a life-raft of extraordinary construction and appearance. A stranger-looking craft never floated. Three cigars bound together, with a penholder fastened in the centre to represent a mast, will give you an idea of her appearance. She consisted of three india-rubber cylinders covered with canvas, each twenty-two feet long and twenty-six inches in diameter. These were lashed together, and when inflated with air had a buoyant capacity of seven tons. Seven planks stretched athwart made the deck. A large chest in the centre contained provisions for the voyage, and, being roofed with tarpaulin, served also as a sleeping bunk. One favorable June day she sailed, and, after a rapid passage of forty days, arrived in Liverpool.

What was her record? A monotonous succession of days; pleasant winds and smooth seas. Captain Mikes had with him only two men, and hours, even days, were sometimes passed when no words were exchanged. Sailors are superstitious, but not imaginative. Neither are they the garrulous yarn-spinners the story-writers would have us believe. When at sea, I frequently spent my evenings in the forecastle, but my stock of nautical lore was never increased largely on those occasions. A hook and line was in calm weather dropped over the side of the "Nonpareil,"

and a stray fish caught. A whale came lazily to the surface; a school of porpoises rushed by; a passing ship exchanged reckoning with the curious raft. Incidents of this nature were the only diversions of the voyage. Cooking was impossible. Appetites had to be satisfied with canned meats, "hard-tack," and water that had a rusty-tinnish flavor. The hungry crew, sitting on their haunches vigorously munching biscuits which were first-cousin to iron, did not need a bill of fare, nor a sherbet midway in the meal to coax the appetite to excessive exertions. The white English cliffs and the hospitalities which the crew received were a welcome relief from the buffetings of the Atlantic, the constant danger of forty days.

The "Red, White, and Blue" was a smaller and less secure craft than the "Nonpareil." Watching the tempestuous seas rise to mountain-height and fall into steep valleys, one feels an irresistible tremor, a sense of awe, even on board a stanch iron mail-steamship. Afloat in a tiny craft no larger than an ordinary ship's launch, subject to mysterious currents and violent storms, the two adventurers, Hudson and Fitch, who manned the little "Red, White, and Blue," could not have been at all times undaunted. The boat's measurement and capacity, as compared with those of the "Great Eastern," which crossed the ocean at the same time, were quite startling, as will be seen from the following: —

	Great Eastern.	Red, White, and Blue.
Tonnage,	22,500 tons.	2½ tons.
Length,	680 feet.	26 feet.
Breadth,	83 "	6 "
Accommodations,	4,000 persons.	2 men and a small dog.

Yet while the highest speed made by the Leviathan was fifteen knots per hour under sail and steam, the dwarf ship made ten knots per hour under sail only. The first entry in the log is on July 9, 1866, on which date the "Red, White, and Blue" faced a brisk northerly wind blowing into the New York Bay. The several days following were eventful only in miseries, and on July 14 we are not surprised to find that Captain Hudson has pathetically, if ungrammatically written, "No cooking this afternoon; shipping some water. That cock-pit of ours is a very bad place, cramped up just high enough to take the hips and cramp our knees. It is the hardest place on board. The rest is bad enough."

The cock-pit was a diminutive hold in the after-part of the boat, entered by a small aperture; one man constantly stood in this, his head being a little above the level of the deck. The only watch on board became rusted, and henceforth the time had to be guessed by sunrise, meridian, and sunset. At about eleven o'clock one night the boat struck a snag, without injury, however; and the minds of the men were thus for an instant drawn to a sense of the peril with which they were surrounded. "We anticipated the worst, — for large ships, striking anything in the night, often go down before a soul can be saved." The cock-pit was very wretched. "Nothing transpiring; both of us are very sore from sitting in the cock-pit; it 's a very hard place." High seas were running all the time, and the clothing, pro-

visions, and beds were saturated with salt water. Several ships were spoken, and from one the "Red, White, and Blue" received a store of supplies.

The stove could not often be lit, and when it was possible to make a can of hot coffee, the luxury was duly noted in the log. Sunday, July 11, was very stormy. "Saw a shark alongside. While the captain was getting his breakfast, the boat shipped a heavy sea between the main and mizzen rigging, which completely knocked her on her beam ends, and threw the mate up to his neck in the water. He let go the helm then, seeing it was of no use, and grasped the mizzenmast to keep himself afloat. After the sea passed over her, doing great damage, taking some small things with it, and filling the cock-pit, and half filling the cabin, she righted again. We have everything wet now; the cabin is very miserable; bailed out forty buckets of water. We have no chance to dry anything." Beachy Head, a promontory on the English coast, was sighted July 15, and Gravesend, on the Thames, gallantly reached by the tiny "Red, White, and Blue" a few days subsequently.

In August, 1870, the writer was one of several Boston newspaper men, who went out in Collector Russell's tug to meet the "City of Ragusa," which had been telegraphed off Minot's Light. Two or three sloops were hailed, but the "Ragusa" could not be found; and the party were disconsolately returning home, when the tug steamed up to a small boat laboring heavily through the water, and having the Union Jack drooping from the peak. A voice of joy responded affirmatively to the question, "Is that the 'Ragusa'?" and cheer after cheer followed. Disparagement of the intrepidity of the two men who had navigated this frail boat over the ocean entered not into the greeting. Their daring seemed heroic, and to men who still had enough boy in them to delight in pluck, their accomplishment was not, of its kind, insignificant.

The "Ragusa" had been a life-boat, and was refitted by an active seaman, whose days had been passed fighting in the Indian wars, and to whom quiet retirement was punishment. The boat measured only twenty-one feet in length, and three feet six inches in width; her build was "lap-streak," and the only alteration made in her for the ocean passage was the addition of a yawl-rig, and a deck running from stem to stern. She had been on the water eighty days, having left Liverpool June 1, and safely ridden through a terrific storm in which many large ships were sunk. Her quarter-inch planks withstood seas which crushed in the thick iron-plates of a mail steamer, and her miniature compass unerringly guided her to the desired port. Extremes of heat and cold caused a leakage once, but this was ingeniously mended with soap. Heavy seas deluged her and almost swamped her, but by skill and courage Captain Buckley and his mate, Nicholas Primoraz, won the laurels of a most wonderful undertaking.

Primoraz, accompanied by one man, crossed the Atlantic again the following year, making the passage from New York to Liverpool in thirty days.

William H. Rideing.

IN A BAY-WINDOW.

IN the pleasant twilight of a summer evening the children came to me with that old familiar cry, "Please tell us a story! Baby is asleep," they said, "and mamma says we may sit up a little later to-night; so do tell us just one."

Now these little friends of mine were somewhat difficult to please, because Frank, being a true boy, wanted something wild and spirited, like robber-stories, for instance, while Grace and Nettie had all a little girl's horror of such things, and cared only for quiet and fanciful stories.

While I hesitated, feeling sure they knew all the old favorites by heart, their childish voices made a cheerful clamor, begging me "to hurry and begin now." So, not to keep them waiting till their eagerness became impatience, I did begin at once; but not with "The Invisible Prince," nor "Robinson Crusoe," nor anything they had ever heard before. Indeed, not with a story at all, though it began somewhat in story fashion as follows: —

"In a certain charming little cottage in the country, much less than a hundred miles from New York, there is a pleasant parlor, and in that parlor there is a bay-window, about which I mean to tell you many wonderful things. I know you never thought to look in a plain bay-window to find anything new and strange, but I am going to show you how you can always amuse and interest yourselves when there is nobody near to tell you a story, or when you have no new books to read, and time hangs heavy on your hands.

"This particular bay-window is a delightful one, for all over the outside of it clambers a beautiful rose-bush, poking itself in here and there in the boldest way, just to take a peep at the room inside, and covering itself all over with pink and white blossoms in perfect clusters.

"The space within is filled by a wide, comfortable, chintz-covered lounge, with soft pillows to lean against; and there I used to sit in the beautiful spring mornings, or the long, quiet afternoons of summer-time, reading and thinking, or listening to the brook that runs and leaps through the ravine below, and to the dear little birds singing in the wood near by, the thrush and the catbird crying and calling to each other. And I loved to watch the shadows of clouds on the beautiful hillsides, and in the deep valleys stretching away into the dim distance on every side. Indeed, what with the birds and the brook and the rose-bush and the pleasant view and the sweet air, I liked it so well that I spent many, many hours there, even before I found out anything new and strange.

"But one morning, early in March, while it was still too cool to have my window open, and while the snow still lay in little heaps in the shelter of the fences, I stood in my favorite place looking out, and longing for the

summer-time, when I noticed such a queer little thing floating on the tiny pond at the bottom of the eaves-spout.

"It looked like a boat, and such, indeed, it was, but not like any boat built by human hands; and it was so very, very small, that at first I could hardly see the shape, but took it for a fleck of white foam. This curious little thing was made entirely of eggs, each heavy enough to sink in the water, yet all together forming a perfect little boat, light and graceful, just dancing on the surface of my miniature lake. They were gnat's eggs, and this is the way the mother gnat always makes them ready to be hatched, sticking them together with a kind of natural glue, in the form of a boat called a wherry, and setting them adrift to float about in the sunshine till one by one the shells break, and the little ones come out, not perfect gnats at first, but in one stage of their existence.

"I watched my pretty little craft for several hours, and at last had the pleasure of seeing one of its queer passengers come out in full view, then another and another, till it was left at last a perfect wreck, a mere shell, waiting for the first breeze to beat it against the shore and break it to atoms. Meantime the little gnats sported about in the water, swimming in the funniest position, with their heads down, and drinking in the air through a long tube in their tails. This tube they could open or shut as they pleased, rising to the surface and sinking to the bottom alternately. It was very amusing to watch them; but in a day or two they changed again, and looked as if they had turned a somersault in the water, for now they swam about with their heads up, and I found that nature had provided them with something equally queer to breathe through in their new position, — a pair of things like a donkey's ears, which served them just as well as the long tube did before. Their tails, too, were now different, more like a fish's, so that they swam about easily, and looked as if they were made to live always in the water. Thus they passed perhaps a week of their short but merry lives, when the last change came, and they all flew off in the shape of handsome, full-fledged gnats, to dance away the rest of their time in the bright sunshine.

"Of course you have all heard of gnats before, and in their common shape you have often seen them dancing up and down before your eyes; but I dare say you thought they were only little flies not worth noticing, and I am sure you never would have imagined they could be so interesting, or could have such a strange way of coming into the world.

"Now I hope whenever you go to the country you will remember about them, and try to find one of the little white boats; and I know you will like to watch their dancing-parties, especially when I tell you that they all keep time, and each little gnat dances his own part of the measure.

"After all I have told you, it will not seem strange that I missed my odd little companions very much; so you may be sure I was glad when I made the acquaintance of some equally pleasant and equally wonderful creatures to help supply their places. As I sat in the window one day, holding a book in my hand, but not reading, I heard a strange, faint, clicking noise,

and on looking around I saw a little heap of sawdust lying on the sill, so fine that I half believed, as I took some up in my fingers, that some heavenly carpenter must have let it fall from the sky while making repairs in a star. I watched and listened closely, and soon I saw a beautiful violet-colored bee coming out of a round hole in the window-casing. This, then, was my mysterious neighbor, the queer carpenter, and it was from this round hole that the clicking sound had come.

"And now I watched the bee as I had watched the gnats before; every day I heard the little click, click, just like scissors when you cut with them, and every morning there was a heap of the fine sawdust just outside; but I could not see any tools, and I could not guess what wonderful things were going on inside the hole, which was only large enough for the little carpenter's body. It was Mrs. Bee, who was doing all this hard work, I found, for Mr. Bee was lazy, and left her without help, only looking in once in a while to give her some honey perhaps, but generally keeping away altogether.

"She was as hard-working as he was idle; indeed, I think she never stopped to rest, even at night, for I heard her the last thing at bedtime, and the first thing in the morning, and all the tools she had were two sharp teeth in her tiny jaws! You could never have guessed that, could you? I know it seems almost too strange to be true; yet with just those two teeth, called mandibles, she was building her house, and as it was not much like anything you ever saw before, I am going to tell you what it was like. It was a tunnel made in the soft wood of my window, and at least fourteen or fifteen inches in length. First there was a little hall, about an inch long, and then one long room, or tunnel, divided into a number of small rooms by partitions which were made afterwards in the most ingenious way. When she had made her home as large as she wanted it, and had planed the walls perfectly smooth, so that they looked almost like satin-wood, the clicking stopped, and I missed her for a while; but I soon found she was at work inside as busily as ever; she was putting up the partitions.

"And how do you suppose she did it? Down at the very end of the long tunnel she laid an egg; then she flew away and was gone some time, coming back with a heavy load of pollen, or the yellow dust you see in flowers, and that she placed on and around her egg, till it was piled up an inch high, so that the little bee, when it was hatched, could have plenty to eat. Then she made her first partition, and it was formed all out of the fine sawdust, mixed with some of her own wax to make it solid, then put up in rings, one within another, till the room was closed up perfectly tight. So one room was finished, and the partition answered for a ceiling to the first room and a floor to the next. This whole process was repeated by my industrious little friend, till she had made and closed up eight or nine rooms, and left an egg in each, to be hatched in due time. Now, of course, the first egg she laid would be hatched first; so she went to work again, and made another little hall leading from the lowest room, to let the young bees out through when they were old enough.

"And so, at last, her work was done entirely, and she had only to sit and wait, and guard the curious house till her little family grew large enough to fly away and take care of themselves. But I can tell you she did not accomplish all this without trouble, for she was obliged to watch very closely that nobody stole her home from her. You would not have thought of that, and perhaps I should not, but I used to notice that she always seemed nervous when she flew out and in again; and sometimes while I was looking at her she would make believe that she was going into some other hole, and keep flying about for some time before she really went home. At last, one day I caught her worst enemy in the very act of trying to steal into the house; but the bee was ready, and drove the naughty creature off very soon.

"This enemy was not a very dreadful creature to look at, but she was much feared by my pretty bee, I can tell you; for she had a very troublesome way of getting in if the door was left open long, and laying her eggs in the same place, so that when her little ones came out they could have all that the patient bee had prepared for her own; and sometimes, if they had n't enough, they would eat the poor little bees themselves, and so get the whole snug home to live in all alone. You will like to know what this wicked, idle thing was like, and what her name was, so I must tell you that she has an ugly, hard name, as you might expect, — the ichneumon-fly, — but a pretty, graceful, scarlet body, just as if she was wrapped in a scarlet cloak, and bright black eyes, besides two long delicate feelers, standing out from her head. So you see she must have been good-looking, altogether too much so for such a good-for-nothing, I think; but, after all, she was only like some people in this world, not half so good as she looked.

"Well, as I told you, she did not succeed in outwitting my smart neighbor, so she took herself off, and I never saw her again; and, after a little while, the young bees crept out of their shells, in the shape of fat, white worms or grubs, as they are called. And they ate the nice flower-dust, and grew and grew till at last they changed into beautiful, violet-colored, grown-up bees, like their mamma; and then off and away they went to seek their fortunes, perhaps to do just such nice carpenter-work some time in somebody else's window as their busy little mother has done in mine.

"When they were all gone I missed them very much, just as I had missed my little gnats before; but I had made so many other acquaintances in the window while I was watching them, that I soon grew accustomed to their absence, and felt almost as much interest in my new friends.

"I had known for a long time that there was a lady-bug on the rose-bush, but I had hardly looked at her bright petticoat and mantle, because I was so much pleased with my bee in her splendid purple robe; but now I began to see that it would not do to look down on anything or anybody, for this little creature was just as interesting in her way as the others had been. It was so pretty to see her on the green leaf that served her for a bed, and then to watch her when she started out in the morning to get her breakfast. She had not far to go, for the rose-bush furnished her with food, as well as lodging, and I used to sit and see her going up the stalk in search of the

little green things called *aphides*, or plant-lice, which you have often seen on rose-bushes, and which are the favorite food of lady-bugs. When she found one she would seize it and suck it quite dry, then throw away the shell, just as we do when we eat oysters, and go to the next one, and so on, till her very good appetite was satisfied; and I can assure you she ate a great number. You will guess from this fact that no good gardener ever kills a lady-bug, for I suppose if there were none of these interesting little beings, there would be hardly any perfect flowers, because the little *aphides* would destroy all the buds. Next time you see a lady-bug, or, as she should be called, a lady-bird, you must watch her, and see if you can catch her at her breakfast, for you would not wonder then that she looks so fat and sleek. I dare say, though, you do not know what good eating those little *aphides* are, and you will be surprised to hear that they are wonderful creatures too; they live on the sap of the rose-bush, which they suck through a long sharp tube with which they pierce the stems or the leaves. This sap is then changed into what is called honey-dew, and I know you have often seen that on rose-leaves, and even found it on your hands after picking flowers, for it is sticky and sweet, and is what lady-birds are so very fond of, that they kill the poor little plant-lice to get it. But lady-birds are not the only creatures that like honey-dew, for it is perfectly well known that yellow ants keep herds of *aphides* for the sake of having it, just as we keep herds of cows for the sake of the milk. This seems very strange, I know, — the idea that little creatures such as these can be kept and milked like great, patient cows; but it is true, and they really seem to be very much like cows in disposition, they bear everything so meekly and quietly.

"Now that I have told you so much, you will begin to understand how many things that are interesting and really wonderful can be found in a bay-window, and perhaps you will like to have me go on and tell you about the hanging-basket inside my window, where many beautiful plants grew, and where the ivy, particularly, stretched out such long arms that it seemed to be trying to reach the vines outside.

"From this basket, too, a great black spider used to spin his web, and then sit watching till some poor fly was caught in it, when he would make a dinner of the foolish creature. This spider always reminded me of those dreadful giants in the fairy-tales, who sat in the doors of their castles watching for unlucky people who might be travelling that way, and as soon as they appeared ate them up without mercy. Of course there were always plenty of flies about, much to the delight of my friend the weaver in the hanging-basket; but as I do not understand fly-talk, and they did nothing but buzz and buzz, or wake me up if I fell into a doze, I cannot say they interested me much.

"Still they are really curious little beings, after all, and we should think it very wonderful to see them walking on the ceiling as they do, just by means of little sharp claws which they stick in, if it were not so common. They walk with four out of their six legs, and use the other two instead of arms and hands. Their eyes, too, are very beautiful, and if they were not

so small you would see that they look like cut diamonds, having a great number of sides.

"And then, of course, you have often noticed how bright their tiny wings are, sometimes showing all the rainbow colors, as they dance about in the sunshine, or crawl slowly up and down the window-pane. But I do not believe you know what a funny way they have of eating, sucking up their food through a tube like a trunk, and when it is too hard making it soft by a liquid out of their own mouths. Altogether, you see, I have made them appear quite wonderful, after all, and you must try to think of what I have told you sometimes when a fly tickles and worries you, and refuses to be brushed off.

"Sometimes a yellow-banded, slender-waisted wasp came prying in where he certainly was n't wanted, and I could not help fancying that the spiders and the flies feared and disliked him as I did, for they seemed to keep out of his way. However, he never did any harm really, because we left him alone, and did not tease and anger him. Many creatures are perfectly harmless when not provoked, that become dangerous when worried and ill-treated; so the wasp is not the only one who tries to revenge himself.

"But now the air began to grow chilly, and one by one my summer friends dropped off and deserted me; the bees and the gnats had been gone a long time, and the lady-bird and the *aphides* had followed them soon after; even the wasps and flies were cold and torpid. Bright butterflies no longer fluttered in and out, and the bats that had sometimes startled us at twilight showed themselves no more. The song of the katydids grew faint, and no whippoorwill was ever heard in the woods; my window was always shut now, and the rose-bush was bare; yet I was not alone. As soon as one little companion was gone, another took its place; and this time it was a black cricket, with his glossy shell and his cheerful chirp, keeping me company in the house because it was too cold for him outside. He was very cunning, eating the sugar and cake I gave him, and never trying to leave me, except to make a journey to the fireplace and back once in a while.

"One day, too, a poor ant came in sight on the window-sill, trying to carry off a crumb of cake four times as large as herself; but she moved very slowly, and I am afraid felt very cold, and when she disappeared I knew that summer was gone, for nobody came to take her place.

"Then Jack Frost covered my window all over with the loveliest lace-work, hardly leaving me room to look out, and almost before his back was turned, the sun came out and spoiled it all, leaving no trace. And the wind roared and howled around me as I sat there, and the rain and snow threw themselves against the glass as if they envied me; but still the little black cricket and I kept our comfortable place.

"Only now there was a bright fire in the room, and we looked at that, instead of watching the leafless trees and the drifted snow. But you don't know how pleasant it was, even thus, especially at Christmas-time, when I sat there looking for pictures in the fire, or perhaps telling stories, just as I am doing now, to a party of merry boys and girls. Indeed, I think I remem-

ber certain little ones going to sleep on that very lounge, after a good Christmas dinner, and plenty of games.

"And now, just as I have come to the end of my long story, I hear mamma calling, 'Frank, Nettie, Grace, it is very late, quite time you were all in bed'; and as I look at you I see that the Sandman is really making his rounds, for three pairs of bright eyes are half shut already."

C. S. N.

IN THE OLD TIME.

ABOVE the sunset hills now the vanquished clouds are breaking,
The light trails its jewels along the dusky lane;
And, a bird at my window the old song awaking,
Adown the meadow-path the well-known way I 'm taking,
And I dream and I dream I am but a child again.

I know where the blossoms of the golden bell are brightest;
I know where the fern sips the brooklet's falling spray;
I know of a bank where daisies bloom the whitest,
And a nook in the beeches where shadows fall the lightest,
And cooling breezes flicker on a sultry summer day.

It was there by the brookside we built a bower of rushes,
In the shade of the beeches in that old happy time;
We wrought the rustic roof where the purple harebell blushes,
And Ben trimmed it o'er with the fir-tree's sombre brushes,
While our merry voices blended with the water's rippling chime.

How sweet on the air came the breath of new-mown clover!
How soft was the whisper of the wind in the tree!
There were Maude's golden curls, with the sunlight gilded over,
There was merry little Carl, and brave Ben, the rover; —
Ah, me! Ben is sleeping now beneath the Southern sea!

And fair little Maude in a stately ship is sailing,
Is sailing and sailing to a far foreign shore;
And Carl is at rest where the Northern winds are wailing,
Where the Northern sea is moaning, and the Northern lights are paling,
And the wild waves thunder round his bed forevermore!

But the song of the bird in the sunlight's quiet beaming,
The sound in the tree-top of the wind's low refrain,
And the voice of the river with its white waves silver gleaming,
Draw me back through the years to our youth-time's happy dreaming,
To the dear olden time that can never come again!

F. M. F.

A RIDE ON THE ELEPHANT.

"Now, young gentlemen, for the journey to Africa! Have you any money?"

"No? Young gentlemen can't travel without money. Sit down, Lady Jane!"

AN EVENING AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S.

IN the June number of "Our Young Folks" (1871) was an account of Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. We have had them, too, and I think they are very entertaining, when gotten up in a funny way; but it reminded me of the real wax-figures, the famous ones of Madame Tussaud, in London, which I visited last October.

We had just arrived that evening from Folkestone, having crossed the Channel in a pouring rain. We were eating some roast-beef, dear to English hearts, in the coffee-room of the Charing Cross (and were n't we tired and hungry, though !) when uncle proposed that, as our stay in London would be short, we should economize our time, and begin by going at once to Madame Tussaud's.

Therefore in a few minutes, with our dinner fairly sticking in our throats, we were rattling through the dark stony streets of Old London, and in about an hour were landed, or rather dumped, before a dimly lighted doorway in a dark side street. As we were ascending the stairs I heard the bald-headed old gentleman who sold the tickets advise another to go up and be "waxinated," as the small-pox was about. He laughed heartily at his own joke, if it was his own, for I should scarcely have given him credit for so much wit.

We entered a long gallery brilliantly lighted with crystal-decorated chandeliers, and there we were surrounded by the famous people of history. At first it bewildered me, — the blinding lights, the gay dresses, the crowds passing and repassing before me, and the enchanting music, for a full orchestra is hired every evening; and, even after the first whirl of excitement, I could scarcely tell which were real human beings and which were merely painted wax, "dumb pageants in a show."

In a side room adjoining the long gallery lies the great Duke of Wellington in state. An awful feeling came over me, as if I were in the presence of the dead, as I looked upon that noble form, lying still and cold, with all the "pride of heraldry and pomp of power" around him, insensible alike to both. As he lay there on his tented couch of velvet and gold, it seemed as if that *must* be the "Great Duke," and not a waxen image only, that never lived nor spoke. Among the numerous portraits which adorn the walls is a very fine one of the duke visiting the relics of Napoleon, which are shown in another room.

There are three rooms besides the Shrine of Wellington and the "Chamber of Horrors," which my uncle preferred that we should not enter. The first room is the "Large Room." At the entrance is Honqua, the great Chinese tea-merchant, distinguished for the cheerfulness of his disposition, but placed among these worthies, I suppose, for the sake of his peculiar costume. Then there is George Washington, familiar at once to the eyes of his admiring countrymen. Near by is a display of infant royalty, — the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal in a cradle.

There are a number of kings and queens in this room, but in the next, the "Hall of Kings," you find all the sovereigns of England from the Conquest down. I had always thought that Edward, the Black Prince, was called so from the color of his armor; but he is here represented in gilt, and they quote Froissart and other authorities in defence of the opinion that the "tenor of his arms," not his armor, gave him his strange title. Old "Dan" Chaucer stands here, ready to repeat his Canterbury Tales. As you look at the heroic Joan of Arc, you forget that her form perished in the ashes hundreds of years ago. Marie Antoinette, Mary Stuart, Shakespeare, and all those great monarchs, whom I had only known before through the pages of books, were there before me, face to face. One group struck me so queerly — Henry VIII., his six wives, and little son Edward are all together. If those dumb lips could speak, I wonder what they 'd say.

Then there is the great Russian giant, over eight feet in height, holding aloft in one hand a little pygmy whose name I have forgotten. There are two groups of Victoria and her children, and various members of the royal family. George IV., in his magnificent parliamentary robes, forms the centre of another grand circle. Another group represents the wedding of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, with the Bishop of London blessing them. The bride's dress is a beautiful white silk, and such a train! It is said, as indeed are all the modern dresses, to be exactly copied from the original.

The last and smallest of the three principal rooms is graced by the noble presence of Napoleon Bonaparte, from whom it takes its name. But now, although there is a great deal more that might be told, I shall have to stop. O, I forgot to tell about stepping on William Penn's toe, and asking him to excuse me! Good old man, I wish it really had been he (though I might have hurt his corns); but then, he would have forgiven me, and we 'd have had such a nice talk about the Indians and the "City of Brotherly Love." Then there was Madame Tussaud herself, such a little, pinched-up old woman. She was quite an artist, and gave lessons in Paris to Madame Elizabeth, the unhappy sister of Louis XVI. She began by travelling and exhibiting a few wax-figures in the principal cities of Europe, and finally settled in London, where she died in 1850. Her sons now exhibit the original collection, with many which they are adding from time to time; so, for over forty years, Madame Tussaud's wax-figures have been ranked among the "lions" of London.

Irene.

OUR DUCK HUNT.

It was early in March that my friend Harry Newcomer visited me. He is a bright, jovial fellow, nearly two years my senior, very fond of fishing and hunting. He generally visits me twice a year, — in the spring to go a duck-hunting, and in the summer to fish.

"Well, Johnnie," said he, the morning after his arrival, "what 's the plan for to-day?"

"I was down by the river yesterday, and saw plenty of ducks on the wing and on the water; let 's go and try for some of them," I answered. "Since you were here I traded for the canoe of old Stuffle, the trapper; it does n't leak at all; we 'll take the shot-gun, and I promise sport enough to last till you come a fishing."

Harry assented. Our preparations were soon made, and, with a basket of lunch, gun, ammunition, paddle, and Tray a few paces in advance to make sure of his

chance of going, we started for the river-bank where the canoe was moored. Tray was a well-trained spaniel, and would swim for a wounded duck as eagerly as he would chase a rabbit or squirrel.

We had but a short distance to walk. Harry reached the landing first; inspired by the bracing air, fine scenery, and prospect of sport, he had been rattling on, quoting at random from poet and orator, as his high spirits moved him.

As he leaped on board, his climax of excitement seemed to be reached, for he commenced singing Ossian's Serenade, —

"O, come with me in my little canoe."

By this time I had unfastened the rope; perhaps Eastern boys would say, "cast off the painter," but at this distance from salt water, we just untied the rope that fastened the "dug-out" to a stout sapling. Tray leaped in after Harry with such force as nearly to upset the canoe. The song suddenly ceased.

"Paul Jones and Flying Dutchman!" exclaimed he; "this will never do; the dog can't go."

Harry was right. It was a "little canoe," and intended to accommodate but one person. I called Tray, but, taking the hint, he crouched down, and seemed determined to be a passenger. I then resorted to strategy, — aimed the gun at the top of a tree, and fired. This was too much for him; he bounded up the bank and off for the game, while I as quickly got on board with gun and basket. Harry, seated in the stern, hastily paddled out into the stream.

The river was high, swollen by recent rains and melted snow; the ice had commenced floating several days before; large fragments were all the time in sight, but with care we were able to avoid them.

Nearly opposite us was an island, two and a half miles long by one mile in width, formed by the river forking above and the two branches uniting below. Harry wanted to revisit the site of our last summer's picnic, so we paddled across and landed.

"How different everything looks!" said he; "no grass, no birds, no foliage, no merry girls and boys."

"Yes," said I. "Nature's July dress is just the thing for fishing and picnics, but now is the time for duck-hunting."

We looked around for a short time at the familiar objects, then ascended the hill. Mr. Howland, owner of the island, had lashed a long ladder against the tallest oak upon the summit of the hill, for the purpose of overlooking his farm from this rural observatory. We mounted the ladder, and, perched upon the upper branches of the tree, took a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. We saw the entire island, my home two miles away, the bay above and the river below, the country far and wide on each side, and three villages in the distance.

The wind blew very cold, and we did not remain long in our exposed position, but, descending, hastened to our little craft and started up the stream. We were soon rounding the head of the island, with the broad bay stretching before us. Flocks of ducks were flying across the widest part; others were rising from the water and alighting on it in different directions.

We held a brief council, then determined to paddle to the middle of the bay, and take them on the wing. Acting upon this plan, we reached our point. The current was slight, owing to the great depth and width of the water. The low shores more than a mile distant were overflowed, the trees standing in the water so dense as to shut out dwellings from our view. Nothing was in sight except the distant woods, the floating ice, and the ducks.

We had agreed to shoot alternately, each taking his turn at the paddle and the gun. Harry was to have the first shot. As a large flock approached he fired, and two fine birds fell fluttering to the water. I secured them while he hastily reloaded; too hastily as the result proved, for the charge was not well rammed down. Taking the gun with no suspicion of danger, I aimed at a flock just passing at right angles to the canoe. The gun held fire for a moment, then discharged with such a kick or recoil that it overturned the canoe, throwing everything into the water.

Instinctively I dropped the gun, thinking only of self-preservation. Rising to the surface, my first thought was that Harry could not swim. Looking around, I saw him clinging to the side of the canoe; in a moment more he succeeded in getting astride of it. I swam to it, and caught hold of the side, raising myself partially out of water, my breast resting on the canoe's bottom. Never will I forget Harry's first words.

"We 're lost! we 're lost!" cried he.

Our peril was extreme; in ice-water up to our shoulders, and with such a frail support under us! What a situation for two boys in pursuit of sport!

We shouted till we were hoarse. Flocks of ducks came very near, as if to mock us. We had ceased to cry for help, or even to speak to each other. Our sufferings from cold were not now so intense; a numbness had come over us, and a dull, stupid reconciliation to our fate had supplanted its first horrors.

Suddenly we heard the splashing of paddles, and saw two canoes, with three men in each, approaching us. They soon reached our side, and, lifting us tenderly into their boats, covered us with their coats, and paddled with all speed to a landing near a dwelling-house. Here we were in a short time fully restored. After enjoying a good dinner we resumed our own clothing, which had been dried by the fire.

With many thanks we left our kind friends and returned to the landing. Borrowing a paddle, we started homeward in our canoe, which had been bailed out.

Our rescue happened in this way. Forty men were rafting logs within two miles of us. They heard the report of the gun, discovered our dilemma, and came to aid us as soon as they could get their canoes ready.

Harry and I paddled home, serious and thoughtful. We passed the observatory hill and picnic ground with thoughts very different from those of the morning. We were in the moralizing mood; talked little, but thought the more.

As our homeward voyage had been with the current, we soon reached the landing. Tray stood upon the bank and received us with his welcome bark, wagging his forgiveness for our not taking him along. We walked briskly to the house, and resolved to make a clean breast of it. Entering the sitting-room we were face to face with mother and Belle.

"Why, boys, you are back early! Where are your ducks? Where is your basket? Where is your gun? What makes you look so sober?" inquired they.

We told the whole story. We had got a ducking, but no ducks. Our gun was in the bottom of the bay. Our basket was probably still afloat; and we looked sober because we had narrowly escaped drowning. When they had learned what a risk we had run, there was a scene, — tears, kisses, etc.

Our adventure was widely known, and our names were published in the papers under the heading of "Narrow Escapes." The accounts given were generally incorrect; so I have written out the facts for the readers of "Our Young Folks."

John Curtis, age 15.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.

MY BIRTHDAY PARTY.

"BERTTIE," said Cousin Claude, one evening, "when 's your birthday?"

"Do you mean to say, Claude Murray, that you have lived in this house for ten years, and don't know when my birthday is?" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"Well, I never had any head for chronology. I should n't know when the queen's birthday came, if it was n't for the old rhyme,

> 'The twenty-fourth of May is the queen's birthday;
> If you don't give us a holiday, we 'll all run away.'

But, I say, Bert, you 'd better tell me, since it 's absolutely necessary that I should know the date in order to procure a — Whew! I forgot!"

"O, very well," I answered, somewhat mollified at the prospect of one of Claude's presents, which are always very nice. "It 's next Thursday, and I 'm going to have a party, Claude! O, such a party! Mamma says I can do as I please! I intend to invite Maud Montressor, whom you are so fond of, and lovely Chrissie Howard, and — and Chrissie's brother Albert, you know."

"O, Albert, of course," he said, dryly.

"And Emily Ross," I continued.

"Don't, O don't!" he exclaimed, tragically throwing up his hands.

"And Emily's brother Oswin," I went on, wickedly.

"Now look here, Berttie Clark, if you are going to invite that — that — "

"Don't call my friends names, please."

"Is *he* a friend of yours? Well, I don't care! I hate that fellow! and if you have him at your party, you sha' n't have me! There! Now choose!"

"Mercy on me! how melodramatic you are! I am going to invite Emily, so of course I shall have to ask her brother, and that settles the matter, and you can come or stay, just as you please." And I sat down to write my invitations. Presently I rose to look for a word in the dictionary, and saw Claude biting his nails and looking moodily into the fire. We were never bad friends for many minutes at a time, so, going over to him, I said, "Don't be cross, Claude. Don't you see, I can't ask one without the other, and I *must* ask Emily?"

"Pshaw! I don't mind; I have often endured him before, and I suppose I can do so again. After all, he 's not worth quarrelling about."

"I thought Maud would do it," I laughed.

"Stuff!" he said, and then laughed too, and sauntered out.

Thursday night came, frosty, bright, and starry, and with it my guests. Maud arrived first, looking beautiful in a white merino with crimson trimmings. She wore simple corals on neck and wrists, her magnificent black hair drooped in heavy braids on her neck, and over the braids was a shower of curls, all her own.

Next came Chrissie and her brother. Chrissie wore a pale-blue silk with a white gauzy loop-up, and pearls. Her hair is bright gold, and she wears it in a coil wound round and round her clever little head; — a white rose nestled in the folds, and that was all. I should like to describe all my guests, but must be content with criticising my two best friends. Claude condescended to come and "endure" Emily and her brother, which I can assure you was no easy task. Emily is an affected little doll, who is always afraid to move for fear of crushing her dress. Oswin is a "*boy* of the period"; he is continually saying stupid things and then laughing immoderately at them; but there 's one consolation, he speaks them so affectedly that no one understands them but himself.

We had games, dancing, and music, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." Claude was devoted to Maud, and she received his attentions very sweetly. Presently Albert said, "Berttie, will you please sing 'Under the Daisies'?"

"Certainly. Maudie, will you play?"

Maud smiled assent, and went over to the piano and played a few chords, then stopped. Now Maud, with all her sweet simplicity, was fashionable enough to be near-sighted; and, the light not being good, she asked Claude to move a lamp a little nearer. Before he could move, Oswin Ross jumped up, and, in his anxiety to get before Claude, tripped and overthrew the lamp. In an instant Maud's dress was in flames! Emily screamed, and fell back on a sofa. Oswin flew to the farthest corner of the room, looking the very picture of fear. Chrissie picked up a little mat that lay at her feet, and threw it over Maud's shoulders, while I caught up her long curls; but the mat, being made of some hairy material, took fire in Chrissie's hands; fortunately, she had the presence of mind to throw it into the grate; just as she did so Claude rushed in from the hall with two overcoats which he threw over Maud, at the same time drawing her down to the floor. It was then that Oswin came to the rescue, — not of Maud, but his overcoat! and Claude had the satisfaction of seeing it was pretty badly scorched.

Maud rose, very pale, but quite calm, though evidently in great pain. Her arms and shoulders were injured, though not seriously. Claude took her away, and placed her under mamma's care. Presently he came back, saying Maud insisted that we should go on dancing, and not stop on her account. Oswin came forward, looking very uncomfortable, and said, "I hope she is n't badly hurt?"

"Badly hurt?" Claude said, angrily. "Of course, she 's badly hurt! If it was n't for your confounded awkwardness —"

"It was an accident."

"It was by accident too, I suppose, that you got over to the other end of the room!"

"Hush, Claude," said Chrissie; "if Maudie is the heroine of the evening, you are quite the hero, so you can afford to be generous."

Seeing that amusement was at an end for the present, I proposed supper, and Chrissie tried to lessen Oswin's mortification by accepting his escort. At supper the merriment partially returned, though every one seemed restless; and, after it was over, some one proposed that Albert, who had just returned from Germany, where he had been studying, should tell us some stories. He told us some beautiful imaginative German tales, and recited a few poems very nicely; with the addition of some music, the remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough, after all; but we broke up earlier than usual, on Maud's account. It was decided that she should stay all night, and that Albert should stop on his way home and tell her sister, with whom she lived, without alarming her with the reason, since there was really no danger, and Maud wished it so. After "good night" had been said all round, and every one had gone, Claude came into the drawing-room, where I was standing alone, and said, "Now, are n't you sorry?"

"For Maud? O, *so* sorry! I must go to her."

"I mean, sorry you invited that fellow. I told you what he was, but of course you never *would* —"

I took refuge up stairs with Maud; and so ended my birthday party.

Berttie Clark.

Toronto, Canada.

IMPROMPTU PANTOMIME.

HAVING often been asked for simple amusements which can be prepared at a moment's notice without curtain or scenery, and with such properties and costumes as any house can furnish without trouble or expense, I shall offer a few Impromptu Pantomimes to the readers of "Our Young Folks," which will give them an excellent opportunity for the exercise of their talents, and afford entertainment to themselves and their friends.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

THE CRUEL UNCLE. — *Dressing-gown, hair powdered with flour, high hat, cane, and spectacles.*

THE BOY. — } *Two very large boys, one dressed in short jacket and pantaloons, the*
THE GIRL. — } *other in a short dress, bonnet, and apron.*

THE RUFFIANS. — *Two very small boys with beards marked on their faces with burnt cork, paper hats, carving-knives in sashes tied about their waists.*

THE ROBINS. — *Two very tall boys, with tin tunnels or rolls of brown paper fastened over their mouths and noses, red shawls tied from their necks to their knees, and feather brushes fastened upon their backs.*

THE SUN AND THE MOON. — *Two hoops, one covered with a red and one with a green cloth. They are raised and lowered by a boy concealed behind a table, which stands in the east corner of the room and is covered by a waterproof cloak.*

SCENE I.

The Babes come tripping in, hand in hand; they bow to the audience, and begin a game of marbles. The Cruel Uncle enters and orders them to bed; he points to the sun which slowly sets behind the table. They run across the stage different ways; he limps after them, catches the Boy, and drags him after the Girl. Just as he seizes her the Boy falls, and the old man trips over him. He rises, shakes them both, and drags them away after him. The Uncle returns, and paces the stage in wrath. A knock is heard at the door; the Ruffians enter very cautiously; the Uncle pantomimes to them that he wishes them to kill the children. They hold out their hands, and demand money; he goes out for a large bag, and gives them some. They ask for more; he shakes his head, but finally gives it to them. They brandish their knives, and go out.

SCENE II.

The Uncle leads out the Babes, one by each hand; they pick flowers and gambol on the grass, and he steals away and leaves them. The Ruffians rush in, and attack

the Babes. The Boy gallantly defends his sister; one Ruffian is moved to tears at the sight, and attacks the other, and after a terrific combat chases him out of the room. The moon rises slowly, and the children wander about until the Girl sits down and expresses her hunger by pointing to her mouth. The Boy rushes off for food; returns, and finds his sister stretched out upon the ground; he cries, rubbing his eyes and shaking the tears from his fingers. He tries in vain to restore her, and finally drops down by her side; the moon sinks down also.

SCENE III.

The sun slowly rises. The children are stretched out upon the ground; a chirp is heard; the Robins come hopping in, one behind the other; they hop a few times, then stop suddenly, chirp, and hop again. They discover the Babes; hop over them and go out. They soon return, each with a large cabbage-leaf, which they drop upon them, and go and come until they have covered the Babes, when they hop over them three times. The Uncle enters with the Ruffians, the first of whom draws out a small handkerchief, the second a larger one, and the Uncle a very large one. All wipe their eyes. The Babes then rise; all join hands, bow, and march out in single file, the Robins last.

Arranged by G. B. Bartlett.

ENIGMAS. — No. 128.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1st is in hat, but not in cap.
My 2d is in hit, but not in rap.
My 3d is in jet, but not in black.
My 4th is in coat, but not in sacque.
My 5th is in shy, but not in bold.
My 6th is in warm, but not in cold.
My 7th is in squall, but not in blow.
My 8th is in lag, but not in slow.
My 9th is in sick, but not in well.
My 10th is in gong, but not in bell.
My 11th is in censure, but not in blame.
My *whole* is a witty contributor's name.

B. W. L.

No. 129.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My 1st is in girl, but not in boy.
My 2d is in pride, but not in joy.
My 3d is in son, but not in daughter.
My 4th is in crime, but not in slaughter.
My 5th is in fortune, but not in fate.
My 6th is in love, but not in hate.
My 7th is in famine, but not in food.
My *whole* is the name of one great and good.

Laura Cutter.

SUNKEN ISLANDS. — No. 130.

1. List! Helen and Josie are playing the new duet.

2. In the grand menagerie one tent contained a bear and cub, and a number of cats, rats, and monkeys.

3. Once a week my vessels are in port, or I complain.

4. The country is pleasant in summer; in hay-time especially I love to be there.

Lu Hough.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

No. 131.

NAMES OF RIVERS.

1. An animal and a small stream of water.
2. A number, a vowel, and a division of water.
3. A vegetable.
4. A reptile.
5. A precious stone.
6. A boy's nickname and a large insect.
7. A mineral, colored.
8. An American writer.
9. A color, and the name of a tree.
10. An animal and a musical instrument.

L. E.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 132.

A POPULAR SONG.

Jack Straw.

No. 133.

TROUBLE.

"Jay Bee Aye."

ENIGMAS.—No. 134.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 9, 3, is obtained from trees.
My 1, 7, 4, 5, is an animal.
My 10, 2, 8, is something Georgie calls for when he cuts his fingers.
My *whole* is relished by most children.

Mary D.

No. 135.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1st is in pond, but not in lake.
My 2d is in snow, but not in flake.
My 3d is in fall, but not in rise.
My 4th is in cloud, but not in skies.
My 5th is in slay, but not in kill.
My 6th is in valley, but not in hill.
My 7th is in face, but not in lip.
My 8th is in run, but not in skip.
My 9th is in wind, but not in blow.
My 10th is in come, but not in go.
My 11th is in printer, but not in press.
My *whole* is a fancy style of dress.

Johnny D.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—No. 136.

1. Rock, a town in Ireland.
2. Bail, a town in France.
3. Ray, a town in Scotland.
4. Whole, I am what you do in business; transpose me, and I am a heavy metal; curtail me, and I am a meadow; transpose me again, and I am a beverage.
5. Transpose a part of a house and leave a measurement.

E. D. and W. G., aged 10 and 12.

PUZZLE.—No. 137.

There are two rivers in Africa, the names of which consist each of three syllables. If you take the last syllable away from one and prefix the first two syllables to the name of the other, it will give the name of the country in which they are situated. What are the names of the rivers, and what is the country?

E. G. C.

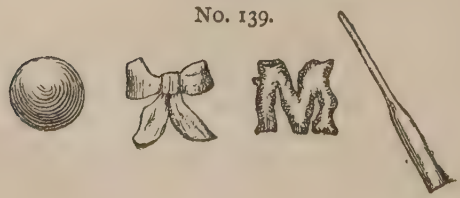
WORD SQUARE.—No. 138.

My first means sections.
My second is asunder.
My third is proportion.
My fourth is a manœuvre.
My fifth is to stir a fire.

"The Twins," age 13.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 139.



Bus.

No. 140.

"Jay Bee Aye."

CURIOUS COMPARISONS.

No. 141.

Positive.

Delilah, the fair one, of old drew a strong one.
Very often to-day fair dames draw a long one.

Comparative.

Old mythology tells how Adonis he slew.
Nowadays he kills time, until time kills him too.

Superlative.

Then a knight could vaunt how he fought all the day.
Now a swell can but tell of his flirtations gay.

Jack Straw.

WORD SQUARES. — No. 142.

1. Name of a river.
2. Not written.
3. To float.
4. Part of a song.

Harry.

No. 143.

1. An animal.
2. A Scripture name.
3. Something necessary to war.
4. Fishes.

Consuelo.

CHARADES. — No. 144.

My *first* is a color.
My *second* is a vowel.
My *third* is an adjective.
My *whole* is a city.

Jack.

No. 145.

My first.

In the Bible my virtues are held up to view,
Yet often I 'm crushed by a careless shoe;
I 'm industrious, skilful, accomplished indeed,
Yet none of my family ever could read.

My second.

In a well-known old town of the Scottish border,
Abhorred by the friends of law and of order,
My *second's* a word that is very well known
To the hasty lovers who thither have flown.

My whole.

Child of the desert! so timid, so fleet,
With thy wild mournful eyes, and thy fast flying feet!
Whom hound vainly follows, whom man cannot tame,
Tarry a moment, and tell us thy name.

Laura D. Nichols.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 146.

Will and Vint.

ANSWERS.

109. Tobacco.
110. Whittier.
111. Washington.
112. "Handy Andy," by Samuel Lover.
113. A castle (cast L) in the air.
114. 1. Virgil. 2. Chaucer. 3. Chatterton. 4. Cowley. 5. Stillingfleet. 6. Dryden.
115. Christianity.
116. No rose without a thorn.
117. Surface.
118. 1. Amy Robsart. 2. Cedric, the Saxon. 3. Lucy Ashton. 4. Alice Bridgeworth. 5. Madge Wildfire. 6. Margaret of Anjou. 7. Harry Bertram. 8. Dominie Sampson.
119.

F R E E
R E A R
E A T S
E R S T

120. 1. Stowe. 2. Heine. 3. Phelps. 4. Reid. 5. Herbert. 6. Lamb. 7. Hunt.
121. Tomato.
122. 1. Saw. 2. Plane. 3. Square. 4 Adze. 5. Chisel. 6. Wrench. 7. Hammer. 8. Bevel. 9. Level. 10. Awl. 11. Gauge.
123. Illinois (ill eye, no eye).
124. Columbia City (column by a city).
125. 1. Painter. 2. Merchant.
126. 1. St. Louis. 2. Richmond. 3. Cairo. 4. Athens. 5. Metz.
127. Mediterranean Sea.

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles: "*How Harry got his Printing-Press*," by H. Prince; "*My Garden*," by Betsey Pringle; "*Sacro Bambino*," by Bilboquet; "*Our Printing-Office in the Woods*," by S. Hayford, Jr.; "*My Ship*," by Alice Maude; "*Making Hay*," by Morna May; and "*May Polka*," music, by Mary A. Leland.

Still some very good articles must go over into the *honorable mention* list. One of the best of these is "*A Discussion between the Days of the Week*," by Mabel Loomis, — showing how Sunday was chosen King of Days. "*A Little Dandelion*," by Magdeline, is a pretty little poem, with a moral. "*On an Old Coin*," by M. E. L., is a well-written historical sketch, but, unfortunately, a little too long. The "*Chimney on Fire*," by W. H. Hayne, of Georgia, gives a pleasant glimpse of a Southern home on a winter's evening. "*My Sea Voyage*," by Jennie H. Field; "*Thanksgiving*," by M. Annie Parker; "*How the Pinks were named*," by Helene; "*King Silverline*," by Bess; "*The Bluebirds*," and "*Gracie's Grave*," by Fannie Skinner; "*Our Birdie*," by Susie T. H.; "*The Old Desk*," by Laura Bell; "*Our Boat Ride*," by Alice; "*Gettysburgh*," Mark S. Hubbell; and "*A Visit to a Blind Asylum*," by S. G., are all creditable to the youthful writers.

"*San Francisco Pets*" is pretty well told, but the same story appeared in "Our Young Folks" last year, in a different form, under the title of "Two Friends."

"*Their Dreams*," by "Ego," shows poetical feeling and a gift of expression: but has not the writer fallen unconsciously into the tone of Tennyson's "In Memoriam"?

> "O calm, cool night! O fevered day!
> A little ceasing of the breath,
> A little silence: this is death —
> A little slumber — who can say?"

And was she not thinking of Hamlet when she wrote, —

> "Do the dead dream? *What dreams may come,*
> *When we 've put off this mortal coil,* —
> When men are resting from their toil,
> Hushing awhile Life's busy hum!"

The lines entitled "Belle," which we are asked to criticise, begin thus: —

> "Her voice is sweet as the robin's
> That comes in the early spring,
> And blue are her eyes as the violets
> That the *summer bright does bring*,
> And soft and fair is her little cheek
> As she lays it close to mine,
> And lovingly around my neck
> Her dimpled arms *does* twine."

The Italics are our own; does the writer see the weak points they indicate?

The little poem of "Baby," by Ethel, aged 13, runs over with the love of the girl's heart for her little baby brother.

> "Snowy white baby feet,
> Dimpled chin curving sweet,
> Light heart with steady beat,
> Pressed to my own!"

Love is the soul of poetry, and such affection as these lines express should inspire "Ethel" to write some charming verses when she is a little older.

D. W. Calvert. — The original copy having been lost, we cannot now determine whether it was your rebus that appeared by mistake over another name. If so, we regret the accident through which injustice was done to you. We receive a great many rebuses and other puzzles to which there is no name attached, each writer thinking it sufficient if his name be given in an accompanying letter; but the letter is liable to become separated from the puzzles, and then we have to rely upon our memory to affix to these the proper credit, or else let them go without credit. Hence unavoidable errors sometimes occur.

"*Cosey Corners.*" — Mrs. A. M. Diaz lives in Plymouth, Mass.

Thomas Ross. — If our answer to your question regarding butterfly nets comes a little late, still it may be useful to you another season. Mrs. Conant, in "The Butterfly Hunters," tells how Hal's net was made. For the frame, "he took a common flat barrel-hoop, and slit off a strip about a quarter of an inch in width; of this he made a hoop about a foot in diameter, which he bound with wire to a light hickory rod of the

thickness of a parasol handle, and about three feet long. When he had completed his frame, Rose took a circular piece of mosquito-netting, about three quarters of a yard in diameter, and bound it firmly to the hoop; and the net was finished."

WHITEWATER, WIS., August 18, 1872.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

Will you please inform me through "Our Letter Box," of some book or books which will give me directions for forming a collection of Stuffed Birds and Butterflies? There are so many beautiful kinds of birds and butterflies in the fields and woods around here, that I have long wished to form a collection. I have tried to capture some butterflies and moths this summer, but not knowing the best way to catch and preserve them, I have not had much success. I am a constant reader of "Our Young Folks," and always enjoy the articles on Natural History. I now wish to obtain some work which will give me full instructions on capturing and preserving birds and butterflies, so that next summer I may accomplish something in this direction.

Yours respectfully,

"NATURALIST."

Maynard's "Naturalist's Guide" and Mrs. Conant's "Butterfly Hunters," both published by J. R. Osgood & Co., are the books you need to begin with.

A NEW correspondent sends us

ROBINSON CRUSOE IN VERSE.

Robinson Crusoe went to sea,
To make a voyage out to Guinea;
But a storm his vessel drove to land,
And grounded it upon the sand.
And the wind, it blew and blew and blew so —
The wind, it blew and blew and blew so —
And the wind, it blew and blew and blew so,
The ship was wrecked with Robinson Crusoe.

The crew in a boat made for the shore,
Crusoe himself and ten men more;
But the boat capsized, and all the men
Were emptied into the sea again.
He swam, and told the others to do so —
Swam, and told the others to do so —
He swam, and told the others to do so;
But none were saved save Robinson Crusoe.

He found himself on a desolate isle,
No other land for many a mile,
Nor savage man, nor savage beast,
Upon himself to make a feast.
And there he lived and lived and grew so —
There he lived and lived and grew so —
And there he lived and lived and grew so
Contented, did poor Robinson Crusoe!

He went to the ship, and brought to shore
All sorts of things and laid in store;
And lived like a princely hermit, only
At times he felt a little lonely.
"And I ask of any one, if you so —
I ask of any one, if you so —
And I ask of any one, if you so
Would n't have felt," said Robinson Crusoe.

His only friends were goats and cats,
That furnished his milk and killed the rats,
And a dog; all which he taught to dance,
Just as they do the children in France.
And they learned and learned and learned, and knew so —
They learned and learned and learned, and knew so —
And they learned and learned and learned, and knew so
Much, they were like people to Robinson Crusoe.

But he thought, at last, he would build a boat,
In which to other lands to float.
He hewed a big one from a tree,
A hundred yards up from the sea.
And he could n't launch it, though there are few so —
He could n't launch it, though there are few so —
He could n't launch it, though there are few so
Ingenious as was Robinson Crusoe.

One time there came to his retreat
Some cannibals, with men to eat;
But one he saved that ran away,
And called him "Friday," from the day.
And Friday faithful proved and true, so —
Friday faithful proved and true, so —
And Friday faithful proved and true, so
He was much beloved by Robinson Crusoe.

So after eight and twenty years
Of solitude's toils, joys, and fears,
Another ship that way was cast,
In which he found escape at last.
Thus all its ties were, in his view, so —
All its ties were, in his view, so —
Thus all its ties were, in his view, so
Little prized by Robinson Crusoe.

J. A. BROWN.

E. W. Fox and others. — We do not know the price of those toy steamers. You had better send to the manufacturer for a price-list.

E. Z. E. Naff. — Your puzzles are good, especially the geographical rebuses. You should try your hand at a rebus sentence.

AN editor's life is full of cares, of which his readers can know nothing; and if he now and then finds compensation for them in such words

as these, from our correspondent, *B. S. L.*, why should 'nt he frankly acknowledge it?

"I have taken 'Our Young Folks' from the commencement of its publication, and prize it very highly. It has done more to educate and improve the rising generation of boys and girls than any other publication printed. I hope it may have a long life, and be the means of doing as much good and conferring as much happiness in the future years of its existence as it has in the past."

BELLAVIE, OHIO, July 19, 1872.

EDITOR OF "OUR LETTER BOX":—

There are two questions that I would like to see answered in "Our Letter Box."

The first is concerning that all-important personage, *Dolly Varden*. I want to know whence the idea of her dressing so *outlandishly* is derived. I saw in some magazine that it was taken from Dickens's account of her in "Barnaby Rudge"; — I have read that book through, and find nothing said about her dress except that she wore a cherry-colored suit. And instead of being crazy, she was always setting other people crazy, especially those of the masculine gender.

The next question is this: Why does the *Encyclopædia Americana*, in giving a list of the sovereigns of England, class Richard II. as one of the Lancasters? I do not believe that is right. Although I cannot find any place in Macaulay's or in Hume's history of England, where it says directly that Richard II. was a Plantagenet, I can find in both sentences where it is implied that he was.

While writing the above I thought I would like to know which is the right way of writing the possessive case of James, and of all such words. Is it *James'* or *James's?* I have seen it both ways in the works of good writers, both of prose and poetry.

From your subscriber,

R. C. F.

ANSWERS. 1. The Dolly Varden dress was not so named because it was really supposed to resemble any costume that lively young lady ever wore. But, a fanciful dress having been invented, it became necessary to find a popular name for it, and that of poor Dolly was chosen.

2. Richard II. of England, being a son of the Black Prince, who was a son of Edward III., a Plantagenet, was certainly a Plantagenet. Henry IV., who supplanted him, was the first English sovereign of the House of Lancaster.

3. Strictly speaking, *James's* is right. But for the sake of euphony good writers sometimes omit the final *s*.

Laura D. — "What is the meaning of the phrase, 'going to Gretna Green'?"

Gretna Green is a small village of Scotland near the English border, formerly much resorted to by eloping couples, who wished to get married without going through with the troublesome formalities required by the laws of England. Once over the border, it was sufficient for two lovers to declare themselves man and wife, in the presence of witnesses; no further ceremony was necessary to constitute a true marriage, according to the laws of Scotland, although the marriage-service of the Church of England was sometimes used. The number of these irregular marriages, celebrated in the border villages, amounted at one time to five hundred a year. By a law passed in 1856 such marriages were declared illegal, and a check was put upon this thriving business. Still the phrase, "going to Gretna Green," is sometimes used to signify an elopement.

Ida A. W. — It is not necessary that the picture stories should be written out in *verse* for the "Letter Box."

OMAHA, NEB., August 21, 1871.

EDITOR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

It is with increasing interest that I read "Our Young Folks," as I get it month after month. I buy it the very day it comes in, and I can assure you that it is the best magazine I ever read.

I see that you help along all those who are getting collections of different things; I hope you will help me a little. I am getting up a collection of curious advertisements and business cards. I have already collected about three hundred. Will you not please ask the readers of "Our Young Folks" to help me in this matter by sending me such as may fall under their eyes? If you will, you will confer a great favor.

Again. We have in this town what we call the "Omaha Corresponding Club," and our object is to get all the names of those who would like to correspond with different persons on different subjects. We have already about two hundred, and would like at least three hundred more.

Will you not please ask your readers to send me their names, ages, and photographs, what kind of correspondents they would like, what subjects to correspond on, etc.?

If you will help me in these matters, you will greatly oblige

Yours truly,

GEO. P. HASTINGS,
Lock Box 167, Omaha, Neb.

L. M. C — Thanks for your plan of reviving the "Mutual Improvement Corner." We will consider it. — Mrs. Stowe's residence is in Hartford, Conn. — We hope our readers will hear again from Mrs. Whitney before long, but cannot promise definitely.

N. I. A. asks: "Can any of our Young Folks through the Letter Box tell me the origin and meaning of the word *Niagara?*"

Mary E. Gorham asks for a description of an old game in which the players sang

> "Come, Philander, let 's be a-marching,
> Every one his true love searching."

No doubt many of our readers are familiar with it.

The lines you ask about, Mary,

> "We 'll chase the antelope over the plain," etc.

are from a popular song, "Ossian's Serenade."

We cannot name to you any publications, besides "Our Young Folks," that pay beginners for short stories.

B. W. L. suggests: "Would it not be well to do with the puzzles as you do with the Young Contributors, namely, to mention the name or *nom de plume* of the person sending a puzzle, and the kind of puzzle, accepted or rejected? I know it would be a great gratification to all contributors to know beforehand whether their productions are accepted or not."

The trouble is, that we do not always know ourselves just what puzzles we shall be able to use. We invariably lay aside each month more than we can find room for; our rule being to use the best we have on hand first, or such as are needed to make up a variety; after which there is sure to be a supply left over.

Mollie writes: "I hope 'Several Inquirers' will examine W. E. Scovil's 'New Method of Short Hand' before commencing the study. I am studying that work, and think it is what it claims to be, 'a simplified system' and 'easily acquired.' (W. E. Scovil, Jr., 44 Union Square, New York.")

Fannie S. — Mr. E. E. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten" did not appear in "Our Young Folks." Your other question we cannot answer.

Phonex, Jr. asks: "Can any of the readers of 'Our Young Folks' tell me what kind of an animal a *plesiosaurus* is? If they can, I will be much obliged to them."

F. T. F. — The "Stamp Collector's Magazine" is printed in London: price, $3.00 a year. — P. H. C.'s "Lessons in Magic" appeared in five numbers of "Our Young Folks" of 1865, and also in Nos. 2, 8, and 11, of 1866, and in No. 4 of 1867. — The "Companion Poets" are issued in two volumes, sold separately, if you wish but one. Vol. I. contains selections from Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning; Vol. II., from Holmes, Whittier, and Bryant. Illustrated; price $2.50. J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers. The same can also be had in six elegant little volumes, at $1.00 each.

Henry P. Day. — "Do you know of any paper or magazine, published in this country or in Europe, exclusively devoted to the game of chess?"

Yes; the "Chess Player's Magazine," published in London, at $7.00 a year.

Huckleberry. — White's "History of France" is very readable, and it will probably give you more of the personal details you desire than any other work of its size. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, $2.00.

Jenny Bouncer. — J. R. Osgood & Co. publish an illustrated edition of Whittier's "Maud Muller" at $3.50. — We cannot tell you who wrote "that sweet and widely used child's prayer, 'Now I lay me.'" (Can anybody?) Neither shall we venture to say "who is the greatest living poetess, in our opinion."

PROVIDENCE, August 24, 1872.

MESSRS. EDITORS, —

I think the answer to Betsey Pringle's question regarding the capitals of Rhode Island is as follows: —

Under the old charter of Rhode Island the General Assembly met in every county, so of course there was virtually no capital; but under the new constitution the General Assembly meets at Providence and Newport.

Newport was formerly a larger place than Providence, which probably is the reason of its ever being chosen as the capital; but now Providence is much larger than Newport, and nearly all the business of the Assembly is done there. At Newport the governor takes his seat, and the Assembly holds a week or two, and that is what entitles it to the name of capital of the State.

Before closing, I would like to ask if you can recommend any work on the manner of keeping rabbits.

Yours truly,

R. I. LAND.

NASHUA, N. H., August 24, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

In answer to the question asked by Betsey Pringle (why Connecticut and Rhode Island have two capitals) I have found the following.

Settlements were made in Connecticut in 1633 and the two following years, the principal one being at Hartford. In 1638 a colony was established at New Haven. These colonies were united, forming the State of Connecticut. The original capitals were retained, and the Legislature meets alternately, the odd years at Hartford, the even at New Haven.

Rhode Island was settled in 1636 at Providence, and the next year a colony was founded on the Island of Rhode Island at Newport. The colonies were united into one State in 1644, both capitals being retained.

And now that I have answered this question for Betsey Pringle to the best of my ability, I would like to ask her or some of your other readers some questions.

1. Is General Ben Butler of Lowell, Mass., the General Butler who fought in the Mexican War?

2. Why do we use the singular verb and plural pronoun? or, is it proper, strictly speaking, to say "*you was*," when speaking to one person?

If any one will answer these, they will greatly oblige

"BESS."

Willy Wisp wittily says that *R*hode *I*sland has two capitals because it contains two proper words.

WOODSTOCK, CONN., August 24, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I want to write to you to tell you how I carried out one of the plans mentioned in the magazine for August. I refer to the building of the boat "Mystic." I was sick in the early part of the summer, and could not go out in the sun much; so, when I saw the "Young Folks," I decided to make a boat.

I wanted a very light and cheap boat, and I thought as I would only use it this summer I would commence it at once. I planned and figured a good deal to reduce the dimensions given to suit me, and at last arrived at the following proportions: length, ten feet; width (in the widest part), two feet; — at the stern it was to be a foot and a quarter wide. It flared a quarter of a foot, and was made of seven-eighths inch boards.

As I had no tools to put it together, I had it put together at a shop about five miles from where I was staying. One morning I carried some people to the depot in a carryall, and then, rolling up the sides and back, had the man put the boat in, and the seats on top of the boat.

On my journey home every individual man, woman, and child looked around and stared at it. One horse shied at it; and when I got almost home a man asked me who was dead. (I forgot to say that the boat was flat-bottomed, and looked very much like a coffin.)

I put it in the woodshed and put in the seats and cleats, and got somebody to put on the oar-locks (which were outriggers), and then began to paint it. It was painted a kind of reddish-brown inside, white out, with a blue stripe around the edge, and the name painted in the stern. I put on three or four coats of paint, and then it was ready to launch.

Last Tuesday it was launched on the lake. It was lifted carefully out of the wagon, and put in the water; I then got in, and was shoved off. I felt just as though I was in a wherry; but I sat still, and got my balance, and at last I could make it go quite fast; but when I got some lighter oars it went just as fast as I expected it would.

To-day I took a long row in it, and expect to have many more very pleasant ones. It rows as easy as any boat I ever saw, and I am perfectly satisfied with it.

ABBOTT INGALLS.

Ida E. A. — We are sorry Nebraska is so far off! Your answers reached us just too late for acknowledgment in our last number.

EARLY answers to our last month's puzzles were sent in by the "Quartette," T. G. S. W., Alice Withington, Maud Bell, Annie L. Foster, C. H. W., "Jack Knife," Mary Giles, Grace Shreve, Alice, Minnie Remington, and Lillie Lempert Townsend. Lucy Lee Batchelder sent correct answers to *all* the puzzles.

MARY L. PECKE'S challenge, in our September "Letter Box," has called out several Competitors. Maud Bell sends a "list of 352 words made from *miscellaneous* without doubling any letter but those taken twice in that word." This is nearly twice as many as Mary's list contained (179). "Cosey Corners" sends 314 words; Lillie B. and Nellie R., 282; "Old and Young Folks," 279 (without aid of geography or dictionary); Annie Wilbur, 226; J. M. C., Jr., 222. Olive, 214; Florence Townsend (aged 10), 205; and Sumner H. Whittier, 184. "Zibbie Quink" sends a list of 210 words, omitting proper names.

P. S. Just before sending our magazine to press we have received several additional lists. H. L. sends 400 words; E. L. and E. K. Scott, 348 (without using proper names, prefixes, or suffixes); C. H. M., 320; Ella V. Middaugh, 300; Rosa M. Kellen, 310; Laura S Brown, 240; Mary C. Clark, 200; Louisa R. Hurd, 220; Susie B. Hurd, 212; John H. Kerr, 229 (excluding proper names); Kathie La Rue, 225; Belle, 243; Villa C. H., 350; Mabel Hall, 304; and Julia F. Smith, 190. Jos. E. Badger, Jr., writes that he has made 487 words out of *miscellaneous*, exclusive of proper names and obsolete words, but does not send his list.

And now L. K. sends us 636 words made from *unimpressionable*, "to compete with any in the market." All proper names are omitted. Who can beat him?

Lillie Lempert Townsend also challenges Our Young Folks to make more words, including proper names, out of *Constantinople*, than a list of 258, which she sends us.

It is of course understood, in this game, that no letter is to be used twice which does not occur twice in the original word.

Just after our September "Letter Box" was closed, we received from a correspondent at Northumberland, Penn., answers to *all* our August puzzles.

BRINGING IN THE TREASURE.

[See "A Chance for Himself," Chap. XXXVII.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER, 1872. No. XI.

A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HOW JACK WON A BET, AND RETURNED A FAVOR.

THE next morning Sellick sat milking a cow in the yard, when a clear, pleasant voice close beside him said, "Good morning, Mr. Constable!"

He had heard footsteps and the rattling of a milk-pail behind him, but had not looked around, thinking it was Billy the farm-boy coming to help him. Now he looked, however, and there stood his escaped prisoner of yesterday, smiling, with a milk-pail in one hand and a stool in the other.

"Ha! good morning, sonny!" cried Sellick, excitedly. His first impulse was to spring and seize the fugitive; his next, to sit still.

"You helped me milk yesterday morning, now I 've come to help you," said Jack. "I like to pay my debts."

"That 's right! that 's fair!" said the astonished constable.

"Which is the kicking cow? I don't want to tackle *her!*" quietly remarked Jack, surveying the little herd.

"Try that heifer with the white forefeet," replied Sellick. "You 're an honest boy, as I said yisterday! I 've changed works many a time with a neighbor, but I never had one return my little favors quite so prompt! You kind o' took my breath away!

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Where have you been since we parted in that rather abrupt fashion yesterday?"

"O, travelling about the country a little," said Jack, seating himself beside the heifer. "I thought I would make the most of my opportunities; I may not have another chance soon."

"What trick is the fellow up to now?" thought the constable. "He must have settled the affair with Peternot!" So he said aloud, "Have you seen the squire?"

"Not since I left him with you in the court-room. The squire and I are not the best friends in the world, I 'm sorry to say. 'Nice old man, the squire!' But I 've called on him once too often."

"Where was you last night?"

"*You* kept me last night."

"I kept you, sonny?" said Sellick, more and more puzzled.

"Yes; I thought it was no more than fair that you should give me a night's lodging. I won't ask you to board me; I pay for my own milk, you know."

"Yes, I know!" Sellick grimaced at the recollection. "But where *did* you sleep last night? Not under my roof!"

"Yes, I did, under your roof!" laughed Jack.

"Look here, sonny!" cried the incredulous Sellick, "I 'll bet ye a trifle on that! I believe you 're an honest boy, as I 've said; but you could n't have slept under my roof without my knowing it, unless Billy smuggled you in, and he would n't have dared to do it! — Here, Billy!" An old-looking, broad-shouldered, hollow-cheeked youth came into the yard. "Did you take this fellow into my house last night?"

"I never saw him on the place before," replied Billy, "though I ruther guess he 's the one Mis' Sellick says come to the door last evening and asked for you."

"I came to your door, and afterwards slept under your roof," Jack insisted. "Since you offer to bet, I 'll bet ye, — well, I 'm no gambler, but I 'll say my hat against a bowl of bread and milk."

"No more milk! no more milk!" said Sellick, good-humoredly. "That cupful of yisterday soured on my stomach, if it did n't on yours. Call it a breakfast; I 'm willing."

"All the better," said Jack. "Now just step into your barn, and in the left-hand farther corner you 'll find a heap of straw, which you 'll agree has been slept on. There 's a pitchfork standing behind it; and there 's a bound bundle, which I used as a pillow. I walked in last evening and made myself at home, while you were leading your horse to the pasture."

"I can believe all that," said Sellick readily. "But my barn ain't my house."

"I said nothing about your house; I bet that I slept under your *roof*."

"Sonny, I give it up! Keep on in the way you have begun, and you 'll make a joker by the time you 're a hundred year old. But what in sixty *have* you come here for this morning? If that 's a joke too, I can't see it."

"I thought you might like to finish that little ride we began yesterday. Not that I 'm at all anxious about it," Jack explained, "but your heart seemed set on it; and, thinking it over, I concluded 't was too bad to disappoint you."

"And you mean — " Sellick, sitting by his cow, paused to grin at the young milker in puzzled astonishment.

"Yes, I do!" said Jack, laughing; "I don't mean to spill any more milk, nor lock up any more court-rooms, nor go through any more culverts, very soon." Then, as Sellick still looked incredulous, he added, more seriously, "I 've thought it all over, and made up my mind to just this: if I 've done anything to be taken to jail for, why, then, take me to jail, if you want to."

"You 're deep!" said Sellick, still suspicious of some cunning design hidden beneath Jack's candid avowal; "or else you 're a bigger fool than I took ye for."

"Have it which way you like," Jack replied. And, having fairly committed himself to this open and manly course, he felt his bosom swell with honest pride and satisfaction. "Now, whatever happens," thought he, "I 've done what is right; I 'll be true, I 'll be my better self, I won't lie or skulk, for anybody or anything!" Or if he did not think this, he felt it, and it made him brave and strong.

"You 're a smart boy to milk," said Sellick, looking at the contents of Jack's pail when it was brought to him. "If you git out of this scrape, I should n't wonder if I would hire you. What do you say?"

It did not seem to Jack that he could bear to live so near Deacon Chatford's house, and feel that he might never enter it again as he used to do. Yet such an offer was encouraging; and the confidence in him which it implied, on the part of the constable, touched his heart.

"There will be time enough to talk about that after I get out of the scrape," he said. "I can't make any bargain till then."

"That 's right; that 's fair and honest. You 'll find it a fust-rate place," Sellick went on; "good living, plenty to do, and a jolly man to work for. Do chores this winter to pay for your board, and go to school if you like; and next summer I 'll pay you wages. Think on 't, you 'd better. Now for breakfast. You 've earnt yours, say nothing about the bet. You can milk a cow twice as quick as Billy. Good boy, but slow, is Billy; drea'ful modrit; stiddy as a yoke of oxen. Fust summer he worked for me — Talking about you, Billy," said Sellick, as the old-looking youth overtook them on their way to the house.

Billy, looking as if he was used to being made fun of, said, "Sho!" and grinned, and hung his head.

"Telling how stiddy you be. Fust season he worked for me, I had a good deal of chopping to do over in the South Swamp. So fur off, men used to carry their dinners. Billy went over every day 'cept Sundays, all spring, till along into May, when I noticed something mighty curi's about his face. From a straight line down his forehead and nose, all one side was tanned like an Injin's, while t' other was white as a lady's."

"Sho! 't wa' n't so!" said Billy.

"Fact. And this is how it happened. He went over in the morning with the left side of his face turned towards the sun as 't was rising, and come home at night with the same side turned towards the sun as 't was setting; worked in the shade of the woods all day, and never turned his head going and coming, 'cause he 's sich a stiddy boy." And Sellick set the example of laughing merrily at his own wit.

"Folks that work for you don't git a chance to come home with the sunlight on their faces," grumbled Billy. "You keep us to work till dark, and sometimes by moonlight. You 'll find it so, if you come to work for him," he added, turning to Jack. "'T ain't like working for Deacon Chatford."

As Sellick had the reputation of driving his hired men early and late, this hit told; and he made haste to change the conversation.

"Billy 's bilious. Billy 'll feel better arter breakfast. Billy 's smart at one thing, if nothing else, — knife-and-fork practice. If he worked as well as he eats, there 'd be no need of his sometimes staying in the field till dark. But come in, come in; breakfast, boys, breakfast." And he led the way into the house.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AT MR. CHATFORD'S GATE.

"How strange it seems," said Mrs. Pipkin that morning, "not to have Jack around! I don't believe I should have missed any one of you so much. Somehow I can't get used to his being away; can you, Mrs. Chatford?"

A tear quivered in Mrs. Chatford's eye as she replied, "I can't be reconciled to his going in the way he did. I feel that we are responsible for the boy's future; and if he had died I could hardly have mourned for him more than I do!"

This conversation took place at the breakfast-table, and it did not seem to help the appetites of those who heard it. The deacon shoved back his chair with a dissatisfied look; for it was an uncomfortable subject to him, firmly as he believed himself justified in withdrawing from Jack his sympathy and support.

"I 'm so glad he got away!" said little Kate; "but I 'm afraid they 'll catch him again!"

"Not much danger of that," remarked Mr. Pipkin, rising slowly from the table. "A boy smart enough to do what he done yisterday can keep clear of the clutches of the constables if he 's a mind to. I 'll resk Jack! I 'd be willin' to bet — By hokey!" he exclaimed in astonishment, looking from the window.

"What is it, Pip?" cried Moses.

"I 've lost my bet 'fore I made it! Jack!"

"Jack!" repeated several voices at once; and there was a general rush to the windows. Annie Felton's face flushed, while Phin's turned suddenly

pale. "Jack, and Sellick with him!" said the deacon, unpleasantly surprised. "I hoped — Could n't the boy keep out of the way? See what they want."

Meanwhile Sellick, with Jack by his side in the buggy in which they began their ride the day before, had driven up to the gate and turned about.

"Hullo!" cried Moses, going out to them.

"Hullo back agin," replied Sellick. "Fine morning. How 's the folks? Good morning, Mis' Chatford."

"I can't say I 'm glad to see you!" exclaimed the good woman from the door. "Poor boy! how does it happen?"

"Jack took such a shine to me yisterday," laughed Sellick, "he could n't bear the separation; so he come of his own accord to renew the acquaintance this morning, — or last evening, — which was it, Jack?"

"O Jack! did you give yourself up?" cried Annie Felton, alarmed to think he might have been led by her advice to take an unwise step, until the sight of his beaming countenance reassured her.

"He 's too modest to say so, but that 's jest it," Sellick answered for him. "I took him yisterday, and he took me this morning — by surprise. I 've hardly got my breath yit. Bright boy, Jack! honest boy! Says he has done nothing he ought to go to jail for, but if we want to put him in jail, we can; and I vow I don't know but what that 's the right view to take on 't!"

"O Jack! is this so?" said Mrs. Chatford, hurrying to the side of the buggy, and seizing both the boy's hands, while she looked up earnestly in his face.

"Yes," replied Jack, smiling frankly, yet with quivering lips and misty eyes. "After talking with Annie last night," — casting a glance of affectionate gratitude at the schoolmistress, — "I concluded I had been foolish. I did n't know what I wanted to run away for. If I have done wrong, why, I 'm willing to suffer for it. I know I 've been wrong in some things. The idea of finding so much money, and then of having it taken from me, made me wild; I was n't myself; but I guess I 'm all right now, and I hope you 'll forgive me," he said, winking away a tear or two.

"Bless you, dear boy! what have I to forgive?" said Mrs. Chatford, while tears ran down her own upturned face.

"After all you had done for me, to think that I could be so cross and sullen to you and to everybody, because Squire Peternot had wronged me; and then to have such thoughts, — I can't tell you what bad thoughts I have had!" Jack exclaimed, beginning to choke. "But they are gone now, I hope. I 'm just going to take what comes, and make the best of it."

"That is right! O Jack, I am so glad to hear you talk so! If you can go to jail in this spirit, it will do you no harm. I shall think more of you and hope more for you than ever! So will all your friends. — Phineas, come here, and tell your father to come!"

"Well, Jack! caught, after all, are you?" said Mr. Chatford, walking slowly towards the gate.

"No, sir, not caught; Mr. Sellick won't say I've been caught," replied Jack.

"No, I don't take no credit to myself," said Sellick; "Jack's here of his own free will, or he would n't be here." And he told the story of Jack's stay in the barn the night before, and his sudden appearance in the cow-yard that morning.

"I think *you*'ll be satisfied with him now," added Mrs. Chatford; "for he has come of his own accord to make acknowledgments, and to ask our forgiveness."

"I 'm heartily glad to hear it!" said the deacon, astonished and gratified. "As I said before, his falsehood about Phineas, and his standing out so about it, seemed to me worse than anything else. I rejoice if he has owned up."

"I 'm ready to own everything that I've done wrong; but that is different. I was n't going to say anything about it; but if Mrs. Chatford meant that, when she said I had come to make acknowledgments, why, she is mistaken. I spoke nothing but the truth about Phineas, and you 'll know it some day, and then, maybe, you 'll be sorry for having accused me of lying!" Jack struggled hard to control his feelings, but now, having said this, he began to cry.

"Phineas! I told Phineas to come here," said Mrs. Chatford, "and now where has he gone?"

"I saw him sneaking off to the barn," said Mr. Pipkin. "He don't seem to hanker arter a meetin' with Jack, dono why!"

Mrs. Chatford was agitated; and the deacon appeared strangely disturbed.

"It hurt me worse than anything," Jack resumed, wiping his eyes with his sleeve, "to have you think I would try to get out of a scrape by flinging the blame on to anybody else, and then lying about it. And that 's the hardest part for me to get over. But it 's natural you should think so. I don't blame you. I can wait for you to find out the truth; you will some time. I've no ill-will against Phin, either; but I don't want to see him or have anything to do with him. So don't call him. I know just what he would say."

"Well, well!" said the deacon, walking up and down the path in great trouble of mind. "No doubt, no doubt! You *may* be honest. It 's a strange misunderstanding! I hope it *will* be explained some day." But it was plain to see that the good man's prejudice against the boy was far from being overcome.

Meanwhile Moses went to the barn to find Phineas.

"What are ye sneaking off here for?" he cried. "Why don't you go and see Jack, and own up to your lie about him? It 's your best way now."

"Hain't told any lie!" muttered Phineas. "Come out here to watch Lion, fear he 'd get away."

"You sha' n't have that excuse any longer!" exclaimed the indignant Moses. "It 's too bad to keep the poor brute chained in this way!" And,

pushing his brother scornfully aside, he loosed the dog. "Bellow, will you? great baby! Clear, Lion!"

Lion "cleared"; and in ten seconds, darting past Mr. Chatford, and almost knocking Mr. Pipkin over as he encountered that gentleman standing by the gate, he leaped up on the buggy-wheel, whining, and wagging his tail, and struggling to reach his young master.

Jack reached down, and patted the large, noble head, received the caresses of the eager, affectionate tongue, and dropped a tear upon the canine nose.

"Tell Phin he need n't keep him chained; I sha' n't steal him," he said.

"Fine fellow!" said Sellick; "good dog! If you come and work for me," — in a low tone to Jack, — "bring your dog with you; I 'll keep him."

"Peternot ought to hear to reason!" exclaimed the deacon. "Jack, why don't you give up the money?"

"I don't care for the money; I 'd as soon give it up as not," Jack replied, very truly. "But I don't know where it is." He checked a natural impulse to go on and repeat Aunt Patsy's story. Jack was shrewd, and he did not believe that a revelation of what he knew of the spurious character of the coin would have the least effect in softening the squire's mind towards him. On the contrary, some advantage might yet be gained by keeping the secret.

"I suppose the Huswick boys have got it," said Mr. Chatford. "The squire had a warrant out yesterday for Cub and Hank; that 's a fact, ain't it, Sellick?"

"I 'll say this much," replied the constable, — "arter Jack give us the slip, we did make a call on our neighbor Huswick, and found Cub and Hank had cut stick. I never told anybody I had a warrant. You may infer what you please."

"Does Peternot know Jack has given himself up?"

"I see the hired man as we drove by; he said the squire was tending prayers. Good old man, the squire; has prayers in his family morning and evening. I told the man to tell him; so he knows by this time. He 'll be waiting to see his young friend. And now, if you 'll hand out that little trunk you told me you had ready for him yesterday, we 'll be moving on."

Mrs. Chatford talked earnestly with her husband aside.

"I don't know what to do or think!" said the deacon. "I 'll see the squire again. He *must* hear to reason!" And he walked hurriedly away towards Peternot's house.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE "RIDE" CONTINUED.

Mrs. Pipkin brought out the valise which had been packed the day before. Annie followed with an armful of books.

"These will be good companions to you, if the squire does n't relent," she said, as she handed them up to Jack with an encouraging smile.

"I 've no hope of his relenting. But I don't feel as I did yesterday," said Jack. He glanced at the backs of the books. "I think I shall have a pretty good time to read and study, there in jail! Don't cry, dear little Kate! I 'm all right. Take good care of Lion. Good by, all! O Mrs. Chatford! Miss Felton! I shall never forget how good you have been to me!"

"Remember and read your Testament! I put it in the valise," said Mrs. Chatford.

"And keep a good heart! I 'm sure it will all turn out well. Good by, Jack!" cried Annie, as Sellick drove away.

"Go back, Lion! back!" said the boy, hastily wiping his tears. "Say good by to Moses!"

Phineas, peeping from the barn, and witnessing these farewells, almost envied Jack, as he saw him ride off with the constable; for already that wretched youngster was beginning to feel there was a worse prison for the mind than a jail, — that of its own guilty thoughts.

Deacon Chatford and the squire stood talking together on the roadside before Peternot's house, when Sellick drove up. The sight of their two faces was enough for Jack. The deacon's wore a disappointed and gloomy expression; the squire's was grimly triumphant.

"Hold on to him this time, Sellick!" cried the old man as he limped

towards the wagon, grasping with trembling hand his horn-headed cane. "If he thinks to work upon my feelin's by this move, he 'll find he 's mistaken. I know his cunnin' tricks!"

"Squire Peternot," said Jack, calmly, "I never expected to work upon your feelings. You can send me to jail, I 'm willing. You can have me brought to trial, and convicted of breaking into your house, I suppose; for I don't deny what I 've done."

"You see how shameless he is!" said Peternot, turning upon the deacon. "He 'd as lives go to jail as not! Little he cares for public opinion, the hardened wretch!" And he struck the ground with his cane.

"If I 'm sent to jail for such a thing, the shame will be on you, not on me," Jack answered. "I should think *you* cared little for public opinion, to push a poor boy to the wall in this way!" his voice beginning to quiver with a rising sense of his wrongs.

"Ho! that 's your game, is it?" said the squire; "to make a martyr of yourself, and excite public feelin' agin me!"

"I never thought of such a thing!" Jack declared; and he whispered to Sellick, "Do drive along!"

Mr. Chatford was at the same time saying something in a low tone to Sellick on the other side of the buggy. Then Sellick said, "Any last word, squire?"

"My fust and last word to you is, look out for that boy!" said Peternot, sternly. "That 's all!" And he limped away towards the house.

"Jack!" then said Mr. Chatford, in an earnest tone of voice, "have n't you a last word for me?"

"Only to say good by, and to thank you for your kindness to me — before this thing happened," faltered the prisoner.

"Not that!" said the deacon. "But I hoped — I have declared I could n't do anything for you till you had retracted that falsehood about Phineas. You know, I can give bail for you, and keep you out of jail till your trial; and I will!"

"On condition that I confess to a lie?" said Jack. "Then I shall have to go to jail."

"I can't bear the idea of that!" said Mr. Chatford, greatly shaken.

"It don't trouble *me* much now," replied Jack. "It won't be long before the court sits. I shall have to go and have my trial then, anyway. And if you should bail me, you 'd be anxious about me all the while, — afraid I might run away, and your bonds would be forfeit."

"No, no! not now, since you 've taken this honorable course, Jack! I 'll trust you; only —"

"Please don't say anything more about that, Mr. Chatford! And don't worry about me. I 've been inside the jail; I know how it is there. I shall be well off, with these books. Good by!"

"Better let him try it a spell, deacon!" laughed Sellick, as he touched up his horse.

"The boy — somehow he makes me love him!" muttered the deacon,

gazing after the buggy with troubled, yearning eyes. "I love him, and I believe him!" And he hurried home.

"Tell you what, sonny!" said Sellick, who had his own selfish reasons for cutting short this interview before it should lead to a better understanding, "I 've thought what I 'll do. Promise to come and work for me, and I 'll go bail for you. You shall kind o' work for your board till arter your trial; then, if you git clear, we 'll strike a bargain. What do you say?"

Jack thought of his books, and of Sellick's bad reputation as an employer, and said to himself, "If he bails me, he 'll expect me to hire out to him anyway, for whatever he chooses to pay. In a year I should be as hollow-cheeked and round-shouldered as poor Billy. Working for my board till my trial comes off, means working like a slave for nothing. I 'd rather have a little time to read and study." Then he said aloud, "I guess, Mr. Sellick, if it 's the same thing to you, I 'd a little rather go to jail."

"To jail it is, then!" said Sellick, snappishly, for he felt keenly the force of this reply; and he gave his horse a cut.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ONE OF THE DEACON'S BLUNDERS.

Farmer Chatford hurried home, and, entering the house, found the three women seated in a circle, holding a solemn consultation.

Mrs. Chatford had just been saying, "I 'm glad you did n't urge him, Annie. He don't often make up his mind in this way, but when he does it 's no use arguing with him. I had said everything I could, before, to induce him to be Jack's bail; and when I mentioned the subject again—"

The deacon inferred, with reason, from the sudden manner in which this conversation ceased as he came in, and the scowl Mrs. Pipkin gave him, that his own conduct had been the topic of remark.

"Peternot is hard as a rock!" he said; then added quickly, addressing Mrs. Pipkin, "Call the boys, or your husband; tell 'em to harness up old Maje and put him in the buggy, while I change my clothes. I 've thought of a little business in the city to-day."

Mrs. Chatford and Annie exchanged glances; and the former whispered, "I knew he could n't be satisfied to let Jack go off so!" Then, following him to the bedroom, "I 'm glad you are going! I want you to see the doctor, and tell him about Jack. *He* will do what he can for him, I 'm sure!"

"I guess there 's no danger but what Jack will have everything done for him he deserves," was the ambiguous reply.

"Could n't you have any influence at all with the squire?" said Mrs. Chatford, handing him his second-best suit of clothes.

"No more than the wind that blows! Strange," added the good deacon, "how a man can be so set in his way, and refuse to let any considerations of reason or humanity have weight with him!"

"Yes, it is, very strange," remarked Mrs. Chatford, quietly.

"O papa!" cried Kate, running into the room, "what is it about bailing Jack? Would that keep him out of jail? and could you do it?"

"Hush, child!" said her father. "Bailing him might keep him out of jail a little while; but what will that amount to? He will have his trial all the same, when the court sits. The evidence is clear against him. He did break into Peternot's house; and if he did n't steal the money, he stole the bag it was in; that 's the way the squire argues. I 'd bail him if that would get him clear of the scrape, but it won't."

Just then Mose came in haste into the house, with the astonishing announcement that two of the "Huswick tribe" wanted to see his father.

"Cub and Hank?" cried Mr. Chatford from the bedroom.

"No; Hod and Hick." Hick (short for Hezekiah), aged twelve, was the sixth of this interesting family of boys. "They 've got something; I should n't wonder —"

"Bring 'em in!" said the deacon, "and be quick! What can the scamps be after!" He came out, buttoning his suspenders, just as Hod and Hick marched in through the kitchen, one behind the other, bearing a short pole on their shoulders, with a curious burden hanging from it, about midway between them. It was a common meal-bag, having a compact but evidently heavy freight at the bottom, while the loose top was twisted over the pole and made fast by a cord.

"What 's that?" demanded the deacon. "The money that 's made all this trouble!"

"Ya-a-s!" said Hod, grinning and snuffing, and rolling his head from side to side, producing no small amount of friction between his left ear and the pole. "Boys say they don't want it. Belongs to Jack."

The deacon, far from suspecting that the rogues had the day before tried to dispose of some of the coin, and found it after all to be worthless, marvelled at this show of honesty in a quarter where it was so little to be looked for, and exclaimed, "I declare! I can't understand! What did they take this trouble for?"

"'C-o-o-z!" said Hod, rolling his head again, snuffing, and drawing his smeared sleeve across his nose, — actions which Hick, at his end of the pole, did not fail to imitate; for it was characteristic of these young specimens of the Huswick species, that, reckless as they appeared in their native wilds, they were pretty sure to be overcome by a grotesque bashfulness when brought within the doors of civilized beings.

"'Cause what?" demanded the deacon.

"C-o-o-s!" Hod rolled his eyes from him to Annie and Mrs. Chatford, and used his other sleeve. "Squire 's got out warrants fer 'em. Take 'em to jail. They don't want noth'n' to do with the money; want you to make him promise he won't have 'em took up; then he may have the money, fer all them. They found it in the woods, where Jack hid it."

"I believe that 's a lie!" said the deacon. "But no matter. I 'll make as good terms for 'em as I can. Is it all here?"

"Y-a-a-s; every dollar on 't, so they say. Slip her off, Hick!" and the two treasure-bearers lowered their burden to the floor.

The deacon hastily untied the bag, looked into it, and then as hastily tied it up again.

"Good aft'noon!" said Hod. "Aft'noon!" said Hick. And they sidled towards the door, hesitating, grinning, and smearing their sleeves.

"You can get some peaches as you go through the orchard," the deacon called after them, as they disappeared. "Open the big chest there, mother! We 'll lock up this stuff, till Peternot can be made to hear to reason. Is the horse ready?"

Kate caught her father as he was going out. "I want to send Jack something!" she cried. "I could n't think of anything when he was here. But there 's that half-dollar!"

"What half-dollar?"

"My half-dollar. Don't you know, you borrowed it of me the other day, when you wanted one to ring with Jack's on the doorstep."

"But I gave it back to you."

"No, you did n't. You put it in your pocket. You had on your old gray pants, and you have n't worn 'em since."

The deacon went himself back to the bedroom, took down the said garments from a hook, and explored the pockets. "You 're right, my girl. Here it is now. Send it to Jack if you like. What!" looking with astonishment at the coin as he was about to give it to her.

"That ain't my half-dollar!" the child exclaimed. "That — that 's Jack's!"

"Massy on me! Mother, see here! How under the sun —" stammered the bewildered deacon.

"If that don't beat all!" said Mrs. Chatford. "Feel in your other pockets." The deacon felt, but no other half-dollar could be found.

"Must be — I do declare!" he said, fumbling and staring. "This piece has the very scratches on it! I see! I see!"

"How is it? You said you gave this half-dollar to the goldsmith!" exclaimed Mrs. Chatford. "I don't understand!"

"My plaguy absence of mind!" said the deacon, scratching his head with one hand while he held the coin in the palm of the other. "I must have put both half-dollars in my pocket, not thinking what I was about. Then — it was dark, you know — I gave the wrong one to the goldsmith! gave him Kate's instead of Jack's!"

"Then you came home and told Jack his half-dollar was a good one! O deacon! it 's you that have caused him all this trouble! He never would have quarrelled with the squire, he never would have broken into his house as he did, but for your strange mistake!"

"'T was a plaguy blunder! Counterfeit, counterfeit, I 'll stake my life!" said the deacon, examining the coin in the bag. "Say nothing to anybody; but — see here, Moses! put it under the buggy-seat, and fling a blanket over it."

"Now, deacon!" pleaded his wife, "do use a little more, I won't say deception, but wisdom, than you do sometimes! Don't tell the squire at once all you know, for that will be just like you."

"Think I have n't any gumption?" cried the deacon.

"No, but you 're so honest, you never can use any sort of art or concealment, you know that! That 's very well in all ordinary business transactions; I would n't have you cheat a body, for any consideration. But your blunder has got Jack into this scrape; and now don't explain to the squire till you 've got Jack out of it again."

"As if I required to be told by a woman that a little shrewdness may be necessary sometimes in dealing with the world!" said the deacon. And, climbing into the buggy with unusual alacrity, he whipped away at an extraordinary rate of speed.

J. T. Trowbridge.

RUBBING THE FIRE-TONGS.

A CHILD'S round face in the tongs;
She is rubbing the brasses bright,
While merry old-fashioned nursery-songs
She croons with a child's delight.

She sees in the glittering sphere
Her broadened baby-face
Smiling back on itself with a wordless cheer,
And filling the globe-like space.

Little friend, by my name once known,
I am rubbing the tongs to-day;
But the face that I gaze on you would not own,
It has lost your child-look gay.

O, your world was golden and glad:
Your happy heart was enough,
Though that and the sunshine were all you had,
And earth underfoot was rough.

But one thing I learned from you
I have not forgotten quite;
No pleasanter work can a mortal do
Than to keep one small world bright.

And, thinking about you, dear,
The face in the tongs has smiled.
In a dream I went back to your shining sphere,
And played with myself, a child.

Lucy Larcom.

OUR LITTLE WOMAN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT is always a great disappointment to me to become very much interested in a story, and when it is finished, and the book or magazine put away, to sit down and remember that it was n't a word of it true. I cannot say if other people mind it as much as I do. But I always feel as if I had had my trouble — of reading it, I mean — for nothing; and feel a kind of temper about it, and am glad that I was n't invited to the heroine's wedding.

For this reason partly, I suppose, I have always wanted to tell somebody the story of my cousin Lois McQuentin. It is a plain kind of every-day story in some respects, like washing-day or baking-day, and nobody was murdered or shipwrecked or married from beginning to end of it; and yet, I suppose because I knew it as it went along, and made a part of it in a certain way myself, it interested me more than any novel that I ever took from Loring's in my life.

Now it did n't interest me in the least, to begin with; and that is the best of it, to my mind. It is so pleasant to stumble on an interest in the last place you would look into for one! Especially, I think, in the spring, when the concert season is over, and Cambridge is as dull as a Scotch winter, and house-cleaning about, and the walking sloppy, and when one is n't sure whether it is worth while to have been born at all. I 've never been sure about that in the spring, since we came to Cambridge.

It all began with a letter from Aunt McQuentin. Aunt McQuentin was Lois's mother. She married a Scotchman, who was lost at sea on a trip home to the old country for his health, years and years ago. I never saw him. We called her aunt, because mother insisted upon it; but she was n't mother's own sister at all, but only father's half-sister; and father has been dead so long that that did n't seem to count for anything at all. And then we had n't seen her for I don't know how many years. I remember she spent a Sunday with us once, when Mary Alice and I were little, and that Mary Alice made fun of her up stairs for wearing such a big bonnet and straight collars. Lois I had never seen in my life.

Mary Alice and I had been in town the day the letter came. We had been in to match fringes, and so were quite worn out, from trotting all through Tremont Row to find something cheap, and never finding it, and having to come to Winter Street, and a dollar a yard at last, and then not within three shades of it, either. Mary Alice's was ashes-of-roses, I remember, with a Bismarck underskirt; two rows and a fold. Mine was just to fix up an old mauve with a miserable alpaca; we never get our new dresses the same year. We were very late about spring suits that season.

And so we came home; somehow it all made an impression on me, in

the light of the letter, in that curious way in which things that have no connection with another thing will often run into it and form a part of it in looking back, — like water-colors rubbed too near each other on a pretty porcelain palette, I sometimes think; you put down one color, and forget it, and put down another; and when you look there is a new color, and it is neither and it is both of the old ones at once. Well, and so we came home all drabbled and blue, and dragged ourselves slowly up Perry Street without talking. Mary Alice had pulled off two feet of her lowest ruffle in stepping from the horse-car, and held it festooned up across her arm with a paper of whalebones and zephyr knitting-needles run through to keep it from slipping off. And we met Tom Lawrence at a corner. And that made her cross. And I laughed, for I could n't help it, and that made her crosser. And between us, when mother let us in, I believe we could have bitten the chimney off, if we had tried.

This may have been the reason why the letter sounded so. Perhaps if we had come in on a dry, bright day, and Mary Alice had had on her American silk to meet Tom in, and my feet had n't been wet, and we had matched the fringes, it would have struck us in a different way, — in the kind of way I 've spent hours in wishing to myself that it had struck *me* from the very first.

But at any rate, when mother said, "Girls!" I knew in a minute that something was up, and I felt in a minute that it was something which I could n't and should n't and would n't like.

"Girls," said mother again, "I have had a letter from your Aunt McQuentin."

"Ah!" said Mary Alice, pulling off her sandal wrong side out.

"She wants to come here," said mother.

"Oh!" said I.

"My *dear!*" said mother.

"What for?" said I. Not that I meant to be as ugly as I sounded.

"She wants to come here," said mother, "to stay two or three weeks; perhaps longer."

Mary Alice, with her other sandal doubled up under her foot, shuffled across the room, took the letter from mother, and read it aloud.

"Newbury, Sunday night.

"My dear Sister-in-law: I am in great trouble, and have no relative in the world but yourself to come to. I have a tumor on my left side. I have suffered a great deal from it for a year. Last week I went to a doctor, and he told me that I must go to the Massachusetts General Hospital and have it cut out. At least, he says they will tell me if it can be cut out. If it cannot, I must die of it before harvest-time. If it can be cut out, I must have somewhere to go after the healing has begun. They will not keep me at the hospital after I am well enough to go. If I am incurable, they will not keep me at all. I am in great trouble. I must give up my place immediately. The work of a housekeeper is too hard for any one in my

condition at present. I suffer almost constant pain. I cannot knead bread, nor do other things for which I am paid. My employers are sorry for me, but they are not related to me, and I could not expect them to do anything for me. I have laid up a little money. It will pay my way at the hospital. I suffer so much pain, that I do not know but I may die at any time. I cannot tell. I am afraid sometimes of dying before I have seen Lois. I have never told Lois. I wish I knew of somebody who would write and tell her. I suppose I must do it myself. If my husband were alive, I should not feel so about it. I do not know what to do. My dear sister-in-law, shall I be too much of a burden in your family, if Lois and I should stay with you for a few weeks after the operation is over? I dread the operation. Lois will take care of me. I will not thus make you any more extra trouble than I can help. I should not intrude if I had a home. I wish my husband had lived to help me through this day. Lois is at Lynn, in a shoe-shop. I must write to Lois to-night. She will come on. I do not dread the operation so much as I dread to tell Lois. I have dreaded to ask this great favor of you. I have put it off for several months, dreading to ask it. But if I do not ask for kindness and favor at the hands of my kith and kin, I have nowhere else to turn.

"I am, my dear sister-in-law,

"Yours truly,

"MARGARET MCQUENTIN."

"Well!" said Mary Alice.

"Well!" said I.

"I am very sorry for her," said mother.

"Of course," said Mary Alice, "but it 's just as inconvenient, for all that."

"And then there 's house-cleaning. It 's the worst time she could possibly have chosen. I declare, I think it is too bad!" I said that. I am going to own it, honestly. I sat down by the register, and tried to dry my thoughts while I dried my feet, but one was just about as chilly and damp and surly and uncomfortable as the other.

"It must be the weather!" said mother, looking up over her spectacles, and laying down Mary Alice's open-work stocking which she was heeling and toeing. "If I did n't suppose it was the weather, girls, I should send you both to bed without your suppers!"

"So they must come then, must they?" said Mary Alice, with her mouth full of pins, tucking her ruffle along.

"Of course they must!" said mother.

So of course there was nothing more for us to say about it. Mary Alice and I talked it over after we had gone up stairs that night.

"Of course it must be dreadful to have such a thing," said I.

"What thing?"

"Why, a tumor."

"O yes, dreadful," said Mary Alice, hunting for her crimping-pins; "I never knew anybody connected with our family to have such a thing before. It does n't seem a bit refined, I think."

"I wonder how long Aunt McQuentin has been running round the country as a housekeeper," said I.

"That is n't a circumstance!" said Mary Alice. "Not a circumstance, beside a shoe-shop! I do think to take a girl right out of a Lynn shoe-shop, and make a cousin of her in your own house, is asking too much of anybody!"

"She 'll wear a red feather, I suppose; and a cotton velvet sacque, and dirty ermine furs."

"If she does n't have pink hair-ribbons and green gloves and a purple gauze veil, you may think yourself well off," said Mary Alice, disappearing behind the cloud that she made of her pretty pale hair — it was every braid her own — in frizzing it out before she crimped it up for the night.

"I wonder if it *is* the weather," I said, thinking about it, while I was brushing the thick black Boston mud off from my underskirt. "It seems so ugly to be talking so." And so it did.

I woke up in the night, and thought of it again. The moon was up, and the room was full of a quiet, solemn light. It always gives me a solemn feeling to wake and find the moon shining in my bedroom in the middle of the night. It was growing cool and damp, I found, and I found that mother had been in while we were asleep, and thrown the little plaid shoulder robe, that was made of Mary Alice's old green silk, across us both.

I don't know why this should have made me think of Aunt McQuentin. But it did. And of Lois. And of working in a shoe-shop every day; and of your mother's being a housekeeper, and of living quite away from her, and of knowing so little how she was, and if she missed you, and if she loved you, or if you loved her. And of what it was like to be mother and daughter in one blessed house. And of never knowing that she had a tumor. And of being written to, one day, and of finding it all out in one minute as you stood with the letter in your hand. And of coming on to meet her. And of having no home in all the world. And of coming to a house where two silly, ugly girls —

"Hannah?" said Mary Alice, sleepily. For I had been sitting up in bed to look at the moonlight, and to think these thoughts, and had half waked her too. "Hannah, if it were n't for *one* thing, I don't believe I should feel so *dread*fully about Lois McQuentin's coming here."

"What 's that?" said I.

"Why, I suppose she will be round in the parlor," said Mary Alice, more distinctly, and sitting up against the pillow, too.

"That 's no worse than a red feather and a purple veil, I 'm sure," said I. "I should n't grudge her being in the parlor if she 's got to come."

"No, but — it 's — being round in — the evening, you know," said Mary Alice. "If anybody should happen to come in."

"Oh!" said I. "But I would n't be ashamed of her, I 'm sure," said I, growing very grand and virtuous to myself. "If I *had* a poor relation that worked in a shoe-shop, I should as lief Tom Lawrence should know it as that he should n't."

"Well, yes," said Mary Alice, "it is n't exactly that. But — you know — well, mother always goes to sleep in the rocking-chair, and you 're off, and if you 're not, I don't mind you. But to have two strange relations sitting round! I never shall have another nice call from Tom till they 're gone, — never!"

And I think, as a general thing, when a girl with the pretty, pale hair that Mary Alice has is ugly and inhospitable about people, you may be sure that there is a good reason for it somewhere, that you have n't found out. It 's different with me. When I feel ugly, I *am* ugly, and if the weather does n't excuse it, nothing does.

CHAPTER II.

It was one of Patty's "privileges" — that was our girl — not to go to the door on ironing-day. Mother was washing the dishes, and Mary Alice was taking her music-lesson, and I was just buttoning my gloves to go into town; so, when the door-bell rang, it fell to me to answer it. This was on Tuesday noon, just a week from the day that Aunt McQuentin's letter came to Perry Street.

Now I was in a hurry to catch the Main Street car, and to get in and out again before dinner, for I had kept "Stars and Thunderbolts" out of Burnham's four days too long already, and eight cents is something to think about, to a girl with my spending-money. Besides, it was coming up an easterly storm, and I wanted "Shadow and Substance; or, The Earl's Great-Grandmother," before it began. I always like a new novel in an easterly storm. So I was hurrying out of the door, with my parasol and hand-bag, as if I had not heard the bell ring at all. Of course I should be very much surprised at finding anybody upon the doorstep; and of course it would be evident that I was trying to catch a car; and all without being impolite in the least.

But when it came to the point, I *was* surprised, — all over. A lady in black stood on the doorstep, leaning against one of the portico pillars heavily. At first I said "a lady"; then I said "a woman"; then I said, "no, a lady" again before either she had spoken or I. And she had on an old alpaca without a morsel of trimming, too, and a blanket shawl.

"Is your mother at home to-day?" she asked me slowly; so slowly that I had time to collect my wits.

Of course it was Aunt McQuentin. I asked her in, as politely as I could, for I heard the eleven-twenty car jingling down the street, and to save me, I could n't help thinking that I had got to wait twenty minutes longer, and what a pity it was.

Her face flushed the least, least bit in the world, when I asked her in. She had been very pale before. I went to call mother, and I went to tell Mary Alice, and it was n't till I had come back into the parlor again, that I realized how very pale she was. She was lying on the sofa with her bonnet off, and her eyes shut, and mother was sitting by her with a fan.

"Hannah!" said mother, speaking up in her quick way, "a glass of water! And tell Patty to put on the teapot. Your aunt is tired out."

"So this is the beginning of it!" I thought this, when I heard Patty scold, and when I overfilled the tumbler, and the water trickled down in a dozen little streaks over the front breadth of my overskirt, and stained and changed the color of my glove. But I would n't have said it, not even to Mary Alice, when I came back and saw Aunt McQuentin's face once more.

But I did say to Mary Alice out in the entry, "She looks like an oak-tree."

"She looks sick enough," said Mary Alice, "if that 's what you mean."

That was n't exactly what I meant. It was the lines and wrinkles and ruggedness about her that I meant. Mother was so smooth; and Mary Alice was so fair; the difference between them struck me in a minute. But when I went on to tell Mary Alice that I had seen an oak-tree when a thunderstorm was over, that looked just so, she could n't understand what I meant; and I did n't altogether understand myself, and so I went back to say that if there were nothing more that I could do just now, I would go on to town and do my errands, and be back as soon as possible.

Aunt McQuentin said, "O, are you going into Boston?" and then hesitated and stopped. But when mother said that I would be glad to do anything for her, if there were anything that she wanted done, it came out that she had left an umbrella at the hospital.

"It cost a dollar and a quarter," she said, smiling rather painfully, "and I 'm afraid they would n't think to give it to Lois. I was in pain, and I forgot it. It might be of use to Lois. I expected Lois in to meet me to-day; but she has n't come. She will come to-morrow. But I 'm afraid the hospital would be too much out of your way?" Of course the hospital was out of my way; but of course I said that I would get the umbrella.

It did not occur to me till I was half into town, to wonder if Aunt McQuentin had been through the operation, and what they said to her at the hospital about it.

"The Earl's Great-grandmother" was n't in the circulating library that day, for all my pains; so I took out "The Countess's Grandson" instead, as the nearest thing to it; and "The Viscount's Doom; or, The Spectre of the Sofa-pillow," for Mary Alice; and after I had run up to Jordan and Marsh's to look at the upper-skirts, and into Whitney's to price an afghan pattern, and into Childs's to feel mortified to death that I could n't spare the quarter to go into the gallery, and into Copeland's for a little taffy, and into Churchill and Watson's for a necktie, I went up to the hospital after Aunt McQuentin's old umbrella; and trouble enough it was, for I did n't remember the way, and it is so countrified to ask, and it was very muddy, and then I was half afraid of taking some dreadful disease; I never go into a hospital or a prison or an asylum for anything, or an institution for anybody, if I can help it.

And so I was sitting in the anteroom or reception-room or office or what-

ever it is they call it, with my dress tucked up from the floor about me, waiting for the clerk, if that is what they call him, to bring the umbrella, and thinking what a dreadful place it was, and how glad I was that *I* had n't a tumor on my left side, when a girl came in and sat down beside me.

We were alone in the room just then, and having nothing else to do, I noticed this girl more than I might have done, as a general thing. She had on a long black waterproof cloak, and a brown straw hat trimmed with brown velvet, and brown lisle-thread gloves. She looked rather plain and poor, not at all stylish, but not old-fashioned either. She had short black hair, and the largest blue eyes I think I ever saw in my life. This was one thing which made me notice her. The heroine of "Stars and Thunderbolts" had black hair and blue eyes, and I had been wishing that I had myself for a week. The girl had a thin mouth, which she had shut closely together, and a line between her eyes as if she had a headache or some dreadful pain. She did not notice me at all, but sat looking straight before her at the opposite wall of the room.

When the clerk came in with the umbrella, the girl jumped up. She said something which I did not hear, in a voice which I did not know what to make of. She seemed to be talking, as she was looking, straight and stiff, at the opposite wall.

"I 'll attend to you in a moment," said the clerk. The girl sat down again.

I was just pulling up my dress into my elastic at the door, when a sound and a word struck me both at once. The sound was a long, low cry, or exclamation, or groan, from the girl in the waterproof; and the word was a name which the clerk spoke.

For the decimal fraction of a second I believe I thought I would go right on. For less time than it takes to think it now I believe I thought I would n't own to being cousin to a Lynn shoe-shop before that clerk. Then I was so ashamed of myself that I would have owned to being her grandmother if I could, and I stopped just where I was, to hear the rest.

"McQuentin?" the clerk was saying again in a business-like way, — "Margaret McQuentin? yes; here to-day. Left just three hours ago!"

"Oh!" said the girl in the waterproof, drawing a sharp breath; "my train was late. I thought I should be in time."

She stood up as she said this, and began nervously to fasten her waterproof about the throat, still looking straight at the opposite wall.

"Any relation?" said the clerk, in that dreadful business way again, but looking at her, I thought, sharply and uneasily.

"I am her daughter. I came on from Lynn to meet her. But my train was late. What 's the matter with my mother?"

This question shot out from under the shop-girl's brown hat in a high, imperious cry, like an officer's order in the middle of a battle.

"Now I think of it," said the clerk, suddenly, "there was a note. The patient left a note for — Lois McQuentin? Is that your name?"

"I am Lois McQuentin. Where 's the note?"

As if she had said, "I am colonel of this regiment: about face!" But the

poor little colonel had grown deadly pale, and the brown lisle-thread hand which she had held out for the note shook piteously.

"Probably the note will explain it all," said the clerk, still uneasily, but in a soothing way. Lois read the note; it dropped from her hand, — a bit of crumpled paper, roughly pencilled; she picked it up; she turned her face round with a puzzled motion.

"It only says she 's been and gone. It only gives me her address!"

"Does n't she tell you what is the matter with her, what she came to the hospital for?"

"No! Tell me yourself! Can't you answer a question when you 're asked? What 's the matter with my mother?"

The clerk looked at me. I looked at the clerk. There was an instant's silence. I heard a great hospital clock tick somewhere, and a little newsboy crying a Traveller in the street, and the scanty patter of a few raindrops that were falling, to herald the coming of the great storm.

"Why," began the clerk, "I 'm sorry to have to tell you, but your mother —"

Then it was that I went up. I went up and put both arms around her. I did not mind about the waterproof and the lisle-thread gloves. I forgot the shoe-shop down in Lynn. I put both arms about her and looked down under the brown straw hat, and said, "Lois McQuentin, I 'm your cousin, Hannah Colby. Your mother has a tumor on her side. She 's been in to see the doctors, and they can't cure her, and she 's gone to my mother's house." For I knew then, as well as if the clerk had finished, how it was.

It seemed to me then, it seems to me now, so strange that Lois McQuentin never said one word. If it had been I, I should have cried out, or run about the room, or fainted away, or done something; or at least have asked a dozen questions.

But Lois McQuentin never said one word. She stood looking at me in her straight, stiff way, as if I had been the hospital wall itself; there came a slow twitching for a minute all over her face; then she dropped her eyes, and slowly turned away and towards the door.

"Won't you rest a minute?" said the clerk, coming up in a troubled way. "You may be faint if you go out into the air too suddenly."

"I never faint," said Lois, in a dull voice.

"I understand there was no operation," said the clerk, kindly, walking to the door with us as he spoke. "No operation and no pain or risk. Only the examination, and — the report."

"Yes," said Lois in the same voice, "I understand."

She stopped a minute and looked blankly around; did not seem to notice or remember me; passed her hand confusedly over her eyes, and walked out and down the hospital steps alone.

"I am going right home," said I, hurrying after her; "I will take you straight to your mother. Just come with me, and don't worry."

Lois looked at me for a moment, just as she had looked around the hospital; then said slowly, "Very well."

I stopped the first car, and we got in. Lois sat down beside me, but still she never said one word. I told her that I had her mother's umbrella, thinking that perhaps she would rather carry it herself, but she said only, "Very well."

It had begun to rain by that time, very hard and very dismally. It was spattering in through an open window of the car upon Lois's hat-ribbons, but she paid no attention to it; I shut the window for her, but she did not notice that. She sat quite still beside me the rest of the way out to Cambridge, looking right in front of her with those curious stiff eyes. An old lady sat opposite, in a sky-blue bonnet, with a mark across one eye, and I noticed that she thought Lois was looking at her, and that she got very angry about it. But Lois did not notice that.

Without saying a word, we got out in the rain — the sky-blue old lady scowling after us — at our corner; and without a word Lois put up her mother's old umbrella; and we walked together under it without a word, in the dreary drip and splash, up the street and home. Lois walked very fast. I could scarcely keep up with her, do the best I might; she walked right through the mud-puddles, and never held up her dress, or seemed to see that she was wet. When I said that this was the house, she said, "Very well," again, but nothing more.

Mary Alice let us in, and was quick enough and kind enough not to seem a bit surprised. She spoke up, just as if Lois had always lived there, knowing in a minute who it was.

"Your mother's up stairs. Yes, right up here; I 'll show you the way."

I tried to get Lois to take her wet cloak off, but she would not stop. She was up the stairs before I could think, and into the spare room, following the faint sound of her mother's voice, with her head held down as I have seen hunting-dogs sometimes, following a scent.

Mary Alice and I came slowly after, not knowing what to do.

When we came to the door of the spare room we stopped. Lois was on the bed in her mother's arms. She had laid her cheek against her mother's cheek, and her arms about her mother's neck. She had broken out into a fit of crying, — as any other girl would cry, — but she made a dry, choked sound, and there was n't a tear on her face. If she said anything, — and I think she did, — I could not make it out. But I saw Aunt McQuentin, crying too, and smiling all the while, put up her hand and stroke Lois's face; and I heard her saying, "Little woman! little woman! There, there, mother's little woman! Don't, dear, mind so much!"

And then my mother said, very fast, "Come, girls, come away!" and took Mary Alice and me out with her, and shut the door.

When we went to bed that night, Mary Alice told me what mother had just told her, and what I had been thinking of and wondering about.

Aunt McQuentin must die; how soon or how late nobody could tell; and she and Lois were to stay with us in the spare room till it was all over.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS IN SIAM.

TEN years ago Mrs. Leonowens, an English woman, had the courage to accept the situation of governess to the wives and children of the King of Siam; and she has written an interesting account of her life in that strange country.

Her trials began almost at the moment of her arrival, with her little boy, in the port of the Siamese capital.

A fantastic gondola, "fashioned like a dragon," came alongside the little Siamese steamer, and a brown, shiny, half-naked official mounted the side, and stepped upon the deck with an air of haughtiness and command that contrasted oddly with his scanty attire. He was followed by a number of attendants, who immediately prostrated themselves behind him, squatting like toads and putting their noses to the deck, as if he had been the god they worshipped.

This was his Majesty's Prime Minister, Chow Wongse, — the greatest man in the kingdom.

"Are you the lady who is to teach the royal family?" he asked through an interpreter.

"I am."

"Have you friends in Bangkok?"

"No; I am a stranger here."

"What then will you do? Where will you sleep to-night?"

"Indeed I cannot tell," the lady replied. "But I understood from his Majesty's letter that a residence would be provided for me."

"His Majesty cannot remember everything!" growled the Prime Minister. The interpreter added, "You can go where you like." And away went master and slaves.

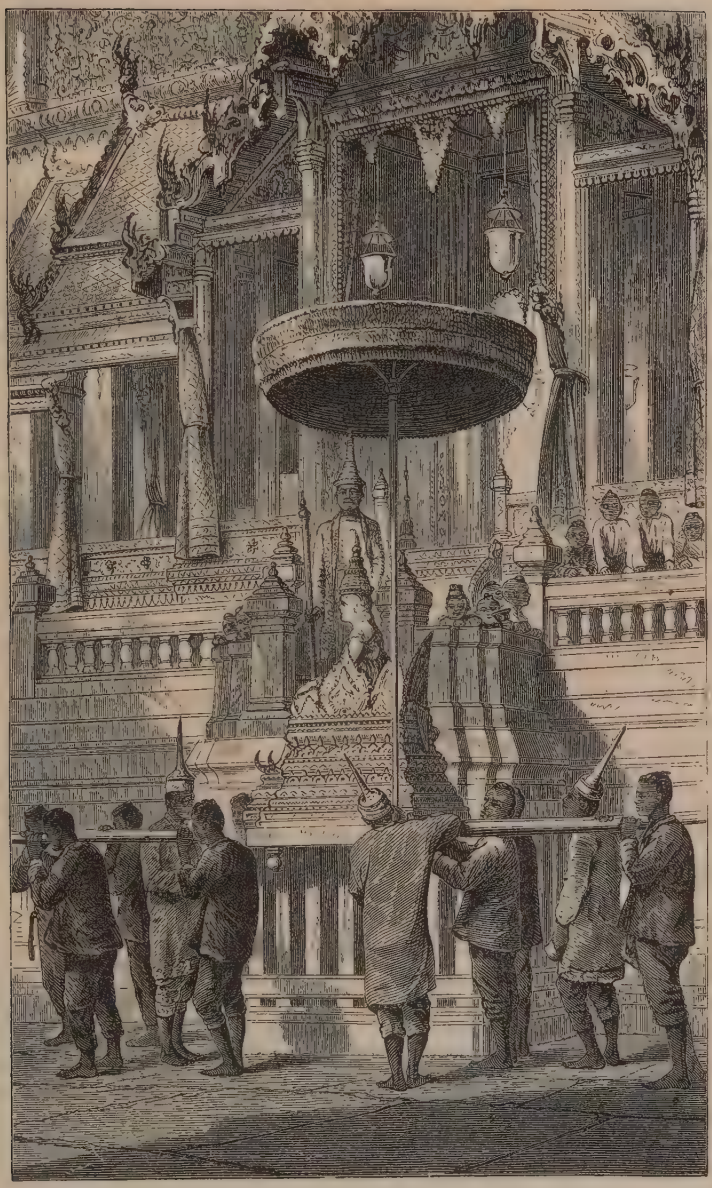
Well might the English woman be amazed at such treatment! Friendless, a foreigner, amid strange scenes, in the city of a despot whose will was law, she clasped her child to her heart, and for a moment, we may well believe, wished herself safe back in her English home.

To add to her fears, all was confusion about her. It was evening; the river was alive with all sorts of queer boats and vessels, — junks, canoes, gondolas, proas, rafts, sails, oars, paddles, — and the air was filled with the wild shouts and cries of a half-naked population that seemed almost to live in the water.

She was preparing to spend the night with her child on the deck of the little steamer, in the midst of flying clouds of coal-dust and the screams of coolies, when a gondola, in which appeared a hearty English face, passing near, was hailed, and Captain B—— came on board. In him she found truly a "friend in need." He took her off in his gondola; and soon the scene changed from coal-dust and confusion to dream-like sweetness and

The King of Siam.

beauty. Bangkok is a sort of Oriental Venice. But it is more wonderful than Venice, in the manner in which it is built upon the water. It is — at least a large part of it is — *a floating city*. When it first became the capital



A Siamese Princess.

of Siam, the houses were built on the banks of the river; but, owing to the ravages of the cholera, one of the kings commanded the people to build on the river itself. Greater cleanliness, and a charming picturesqueness of

appearance, were the result. Now the city has two hundred thousand floating dwellings and shops, and a million inhabitants.

The houses are of wood, tastefully adorned, built on rafts of bamboo. These are linked together with chains, and moored to great piles planted in the bed of the stream. Two or three rows of these strange floating structures extend for miles along the river. This is the Broadway of the city, on which the inhabitants move in boats and on rafts, instead of using wheeled vehicles, as we do in our streets. "To every little water-cottage a canoe is tethered for errands and visits." Even the houses on the river-banks are raised on piles, to be above the reach of high water.

The river, naturally, swarms with boats. These are of numerous fashions, some strangely fantastic. The gondola resembles that of Venice, and is used for exercise and pleasure. Another very common craft has a little square house with windows amidships, large enough to accommodate a whole family. Boats of this kind answer in place of trucks and express wagons, and are often piled with merchandise. There are innumerable smaller boats: "the stranger is beset by a flotilla of river pedlers, shrilly screaming the praises of their wares; while here and there, in the thick of the bustle and scramble and din, a cunning, quick-handed Chinaman, in a crank canoe, ladles from a steaming caldron his savory chow-chow soup, and serves it out in small white bowls to hungry customers, who loll upon their oars" to enjoy it.

Besides the great thoroughfare of the river, numerous canals intersect the city, and form avenues of communication with the country. It is in fact a country of canals; and in the rainy season, from June to August, the whole land is like a sea, in which towns and villages "show like docks connected by drawbridges, with little islets of groves and orchards."

Night is the season of life and excitement with the inhabitants of the floating city. In the heat of noonday, it suddenly drops asleep; perfect silence reigns; men, women, and children are hushed in their afternoon nap. The only sound that breaks the drowsy stillness is the rippling of the river as it ebbs and flows. But at three in the afternoon comes the refreshment of the daily sea-breeze, and the city awakes from its torpor.

As evening comes on, "the city is hung with thousands of covered lights that illuminate the wide river from shore to shore. Lamps and lanterns of all imaginable shapes, colors, and sizes combine to form a fairy spectacle of enchanting brilliancy and beauty. The floating tenements and shops, the masts of vessels, the tall, fantastic pagodas and minarets, and, crowning all, the walls and towers of the Grand Palace, flash with countless charming tricks of light, and compose a scene of more than magic novelty."

Into the midst of such a scene, which she has described so well, the English governess, with her boy in her arms, was carried in her new friend's gondola. "Larger boats, in an endless variety of form and adornment, with prows high, tapering, and elaborately carved, and pretty little gondolas and canoes, passed us continually at right and left, yet amid so many signs of life, motion, traffic, the sweet sound of the rippling waters alone fell on the

ear. No rumbling of wheels, nor clatter of hoofs, nor clangor of bells, nor roar and scream of engines, to shock the soothing fairy-like illusion."

Captain B—— could not take her directly to his home, because his wife was at the theatre and had the house-keys in her pocket! So it happened that, on her first evening in Bangkok, the Englishwoman went, with her boy asleep in her arms, to see a funny little Frenchman perform feats of jugglery and ventriloquism, to the astonishment and delight of a Siamese audience.

The next morning she was sent for, and taken in the Prime Minister's boat to the palace of his Excellency. This she found abounding in carvings and gildings, elegant in design and color, that harmonized in pleasing effects with the luxurious draperies that hung in rich folds from the windows. The saloons were "all carpeted, candelabraed, and appointed in the most costly European fashion. A superb vase of silver, embossed and burnished, stood on a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl and chased with silver." Flowers of great variety filled the rooms with their fragrance. On every side were rare vases, jewelled cups and boxes, and dainty statuettes.

In the midst of all this splendor the Prime Minister suddenly appeared, in his half-barbaric costume of the night before, and accosted her in English with "Good morning, *sir!* Take a seat, *sir!*"

She had her child with her; and the little fellow was terrified at the great, dark, stern official's strange manners. He began to cry, and hid his face in his mother's lap, pleading to be taken home. "Come home, mamma! why don't you come home? I don't like that man!" Then he would look up shyly, peep at the Prime Minister, and, frightened, hide his face again.

Perhaps the boy was overawed by the mysterious actions of the slaves. These squatted before their lord with their noses to the floor, until at some muttered word from him, they rose to their knees, still keeping their eyes fixed on the carpet, crawled backwards to the steps, bobbed their heads and shoulders, sprang to their feet and ran.

After a brief interview, the Prime Minister retired, and the governess was shown to an apartment which opened upon a quiet piazza, shaded by fruit trees, and overlooking a small artificial lake stocked with pretty, sportive fish. But hardly was she installed there, when the ladies of the household, including the Prime Minister's numerous wives, rushed in upon her through the half-open door, with screams of laughter. These creatures, shut out from the world, were as full of curiosity as children. They scrambled eagerly to touch her, to look at her, to embrace her, all chattering in shrill Siamese, "like a bedlam of parrots." Nearly all were young, and, with their symmetry of form and delicacy of feature, might have been positively attractive but for their ingeniously ugly mode of clipping the hair and blackening the teeth. The youngest were hardly more than fourteen years old. The oldest were hideous and repulsive. All were richly attired, and attended by slaves prostrating themselves at a distance.

At a later day the governess was presented to the king. We shall not dwell upon the splendor of the royal palace. A flood of light sweeping

A Pupil of the Royal School.

through the spacious hall of audience displayed a throng of noblemen in waiting. Ranged on the carpet were many prostrate, mute, and motionless forms, and the visitor felt a funny impulse to step over their heads!

Her reception was droll enough. His Majesty came forward, petulantly crying out, "Who? who? who?"

"The English governess, engaged for the royal family," was duly introduced. The king shook hands with her, and immediately began to march up and down before her like a soldier. Suddenly he halted, and, pointing his long forefinger at her, demanded in English, which he spoke and wrote in a very comical fashion, — "How old shall you be?"

Now a woman does n't like to tell her age, even to a king. Or, even though she has no objection to telling it, she does n't like to be questioned impertinently by anybody. So our Englishwoman answered demurely, "One hundred and fifty years old!"

He looked astonished for a moment, then coughed, then laughed, and finally asked, "In what year were you borned?"

"In 1788!"

His Majesty coughed again, and looked strangely puzzled. These were manners such as no Oriental monarch was ever accustomed to! After a pause, he said, "How many years shall you be married?"

"For several years, your Majesty!"

At that, appearing to relish the joke at last, he cried out, "How many grandchildren shall you now have? Ha, ha! How many? how many? Ha, ha, ha!"

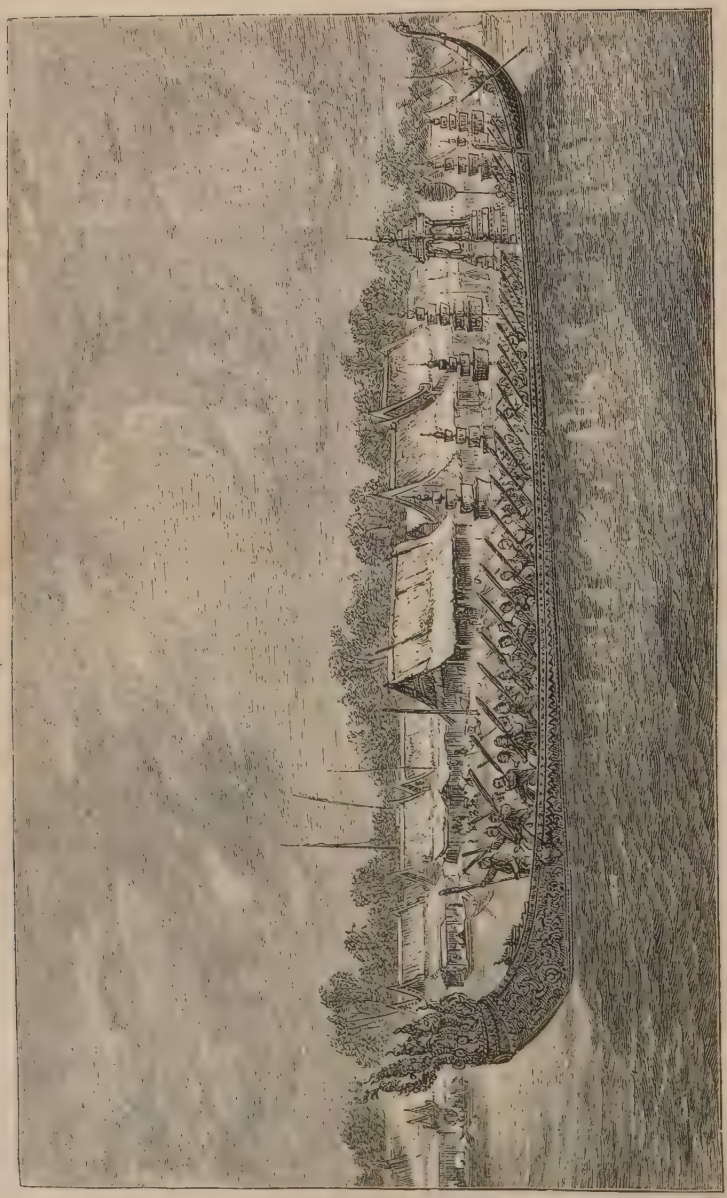
He then seized her hand, and dragged her, with her little boy, "through several sombre passages, along which crouched duennas, shrivelled and grotesque, and many youthful women, covering their faces as if blinded by the splendor of the passing Majesty." He stopped before a curtained recess, and, drawing aside the hangings, disclosed a lovely, child-like form, — a young woman, who bashfully hid her face, while he took her hand and placed it in that of the governess.

"This is my wife, the Lady Tâlâp," he said. "She desires to be educated in English. You shall educate her for me."

Both ladies were pleased with the arrangement. "I have sixty-seven children," then said his Majesty; "you shall educate them, and as many of my wives as may wish to learn English. And I have much correspondence in which you shall assist me; — I have much difficulty for reading and translating French letters. Furthermore I have by every mail foreign letters whose writing is not easily read by me; you shall copy in round hand for my readily perusal thereof."

And as his Majesty had a mania for letter-writing, there was a prospect of the lady's having her hands full!

The king was a whimsical, learned, passionate, philosophical, unreasonable despot, accustomed to cringing obedience from every one. At a second interview, he told the governess that she was to reside in the palace. To this she objected, having been promised a separate residence. He flew into a rage. "I do not know I have promised. I know nothing but you are our servant. You *shall* live in palace!" he screamed, — "you *shall!*"



A Royal Barge.

This was the beginning of a series of troubles, the king insisting, and the governess maintaining her Englishwoman's rights. At last the king of all Siam had to give in to her. But even then her private residence was

made so wretched to her and her little boy, and so dangerous even, that it was hoped for a long while that she would move into the palace.

At last "school" began.

The royal residence is on an island, occupied exclusively by the palaces, gardens, temples, and citadel of the king. This quarter forms a city by itself. Hither the schoolmistress was conveyed in a royal barge rowed by slaves. She was escorted by slave girls to a beautiful temple embowered in a grove of orange and palm trees, where she was received by the king. He clapped his hands lightly, and instantly the hall was filled with female slaves. At a word from him they bowed their heads and retired, but returned immediately, some with boxes containing books, slates, pens, and pencils, others with lighted tapers and vases filled with white lotos flowers, which they set down before gilded chairs.

At a signal from the king, the priests chanted a hymn; and then a burst of music announced the entrance of the princes and princesses, the future pupils of the school. They advanced in the order of their ages, and prostrated themselves before the king. He took by the hand the eldest, a beautiful princess with soft features and dreamy eyes, and presented her: she took both the teacher's hands, bowed, touched them with her forehead, and stepped aside. So each in turn was introduced. A strange opening of a school, was it not?

After the royal children had had their first lesson in the English alphabet, a number of the royal wives were brought in, to be taught like the rest. But they were not so well behaved as the children. They chatted and giggled, and fingered the teacher's hair and dress, collar, belt, and rings. One put on her English hat and cloak, and promenaded the pavilion. Another put on her veil and gloves, to the delight of the little ones. All was mischief, fun, and confusion, till a duenna entered and restored order.

Mrs. Leonowens passed six years in the Siamese capital, teaching the royal wives and children, acting as the king's private secretary, and sometimes quarrelling with him in the cause of justice and her own Englishwoman's rights. For a full account of her strange experiences in school and harem we must refer our readers to the book * itself; and content ourselves with giving, in another number, a few glimpses of "Scenes in Siam."

* The English Governess at the Siamese Court: being Recollections of Six Years in the Royal Palace at Bangkok. By Anna Harriette Leonowens. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE HORNET'S NEST.

THE BLIND LAMB.

'T WAS summer, and softly the ocean
Sang, sparkling in light and heat,
And over the water and over the land
The warm south-wind blew sweet.

And the children played in the sunshine,
And shouted and scampered in glee
O'er the grassy slopes, or the weed-strewn beach,
Or rocked on the dreaming sea.

They had roamed the whole bright morning,
The troop of merry boys,
And in they flocked at noontide,
With a clamor of joyful noise.

And they bore among them gently
A wee lamb, white as snow;
And, "O mamma, mamma, he 's blind!
He can't tell where to go.

"And we found him lost and lonely,
And we brought him home to you,
And we 're going to feed him and care for him!"
Cried the eager little crew.

"Look, how he falls over everything!"
And they set him on his feet,
And aimlessly he wandered,
With a low and mournful bleat.

Some sign of pity he seemed to ask,
And he strove to draw more near,
When he felt the touch of a human hand,
Or a kind voice reach his ear.

They tethered him in a grassy space
Hard by the garden gate,
And with sweet fresh milk they fed him
And cared for him early and late.

But as the golden days went on,
Forgetful the children grew,
They wearied of tending the poor blind lamb,
No longer a plaything new.

And so each day I changed his place
Within the garden fence,
And fed him morn and noon and eve,
And was his Providence.

And he knew the rustle of my gown,
And every lightest tone,
And when he heard me pass, straightway
He followed o'er stock and stone.

One dark and balmy evening,
When the south-wind breathed of rain,
I went to lead my pet within,
And found but a broken chain.

And a terror fell upon me,
For round on every side
The circling sea was sending in
The strength of the full flood-tide.

I called aloud and listened,
I knew not where to seek;
Out of the dark the warm wet wind
Blew soft against my cheek,

And naught was heard but the sound of waves
Crowding against the shore.
Over the dewy grass I ran,
And called aloud once more.

What reached me out of the distance?
Surely, a piteous bleat!
I threw my long dress over my arm,
And followed with flying feet.

Down to the edge of the water,
Calling again and again,
Answered so clearly, near and more near,
By that tremulous cry of pain!

I crept to the end of the rocky ledge,
Black lay the water wide;
Up from among the rippling waves
Came the shivering voice that cried.

I could not see, but I answered him;
And, stretching a rescuing hand,
I felt in the darkness his sea-soaked wool,
And drew him in to the land.

And the poor little creature pressed so close,
Distracted with delight,
While I dried the brine from his dripping fleece
With my apron soft and white.

Close in my arms I gathered him,
More glad than tongue can tell,
And he laid on my shoulder his pretty head;
He knew that all was well.

And I thought as I bore him swiftly back,
Content, close-folded thus,
Of the Heavenly Father compassionate,
Whose pity shall succor us.

I thought of the arms of mercy
That clasp the world about,
And that not one of His children
Shall perish in dread and doubt.

For He hears the voices that cry to him,
And near his love shall draw;
With help and comfort he waits for us,
The Light and the Life and the Law!

Celia Thaxter.

SNAP'S REVENGE.

ONCE there lived a happy little family. Now a little family means papa, mamma, Lulu, and Snap. Papa and mamma were grown people, Lulu was a little girl, and Snap was a little dog. You may laugh at my calling Snap one of the family, but I only speak of him just as papa and mamma and Lulu would, if you should ask them who he was.

Now Snap was a very wonderful dog: he could mind, and he could disobey; he could understand all that was said to him, and he could perform tricks by the score. Snap was a very little dog; he was a very broad dog; he was a very fat dog; he had long, shaggy, yellow hair, in which he took delight; he had soft, flappy ears, of which he was very fond, and above all, or rather at the end of all, he had a beautiful bushy tail, which was his great and especial pride.

Now Lulu had six dolls; they were all of a size; they all resembled each other; and, so far as I know, they all behaved very much alike. Every night, with Snap's assistance, the six dolls were all undressed. You ask how Snap helped? Well, I will tell you. As fast as Lulu took off the clothes, she

would fold them and hand them to Snap, who, taking them in his mouth, would run to the little doll bureau, and, after opening the drawer with his teeth, would place each little garment very neatly and carefully inside. When all was ready, the six dolls were set up in a long row, for Lulu never thought it healthy for them to go to bed. Then every morning Snap would bring the clothes as fast as they were wanted, and would sit with his little head cocked on one side, watching with the most approved expression, as each little article was put on; and when the six dolls were all dressed, Snap would show his delight by the most violent wagging of that beautiful tail of his. So you see Snap *was* quite a remarkable little dog. But although he was generally so very good, sometimes he could be nearly as naughty as human beings often are. And now it becomes my sad duty to tell the tale of how a tail was lost, and the happiness of the little family for a time destroyed.

One day Lulu was going somewhere, and she did not wish to take Snap, so when he began to follow her out of the room, she turned and said, "Snap, you cannot go with me to-day." Upon hearing which Snap set his little fat self down on the floor, and, lifting his snub nose high in the air, as pointedly as its exceeding flatness would allow, he uttered a most melancholy howl, which was very disagreeable to hear. "Stop that noise, Snap!" cried Lulu; "mind me this minute!" she added, stamping her little foot. Instead of doing as he was told, Snap only uttered another howl, more dismal than before. "You are a naughty, naughty dog, and I will punish you well! You shall be locked in this room until I come back!" As Lulu said this, she rushed for the door; but Snap had no intention of staying inside. The very idea! A dog so smart as he to be locked up! He 'd see! So he started as hard as he could scamper for the door. Now there was just one thing that Snap did not think of. For the first time in his life he forgot that he had a tail; so, although he got the whole of his little fat body outside, his tail was left behind, and, sad to relate, the door closed upon it with a *fearful* bang. Smash went the tail! How Snap *yelled* with rage and pain, and how Lulu screamed, and mingled her cries with Snap's!

Mamma soon came, and with Lulu's help carried the little dog into a room, to see what must be done. They tried all they could think of, but Snap only grew worse, and the next day papa decided that the poor, bruised tail would have to be cut off. Little Lulu felt dreadfully about it, and all the more so, because she saw that the loss of his tail made Snap cherish very hard feelings towards her. In course of time Snap got well, but I grieve to say he was even worse behaved than before. Like many human beings, he had failed to profit by the misfortune which his naughtiness had brought upon him. No more would he allow Lulu to pet him; no more was he her companion; and, most mournful of all, no more were the six dolls assisted by him to robe and unrobe. Poor Lulu! many were the tears she shed, but they did not better matters; Snap was obstinate.

One night the six dolls were set up as usual, in a row, in their ghostly white nightgowns; but when Lulu got up in the morning, to her amazement *one*

was missing. Although she hunted the house over, no trace of the doll was to be seen, and at night, still wondering, she undressed and set up the remaining five. Morning dawned, and discovered *four* dolls sitting up stiff and white, but one was not. Still more perplexed, Lulu questioned papa, mamma, and all the servants, but no one had touched the dolls. The next morning but *three* were to be seen. This was too much for Lulu's little tender heart; she burst into tears, and when at night she undressed her remaining children, she begged them, with many sobs, not to die, for she firmly believed that her lost ones *had* died, and departed from earth. Alas for the little mother! Morning came, but the dolls had all vanished! I will not try to tell you about Lulu's grief; her tears were too many to be counted. I will only say that a week passed, with no news from the dolls.

Meanwhile Snap's conduct changed. He was observed to become more sociable, and would even have allowed Lulu to pet him, had she cared to do so; but at the same time there was a certain sheepishness about his manner, which was very unusual. One morning, just a week after the loss of her children, Lulu arose, and suddenly uttered a cry of mingled joy and horror at the sight which met her astonished eyes; there sat the six dolls in their long, trailing nightgowns, ghostly white no longer, for, shocking to relate, they were covered with mud from head to foot, their countenances were concealed by mud, their little hands were full of mud, and their poor nightgowns were discolored with mud and dripping with water. Lulu's exclamation brought mamma to the spot, and as she opened the door in came Snap. His head and the remains of his tail were bent so low that they nearly met, and he rather rolled than ran to Lulu, and cast himself on his back at her feet, just as he often did when he wished to beg for mercy. Mamma could not help laughing, it was so funny! And advising Lulu to forgive Snap, she promised to explain it all. This Lulu was quite ready to do, she was so delighted by her children's return; and as soon as she had done hugging the six dolls, — in spite of their condition, — she petted Snap, to that worthy's *unbounded* delight, and then ran to mamma to hear how it all came about.

Mamma told her that when the first doll was missed she and papa suspected Snap; so they arose very early the next morning to watch him. Looking out of the window just as day was beginning to dawn, they saw the little fellow come out of the house with a doll in his mouth. Trotting swiftly along, he cast the poor thing into a large mud-puddle, in the back part of the yard. The next morning he did the same with another; and the next he carried out three dolls, one at a time. Evidently the little dog's conscience had troubled him, for at the end of a week he fished them all out, and reset them just as they were when he carried them off.

Of course the dolls were spoilt; but papa made that all right by buying six new ones, — six always was Lulu's idea of a proper-sized family, — and after this Snap assisted the little mother as gravely and dutifully as before, in her morning and evening care of her children, and once more there lived a happy little family. Thus ended Snap's first and last revenge.

Aunt Mollie.

CHICKAREE AND LITTLE HACKEE.

THE jolliest, sauciest, busiest *gamin* of the woods is merry little Chickaree, — the Hudson's Bay squirrel, or, as he is more commonly known in New England, the *red squirrel*, or *red barking squirrel*. How he has ever acquired the thriftless reputation he has, I can hardly imagine. Ask almost any school-boy relative to the habits of squirrels and he will readily inform you, that while "chipmunks" and gray squirrels lay up fine winter hoards of nuts and grain, the idle red squirrel never lays up any hoard, and consequently has to rough it winters, picking up a living almost anywhere. His being out, *chickering* around cold mornings, gnawing hemlock burs and eating frozen buds, looks as if he was rather "hard put."

But this is not really the case. The red squirrel is out in the coldest weather simply because it prefers to be out. It is a hardier species than either the chipmunk or the gray squirrel. It is better clad, and fitted to live in more northern latitudes. Travellers tell us that they find the sprightly chickaree in Labrador, about Hudson's Bay, and even on the shores of the Northern Ocean. It enjoys the clear cold winter mornings of New England, and hence comes out to frolic and make the frosty woods resound to its merriment.

Not long ago, however, I entertained the same opinion of the red squirrel in common with all the other boys of the vicinity. Whenever we would come across a red squirrel in the winter, we used to sing out to him, "Hello, little frosty nose!" or "Little cold toes! serves ye right! Better put by a few nuts next fall!"

The squirrel would skip up into a shaggy spruce and sit barking at us: we did n't understand his lingo; but I suppose now that he was guffawing at our ignorance of his nice hoards.

At last, reading some naturalist's account of the red squirrel's habits, I determined to find out about them for myself. There was one living on a neighboring hemlock ridge. I set myself to watch him. It was near the first of January, — a week of clear frosty weather with some four or five inches of snow. Every morning Chickaree would be out by sunrise, busy as a type-setter. Seeing that he had a good deal of business under a brush pile partially covered by the snow, I set to work, and, pulling aside the rubbish, dug up the leaves under it, when beneath a thick thatch, like that of a wood-lark's nest, there rolled out a parcel of beechnuts mixed with acorns. There was no less than a quart; and the many shells scattered about showed that there had been more.

Carefully gathering them up, I carried them home, and the next morning came over again to see where little Chickaree would get his breakfast. Stealing quietly along I espied him eating a bur or an acorn on the lower branch of a hemlock. Finishing this, he ran down the trunk and coursing along to a little shrubby spruce about a couple of feet in height, ran under

it, and presently emerged with an acorn, with which he repaired to an old beech standing near, the yellow leaves of which still clung to the frozen twigs. But I had not been the only watcher. As Chickaree sat nibbling at his acorn, there came racing down from the top of the tree a large northern gray squirrel. Little Chickaree gave a great start and sat watching him.

With just a glance up at him as he passed, the gray ran down the trunk and proceeded directly to the little spruce. He had been watching the red and was now robbing him. The red chickered and chattered and ran about in great trouble. I could hear the gray digging and rustling under the little spruce; and, quietly cutting a switch, I tiptoed along to it and stood ready. A moment later he bobbed out with an acorn, and I gave him a cut which knocked him over fairly; but before I could grab him, he recovered and darted off.

I next examined the spruce and found another hoard hidden in the leaves under it. These I removed; and a few more mornings after came over once more. Chickaree had moved down near the lower end of the ridge. After watching for nearly an hour, I saw him enter a hole at the root of an old decayed stump. Marking the place, I went to the house and getting an axe and a hoe came back. It was no great job to cut off the roots and push over the stump. Just as I was accomplishing this, however, the squirrel dodged out and ran off with a great jabbering. I then dug down with the hoe, following the hole, and, at a distance of a couple of feet, came to a nest of dry leaves and grass, behind which there was another larger hoard of acorns and beechnuts. Taking them out handful by handful, I filled all my pockets and my hat; and on reaching the house found that I had a four-quart measure nearly full. Altogether, the three hoards made almost six quarts. That they were all collected by this one squirrel I have no doubt, for I remember that during the fall I had on several occasions heard him dropping beechnut burs from the tops of the beeches by gnawing off the twigs and letting them fall to the ground, whence he could gather them up at leisure. Not content with one hoard this prudent little fellow had made three. Thinking it was rather too bad to rob so industrious an animal, I carried back half the nuts, put them in the hole and replaced the old stump over them. Seeing the original owner sitting rather despondingly in a neighboring tree, I trailed a handful along from the stump to the foot of it and informed him I had kept half for beating off his gray robber.

In a neighboring maple grove there stands what in sugar-making neighborhoods is called a "sap-house," a small building containing an arch over which are set the "pans" for boiling down sap into honey. Overhead there

is a sort of loft of rough boards, whereon are piled away, during the summer and autumn, the hundreds of buckets that are used in March and April for catching the sap. The sap-house is only a few rods within the grove, which is fenced off from the adjacent field by a wide double wall; and along this wall on the field side there stands, according to New England custom, a long row of apple-trees. One of these is a "French sweet," and on the fall in question it bore remarkably full.

The week before the county fair the farmer, on whose land the tree and grove were, in company with his boys, gathered the "French sweets," all but four or five bushels, as they thought. And it being a hurrying time, they did not go down after the rest till the week after the fair, — about a fortnight later. Then yoking up the "brindles" they drove down the cart to get the remainder of the "sweets" before the cold nights should turn them "punky." But the apples were gone! Only a few rotten ones on the ground remained!

"Somebody 's stole 'em!" said the boys.

The old farmer stared about and said, "Now that 's curis!"

They all saw a little red squirrel running along the wall, but the thought of connecting him with the disappearance of the sweets never once occurred to any of them. So they drove home without their apples.

But about a month later, just after the first snow, one of the boys happened to be passing through the grove, and as a matter of course looked into the sap-house. He saw a large, plump-looking red squirrel sitting on an old barrel, — a tempting mark, you know, to throw an oil-nut at, which he happened to have in his hand. But he missed; and the squirrel instantly ran up into the loft. Whereupon the boy catches up a pole and begins to prod it up through the cracks to scare him out. Immediately there came rattling down lots of dry apple "chankings."

"What 's this?" said the boy. "Got a nest, I guess." So he climbs up by the rough timbers and braces into the loft, and lo! there stood fifteen of the upright sap-buckets full of "French sweets," while in a sixteenth there was just the nicest, snuggest nest of leaves and dried grass that ever a squirrel need to have.

"By hokey!" exclaimed the boy. "Here 's what become of our French sweets."

There were over a barrel of them, and when we come to reflect that they were all brought from over in the field, within a fortnight, why, it looks to be a very fair job for a mere shiftless red squirrel! I thought so, at least.

"Chipmunks" are not squirrels in a naturalist's eyes. The naturalist places them in the *genus Tamias* not in the *genus Sciurus*. None of the *squirrels* proper have cheek pouches; but all chipmunks are noted for their *cheeks* and the great loads they will carry in them. They differ from the true squirrel in many other particulars. The squirrels are noted for their agility in climbing trees; while it is rare that one can drive little *Hackee* (as the boys call him) up higher than ten or fifteen feet from the ground. Of

its own accord it rarely mounts higher than the walls and fences. Its home is on the ground, and its nest is nearly always placed in the ground.

Still, I apprehend that it will be a long time before the school-boy will cease to regard the chipmunk as a squirrel. Indeed, in the Eastern States the name *striped squirrel* is as common as any of its other familiar names.

Some years ago, in company with two other boys, I formed a sort of joint stock company for the purpose of digging out chipmunks. It was one of those periodical years when beechnuts are plenty. Our original plan had been to gather some ten or a dozen bushels of the beechnuts to sell, by way of getting a little spending money. But the chipmunks were beforehand with us. It did seem as if there were a dozen squirrels to every tree! The whole wood resounded to their *clucks* and *chuckles* and *chitters*. We were no match for them nut-gathering. It did no good to try to kill them off. For every one we killed, a score came to his funeral.

So we concluded to let them gather the nuts and then dig them out. There were hundreds of their holes all about. We had only to watch and see where they went in. But it was not every hole that could be dug out. We generally took those that were under old rotten roots or in hollow fallen trunks. It was too much work to dig them out of the ground, where frequently one may follow a hole ten feet without coming to the nest. I do not remember the exact number of holes we dug out; but it could not have been less than twenty. I recollect that we had in all sixty-three quarts of beechnuts as our spoil, — twenty-one quarts apiece. And the joke of it was, they were nearly all *shelled!* This was rather suggestive of squirrel's mouth. But boys of ten and a dozen are not apt to be foolishly fastidious. We did n't mind a little thing like that then; we just gave them a good rinse in scalding water and ate them without compunctions. We did not attempt to sell them, however.

Last fall I had an opportunity of observing the habits of a striped squirrel more attentively. The little rogue was robbing a neighboring corn-crib, after the corn had been harvested. His hole was in the ground, in the side of a knoll about thirteen rods from the crib. A double wall, however, extended nearly the whole distance and greatly facilitated his route, since it served as an instant and sure retreat from any sudden attack. For three or four weeks the little fellow worked almost constantly and braved innumerable dangers, — dangers that to him must have been of the most appalling sort. Nearly every day he would be watched for by one or more of the cats that lived about the premises. Seated on the top of the wall, they

would wait for him with great glassy eyes. Then, too, the boys used to stone him, and on one or two occasions they fired at him with an old pistol. Several times he only saved himself by dropping his corn and darting precipitately into the wall. One of the cats by a sudden pounce and grab deprived him of nearly all his tail. After that he went it bob-tailed with the bare bone exposed where the skin and hair had slipped off. But nothing deterred or daunted him. Every day till the cold weather came, he would come up to run the gantlet to the crib.

During the month of January following, there came a thaw of several days' duration. The snow nearly all went off. Happening to cross the field one day, I espied the little pile of earth at the mouth of the squirrel's hole, and, recollecting his persevering labors in the fall, I felt a little curious to know how he was faring during the long winter. So, procuring a shovel, I fell to work to dig into his nest. The hole, which had been stopped from within at the entrance, descended almost perpendicularly for fully two feet, then turned off and continued with many windings, to avoid the stones, for seven or eight feet, rising a little nearer the surface. It was no light task, and I was near giving it up, when I came suddenly upon a large nest of dry mullein leaves and corn silk. The moment I stirred the nest, little Brown Eyes uttered a suppressed chitter and made an attempt to jump out. But I was too quick for him ; I caught him in my mittened hands, and put him into my coat pocket. The nest was full of corn "chankings," but contained not more than a gill of whole kernels. On digging behind the nest, however, I struck into a noble hoard, which at once testified to last fall's depredation.

Getting a half-bushel measure and a tin quart, I proceeded to dip it up. There were between ten and eleven quarts ; all carried from the corn-crib thirteen rods off in the little rogue's cheeks ! Leaving three quarts, I took the remainder for my share. Then putting him back into the nest I arranged the sods over it, and, filling in the dirt, left him to finish the winter as best he might.

C. A. Stephens.

LINES TO A MODERN DOLL.

O LITTLE lady so complete!
As I behold to-night
Thy rosy lips with smile so sweet,
Thy little dainty slippered feet,
Thy hair so golden bright,

Back from the days far distant now,
My memory recalls

The happy hours I used to know
When I — 't was years and years ago —
Was young, and played with dolls.

An attic chamber low and broad,
Roof sloping to the floor,
Bare beams and rafters overhead,
An apple-tree that greenly spread
The window small before.

In soft spring days, when to and fro
The busy birds would pass,
When the white blossoms fell like snow,
And when the ripened fruit below
Dropped on the fading grass, —

'T was there we happy children played
Together merrily;
Our treasured baby-house we made,
With our own hands our dolls arrayed,
A numerous family.

Not like thee, rosy-cheeked and fair,
With eyes in sleep to close,
But wooden-featured, bald, and bare;
And one, a dreadful blank was there
Where once had been a nose!

And one, that I remember yet, —
I loved her best of all;
My youngest child, my special pet,
My dear rag-baby Margaret,
She had no face at all!

How far away that happy day!
Long years rise up between.
The house has fallen to decay,
The apple-tree is cut away,
The dolls no more are seen.

And the companions of my play,
That merry, rosy band,
One 's a grandmother, wrinkled, gray,
And two long since have passed away
Into the happy land.

R. S. Palfrey.

BIRDIE'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

DEAR children, have you ever had a birthday party? If you have, you can imagine the delight of our little friend, Birdie, when his mother promised him a small party on his fifth birthday; how anxiously he counted the days, in his own peculiar way, saying each morning, "Now one more *sleep* is gone, and to-day has come, and then another sleep, and to-morrow will come, and then only one *more* sleep and my birthday will come!"

His mother wrote notes of invitation to his little cousins and friends, who sent answers in due time, saying, "they accepted with pleasure Master Birdie's polite invitation." Then there were wonderful doings in the kitchen for several days beforehand, which quite puzzled the little boy, as he was advised to stay in the dining-room, and not ask questions; but, at last, he concluded they were "making goodies for his party," and kept his distance, very discreetly.

At last all the "sleeps" were gone but one, and the next day would be the party. Every one seemed busier than usual, and Birdie tried to do his share of work, by "cleaning house," as he called putting his toy-closet in order. This was a very important matter, he thought, for, as he told his kitten, "the children would want to see his toys, o' course!" He cleared everything out of the closet, making a heap of toys in the middle of the room, and then began to brush and dust it with his little broom; after this was well done, he proceeded to dust his toys, and arrange them nicely in the closet, ready for the inspection of his little visitors. His picture-books, box of building-blocks, and the large Noah's Ark, were placed in the front ranks, as sure to please; but he had serious doubts about leaving a headless horse, a one-armed drummer, a doll without a nose, and several other crippled animals, in such good company, until he decided that they had better stay there, "'cause there might n't be enough of toys for all the children, and then he could play with the broken ones himself."

This decision he imparted to his father, who had just come in, and who said, "That is right, my boy; always give the best to your friends, and try to make others happy"; then, lifting Birdie to his knee, he said, "Would you like to take a drive with me this afternoon, and bring grandma to your party?"

The child's eyes sparkled as he answered, "O yes, papa! I 'd love to go! but I don't b'lieve grandma would come to see nobody but children." His father smiled, and said, he knew grandma was very fond of good children, and he thought she *would* come, as she could talk to mamma, if she got tired of the little people.

Accordingly they made their preparations, and right after dinner Birdie was wrapped up quite warmly, and lifted into the carriage by his father; and then waving a good by to the mother, they started off.

The day was bright and clear, and, as they went rapidly along, Birdie

amused himself by watching the fences glide by, as if they were driving the other way in a hurry; and he could hardly believe it, when his father said the fences did not move at all, but only appeared to because the carriage passed them so swiftly. After a while the road went between two patches of woods, where the frost had turned the green leaves to bright yellow, crimson, and bronze, making them so beautiful that Birdie was delighted, and said, "How nice it would be to take some home for mamma to see!" His kind father stopped, and, breaking off several branches, gave them to the little boy, saying they would look pretty in the parlor at home.

A short time after this they reached their journey's end, and saw grandma waiting for them on the porch of her pretty little cottage; she was very glad to see them, and hurried Birdie into the house to take off his coat, and "get a good look at him," the look ending in a warm kiss on his rosy face. Then the father told their errand, and said, "Grandma *must* come to the party," and Birdie added, "Mamma will talk to you if you get tired of us," at which grandma smiled, and said she would go with pleasure, if they could wait until she gave some orders and packed her bag.

After she left the room, the cook came in with a tray, on which were bread and butter, beautiful honey, and rich milk in a glass pitcher; this was enjoyed by Birdie as well as his father, and soon after grandma was ready, and they started for home. For a while the little boy's tongue ran merrily enough, but before they reached home he became quiet, and his father, looking around, found that he was taking a comfortable nap, with his head on grandma's lap, and he was quite surprised when the carriage stopped.

Mamma was waiting for them, with a cheerful wood-fire blazing on the hearth to warm the travellers, and candles lighted on the tea-table, so that they were almost dazzled as they came in from the dusk. She was very glad they had persuaded grandma to come, and pleased to hear of Birdie's good behavior, and when papa brought in the glowing autumn leaves, she said, "O, how beautiful! I was wishing for some to-day"; and thanked Birdie for bringing them to her. After tea they all sat around the fire and talked, until one or two funny little nods of Birdie's head made his father ask whom he was bowing to, and his mother said he must be up early in the morning, and had better say good night. He felt very unwilling to leave the pleasant fire and his seat on grandma's knee, but remembered just in time, that he ought to be very good now that he was growing "so old"; and, smiling away a frown that wanted to come, he kissed them all, ran up stairs ahead of Nancy, and in five minutes was on his way to dreamland.

He slept soundly after his long ride, and did not awake until his mother was dressed, when he opened his eyes to find her bending over him, saying, "This is your birthday, darling; I wish you many happy returns of it." Then she gave him five kisses, "one for each year that he had been her own dear little son." Birdie thought this a very pleasant way of counting his age, and returned it by giving his mother "five big hugs, one for every year she had taken care of him, and been his own, dearest *bestest* mamma!"

Then he jumped out of bed, and looked around for the blue dress and white apron he had been wearing, intending to show his mother that he could "almost dress himself *intirely* now"; but he looked in vain for it, and when he said, "Where 's my clo'es, mamma?" his mother held up a cunning little suit of boy's clothing, and said, "Your dress seems to be gone, Birdie, and this is in its place. I wonder who could have made such a mistake. Shall I ask Nancy to look for your dress down stairs?"

Birdie looked earnestly at the pretty plaid jacket, with a white ruffle in the neck, and bright "gold" buttons, and at the "real pantyloons" fastened to it, and hastened to answer his mother, by saying, "O, never mind 'bout that old dress, mamma! let me try on those clo'es, and see how they look!" at the same time making such a dive at the tempting suit, that he nearly went into it headforemost. His mother laughed heartily at his funny attempts to scramble into his new attire; then she buttoned the jacket, pinned on a little bow for a "cravat," and said, "Now stand still and let me see whether I know this little boy or not." Birdie straightened up like a soldier, and stood still while his mother walked around him, surveying the new suit with an expression of great satisfaction, and saying to herself, "They *could* not fit better! how cute he looks!" ending the survey by pulling up his stockings and pulling down his pantaloons, which came just below the knee. Then seeing the important look on Birdie's face, she said, "I wonder who that little boy is? I used to have a little boy, but he always wore dresses."

In a moment the child ran to her, and said, as he sprang into her arms, "*I* 'm your little boy, dear mamma! I 'm only dressed in pants 'cause I 'm five years old; I 'll wear dresses to-morrow, if you want me to!"

The mother pressed the loving child to her heart, and kissed his rosy lips again and again, as she said, "Why, this *is* my darling Birdie, after all! he always speaks kindly, and tries to please mamma"; then she added, more gravely, "No, dear, you need not wear dresses any more, for you are old enough to be dressed like a boy, and it will be warmer for you; but if you continue to be good and gentle, and always try to be obedient, mamma will not think she has lost her Birdie, but will love her little boy in pants as well as when he wore dresses." Birdie promised to be very good all the time, and then, with a hop-skip-and-jump, proceeded to exhibit his new suit to grandma and Nancy.

He spent a quiet happy morning with his toys and books; grandma sat by the fire with her knitting, and listened to all he had to tell her, and even asked him to bring his books, and read her something. Accordingly she was treated to the contents of Birdie's library, from the "Three Bears" and "Tom Thumb" all the way to "The house that Jack built" and "A was an Apple Pie." Nothing could have pleased the little boy more than this, for as he knew them all by heart, he found it much easier to "read" in them, than in the "Little Lessons," which mamma kept in her work-basket; and grandma was a much better listener than the kitten, who generally went to sleep before he finished one book, if she happened to be "right side up," which was a rare event.

After dinner, Birdie's mother took him up stairs to prepare for his guests; he felt very grand to have his clothes brushed "just as papa did his," he said, and he waited with admiring eyes, while his mamma dressed herself nicely, and tied a pretty pink ribbon under her collar, "in honor of the party," she said, whereupon Birdie smiled and nodded, saying, "This is the day; I guess the children will soon come."

When they went down to the parlor, Birdie looked around and saw that the pretty autumn leaves he had brought, were arranged in vases on the mantel-shelf, with a few late flowers among them, and that some were hung over the looking-glass and pictures, making the room look bright and gay. His mother advised him, while he was waiting, to bring in his toys and books, saying she wanted the dining-room for *her* company and could not have the children running in and out; the moving was safely accomplished, and just as everything was ready, a carriage drove up to the door, and out jumped "Aunt Lizzie and the children," as Birdie announced from his post at the window. They were soon in the parlor, and there was such a joyful meeting! kisses and questions flew right and left, and Birdie was congratulated on his age and on his promotion to boy's clothes; his cousins, Willie and Harry, told him, "it was real jolly to have so many pockets to put things in!"—a remark which Birdie soon found to be true, when Willie gave him a bag of marbles, Harry a top, and his aunt a nice bouncing-ball, which were immediately stowed in the new pockets, until he looked like a balloon. Beside the boys, there was little Effie, a mischievous brownie, with dancing black eyes, who said to Birdie, "I did n't bring you nuffin but a stick o' candy, and I got so hungly I eat it up in the carriage; but I 'll bring you somefin *next* time you 're five years old!"

This comforting speech made them all laugh so heartily, that poor little Effie ran away and hid her face in her mother's lap, and pretty golden-haired baby Alice, who had come too, began to cry at the noise and could not be quieted, until the noseless doll was given her to play with. The commotion was scarcely over, when another carriage drove up with more little cousins, who soon found their way into the parlor, and were warmly welcomed; their nurse had brought them, and they could stay until seven, she said. Carrie was the eldest, and she had several messages; being afraid she would forget them, she began as soon as she got in to say, "Mamma sent her love, auntie, and we can stay till seven o'clock, and please make us be good, and don't let us be too noisy, and I must not get my feet damp, and Johnny must not eat much candy, and we can't put any in our pockets." At this the nurse looked at her reprovingly and said, "Your mother did not send *that* message, Miss Carrie," and everybody laughed when the little girl answered, "No, but mamma said it all at the same time, and I 've been saying it to myself all the way here, so I forgot when to stop!" Johnny was Carrie's brother, a stout, rosy boy, a year younger than Birdie, and still wearing dresses, who seemed rather shy at such a crowd of children.

Soon after, the "big children" came; there was Aunt Nellie, and Alice Lee, a sweet, gentle child, several years older than Birdie, but a great

friend of his and invited at his special request. After the bustle of the arrival was over, Birdie's mamma told him to show his visitors the books and playthings, and left the room with Aunt Lizzie. The little boy felt rather confused and did not know what to say, but his good-natured Aunt Nellie and Alice came to his aid, and proposed to the boys to build a block house and a train of cars, while they helped Carrie and little Effie to make a "grand procession" from Noah's Ark. Once interested in their games, they soon became sociable and laughed and talked merrily together.

After some time the older ones grew tired of such quiet amusements, and Willie said, "What 's the use of goin' to a party if you can't have some fun? Let 's play 'Puss in the Corner!'" They all agreed to this and hurried to the corners, leaving Alice Lee for "Puss." She made a very good one, watching the corners and trying to get in, but always being a *little* too late, and there is no telling how long she would have been kept out, had not little Johnny, who was looking on from his nurse's knee, suddenly rushed into the middle of the room, and, seizing Harry on his way across it, held him fast until Alice was safe in a corner. After this, they played "Frog in the Sea," and "Hot Buttered Blue Beans," and had a splendid time, with funny interruptions now and then from Johnny, who would make a sudden charge into the midst of the game, by way of helping, and then beat a hasty retreat, looking very bashful.

While they were busy "hiding the handkerchief," Birdie's mamma opened the door and said, "Hot Buttered Blue Beans, please to come to supper!" then told Birdie to give Alice Lee his hand and take her out to the dining-room; the others followed, "two and two," as children say, and nurse and baby Alice brought up the rear. When they reached the next room, they all stood still looking at the supper-table; it was evidently meant only for little people, for at the head was a small tea-set of blue-and-white china, and plates to match were placed around the sides; tempting little rolls, tiny "pats" of butter, and dainty slices of tongue served for the substantial part of the meal; while pretty little glass dishes held honey and preserves, and others were filled with nuts, oranges, and sugar-plums. But in the centre was the crown of all, in the shape of a large cake, covered with white frosting, decorated with little flags, and surrounded by tiny, colored wax candles in little candlesticks, making a ring of golden light which shone on the rosy faces and bright eyes of the happy children. Baby Alice crowed and clapped her hands, and there were various exclamations of "O, how pretty!" "Is n't it lovely!" and "My! but that 's jolly!" Birdie was too much pleased and surprised to do anything but look at the table, especially the cake, with his round blue eyes, and think how splendid it was to have a birthday party. His mother asked Alice Lee to pour out the tea, and placed her at the head of the table; then, lifting Birdie into an arm-chair at the foot, she said, "You will have to be papa, and keep all the rest in order!" This made them all laugh, and as soon as they were in their places, they began to call him papa, and ask to be helped to butter, and so on; he performed his duties very nicely, with an air of business that looked

odd on his rosy face, and his father was much amused at "the old head on young shoulders," as he waited on his guests.

Alice managed her department very well and made such good tea that they all took *three cups*, which kept her busy, and at last emptied the teapot, for when she turned it up for herself, the *lid* was the only thing that went into her cup; but Nancy hurried to her side and snatching up the teapot, said, "Shure, thin! it 's a shame for ye to have nothin' but a lid for yer tay; I 'll get ye some more in a minute, for the taykittle 's as full as a fiddle!" This speech was too much for Alice's gravity, and in spite of her important position she indulged in such a merry laugh that she could hardly say "Thank you," when Nancy returned with the teapot well filled. Then they all had some honey and small cakes, and after that came the great event of cutting the large cake. The candles were almost burnt out, so they were removed, and the cake was placed before Birdie, his mamma saying, "Now you had better cut your cake, dear"; but he looked quite frightened at this new undertaking, and said, "O, *you* do it, mamma!" His mother gave him a large knife and said, "Make the first cut, and I will do the rest"; so he stuck the knife in and then watched his kind mamma as she divided the cake, giving each of the children a slice; they were not long in tasting it and finding out that it was as good as it looked. Then grandma, aunties, and papa, all had a slice, and said it was a very fine cake; even the baby stretched out her little hands for some, and when her mamma gave her a crumb, said, "Goo! goo!"

At last, when all the good things had been enjoyed, and some nuts and candies packed in each little pocket, with Aunt Nellie's help, "for to-morrow," the children went back to their games, while the older guests took tea, and then joined the merry group in the parlor. Grandma advised them to keep quiet awhile, for fear they might take cold on the way home, from being overheated. Birdie at once thought of his favorite quiet amusement, story-telling, and said, "Do tell us a story, grandma, and we 'll all be as quiet as *mouses*." The other children joined in this request, and grandma could not refuse; so after thinking a few moments, she told them, "out of her own head," the wonderful story of "the Giant and the Spring," which pleased the children very much. Then Aunt Lizzie said she must "gather up her chicks and be off"; and there was a busy scene of wrapping up the little ones and saying good by. They all kissed Birdie, and told him they had had "splendid fun," and little Effie said, "I wish you had a birfday party every day," to which Birdie replied, "I wish so, too, Effie!"

At last they all drove away, and the happy little boy climbed to grandma's knee for a rest, and said, "Did you have a nice time, grandma?"

"Yes, dear," was the answer. "I love to see good children playing together, and you and your cousins were all so gentle and kind, that your party was very pleasant, even to me."

Birdie smiled joyfully, put up his face for a kiss, then nestled down to "think about it," as he said, but was soon fast asleep, and was carried off to bed by Nancy.

Margaret T. Canby.

THE ITALIAN VINTAGE.

IN Italy the vines are not cultivated, as I believe they are in France and some other places, in a vineyard specially set aside for that purpose, but are scattered about in the same *podere*, or field, where wheat, corn, and other articles of consumption are raised. In fact, they generally serve as a kind of hedge to divide the different vegetable-patches from each other; for instance, the tomatoes from the turnips, the turnips from the artichokes, and so on. As every *podere* is in itself an *omnium gatherum* of all the vegetables and cereals, and fruits also, which the climate affords, it will readily be seen that for many reasons this is a very convenient arrangement.

These vines, however, are a source of much more anxiety and trouble to the poor peasant, or *contadino*, than a casual observer would suppose. In the first place, as soon as the grapes have appeared, — which is usually about the middle of spring, — they are sprinkled with powdered sulphur to preserve them from the insects which would otherwise nip them in the bud; and to do this thoroughly, let me remark, requires no little time and labor, particularly when the *podere* contains several hundreds of acres. Then the *contadino* has a season of rest for a month or so until the fruit begins to ripen, when his troubles commence in earnest.

Italian *poderi*, at least those not in the immediate vicinity of large cities, are not fenced in at all, and any one is allowed to enter them that wishes. In fact, there are usually nice shady walks laid through them as if to invite the passer-by to promenade therein. But the *contadino*, though perfectly willing that his neighbor should lounge about in his pleasant *podere*, is not at all so ready to furnish him with refreshments. The luscious-looking bunches of purple and white grapes, however, would be too great a temptation for most people to withstand, and to prevent his visitors from helping themselves, the husbandman covers them (the grapes, not the visitors) with filth, making them as disgusting to the eye as to the nose.

But there are midnight marauders who are not to be deterred by these devices. These often come in gangs of six or seven, bringing huge baskets with them, and a very few hours would be enough for them to commit very serious havoc. Under the circumstances there is nothing for the poor *contadino* to do but to stay up all night and watch. For this purpose he arms himself with a rusty old blunderbuss and keeps blazing away from sunset to sunrise, at intervals of about fifteen minutes, not because he sees a robber so often, but merely to intimate to any one meditating an attack on his premises that he 's wide awake and on the lookout. At this time it is almost impossible for one living in the country to go to sleep at night, the continual crackling of musketry from all sides sounding almost like a miniature battle.

At last, however, the grapes are ripe and the *vendemmia*, or vintage, is at hand, —

"the maddest, merriest time in all the year" to the peasant, who has been looking forward to it for months past with the pleasantest anticipations. He whose grapes are first ripe invites all the neighboring families of *contadini* to assist at his vintage, and is in his turn invited to the next one. At this time, therefore, the *podere* presents an unusually lively appearance, being thronged with men, women, and children in their gayest attire, all busily engaged in the work of stripping the vines. As the poet Rogers says, —

> "Many a canzonet
> Comes thro' the leaves: the vines in light festoons
> From tree to tree, the trees in avenues,
> And every avenue a covered walk,
> Hung with black clusters. 'T is enough to make
> The sad man merry, the benevolent one
> Melt into tears, so general is the joy."

When all the grapes have been gathered, the wine-making begins, — by no means a pleasant sight to witness. The juice is expressed from the fruit in the most primitive manner. A dirty *contadino* rolls up his breeches and, jumping into the wine-press, commences dancing on the grapes like a wild Indian. At the same time some eight or nine of his comrades turn an immense crank, which crushes the grapes still more effectually. The juice runs off through a tap at the side into a tub placed there for the purpose of catching it; it is then poured into casks, and after being allowed due time for fermentation is ready for sale.

Wine made in this fashion is, comparatively speaking, rather poor stuff, and sells readily at from ten to twenty cents a bottle. And yet the Italian grapes are as fine as any in the world, and with proper care might yield the very best quality of wine.

Wm. S. Walsh.

Camden, N. J.

THE CIRCLE BENEFIT.

In common with other country-villages, we have a "Ladies' Sewing-Circle" in W——. Once a fortnight this circle gives a supper at the vestry, for which the moderate sum of ten cents is charged; and it is astonishing how much money these indefatigable ladies have collected in this way! After supper, either music, charades, selected readings, or a paper, edited by one of the young ladies, is the order of the evening; or the young people, and all others who can enter into the spirit of the thing, play "Proverbs," "Capping Verses," "Follow your Leader," "Somebody," "Magic Music," and other games, for many of which we are greatly indebted to "Our Young Folks." Very pleasant it is for us thus to meet, and long may the "Ladies' Sewing-Circle" flourish!

On Monday preceding the Thursday on which the usual meeting takes place, the circle committee informed certain of the village girls, myself among the number, that, having been disappointed in arranging for the supper, they would consider it a great favor if we would prepare an entertainment for the minds, instead of the bodies, of the assembly. This we consented to do; and, the time being very limited, set to work at once. That evening we decided upon our programme, assigned the parts, and sent word to the various persons whose services we needed. For the next two days we were pretty busy, committing our parts, rehearsing, running hither and thither for our costumes, hunting up stage furniture, and attending to the thousand and one things which had to be done; but by Wednesday night, all was arranged to

our satisfaction. After the last rehearsal, a few of us stayed and wrote notices to be sent from house to house, in addition to the usual one in the post-office. We knew that the surest way to get an audience together would be to excite curiosity; and this we endeavored to do. Of these puffs, which we scribbled off as fast as we could, I will give a few specimens taken at random.

"Do you want to hear 'Yankee Doodle'? Come to the Academy Hall, Thursday, 7½ P. M. Admission ten cents."

"Mrs. Jarley will receive her friends at the Academy Hall, Thursday evening, at half past seven o'clock. Over." And on the other side was the announcement, "Admission ten cents!"

"If troubles perplex you,
Or enemies vex you,
Come to the Academy Hall.
There, your cares charmed away,
You 'll be happy and gay,
And ten cents will pay for it all!"

No two of these notices were alike, while one young gentleman, who had been to South America, added a pleasing variety to them by writing several in Spanish; the time, place, and admission being English. We gave them to some little village boys to distribute, promising them a "free ticket" for their trouble.

"Thursday evening, at half past seven o'clock," found the Academy Hall well filled. The people had come together suspecting a hoax, but prepared to take good-naturedly whatever came. Their misgivings were speedily dispelled by the rising of the curtain; and the entertainment was opened by a duet.

Then came a song in pantomime, "The Mistletoe Bough." We thought it went off finely, and were considerably startled when, at the close, the audience laughed heartily, evidently taking it as a burlesque, instead of the pathetic story it was intended to represent.

Next in order, came "The Songs of Seven" in character. "Seven times one" was a dear little girl with her lap full of flowers, who informed us, in the words of the poem, that she was "seven times one to-day."

"Seven times two." A young girl with dreamy eyes,

"Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood, and childhood fleet,"

told the longings and aspirations of that sweet May-time of life. "Seven times three,"—a blushing maiden repeated the old, old story of her love. "Seven times four" showed a loving mother with her dear little children playing around her; sweet and tender were the words she addressed to her "daisies and buttercups." "Seven times five," widowhood, was a story of bereavement, which needs no comment. "Seven times six,"—giving in marriage. A striking contrast to the subdued mother, in heavy mourning robes, was the fair young daughter in bridal white, standing by her husband, "in tears that he, as soon as shed, will let no longer smart." "Seven times seven": the voice, the look, the words all betokened a "longing for home,"—for that home to which husband and children had gone before.

Throughout the whole the audience listened attentively, and though very little applause followed, we knew that they were interested and touched.

Then we gave them a little "Mother Goose." The first scene showed a confused bachelor apartment. On the table books, papers, and hair-brushes were min-

gled with various kinds of food, on which two rats (waterproof) were nibbling. While a young lady repeated the words, —

"When I was single,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I laid upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To buy me a wife," —

the owner of the apartment entered. Frightening the rats away, he took the coffee-pot in one hand and a slice of bread-and-butter in the other, and proceeded to regale himself.

Second Scene. The man was bringing his wife home on a wheelbarrow. She, dressed in a queer, old-fashioned style, was sitting bolt upright, surrounded by band-boxes and bundles of all sizes and descriptions.

Third Scene.

"The wheelbarrow broke,
And the wife got a fall;
And down came wheelbarrow,
Wife, and all."

The wife was sitting amid the ruins of her possessions, gazing reproachfully at her husband, who, still holding the handle of the overturned wheelbarrow, seemed stupefied by the calamity that had overtaken him.

After a short intermission, the immortal Mrs. Jarley displayed her collection of wax-figures. There were the Chinese Giant, the Welch Dwarf, Mary and her Little Lamb, Mrs. Winslow, famous for her "Soothing Syrup," Lord Byron, Captain Kidd and his Victim, the Boy who stood on the burning deck, the Sneezing Woman, the Siamese Twins, and one or two local hits. (You see we were indebted to "Our Young Folks" here also.) Mrs. Jarley, in her large-figured dress, bright-colored shawl, and enormous bonnet, was the most ludicrous figure of all; and her descriptions were interrupted again and again by the laughter and applause of the audience. Little Nell, who busied herself among the figures, was a charming maiden some ten or eleven years old. I fancied the original English Nell must have been just such a sweet little girl as she, which is certainly the highest praise I could bestow upon her. As Mrs. Jarley is well known all over the country, and as her exhibitions have been very frequently described, I shall not enter into particulars here; but I doubt if the worthy lady ever had a more appreciative audience, or received more enthusiastic bursts of applause than she did in the Academy Hall at W——.

While we were rubbing the paint and rouge from our faces, a young lady sang "Katy's Letter"; and then came our "Grand Finale," as we called it, "Yankee Doodle with variations." The curtain rose showing the stage covered with persons, all busied about some employment, as a man sawing wood, a lady sewing, a cobbler, with cap, specs, and apron, mending shoes, a woman trotting her baby, a boy churning, a man playing a flute, and the like, — keeping time to "Yankee Doodle," played very slowly at first. As the music gradually increased in time, the various persons worked faster and faster, until having reached a rate of speed beyond which they could not go, the curtain fell amid shouts of laughter; for it was irresistibly funny, though you would not think so from my description.

This ended the performance, which, though short, was worth the admittance-fee, ten cents. Don't you think so?

Summing up the results of our entertainment, we found that they were these : —

First, We had fifteen dollars, over and above all expenses, to put into the hands of the treasurer of the circle.

Second, We had satisfied the village people. Not an easy thing to do, as they make it a principle never to be satisfied with anything.

Third, Beside covering ourselves with glory and honor, by our success, we had enjoyed great fun in planning and executing the affair, and what more could we expect?

C. E. M.

MOLLY AND THE BROOK.

WEE Molly sits on a mossy stone
With her feet in the brooklet's flow,
And this is the song the water sings
Down where the rushes grow.

"I have left for the sea the purple hills
And the banks where the alders sigh,
And the mossy roots of the forest trees
I kiss, and pass them by.

"I have left the glens where the cardinal-flowers
Their crimson spires upraise,
And the sunny slopes where the birch-leaves glance
Through all the summer days.

"I pass them by and leave them all
For the glory of the sea;
For the flashing surf and echoing rocks,
And the bright waves dashing free.

"And rippling on and singing on,
And laughing soft and low,
By bush and bank and bending tree
I ever seaward go.

"But of all the pleasant things I leave,
The sweetest far is she, —
The little sunbrowned maiden
Who loves to play with me.

"I make my pools her looking-glass,
My ripples kiss her feet,
The fairy barks she trusts to me
I bear both safe and fleet.

"I love her well, and sing to her
My sweetest melody;
But even for Molly stay I not
My journey to the sea."

A. S. B.

THE SCENERY AROUND "SUNNY MONTREUX."

MONTREUX is situated at the upper end of Lake Geneva in the midst of sloping vineyards. Its scenery is described in the guide-book as being "lovely as a dream," and the view from the picturesque little churchyard is said to be "heavenly," and it is hardly exaggerated.

The Savoy Alps rise up from the lake on the opposite side, with only one or two little villages nestled under their shadow, on the water's edge. The Rhone makes its entrance into the lake at this end to the left, about three miles from Montreux, and the vista up the Rhone valley is filled up by the Dent du Midi, with its snow-covered peaks; in the pretty curve of the lake, on the Rhone, lies Villeneuve with its rows of poplar-trees lining the shore; and between it and Montreux, jutting out into the lake itself, is the Castle of Chillon, with a range of green mountains for a background.

All this forms a half-circle, beginning with the Savoy Alps at one extreme and ending with Montreux at the other, then to the right stretch the waters of the lake towards Geneva. Sometimes the horizon is bounded by the range of the Jura; but oftener nothing is to be seen in the hazy distance but the robin's-egg blue water, with shadows of lavender and mauve, gliding one into the other, soft and indistinct, excepting just under the mountains, when they deepen into purple.

On hot days the Savoy Alps seem like banks of dusky clouds with the sun turning their summits to gold, and often looking as though they would melt away. The several peaks of the Dent du Midi glisten with fields of snow, away up in the clouds; white, calm, unchangeable, excepting when, just after the sun has set in the valley, they light up with a strange, soft, rosy light.

But the Savoy Alps vary with every atmospheric change. They exhibit an endless variety of appearance, making a constantly shifting panorama. In the early morning light, before the sun rises, they stand out clear and sharply defined against the almost metallic blue of the sky; but as soon as the sun comes up from behind Montreux, there is a complete transformation scene, although not a sudden one, for first the sun streams through the valleys, touching here and there and slowly creeping from one point to another, almost imperceptibly, until it has mounted high in the sky, when it shines directly on the whole range, making scarcely a shadow; but all is a uniform lavender or gray with lightened summits indistinctly drawn against the softened sky. It is all very dreamy and unreal. Many times in the day they change their aspect, and at sunset the sun shines down deep valleys, bringing out the idea of distance, and strange, weird shadows, showing what all day appears one long mountain to be, in reality, several separate ones, sloping back from the lake.

One sunset I never shall forget. I tried to burn it into my memory with its own vivid colors.

The sun sets behind the range of the Jura at the lower end of Lake Geneva; these were so intensely purple as to be almost black, although in the daytime they are usually a mere faint outline or altogether invisible; from behind streamed up a perfect glory of crimson light, shading into a bright rose-color, which higher in the sky lost itself in a glow of gold, spreading over all the heavens and turning the lake into a sea of fire. The Savoy Alps nearest the lower end of the lake were deepest purple all bathed in gold, then shading into lighter purple as they receded towards the upper end, and then to soft violet tints, until they graduated off to the pure white snow of the Dent du Midi with a rosy glow upon it.

In writing about it the coloring seems overdrawn; but it cannot possibly be, for it is in that chiefly the charm lies; not in exquisite slopes and curves, or beautiful outlines, but the contrasts of colors and their soft shading of one into the other: the purples and grays of the mountains, the pale blue of the sky, the transparent green-blue of the lake with violet currents and sometimes white caps bobbing up and down on the sunlit waves, with the gleam of a white sail, or the flash of the sun on the dripping oars of some gayly painted little row-boat in the distance, — the green of the terraced vineyards, which cover all the warm sunny slopes, and lastly, the shining white of the snow on the Dent du Midi.

For admirers of "Little Women" the Lake of Geneva has associations, for it was here Laurie and Amy decided always to "row in the same boat," after floating by "sunny Montreux." Some of the other pretty little villages are mentioned, but I can't refer to my "Little Women" to see which, for it is over three thousand miles away.

S. P. C., age 16 years.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

SOME years ago the little village of Blankton was disturbed by the appearance in its midst of a ghost, or, to speak more correctly, of two ghosts.

The mysterious visitants were first seen by one Peter Burns, who, as he was passing through a certain lonely place at midnight, was startled by the sound of soft, regular footsteps behind him. He turned and saw two tall figures, dressed all in white, approaching. They bore upon their shoulders a bier, beneath the snowy drapery of which Peter thought he could detect the dim outlines of a coffin.

He did not speak to or follow them, but made his way home with all the speed of which he was capable. Having arrived there, he told what he had seen, but was met with insinuations concerning a "brick in his hat." He affirmed the truth of his story so stoutly, however, that several men determined to watch the next night. They did so, and the same scene was repeated. Struck with sudden fear, they fled from the spot, and reported the affair to their friends and neighbors.

During the succeeding nights many watched, and the apparition was seen by a large portion of the inhabitants of the village; but none dared accost those pallid forms, moving so slowly and steadily on their unknown errand.

At last, a man named Smith, determined to get to the bottom of the matter, repaired to the haunted spot with loaded pistols, and when the phantoms appeared, he sharply challenged them to halt. But they moved on without the least sign of having heard him.

Smith felt a chill creep over him; had they been human they must have started at that sudden shout, he thought. Summoning all his courage, he took aim and fired at them. As the ball whizzed by, the ghostly figures dropped their burden and took to their heels in a most undignified manner.

Smith removed from the abandoned bier the white cloth that covered it, and saw by the spectral moonlight the corpse of a sheep.

The sheep-stealers were arrested, and, their clever trick for carrying off their booty being discovered, the good people of Blankton were never again disturbed by the nocturnal rambles of ghosts.

Belle Morton, age 16.

PRAIRIE DU SAC, Sauk Co., Wis.

ANAGRAM BLANKS. — No. 147.

Noisy boys drumming on —— awoke the children from their ——, and caused a —— of horses to run away and —— the pole of the carriage.

"The Twins," age 13.

HIDDEN VEGETABLES. — No. 148.

1. I met Tom at Oswego.
2. At the depot a toothless man was in waiting.
3. On, on, I onward flew!
4. I met our colored servant, Jupe, as I went to town.
5. At our late fair I saw Mr. Annibe, and was much pleased with him.

Al. Gebra, age 13.

CURTAILINGS. — No. 149.

1. Curtail a thing that is used to make jewelry with, and leave a girl's name.
2. Curtail what wood does when it shrinks, and leave what there was seven or eight years ago.
3. Curtail a boy's name, and leave a vehicle.

E. D. and W. G., aged 10 *and* 12.

METAGRAM. — No. 150.

First I am the crown of the head.

Change my head and I am an officer of a vessel.

Change again, and I am an Eastern fruit.

Change again, and I am not love.

Change again, and I am a girl's name.

Change again, and I am an entrance.

Ernestus.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 151.

1. To prove.
2. A girl's name.
3. To move.
4. Acid.

Ernestus.

ENIGMA. — No. 152.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 5, 9, 3, is a metal.
My 6, 10, 5, is an insect.
My 8, 2, 12, is a toy.
My 4, 7, 9, 12, 14, is a bird.
My 1, 11, 6, 13, is a kind of fuel.
My *whole* is a city in Europe.

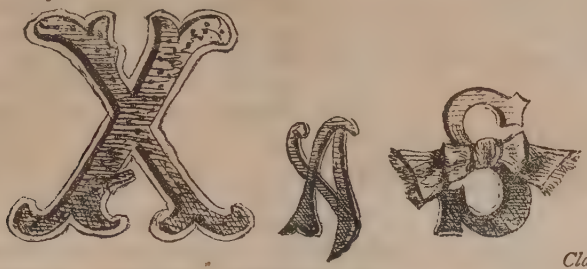
A. C. Burnham.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 153.

William Loew.

POPULAR WORKS OF POPULAR AUTHORS. — No. 154.

What are they? and who are the authors?



Clarie Joy.

No. 155.

Clarie Joy.

No. 156.

Clarie Joy.

CURIOUS COMPARISONS.

No. 157.

Positive, —

'T is the beginning of an end.

Comparative, —

A thing we often lend.

Superlative, —

From thence the stars three wise men send.

Jack Straw.

CHARADE. — No. 158.

My *second* is a musical note.
My *first* is not so, and yet it is so.
My *whole* is an article of furniture.

Jack.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 159.

1. A useful article.
2. A girl's name.
3. A blessing to travellers.
4. To whip.

Carrie.

ENIGMAS. — No. 160.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in goat, but not in sheep.
My *second* 's in wail, but not in weep.
My *third* is in look, but not in stare.
My *fourth* is in comb, but not in hair.
My *fifth* is in out, but not in in.
My *sixth* is in sinner, but not in sin.
My *seventh* is in plate, but not in pan.
My *whole* is an enterprising man.

J. A. L.

No. 161.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 4, 8, 10 is an animal.
My 13, 2, 3, 9 is time past.
My 7, 3, 4, 5, 12 is seen in some persons' movements.
My 1, 4, 11, 6 is in good health.
My whole makes a great noise about this time.

Jennie H. F.

WORD SQUARE. — No. 162.

An ancient country.
Expands.
Wants.
A country in Asia.
To try.

Jack.

DECAPITATIONS. — No. 163.

1. Behead a musical instrument and leave a musical instrument.

2. Behead a useful material and leave a young lady; again, and leave an animal.

3. Behead a fierce look and leave something worn by monks; again, and leave a bird. Restore and curtail, and leave a kind of boat; behead and leave an animal.

Jack.

ENIGMA. — No. 164.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 6, 3, 18 is a color.
My 17, 10, 1 is a covering for the hair.
My 12, 15, 20 is an adjective.
My 2, 14, 17 is a fowl.
My 4, 8, 9, 7 is a measure.
My 11, 5, 3 is a word of contempt.
My 19, 10 is a pronoun.
My 13, 3, 20 is an insect.
My 6, 16, 13 is a part of the body.
My whole is a popular tune or air.

J. A. L.

ENIGMA. — No. 165.

I am composed of 4 letters.
My 1st is in water, but not in land.
My 2d is in dirt, but not in sand.
My 3d is in ice, but not in snow.
My 4th is in learn, but not in know.
My *whole* is a lake in North America.

N. C.

No. 166.

I am composed of three letters.
My *first* is in cat, but not in dog.
My *second* is in swamp, but not in bog.
My *third* is in glory, but not in fame.
My *whole* is the name of a popular game.

Sarah Scallen, age 13.

LOST GEMS. — No. 167.

1. "My lad, I am on duty to-night," said the soldier.

2. Beaming through the darkness came thy starlike eyes.

3. If you rub your jewelry with chamois-skin it will brighten it.

4. You can find at the flour mills in Oswego, N. Y., XX flour.

5. The pleasure-party, delighted, came to a sudden stop, — azure sky above a canopy of green leaves, — and close at hand a bright rippling stream.

Lu Hough.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 168.

A State of the Union.

E. Z. E. Nuff.

ANSWERS.

128. Hitty Maginn.
129. Lincoln.
130. 1. St. Helena. 2. Cuba. 3. Porto Rico. 4. Hayti.
131. 1. Otter Creek. 2. Tennessee (10 e sea). 3. Onion. 4. Snake. 5. Pearl. 6. Tombigbee. 7. Yellowstone. 8. Cooper. 9. Red Cedar. 10. Elkhorn.
132. "Come into the garden, Maud." [(Comb) (inn too) (th e)(gg Arden) (Maud).]
133. A little ewe (u) in trouble.
134. Maple Sugar.
135. Dolly Varden.
136 1. Cork. 2. Albi. 3. Ayr. 4. Deal, lead, lea, ale. 5. Door, rood.
137. Senegal, Gambia, Senegambia.
138.

P	A	R	T	S
A	P	A	R	T
R	A	T	I	O
T	R	I	C	K
S	T	O	K	E

139. Baltimore.
140. Tombigbee.
141. Beau, bow; boar, bore; boast.
142.

I	O	W	A
O	R	A	L
W	A	F	T
A	L	T	O

143.

B	E	A	R
E	Z	R	A
A	R	M	Y
R	A	Y	S

144. Buffalo.
145 Antelope.
146. United we stand, divided we fall. [(Unit ed) (wee stand) (divided we) (f awl).]

THAT PRIZE REBUS.

OUR correspondent, "A. Q. Kumber," in proposing his plan for a prize rebus, wrote (in "Our Letter Box" for August): "Let it be understood that a prize is to be given for the *rebus* sent to the editors of 'Our Young Folks' before such a time, etc., and then let each competitor, when he sends his trial, enclose, say ten cents, to make up the prize money, which is to be given, much or little, as a prize to the successful competitor."

We have received numerous letters from correspondents approving this plan; and two or three amendments to it have been suggested.

"Edgar" proposed, in the September Letter Box, that, "the editors having selected and published the best of the rebuses sent in, the subscribers to 'O. Y. F.' should themselves award the prize," sending their votes by mail. We confess that this amendment found great favor with the editors; and doubtless it would please the competitors also, if anything like a fair and full vote could be secured. As the prize is gotten up by the Young Folks, what more just than that they should make the award? But it has been objected, and with reason, that but comparatively few of our subscribers would take the trouble to send us their votes by mail, and that the prize would be apt to go to the competitor who could succeed in rallying the most friends to his support. Thus A, B, C, and D, may be the authors of the best rebuses, which they willingly trust to their merits; while E, whose honor is less than theirs, while his rebus has less worth, influences so many votes in his favor that he takes the prize. The argument is unanswerable; the editors accordingly, in consenting to adopt A. Q. Kumber's plan, accept also the responsibility of making the awards.

Now, to state definitely the terms: —

Each rebus sent in for competition must be accompanied by the sum of ten cents.

The money thus contributed will be given as a prize to the author of the best rebus.

All rebuses must be in the hands of the editors on or before the fifteenth day of December next.

As no restrictions as to the age of the competitors, etc., have been proposed, we shall not name any; our wish being to act only as the agents and trustees of "Our Young Folks" in this business. Competition for the prizes will therefore be open to all.

Alice C. Tuck writes: "Will you please ask through that best of magazines, 'O. Y. F.' if any of your subscribers can tell me a nice way to prepare ferns and leaves for winter keeping?

"And please tell me who Madame Pompadour was, and did she wear her hair over back?"

Madame Pompadour was a French woman of low origin, who by a singular fortune became the most intimate friend and influential adviser of Louis XV. She was a leader of politics and of fashions: she brought about the alliance of France and Austria against Frederic the Great, who had offended her, and so caused the famous seven years' war with Prussia; and she likewise originated the style of wearing the hair named from her *à la Pompadour*. She died in 1764, aged forty-three.

Your other question we leave our readers to answer.

Beginner. — We cannot tell you whether "My Birthday Party," in the October "O. Y. F.," is a true story; it purports to be so, however.

The stanza by J. G. Whittier, which you find quoted as a parsing exercise in Greene's Grammar, —

> "How sweetly come the holy psalms
> From saints and martyrs down, —
> The waving of triumphal palms
> Above the thorny crown!
> The choral praise, the chanted prayers
> From harps by angels strung,
> The hunted Cameron's mountain airs,
> The hymns that Luther sung!"—

occurs in the "Lines read at the Boston Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Burns"; and the allusion in the seventh line is to the Scotch reformer and martyr, Richard Cameron, founder of the religious sect called "Cameronians." He was at one time a fugitive for his life; returning to Scotland from Holland, in 1680, he headed a rebellion against the government, and was killed in battle.

WILL the authors of "In the Old Time" and "Robinson Crusoe in Verse," in our last number, have the kindness to send us their post-office addresses?

MACEDON, NEW YORK, September 21, 1872.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS": —

We have taken the "Young Folks" ever since it made its first appearance, and like it better every year.

I find in Appletons' "New American Cyclopædia" the following, which appears to be the information desired by "Phonex, Jr."

"Plesiosaurus, an extinct gigantic marine reptile, found principally in the lias (secondary) formation of England, in company with the still larger ichthyosaurus. The head was of small size, supported on a long, flexible, snake-like neck, the body and tail short, with four limbs in the shape of powerful swimming paddles, like those of turtles or cetaceans; the skin was probably naked. This singular genus, named by Conybeare, to a lizard's head united the teeth of a crocodile, a neck like a serpent's body, the trunk and tail of a quadruped, the vertebræ of a fish, the ribs of a chameleon, and the fins of a whale. It has been supposed that this animal paddled along rather slowly, near the surface of the water, with its long neck raised and arched like that of a swan, ready to seize any fish or other marine animal which came within its reach; at times also concealing itself among the sea-weeds in shallow places, its body immersed, and breathing carried on through the apertures on the top of the head; it was neither so active nor so formidable as the more robust ichthyosaurus."

The Cyclopædia states about as much more on the subject, but this is probably as much information as "Phonex, Jr.," desires.

I would say, in answer to the second question asked by "Bess," that "you was" is *not* strictly proper, because it makes a plural substantive the subject of a singular verb, which is an open violation of one of the first rules of grammar. It likewise violates the rules of euphony, — "you were" being by far more pleasant to the ear than "you was."

Your constant reader and true friend,

HIRAM P. JONES.

Phonex, Jr.'s question was also answered by Mary Taylor, M. W. K., "Petite Enfant," Stanhope E. Leach, H. W. L., Lucy Lee Batchelder, Minnie White, Mary C. Parsons, and "the Boofer Lady."

C. N. S. — That *was* an easy puzzle. Our plan is to print every month a few easy ones, to encourage beginners, together with some tolerably difficult ones for practised hands, and now and then one hard enough even for you.

KINGSTON, August 27, 1872.

MESSRS EDITORS, —

Fern, in his article entitled "Will's Exploit," in the September number of "Our Young Folks," says he and his companion were camping on Lake Number Five in the North Woods; that they started for Bald Mountain, and, taking a course due west from camp, soon reached the foot of the mountain. He also said, "Half an hour's brisk climbing put us at its top." Bald Mountain fronts on Lake Number Three, and if their camp was situated on Lake Number Five, they would have a portage to cross from Lake Number Four to Lake Number Five, also to row across Lake Number Four, which is six miles in length; and when they reached Lake Number Three they would have to walk half a mile to reach the foot of the mountain, which no one has been known to ascend in less than an hour. He also said that in less than ten minutes he reached the camp. We can see by consulting the map of the New York Wilderness, that he has made a little mistake in estimating distance.

Yours respectfully,

M. A. N.

May not the principal mistake have been in giving the wrong number to the lake? What does Fern say?

HARRISON SQUARE, August 30, 1872.

MR. EDITOR, —

Will you be kind enough to answer the following questions in the Letter Box? I can't find any person or any book that will do so.

1. What is the best sort of cipher for secret correspondence?

2. Why do New Yorkers call the Hudson River the *North* River? As they talk about the *East* River I should think they would call it the *West* River.

3. Who was Chauvin, and what is Chauvinism?

Yours truly,

CARRIE HALL.

1. The best sort of cipher is one you will invent yourself, using whatever numerals or characters you find most convenient to represent words and letters, the two correspondents having the key. To make it very intricate, you should introduce false characters, which are not to be counted in deciphering the writing, and also use two or more characters to represent certain letters and words, especially those of most frequent occurrence in the language. These devices will tend to mislead the most accomplished readers of such riddles, who know, for instance, that in English *e* is the letter that most frequently occurs, and *the* the most common word, and that certain other letters and words come next in order, and who, by applying certain rules, are able to unravel any ordinary cipher. If you are interested in the subject, read Poe's curious story of "The Gold Bag," in which the unravelling of a cipher is elaborately explained.

2. The East River is really east of New York City, while only a small portion of the Hudson is

west of it. This great river, which comes down from the north, is therefore appropriately named the North River.

3. "Chauvin" is the chief character in "Le Soldat Laboureur" by the brilliant French dramatist, Eugène Scribe. He is a type of the Frenchman fired by excessive admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte and the First Empire. "Chauvinism," named from him, signifies, in its broad sense, the sentimental, intense, unreasoning patriotism for which the French as a nation are noted.

BLACKSTONE NATIONAL BANK, Boston.

EDITORS OF "YOUNG FOLKS,"—

Will you tell, through your column of answers in the "Young Folks," why the arrival of the British steamer "Sirius," in 1838, should have been chosen for a vignette on our national currency? And oblige

WILL L. WELCH, and many readers.

The subjects for the vignettes on our national currency are chosen from historical events having some national significance. The "Sirius" was the pioneer of ocean steam navigation, the first regular passages (by steam) being made by her and the Great Western in 1838, — certainly important events to America as well as to the world.

CINCINNATI, September 9, 1872.

DEAR EDITORS, —

In the sixth volume of "Our Young Folks," page 112, in Edward Lear's poem "The Owl and the Pussy Cat," there are the following lines: —

"They dined on mince
And slices of quince,
Which they ate with a *runcible spoon*."

What is a "runcible spoon"? Some of my friends have been searching everywhere, and cannot find out; if you can tell us through "Our Letter Box," we shall be ever so much obliged.

Yours respectfully,

WILL BROTHERTON.

"Runcible" is a *nonsense word* introduced in the *nonsense poem* for the comical effect of a well-sounding epithet, without any shadow of meaning.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS," —

I have just finished Dr. Kane's Life, and am reading his "Arctic Explorations." They are among the most interesting books I ever read. How many of his followers are still living? I should think Dr. Hayes would be proud of his acquaintance with him. I have heard lately that Dr. Hayes is thinking of fitting out an expedition for explorations in the northern seas. Is it so? Sometimes I almost wish I was a man, so I could accompany him. I have great love for astronomy and things beyond my comprehension, and such a life (sometimes I think) would suit me. But I am only a girl. . . . . Do the "Young Folks" ever send you their photographs?

Your loving reader,

ELIZA DARLING.

We do not know how many of Dr. Kane's followers still survive. Having read his works, you should read those of Dr. Hayes, which are also remarkably interesting. We believe Dr. Hayes still contemplates setting on foot another Arctic expedition; but few men, even, are resolute and robust enough to accompany him. We sympathize with your love of adventure; but you must remember that the phantom of Romance fades as we follow it, — that all the romance there is in life lies all about us, and that a sphere of happy activity may open to you from your own door, if your eyes are keen enough to see it, though you *are* "only a girl." — Yes, the Young Folks do sometimes send us their photographs, and we are always glad to receive them.

OUR contributor, *C. A. S.*, writes to ask: "Would it be possible to have Lily Nelson's little poem, 'Summer's Done,' first published in the October number, 1869, republished in 'Our Young Folks' this fall? It is wonderfully true at this season. It keeps coming to my mind every day. I long ago learned every line of it, almost before I was aware."

Here is the poem: and we are sure all our readers who have not seen it, or who may have forgotten it, will welcome its reappearance.

SUMMER 'S DONE.

Along the wayside and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun;
The blue-eyed gentian nods good by
To the sad little brooks that run;
And so Summer 's done, said I,
Summer 's done!

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops:
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store;
And so Summer 's o'er, said I,
Summer 's o'er!

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty overhead;
And so Summer 's dead, said I,
Summer 's dead!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn;

And so Summer 's gone, said I,
Summer 's gone !

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay !
And so Summer 's away, said I,
Summer 's away !

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun ;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun ;
But for all that, Summer 's done, said I,
Summer 's done !

Our Young Contributors. — Accepted articles : "*How we watched the Grapes*," by William S. Walsh ; "*My Shipwreck*," by Susy Augusta Symonds ; "*Shoes*," by M. Alice Dowd ; "*A Day's Blue Fishing*," by A. W. S. ; and "*Camping Out*," by M. C. S.

First on our *honorable mention* list this month is "*A Little Leaven*," by E. S. B., a well-written story of some children going to buy yeast with an old button which they mistook for a cent. Next comes "*A Visit to Dresden*," by J. S. P., also very well written, though the writer neglected to give us her full name. Then follow "*A Visit to Rock Island*," by Gertrude P. Bradley ; "*Flowers in Lousiana*," and "*The Sunset*," by May Reily ; "*The Clifton Concert*," by Sam ; "*My Visit to a Mine*," by Jennie H. Field ; "*What the Fading Leaves teach Me*," by Ella C. Hartly ; "*What shall we name the Baby?*" by Minnie R. Willard ; "*Much Ado about Nothing*," by Lena ; "*Salutations*," by Maud Huntingdon ; "*My Favorite Poetess*," by Edith Chesterfield ; a translation of "*A Christmas Carol*," of Martin Luther, by C. H. ; "*The Australian Children*," by W. H. Hayne ; "*A Cosey Picnic of Six*," by Maud Ames ; "*Kitty's Tea-Party*," by Geraldine May Bonner (very well done indeed for a girl eight years old) ; "*A Sail on a Raft*," by Louise ; and "*A Legend of Qualaqua Dale*," by Carl Constantine.

From "*A Visit to St. Louis*," by C. A. Morse, — quite well written, for a lad of thirteen, — we make two or three extracts.

"It is one of the grandest sights in this country to walk along the levee at St. Louis. You see steamboats from New Orleans, St. Paul, Fort Benton, Pittsburg, etc. . . . . After looking at these we walked on, and soon came to the bridge. This bridge will cost about seven million dollars. It is to be built of steel ; the piers, which are exposed to the current and ice, are faced with granite brought from the State of Maine. These piers extend far below the bed of the river, and rest on the solid rock. There are three spans of five hundred feet each. . . . . The dome of the Court House is one hundred and fifty feet high. After going through dark and light places, up broad and narrow stairs, and through straight and crooked corridors, we arrived at the top ; but the view repaid us for our labor. At the east of us was the Mississippi River stretching away on its winding course ; at the north, south, and west of us was the city, with its streets full of busy life ; the men looking like boys, children like dolls, the street cars, horses and carriages, like toys. After looking at the busy city, and watching the fountain in the court-yard far below us throw its silvery jets far up into the air, we began to descend. . . . . When we arrived at the lower floor we looked up, up, up to the top of the rotunda. The ceiling was beautifully frescoed, the gigantic figures looking quite small from where we were.

"Returning to the hotel, we ate our dinner and then set out for LaFayette Park. We entered at one of the gates, and soon came to a small pond of water, where were pelicans and swans sailing lazily around and dipping their heads into the water. The Park is very pretty, but not equal to the Public Gardens in Boston. We then returned to the office, and took the 'bus' for the cars."

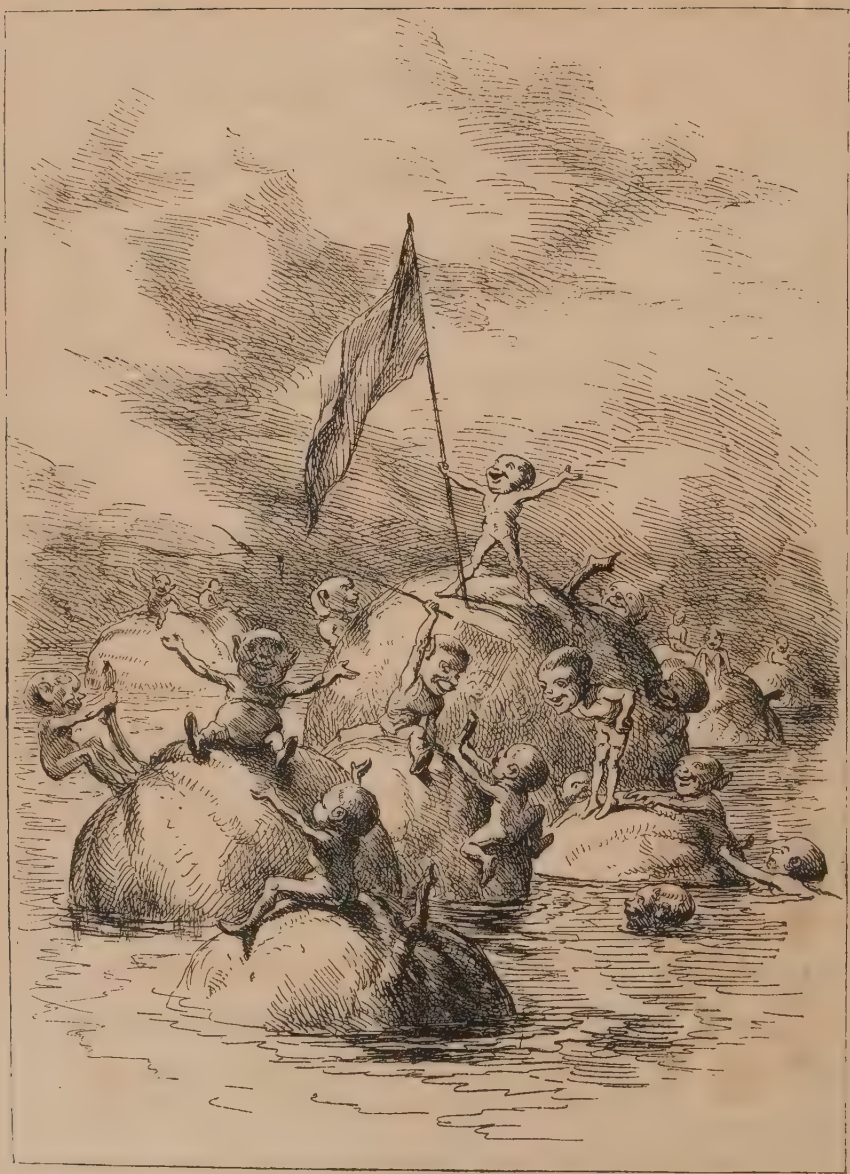
After our last number went to press, we received from Allen J. Pratt a list of 547 words made from the letters in *miscellaneous*. Joseph E. Badger, Jr., has since sent us his list of 487 words exclusive of proper names. These two lists, therefore, "distance all competition."

In answer to L. K.'s challenge, Gracie Raymond has found a list of 700 words, excluding proper names, made from *unimpressionable*, — 64 more than L. K. sent.

Lillie Lampert Townsend, who challenged our readers to make more than 258 words out of *Constantinople*, has been beaten by several correspondents. F. W. Taylor sends a list of 396 words ; Mabel Hall, 269 ; Charlie Belden, 290 ; Nellie Packard, 302 ; G. M. C., 313 ; Susy Nims, 361 ; Israel A. Kelsey, 414 ; Hattie B. Barton, 410 ; Puzzalona, 368 ; Adèle B., 444 ; W. A. S., 493 ; Carolina, 538 ; "Constant Reader," 589 ; and N. B. Tallet, 788 words, excluding proper names. N. B. T. goes to the head.

And now Bessie W. sends a list of 587 words made from *manufactories*, and "would like some one to try and make more."

Lucy Lee Batchelder and T. G. S. W. send in answers to all our last month's puzzles. Other answers are received from Annie L. Foster, Belle Vannevar, Mellie Savoye, T. L. R. R., Carrie Cresson, F. W. Hobbs, C. R. S., Ella Hinman, Eleanor G. Whitney, Harry C. Walsh, Minnie Remington, "Two Crab Apples," Allie Withington, Gracie Raymond, and Mary Giles.



THE PUMPKIN FLEET.

Drawn by George White.] [See "Papa's Thanksgiving Story."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

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A CHANCE FOR HIMSELF.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE DEACON'S DIPLOMACY.

FIERCELY the squire was limping to and fro, between his office-room and Mrs. Peternot's kitchen, compressing his lips, and striking the floor every now and then with his cane, as he exclaimed, "He shall lay in jail! I'll prosecute him! State's prison 's too good for him!" — when his wife called from the window, "Squire! squire! Here 's Deacon Chatford, jest drove up; beckonin' and hollerin'!"

"What now, I wonder?" said Peternot, as he put on his hat and went out, frowning, to meet his neighbor. "Wal! what is it, deacon?"

"I 've thought of a plan," said Mr. Chatford, hurriedly. "Get in here; we 'll talk as we ride. There 's not a minute to lose!"

"What plan?" demanded the stern old squire.

"For settling the difficulty."

"The diffikilty can't be settled, unless peradventur' the boy gives up the money."

"That 's just it!" cried the deacon. "He said he was willing to give it up; and now it has fallen into my hands."

"The treasure? in your hands?" exclaimed Peternot, limping quickly towards the buggy.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"That is," said the deacon, remembering his wife's injunction, to use a little worldly wisdom on the occasion, — "yes, I may say, in my hands, for I know where it is; I 've secure possession on 't; and I 've resolved — But jump in! jump in! for we must overhaul Sellick before he delivers the boy up at the jail."

"Wal, wal! This sounds like! — Wife! wife!" called Peternot, "hand out my gre't-cut! May be cool ridin'. — In your hands? The best news yit! It 's comin' out right, arter all! But, as you say, we must ketch Sellick 'fore he gits to the jail; the case 'll haf to go to the gran' jury, if we don't. — Wife! wife! can't ye step quick for once?"

Mrs. Peternot did "step quick for once"; out came the overcoat, and into it went the stiff-jointed old man. Then away rattled the buggy with the two neighbors seated side by side.

"Ketch 'em 'fore they git to the jail, and I can manage Judge Garty," said Peternot. "But I must have some guarantee that the coin will be actooally restored to me, if I git the boy off."

"If you require any other guarantee than my word of honor," began the deacon — "Get up, Maje! go 'long!"

"That ought to be enough; sartin, sartin! pervided you 're sure you can put me into clear possession of the money, without any peradventur' about it. Where is it? at your house?"

"It was brought to my house half an hour ago by two of the Huswick boys. And that reminds me," said the deacon, "one of the conditions is, that you shall withdraw your complaint against Hank and Cub. I forgot to mention that."

"If they 've re'ly gi'n up the booty — but I can't quite see into 't!" said Peternot. "It don't seem like the Huswick tribe to part with plunder once fairly in their hands, for fear of a writ out arter 'em. Must be they don't know the vally of the coin."

"Very likely!" said the deacon, dryly. "At any rate, they have sent it to me, and commissioned me to make their peace with you." And he whipped up old Maje again.

"That seems fair. Though I own I 've had my mind set on punishin' on 'em, the rogues! They swindled me out of five dollars, when they carried the coin home for me; but I s'pose I can afford to forgive 'em that. So I say, if I don't find they 've kep' back a part of the treasure, I 'll agree to drop the complaint."

"And another thing, squire!" said the artful deacon. "You must do the right thing by the boy; you must do something handsome for Jack."

"Yes, yes! sartin!" said Peternot. "I 'll make him a present; can't say jest what, but somethin' liberal, somethin' fair and liberal, deacon, I promise!" The deacon had to turn away to hide the smile on his features. He did not press Peternot, to know what that "something fair and liberal" might be; but gave his attention to urging on old Maje's paces, fearing to mar a good matter by speaking a word too much. Would not Mrs. Chatford give him a little credit for "gumption" after this? Had he not

managed the affair with the sagacity of an accomplished politician? He began to wonder a little at the stupidity he had shown on some previous occasions, a man of his diplomatic ability; thinking particularly of the manner in which he had given Kate's half-dollar to the jeweller, instead of Jack's.

"Strange how I could have made such a blunder!" he remarked, inadvertently, to the squire.

"What blunder?" cried the squire, quickly. Poor Mr. Chatford saw that he was on the point of letting out the very secret he had prided himself on keeping; and he lost faith in his "gumption" on the spot.

"O, I 'm such a terrible absent-minded man!" he exclaimed. "I 'm forever forgetting something. Remember how I drove over to the Basin that Saturday night, and walked home, never thinking of the horse and buggy, till next morning, when we thought they had been stolen, and had that famous hunt for the thieves? That 's the way Jack came to live with us. Pippy arrested him, and brought him home, and he has been with us ever since," Mr. Chatford went on, congratulating himself on having steered clear of the dangerous rock. "Get up, Maje! don't be so blamed lazy! There 's my nephew, Syd Chatford, crossing the road; I 'll ask him if he has seen 'em pass."

"I heard he had applied for the winter's school in our deestrict," said the squire. "I hope you won't forgit my nephew's claims. It 'll help clear up all these diffikilties, and make us better neighbors than ever, if you 'll bear in mind that Byron was the fust to apply, and give him a trial."

"I 'll do what I can," replied the deacon; "for, really, I don't consider Syd just the man for the place, though he is my nephew. — Here! hello! Syd!" Syd, who had crossed the street, and was walking towards the house, turned back at his uncle's call, and approached the buggy, in a smart, stiff way.

"I have n't a minute to talk," cried the deacon. "Have you seen our Jack ride by with Neighbor Sellick?"

"Yes, about twenty minutes ago," replied Syd.

"So long!" exclaimed the deacon. "Driving fast?"

"Pretty good jog," replied Syd. "What 's to pay?"

"I declare, we must do better than this, squire, or they 'll be there first, in spite of us!" And Mr. Chatford chirped, and shouted, "Get up! go 'long!" and lashed old Maje again, to the no small astonishment of his nephew, who, gazing after the cantering horse and rattling buggy, wondered if the usually slow and quiet deacon had not been taking a glass of something strong.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A TURN OF FORTUNE.

SELLICK had a better horse than his neighbors, and he too had been using the whip a little since Jack respectfully declined working for him,

preferring to go to jail. The merry man could not help thinking what a capital anecdote this would be to relate of anybody else; but, as I have said, he did not greatly relish a joke at his own expense.

His spirits rallied a little as they entered the city, and he said laughingly, "You remind me of the man on his way to the gallows, who was offered a free pardon if he would marry a sartin woman in the crowd, not over 'n' above handsome. He looked at her, shook his head: 'Sharp nose, thin lips,' says he; 'drive on, cartman!' So, ruther 'n work for me, you 'll go to jail! ha, ha, ha!" And Sellick began to think he would have to tell the story, much as it reflected on his reputation as an employer.

"I did n't say just that," replied Jack. "If going to work for you would get me out of this scrape, I 'd do it. But I shall have to appear at my trial, and then, if convicted of housebreaking, have to serve out a sentence, anyway; so the little time I 've to wait I may as well spend in jail over my books."

"I don't know but you take about the right view on 't," said Sellick, soothed by the explanation; and the horse was allowed to slacken his speed. "I thought fust you 'd been talking with Billy. Billy thinks he has a hard time; but he 's slow. Me and you 'd git along finely together!"

"There 's the jail!" said Jack, with a sudden sinking of the heart.

"That 's the mansion," remarked Sellick. "The mouse-trap, I call it; easy to git in, hard to git out. You 'll have to trade hats agin now."

The constable, who had charge of the articles which the prisoner had left at the squire's at the time of his escape, had let him put on the hat when they started to ride over to the deacon's; but it was necessary for him to retain it in his custody.

"Never mind," said Jack, "I sha' n't have much use for a hat here, I suppose. Old Scarecrow's will do."

"And arter your sentence you 'll be furnished with a cap at the public expense," added the constable, as he drove up to the door of the jail.

Jack looked with gloomy misgivings at the barred windows and massy front of the great stone building; and for a moment his spirit failed him. Had he not acted foolishly in giving himself up? Once within those walls, how long before he would have his freedom again? He thought of a hundred things at once, — his first visit to the jail, when he saw his step-father, Captain Berrick, there, with the other prisoners; all his endeavors to do right, and his boasted *chance for himself*, since that day; his friends left behind, whom he might never see again; the strange calamity that had overtaken him, the long confinement, the dubious future. And the poor lad burst into tears.

"Come!" said Sellick. "Here we be at the end of our journey, as the runaway pigs said, when they went on the table, roasted, for dinner. Never mind your things; I 'll hand 'em out, arterwards. Here comes the kind-hearted keeper of this tavern to welcome his guest. What! crying, sonny? Changed your mind yit?"

"No!" and Jack was himself again. "I 'm ready!" — his resolution to

pursue an open, upright course, and take with a brave heart whatever happened, returning like a strong tide to buoy him up.

"What 's that shouting?" said Sellick, glancing up the street. "Hello! if there ain't the deacon and the squire coming arter us, lickety-split! Wait a minute! Le's see what they want."

What they wanted was soon made manifest. "Judge Garty recalls his jail warrant, or he will do it; new developments in the case!" cried the deacon, breathlessly, driving up.

"Pervided the boy consents to the arrangement," added Peternot. "The money is in our hands: he agrees to abandon all claim on 't. — What do you say, before these witnesses?"

"I 've already said I was willing to do that," said the astonished Jack. "But how — where did you find it — the coin, I mean?"

"The Huswick boys sent it over to my house. You abandon your claim to it, as the squire says, and throw yourself on his liberality, on his well-known generosity," added the deacon, with a sly twinkle. "He has promised to do the handsome thing by you, the fair and liberal thing; and I 've no doubt it will be all you can ask, under the circumstances."

"If he 'll get me out of this fix, I shall be satisfied," said Jack; "I 'll trust the rest to his — liberality, as you say." And his heart gave such a leap of joy at the thought of getting off so easily, that he came near betraying his knowledge of the spurious character of the coin, by some mirthful demonstration.

"Now you 're reasonable; now you talk as a boy should!" cried Peternot, approvingly. "Turn about; le's hurry back to the judge's office, and have the matter arranged." For the old man was as anxious to secure the treasure as Jack was eager to regain his freedom.

"You spoke jest in time," said Sellick. "A minute more, and the prisoner and the paper would have gone out of my hands. Here 's your hat again, Jack. — No, thank you!" to the jailer; "you 're very kind, but I don't think I shall need to trouble you this morning, — unless the boy insists on 't?" turning to Jack. As Jack did not insist, the two buggies were turned about and started for home; Sellick, with his fresher horse, taking the lead.

"Old Maje is perty well used up; guess the deacon never drove him quite so hard before. One thing," added the constable, "surprises me, that both him and you should be so willing to give up all the money, to buy off the squire. Between ourselves, he 'd 'ave been glad to take half."

"Think so?" replied Jack, coolly. "Well, it 's too late now. Let him have it. I 'll trust to his *liberality*."

"He 's got about as much liberality as an old sow with a litter of fourteen squealing pigs and a scarcity of swill," was Sellick's rather coarse but expressive comparison. "Not that I 've the least thing agin him; nice old man, the squire! Come! what do you say *now* to hiring to me?"

This question recalled to Jack's mind the obstacle which lay in the way of his return to Mr. Chatford's house, and his joy became clouded by a serious trouble.

"Come and bring your dog, you know," said Sellick. "I 'm a famous story-teller; boys all like me; we 'll have grand times together. What do you think you can earn? Four dollars a month?"

"I should hope so, twice that!" replied Jack, thinking this was perhaps the best he could do.

"Say six dollars, when you ain't going to school." And Sellick went on to flatter and coax the homeless lad. "Anything I can do for ye? Come, ain't there something?"

"Yes," said Jack, "one thing. I have n't felt just right about this old hat I took from Mr. Canning's scarecrow. We 've plenty of time, *they* are so far behind us," casting a backward glance for the squire and the deacon. "Drive round that way, and I 'll leave it where I found it."

Sellick consented. Taking a by-road, he crossed a bridge, and drove on the north side of the canal towards the Basin, soon striking the road which passed the Canning cornfield.

Jack jumped out at the well-remembered length of fence, which he climbed again, and, running betwixt the rustling rows, discovered the patient man-of-straw waiting, bareheaded, and surrounded by blackbirds, just as he had left him the day before.

"I wish I could return the ears of corn I took, in the same way," he said to the constable, as he went back to the wagon; "but there are slight difficulties; so never mind!"

CHAPTER XL.

THE SQUIRE'S TRIUMPH.

THEY found Judge Garty in his office; and soon after the deacon and Squire Peternot arrived. Once more Jack, but now with a lighter heart than before, stood in presence of the weak-eyed, hard-winking magistrate, who supposed that the prisoner, having been retaken, was now to be admitted to bail.

"Not exac'ly that," said Peternot, while Jack listened with a trembling interest. "New sarcumstances have come to light, havin' a bearin' on the case. I 've an understandin' with the boy; I 'm satisfied he did n't intend burglary; it turns out to be re'ly a trivial offence; so I 've ventur'd to bring the officer back with him, and I want you to recall your *mittimus*, assume jurisdiction in the case, and discharge the prisoner."

"That 'll suit him, I 've no doubt," said Judge Garty, winking placidly at Jack about forty times.

"It 'll suit me to be discharged," replied Jack, with a smile, "though I can't say I understand his talk about it."

"A justice of the peace can't decide in anything so serious as a burglary case," said the deacon. "But since the complainant is convinced that it was n't intentional housebreaking, it is different. The justice can assume jurisdiction, that is, take the case in hand, and decide it."

"'T will be a little irregular," remarked Judge Garty, rubbing the top of

his bald head with the feather end of his quill pen, and winking wonderfully fast. "Moreover, there 's the costs. I suppose the complainant will in this case pay the costs?"

"Sartin, sartin," said the squire, thinking he would thus discharge all obligations to the boy he had persecuted.

Judge Garty accordingly went through the formality of putting Peternot under oath again, hearing the case, and pronouncing the prisoner discharged, all in about three minutes' time. Then Peternot, with a grimace and a twinge, pulled out his pocket-book, and paid the following bill: —

Costs of court	$ 2.35
Mittimus, and binding over witnesses	.50
Witnesses' fees and travel (2 miles each, 5 cts. a mile)	1.20
Sheriff's fee	2.50
Lock broken by sheriff after prisoner had locked up the court, and it became necessary for the court to get out	.25
Window broken by ladder	.37
Total	$ 7.17

As Peternot and his nephew were the witnesses, the squire's actual expenditures in the case amounted to five dollars and ninety-seven cents.

"Now!" said he, eager to be consoled for what had caused him such a pang, "for *your* part of the agreement, deacon!"

"Well, come with me," said Mr. Chatford, with a peculiar smile. "The *treasure* ain't far off."

And, leading the way down the office stairs, to his buggy standing at the foot of them, he pulled up the seat, lifted a horse-blanket, and drew from beneath it the squire's meal-bag and its heavy freight of coin. Peternot grasped it eagerly.

"I must say, deacon, you 've played this perty well! I 'd no idee you had it with ye! I 'most wish you had n't made it quite so public, though," for the usual village crowd had assembled. "I 'm afraid — I — I ruther think I 'll take it over to the store and have it locked up in the safe."

"You have n't settled with the boy; what ye going to give the boy?" cried Sellick, comfortably patting his fee in his trousers-pocket.

"The boy!" echoed Peternot, a frown of displeasure clouding the sunshine which played for a moment over the barren and rocky waste of his features. "Arter all the trouble and expense he 's put me to? I said I 'd be liberal, and I have been liberal. I 've paid the costs of court, and got him off; for which he may thank his stars, and think himself lucky. I won't be hard, though." The squire put his hand into the bag, as if about to present Jack one of the rusty half-dollars; but changed his mind, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, took out a silver quarter. "Here! take that! I 've nothin' else to give ye."

Jack laughed, took the coin, and immediately presented it to a shabby little old man in the crowd, who received it with quaint surprise.

"You are Mr. Canning, I believe," said Jack.

"That 's my name, that 's my name. But what 's this for? What 's this?"

"I had to borrow a hat from your scarecrow, and take a few ears of your corn to roast, yesterday," said Jack. "I 've returned the hat, and this is to settle for the corn. I 'm going to begin life new, and I want to begin right with everybody."

"That 's right, that 's right! You 're welcome to the corn, though; welcome to a few ears of corn, to be sure! sartin!" cried the shabby old man, pocketing the money, however, and walking off with it, looking, in his old-fashioned, long-tailed, tattered coat, like one of his own scarecrows out taking a little exercise.

"Come, Jack, where are you going?" cried the deacon.

"Back into the office, to find the hat I left there when I ran away."

"I carried that home. Now let 's be going. There 'll be an outburst in a minute," said the deacon, casting an anxious glance after Peternot, who was carrying his bag of coin into the jeweller's shop.

"Jack is going home with me; me and him 's struck a bargain," said Sellick.

"Fie, fie! nonsense!" said the deacon. "We can't spare Jack; he 's going with *me*."

"I 'll ride with you. I 'd like to talk with you a little, and go home and say good by — and — and get my dog," faltered Jack; "but you know —"

"Yes, yes! that misunderstanding between you and Phineas. O, never mind about that!"

"I must!" said Jack. He is your son, and of course you don't want —"

"I want what 's right, son or no son. Come along!" And the good deacon half lifted Jack into the buggy. "There 's Peternot now!"

It was Peternot, indeed, rushing out of the jeweller's shop with wrath in his countenance and several spurious half-dollars in his hand.

"Wait! wait!" he shouted, advancing towards the buggy as fast as his limp would allow. "Deacon! how 's this? You 've desaived, you 've ruined me!"

"Deceived! ruined you! how so?" asked the deacon, calmly.

"He says you brought him a half-dollar to test, but not one of these!" cried the excited squire.

"Yes, yes; a blunder of mine; I was telling you how dreadful absent-minded I am, you remember."

"These are counterfeit!"

"Are they, indeed? Well, I 'm not surprised."

"But you never told me!"

"No, squire; I 'd done so much mischief by telling that the coin was genuine, I thought I 'd hold my tongue, after I found out what a mistake I 'd made. But I don't see that you are ruined. You 've given yourself some trouble and expense, in order to get the treasure into your hands, that 's all. You 've done one good thing, though, in getting this boy off, and we appreciate it."

"I 'll have him up agin!" said the squire, furiously.

"O no, neighbor! I hardly think you will. No 'new circumstances' have come to light in his case since you swore to your last statement; and for you to complain of him again would plainly be a case of malicious prosecution. He ain't to blame for my blunder. *I* deceived *him* with regard to the coin; he has n't deceived anybody. Did n't know but what it was good till this minute; did you, Jack?"

"Yes," said Jack, with a grin. "Aunt Patsy told me last night it was some of Sam Williams's bogus. But I thought it just as well not to say anything about it. I wanted to see how liberal he was!"

The deacon smiled, the spectators laughed, and Peternot, turning angrily on his heel, stalked back to the jeweller's shop, where he had left his bag of "treasure."

"Well, now we 'll go home," said the deacon, touching up old Maje.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW IT ALL ENDED.

GREAT was the joy at the farm-house over Jack's return. Mrs. Chatford shed motherly tears on his neck; little Kate hugged him as high up as she

could reach; while Mrs. Pipkin and Mr. Pipkin and Mose, who had just come in to dinner, looked on with faces shining with delight and sympathy. Only Phin appeared not altogether enchanted with the turn affairs had taken; and the envious, hypocritical expression of his grinning face changed to genuine alarm as Mr. Chatford said, "Jack has come just to say good by, and to get his dog."

"His dog?" cried Phin. "Our dog! He can't have our dog!"

"It is his dog, and nobody else's," said the deacon, sadly. "And though I don't want to part with either of 'em, especially since Jack has shown himself such a man, we can't detain him; and of course he can take his dog, if he chooses. Sellick has made him an offer."

"But you have n't accepted it, have you, Jack?" said Mrs. Chatford.

"Not yet, but —"

"What does he go for?" demanded Phineas, disturbed at the prospect of losing Lion.

"Because you've lied about him, and he can't live in the house with you!" said the deacon, with extraordinary sternness.

"I did n't lie," whimpered Phin. "I remember now I did say something to him like what he said."

"Then own up that it was a lie!"

"I did n't mean it; I wanted him to get back his money, and I thought you said *something* of the kind."

"You thought no such thing! O Phineas! Phineas!" And the deacon almost wept with sorrow over his son's meanness and untruth.

"I hope you 'll forgive me; I hope he will," whined Phin.

"I do," said Jack, frankly, "now that you have owned up."

"And you 'll let Lion stay?"

"Lion is all he cares for!" said Moses, with angry contempt, as Phin slunk away out of sight.

"O, here comes Cousin Annie!" cried little Kate.

Jack ran eagerly to meet his dear friend, but started back on seeing at her side his new acquaintance, Percy Lanman.

The beautiful schoolmistress kissed him openly, in right sisterly fashion, and rejoiced over the good news. Percy pressed his hand warmly, and said, with that bright, good-humored look of his, "I was out botanizing, and stopped at the school-house to get news of you; and as Miss Felton was just starting to walk home, I walked with her."

"I 'm glad you did," said Jack. "Here is the money I owe you."

Percy took it with a smile.

"There! now I 've paid all my debts, I 'm even with the world, and ready to begin again! — Yes, Kate, dear Kate! I 'll stay; I 've nothing to go for now. — Old Lion! get down, you good fellow! you silly boy's dog!" And Jack dashed away a tear. "You are all so good to me! I never was so happy in my life!"

And yet it gave him a curious feeling, something that was not quite unclouded joy, to see his two friends, Percy Lanman and Annie Felton,

standing there, smiling, side by side. Though what there was in that to trouble him I cannot precisely say; can any one guess?

Still a happy boy indeed was Jack. His great trouble had passed by; and he had no more dread of the jail, of trial and sentence. His brief experience of the cares and snares of riches had taught him wisdom, and the upright course he resolved upon at last had developed a conscious strength and manliness in his heart, richer than any fortune. He was once more in his dear home, with his dearest friends around him, their confidence in him restored, and their love for him increased. And now, not selfishly as before, but very gratefully, very lovingly, he felt that he had for the first time in his life, rightly and truly,

A Chance for Himself.

J. T. Trowbridge.

Note. — A new serial story, by the same author, in which we shall meet again many of the characters that have figured in "Jack Hazard" and "A Chance for Himself," will appear in "Our Young Folks" during the year 1873, beginning with the January number.

PAPA'S THANKSGIVING STORY.

"TELL us a 'tory papa!"
Two fat arms clasped his throat,
And a cheek like August peaches
Lay nestled on his coat.

"Papa! tell us a 'tory!"
The red lips kissed again, —
"Tell us a sp'endid 'tory
You won't have to exp'ain!"

"Explain to me, you rascal,
How I can speak or sing,
Choked and drowned with kisses,
You coaxing little thing!"

"I 'll let you go, dear papa,
I 'll never tiss you no more,
Not till to-morrow mornin',
'Nd I 'll lie on the floor,

"And be as dood as sugar,
And better 'n punkin-pie;
To-morrow 'll be Fanksgivin';
I never telled you a lie!"

"Don't promise about the kisses;
Some time I 'll want some more.
Fay shall sit on the cricket,
And you lie on the floor,

"While I tell the strangest story
You ever will know or hear;
So open wide your blue eyes,
And open your shell-pink ear.

"The cars were hot and dusty,
When I went off last week.
Papa was tired and sleepy,
And felt too cross to speak.

"So he looked away from the people,
And did n't see Mr. Brown,
But stared from the little window,
And saw the moon shine down.

"The moon shone on the river,
It glittered wild and bright,
And broke in a thousand sparkles,
And danced in pure delight.

"And down its calmer channel
I saw a pumpkin float,
With a little fellow astride it,
As if it were a boat.

"A jolly little fellow,
Singing and laughing loud,
And then another pumpkin came,
And then a perfect crowd.

"Down the merry river,
The yellow pumpkins rolled,
Each with a funny little imp
Astride its ball of gold.

"They danced and winked and spluttered,
And yelled with all their might
'Hurrah for old Thanksgiving!
Hurrah for Thursday night!

"'When the turkey 's brown and tender,
When the cider sparkles clear,
When the punkins all are punkin-pie,
O, won't we make good cheer!

"'Hurrah for the queer old Pilgrims!
We 'll dance a solemn jig,
Enough to raise old Winslow's hair
And crinkle Mather's wig!'

"O, what a shout they shouted,
As down the stream there came
The very biggest pumpkin
That ever bore the name.

"With windows in the sides thereof,
And on the top a flag, —
What crowds and crowds of jolly imps
Therein their heads did wag!

"What rosy cheeks and noses
Looked over from the brim,
And from the windows peeped and smirked,
To see the others swim!

"'Hurrah for old Thanksgiving!'
They shouted and they laughed,
And some, they nibbled turnovers,
And some sweet cider quaffed.

"They kicked and pranced and shouted,
And seemed all mad with glee,
To think for once in all the year
There was a feast to see.

"They shouted for Thanksgiving,
Till the mighty pumpkin broke;
I saw them splashing in the stream,
And laughing at the joke.

"They laughed and screamed and chattered,
Till my flesh began to creep,
And Mr. Brown said very loud,
'Sir! ha' n't you been asleep?'"

Rose Terry.

SCENES IN SIAM.

SIAM is famous for its elephants. They run wild on the plains and in the jungles, and are also tamed for the service of man. They bear burdens on their tusks and on their great strong backs, and are trained for war.

One of the most curious traits of the people is their superstitious reverence for the white elephant.

Their religion — called *Buddhism*,* from *Buddha*, its founder — teaches the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. They believe that the spirits of men pass at their death into the bodies of such animals as they are best fitted for, — birds, reptiles, tigers, mice, or monkeys. One goes to expiate his sins in this life in the form of a hog, another in that of a vulture. White animals, or albinos, are venerated as the abodes of pure souls. The noblest of all animals is the elephant; the white elephant is therefore supposed to be animated by the great and good Buddha, or by the soul of some other superior being.

A white elephant is regarded as a sacred prize, and treated with religious honors. When one is seen in the wilds of Siam, elephant hunters are sent out to capture him, while prayers are said in all the temples for his safe conduct to the capital. The lucky fellow who first discovered him is loaded with gifts; and he who has the good fortune to bring the glorious news to the king has his "mouth, ears, and nostrils stuffed with gold." The animal is ensnared in the highest style of the art, tenderly made captive, and escorted with great pomp to the capital. A broad pathway is cut for him through the forests; he is received with acclamations, games, and sumptuous entertainments, in every village; and on the river a gorgeous floating palace receives him.

"The floor of this splendid float," says our English Governess, "is laid with gilt matting curiously woven, in the centre of which his four-footed lordship is installed in state, surrounded by an obsequious and enraptured crowd of mere bipeds, who bathe him, perfume him, fan him, feed him, and sing and play to him. His food consists of the finest herbs, the sweetest sugar-cane, and the brownest cakes of wheat served on huge trays of gold and silver, and his drink is perfumed. Thus, in more than princely state, he is floated down the river to a point within seventy miles of the capital, where the king and his court, all the chief personages of the kingdom, and a multitude of priests, accompanied by troops of players and musicians, come out to meet him. A great number of cords and ropes are attached to the raft, those in the centre being of fine silk: these are for the king and his noble retinue, who with their own hands make them fast to their gilded barges, while the rest are secured to the great fleet of lesser boats. And so, with shouts of joy, beating of drums, blare of trumpets, boom of cannon,

* Pronounced Bood'ism; Bood'ah.

A War Elephant.

and a hallelujah of music, he is conducted in triumph to the capital." Don't we wish, dear young folks, that we were there to see?

After receiving various honors and titles, he is given sumptuous quarters in the king's own palace; there he is magnificently decorated, and the court

A Female Soldier.

jeweller rings his tremendous tusks with massive gold, crowns him with a golden diadem, and hangs his mighty neck with golden chains. Then his attendants prostrate themselves before him.

Siamese Slave-Girl.

The soul of the beast is supposed to appreciate all this homage. Not even the king is treated with such ceremony. If he goes to his bath, musicians attend him, flatterers wave golden fans before him, and an officer of

high rank holds a great umbrella of crimson and gold over his august head. When he is sick, the king's own physician doctors him; and if he dies, all Siam goes into mourning for him. It is of course supposed that, in return for all these favors, the deity imprisoned within the white elephant's skin will ward off evil from the kingdom, and bring blessings upon monarch and people.

Such things seem very strange to us; but no stranger, perhaps, than some of our beliefs and customs would appear to the Siamese. There are beautiful truths at the foundation of their religious faith; it is human ignorance that has changed them into superstitions. Some of the doctrines taught by Buddha are not unworthy of Christianity itself; while many of the Buddhist forms of worship resemble those of the Catholic Church. Alike in Catholic and Pagan temples one sees decorated shrines, lighted candles, smoking incense, holy water, kneelings and prostrations. The priests and monks of both are bound by vows of celibacy, penance, and good works.

The "wats," or temples, are magnificent, with their splendid gateways, gilded domes and spires, and gorgeous interiors. There is one that must have cost near a million dollars; it contains nine hundred images of Buddha, one of which is a colossal figure one hundred and fifty-eight feet long, forty-five feet high, and with feet sixteen feet long and five broad. The pagodas and minarets of the city flame in the sunlight, which flashes on ornaments of porcelain, silver, and gold.

A curious and dreadful custom prevails, of sacrificing human beings. If a new fort or gateway of the citadel is to be erected, these poor wretches are seized, feasted, worshipped, and finally slain, that they may become the guardians of the place. So when a wealthy citizen has occasion to bury a treasure, in order to save it from being seized by the government he usually sends the soul of a slave to watch over it.

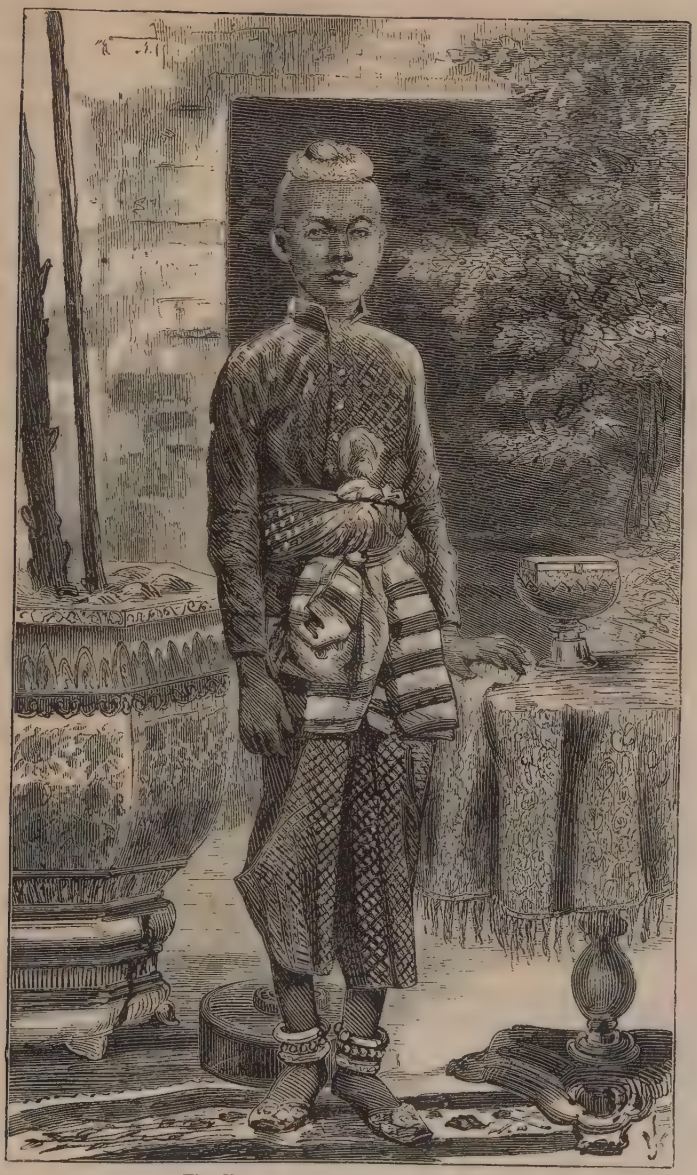
As our country has its president and vice-president, so Siam has a first or supreme king and a second king. The latter, however, has no political office or power, and enjoys no special privilege except that of approaching the real king on two feet instead of creeping on all-fours. He does not even inherit the kingdom on the death of the supreme king. He is not much more than a noble of the very highest rank.

Social rank in Siam is indicated by numbers, ranging all the way from five for the meanest slave to one hundred thousand for the second king. The number for the supreme king cannot be expressed in figures; it is infinite!

Connected with the royal household is a guard of several hundred Amazons, or female soldiers, trained and officered by women.

The eldest son of the king and queen, and heir to the crown, is described by the English Governess, whose pupil he was, as an amiable, affectionate, handsome lad, who had thought much of the destiny that awaited him, and learned to dread the royal state.

"I had rather be a poor man," he once said to her, "than a king like my father. 'T is true, a poor man must work hard for his living; but



The Heir-Apparent (now King of Siam).

then he is free, which a king is not. I can understand that I am great in that I have the soul of a man, and in that alone."

The boy was wise beyond his years. He has since become king in his

father's place; it is to be hoped that he still keeps something of the truth and nobility of mind which he showed to his English teacher and friend.

The king complained to the Governess that the geographies called him an *absolute monarch*.

"I am not absolute!" he scolded. "If I point the end of my walking-stick at my enemy and wish him dead, he does not die, but lives on, in spite of my *absolute* will. What does geographies mean? How can I be an *absolute monarchy?*"

The enemy he wished dead was a Frenchman whom he durst not harm for fear of the power of France. Any of his own people he could have caused to be put to death at pleasure. But there was a limit to such self-indulgence: hence he could not consider himself "absolute."

The king was not a good family man. His treatment of his wives, if they chanced to displease him, was sometimes shockingly brutal.

One named "Hidden-Perfume," who had long been out of favor with her lord, ventured to petition him that an appointment lately held by her uncle who had died might be given to her brother. Her little boy, the king's own son, ten years old, presented the petition on his knees. On reading it, he flew into a terrible passion, dashed the paper back into the child's face, and ordered the mother first to be whipped, and then to be thrown into a dungeon. The place had already, without her knowledge, been given to another; and for her to ask it then he regarded as an act of rebellion.

"She is plotting against my throne!" he shrieked. "Lash her till she confesses the crime!"

The women who executed the sentence made the flogging as light as possible; for neither of them could be sure but her turn would come next. All the confession they could extort from Hidden-Perfume was that she was his Majesty's "meanest slave, and ready to give her life for his pleasure."

"Beat her on the mouth with a slipper for lying!" roared the royal tiger.

This done, she was shut up in the dungeon, where the Governess, by bribing the jailers, managed to visit her unhappy pupil.

The entrance to the cell was by a trap-door and a ladder. Only one small grated window let a little light into the place, showing the muddy floor, the damp walls covered with moss and mould and hideous designs meant to represent hunger, terror, and despair, and the bedstead of rough boards on which lay the prisoner, chained, with only an image of her god to console her. The Governess brought her better comfort, and, by interceding afterwards with the prime minister, succeeded in effecting the poor woman's release.*

The royal children stood in terror of the whims and passions of their

* See "The English Governess at the Court of Siam"; and also Mrs. Leonowens's new book, "The Romance of the Harem," which is full of the most curious and interesting information concerning royal domestic life in Siam. Just published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

Siamese Flower-Girl.

own father; they dreaded his frowns, they cringed for his smiles, they learned to flatter and deceive him.

But children in Siam, children even of the king, are like children every-

where else: they love play, and must be amused. Siamese girls have dolls to dress and undress and put to bed; boys have toy boats, and floating houses with little toy families occupying them, all true to the life. As the ceremony of hair-cutting for the young princes is a very important and magnificent one, the children imitate it in their play, and cut the hair of their dolls with great solemnity.

Kite-flying, here as in China, is a favorite sport with all classes. "At the season when the south-wind prevails, innumerable kites of diverse forms, many of them representing gigantic butterflies, may be seen sailing and darting over every quarter of the city, and most thickly over the palace and its appendages. Parties of young noblemen devote themselves with ardor to the sport, betting on results of skill and luck; and it is entertaining to observe how cleverly they manage the huge paper toys, entangling and capturing each other's kites, and dragging them disabled to the earth."

Wrestling, boxing, and racing are favorite sports. The game of foot-shuttlecock is thus described by Mrs. Leonowens: —

"The shuttlecock is like our own, but the battledoor is the sole of the foot. A number of young men form a circle on a clean plot of ground. One of them opens the game by throwing the feathered toy to the player opposite him, who, turning quickly and raising his leg, receives it on the sole of his foot, and sends it like a shot to another, and he to another; and so it is kept flying for an hour or more, without once falling to the ground."

A favorite sport with the nobility is a sort of croquet played on horseback. The players, mounted on spirited steeds and armed with long-handled mallets, croquet a number of small balls into two deep holes, within a ground marked off by a line drawn around it.

The Siamese are passionately fond of theatrical amusements. Every day in the year, and in every street of the city, and all along the river, booths and floating saloons may be seen, in which tragedy, comedy, and burlesques are enacted before thrilled and delighted audiences. The dresses of the players in the court theatre are exceedingly rich and costly, and always in the fashion of the court.

The Siamese are naturally ingenious, and of late years the government has favored the introduction of European inventions and improvements into the country. Yet it fosters genius in a curious and very fatal way; for if a man chance to produce anything wonderful or valuable in art, he and his work are liable to be pounced upon at once, and appropriated, "one to serve the king, the other to adorn the palace." So if a man has artistic talent, it is for his interest to conceal it. The most splendid slavery cannot compensate for the loss of freedom.

In conclusion, we may say that Siam seems to be an interesting country to visit, or, better still, perhaps, to read about in Mrs. Leonowens's charming books; but the more we know of it, the greater reason we have to congratulate ourselves that we are born and live under no despot's rule, but in a land of liberty and law.

OUR LITTLE WOMAN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

NOW, however sorry we might be for Aunt McQuentin, — and I was very sorry, — and however sorry we might be for Lois, — and I was very sorry, — this was no light matter. I mean, to know that they would stay with us, and not to know how long. People who live in Commonwealth Avenue, for instance, can have no idea how hard it is for people in Perry Street, sometimes, to be hospitable in the great old thorough way, away down to the corners of our hearts, and up to the lights across our eyes, and about the wrinkles on our mouths, and to the least, last echo of our voices.

I have always thought that there was nothing that I should like better than to have a reputation for hospitality. And with a grand house, and a carriage, and a laundress, and a seven-dollar cook, and a negro man to wait on the door, and a girl to post on every stair, if you wanted a girl on every stair for any reason, how easy it would be — at least, I think it would — to have your poor relations die of tumors in your spare rooms; and how comfortable, in a way, you could make them feel about it! Sometimes, too, I think, there is a kind of grandness in one's feelings, which comes of grandness in one's house and all one's ways of life, that makes a care and worry seem only half the care and half the worry that it seems in smaller places.

But we are not grand at all in Perry Street, and it meant so much to us, especially to Mary Alice and me, and especially at first, having Lois and her mother in our house, that it seemed to be the most important thing in all the world, and the most difficult to manage.

It meant nearly twice as much to cook and clear away, and that is something; it meant twice as many plates to wash; it meant running up and down stairs. It meant Mary Alice cook and I chambermaid all washing-day and ironing-day besides; it meant dusting and sweeping and running to market at all sorts of inconvenient times; it meant getting up an hour earlier, and getting to bed an hour later; it meant not having the Shakespeare Club in our turn, and giving up our Private Theatricals that Mary Alice and Tom had set their hearts on; it meant sending for doctors at all sorts of hours, and being called up at midnight to heat water, and being sent for by mother, just as we had gone up to dress in the afternoon, to run in and sit in the sick-room while Lois took a nap; it meant mother tired out, and Mary Alice in the blues; it meant a general dreary feeling about the house, as if we had turned into the Massachusetts General Hospital ourselves. Above all, and worse than all, it meant Patty cross as a bear.

And yet it meant many other things of another kind. It was a wonder to

me, as the weeks ran on and away, and Aunt McQuentin's suffering life slid on and away with them, to find how many pleasant things it meant; how many new and gentle things; how many sweet and still and patient things; how many things that I had never thought about nor cared about in my whole life before.

It meant a sorry and helpful feeling that took the edge off ironing-day and the sting out of Patty's impertinence. It meant — at least to me — a kind of shame about my little woes and worries, and a great thought that struck me like a church-bell one Sunday morning when I sat with Aunt McQuentin, about the sick people and the suffering people in all the whole round world, and about the well people and the happy people that could do so much to ease and bless them, and that did so little. It meant coming to love and honor my Aunt McQuentin as if she had been a queen, and not a housekeeper. And especially it meant finding out that a Lynn shoe-shop girl could be like Lois.

That was a great discovery.

"If she only had a little more manner and a little more schooling," said Mary Alice one day, "I don't see but she would be like any other girl!"

"I suppose," said I, for I had been thinking it all over, "that if *we* had had a 'little more manner and a little more schooling,' as you say, we never should have felt so about the shoe-shop."

"I don't know what you mean," said Mary Alice.

"I mean," said I, "that if we had been ladies all around —"

"Of course, we 're ladies!" interrupted Mary Alice.

"Yes," said I, "of course. But there 's an *all around* kind of lady that is different. I mean if we 'd had all the dresses, and the front-doors, and the sense that everybody knew it, and nobody could mistake it, I suppose we should n't have cared if all our cousins were chambermaids. But I don't know. And I don't know whether all that makes the difference, either."

"I don't believe you do, or anybody else!" said Mary Alice, who never half took my idea; it was all my fault, she said.

Not that Lois and her mother were not as little trouble as they knew how to be or could be; I would n't have anybody think they were not that. The way it worried Aunt McQuentin, and the way it troubled Lois, to feel as they felt when they first came, that Mary Alice and I took their being there in such a hateful way, I cannot half explain.

"I wish we 'd had our own house for mother to die in!" said Lois one day, when they had been there about a week, half under her breath, shutting her thin lips tight together; yet nothing in the world had happened, except that Patty had scolded in her hearing about carrying water up to the spare room, — "I wish we had had our own house, mother! We meant to," said Lois, turning suddenly round to me. "We 've been saving up for three years. We should have done it in two years more. I meant my mother to stop work, and have a home with me before she died. O mother!" cried Lois. "O *mother!*" She snatched up her mother's hands and held them

to her lips, and kissed them fast and hard. But Aunt McQuentin only said, "Little woman! little woman!" and stroked Lois's short, thin hair.

At another time I remember feeling sorely, sorely sad and shamed. Mother had been away a fortnight — down with Cousin Susan at West Roxbury, with a croupy baby; Cousin Susan always has a croupy baby, and mother has to go and see it at least once in every year. She had left Mary Alice and me to keep house, and we 'd done the best we could. I tried to think of everything Aunt McQuentin could want done. But the night mother came home she came into our room, and said, "Girls!"

And I could n't think what she could mean till she had told us how she came home and found that we had forgotten to supply bandages for the sick-room; "and, Hannah, Lois has torn up all her underclothes rather than ask you girls for old cotton pieces!"

But by and by in the sultry weather, when Aunt McQuentin grew so weak, and by and by, again, in the solemn September evenings, when we knew that any midnight or any morning we might look in and find her "away," all this was changed, and Lois grew to understand us better, and to dislike us less, and even to sit and talk with us a little about her mother's life and hers, and what they had borne, and what they had hoped and planned, and how much they had been to one another.

"We meant to have a house," she would say again and over again. "We meant to! That was why we lived apart. I could make so much more in Lynn. And she got that place at Newbury. I meant to work for two, you see! Mother 's had such a hard life since father died. I meant when we got a house to have her rest, and —" And there she would stop and go away up stairs, and into her mother's room; and then, through the open doors, I always heard Aunt McQuentin's cherry, patient voice: —

"There, there, little woman! Mother's little woman!"

Sometimes Lois was bright and merry, to make her mother laugh, poor thing! Sometimes we found them frolicking together like two children. That was apt to be when somebody had sent flowers in, and they stood upon the bureau by the bed. A flower made Aunt McQuentin feel as most people feel in sunshine. I know she would rather have seen a flower at any time than anything else in the world but Lois.

"I should like," she sometimes said, "if it pleased the Lord, to die before the flowers do. It is so much warmer to think of! I should have liked best to be buried in May, if it had been my place to choose."

This made me think of something I had read in an old book of mother's, that I take up on Sundays when I can't find anything else. It went like this, — and it seems to me that it goes like a bit of music; I think I could set it to scraps of Mozart, that you could pick up in a sonata at any time.

"All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. . . . . And all her care is that she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet."

One day, when I had brought her in from town some pearl and some rose-colored heather, with a spray of moss (it only cost me fifteen cents,

and I should have spent that on taffy and thought nothing about it), I happened into the sick-room suddenly, and found Lois laughing.

"I 've been calling her all the Scotch names I can think of," said her mother, patting her cheek two or three soft times. "I began with the heather, and used up all the flowers, and I was just beginning with the birds, when you came in."

"Let *me* hear them," said I. So she said them over in the ringing, rugged Scotch that she and Lois talked when they were by themselves so much. "They sound like the heather," said I. And they did. But I liked "Little Woman" better, after all.

"How different it must be!" said I to Mary Alice one day, speaking without explaining, as I always do.

"What must? the linen?" said Mary Alice; for we had been comparing Holbrooke's and Hovey's cuffs.

"No, the way Lois McQuentin has lived, from our life, yours and mine."

Mary Alice said, "Yes, poor thing!" and she felt so sorry for her! But I went thinking on. I wondered what it would be like, to work for a living, and to live away from one's mother, and to wear short hair, and never to have taken music-lessons, and never to go to concerts, nor to have a pattern from Demorests', and not to buy candy or to read novels, nor to dress in the afternoon, nor to belong to a Shakespeare Club. And when I looked into Lois's face, and at her brown, hard hands (they *were* brown and hard, and had not a ring upon them), and at her plain alpaca dresses, and back into her face again, I wondered why I had a feeling of respect towards her, as if she had been a person very much older than I.

"My dear," said Aunt McQuentin to me one night, when Lois and I were there together, "if you had n't been so good to us, my dear, I *should* have regretted sometimes, when I looked at you, that my girl could not have had your chance."

"I don't want her chance," spoke up Lois, quickly.

"Nor I would n't take it from her," said Aunt McQuentin, solemnly. "May she keep it all! May she use it and bless it, and may it bless her all the days of her life. She 's been a good girl to us. But it *is* a chance, Hannah; and chances don't come to everybody."

I wondered exactly what she meant by my "chance"; if she meant the Shakespeare Club, and the concerts, and my spending-money, and my afternoons, and my mother, and other things that Lois must go without. But I did not ask.

"I wish I had something to leave the girls, Lois!" said she, smiling after that at Lois. "But I 've got nothing to leave to anybody. I 've got nothing to leave to my little woman but my dear love; and I 've got nothing to leave to the girls but my little woman!"

Once in a great, great while, it seemed as if it would *kill* Lois to know that she could not keep her mother in this live world, and that her live face and her live voice were dying out before her, like a fire that no one could build up. This was one of these times. She leaped and sprang

across the room and crept into her mother's arms, and wrung and wrung her hands and cried, but only choked in that way of hers, and never shed a tear. And all she said was what she said before, — "O *mother!*"

And sweet and still as summer sunsets, fading weakly down the sky, there always came her mother's answer, — "Little woman! little woman! *don't* cry!"

And so, as I said, the sultry weather crept away, and the sweet September cool came on, and it came even to Lois at last, though last of all, to see that all would be over when the leaves curled in our garden, and when the heather shrank and drooped in the vases at the window with the touch of the early frosts. She would have the granting of her gentle wish. She would "die before the flowers did." But to Lois and to all of us there came, one pleasant night, a surprise.

"She 's been talking Scotch to me," said Lois, coming down at tea-time. "Father's Scotch, all she can remember; all the words she ever taught me, over and over. I wish you would come up and see her. She seems bright, and wants a cup of tea."

Mother took the tea, and we all went up. Aunt McQuentin was sitting back against the pillows; her eyes were bright, and she smiled at seeing us come in. She began again at once to talk in "Father's Scotch," smiling all the while.

"I dinna ken how it cam' aboot, Robin," so she said, looking straight at Lois. "I didna think ye would ha' let me dee o' my tumor without a hame to my name in a' the warld. I 'm richt well the nicht, and glad to see ye, Robin. I 've greeted sair for ye the while. The girl is a sonsie lassie, and speein' up ta' to look like ye, my lad. She 's my little woman, Robin, my little woman, — there, there! mither's little woman, never mind!"

Lois had risen very pale.

"She does not know what she 's saying! Aunt Colby, if my mother is going to die, I should like to be with her all alone."

"I guess she won't die, my dear, to-night," said mother, doubtfully; "but I 'll step across into my room, and you can call me if you want me. Will that do?"

"That will do," said Lois. She said it in the same voice in which she said "Very well" to me the day I went in and met her at the hospital.

So mother and Mary Alice and I went over into mother's room and sat down. It could not have been fifteen minutes before Lois came in.

"Well, my dear," said mother, jumping anxiously up, "can I do anything now? How is she, dear?"

Lois stood still and looked about the room; she seemed to see nothing; she seemed to hear nothing; she passed her hand to and fro across her eyes.

Mother ran in. Mary Alice screamed, and hid her face. I tried to take Lois in my arms. Before mother came back and told us, it had seemed to me as if Aunt McQuentin had been dead a year.

"O Lois," said I, "why don't you *cry?*"

CHAPTER IV.

"BUT you 're *our* 'little woman' now!" I said this to Lois a week after the funeral, when she and I were alone up stairs folding away her mother's things; though, in truth, I was only there to kiss her and cry over her a little; she would not let me touch anything myself.

For Lois had said "Lynn!" that morning; and I should n't have believed that I could feel so badly to have her go away from our house. Besides, it seemed to me the natural and romantic and pleasant way that she should stay with us; I never read a story in all my life about an orphan cousin who did not stay with her relations after her mother died. And then, we had all grown so fond of Lois.

"It would be pleasant," said Lois, without any fuss or "Thank you's!" "but a girl who earns her own living can't always do pleasant things. I must go back to Lynn to earn some money. Why, Hannah, I 've but one dress left in the world, — this brown alpaca; and my boots are worn out, and my underclothes are almost *gone*."

"But mother would lend you things," said I, vaguely, "and you could earn your own living in Cambridge as well as in Lynn." A grave smile settled on Lois's poor, little, worn, white face.

"But, Hannah, I 'm a shop-girl; I 've learned my trade; I can't make so much money at anything else; and I don't want to. You would n't want a *real* shop-girl, really going about her business, for a cousin here at Cambridge for the rest of your life; you know that as well as I do. Besides, there 's no use talking. I 'm going back to Lynn."

"What are you going to do," asked I, "when you 've got your dresses and your shoes?"

Now Lois had been talking to mother that very day about earning and saving, and paying for her board and her mother's at our house for all the time that Aunt McQuentin had been sick.

"I could do it," said Lois, "in a little while." And I 've no doubt she could and would. But mother had set her foot down about that. Lois was disappointed; I really think she would have been happier to have had it so.

"I 've always had something to earn *for*," she said, drearily. "I don't know what it will be like to go back to Lynn with nothing to earn for. I must find something, I suppose."

Now all this sounded very strangely to me, and gave me many strange thoughts.

"Lois," said I, "what would you do if you did n't *have* to earn your own living?"

"Earn it!" said Lois, promptly.

"But why?" said I.

"I don't know why," said Lois; "because I should n't know how to do any other way, I suppose. If I lived as you do, Hannah Colby, I should *choke*."

"Lois," said I, "to tell the honest truth, I *do* sometimes myself; sometimes on a rainy day, or when my head aches reading stories, it seems to me as if I were living more like a baby than like a young woman nineteen — almost twenty years old."

"I don't wonder," said Lois, in her blunt fashion, "I think you are. I always thought so."

"But then," said I, "I don't want to earn my own living, for all that; not the least bit in the world."

"Very well," said Lois, in that way she had, as if there were nothing more to say about it; and indeed there was not.

So Lois packed her little trunk, and pressed a piece of heather that was left drying on the bureau in her mother's room, and one night she went off to her mother's grave alone, and the next day she took the noon train to Lynn, and Patty swept out her room, and Tom came in to see when we would have the Club, and everything ran on and closed up about the gap that she left, as if she had never been there at all.

Every few weeks she wrote to mother; every few months to me; short little pleasant letters, saying that she was well and at work, and that she always remembered our faces; and did the ivy that she sent, root out on the grave? and did the heather live? and her love to the girls, and how was Patty's toothache? and that was about all.

That was all till this very week on which I am writing; this very last Monday morning, at twelve o'clock.

I heard the door-bell, but was busy quilling poplin for the bottom of my cashmere skirt, and thought it was the carrier, and thought no more about it till Lois McQuentin walked right into my arms.

She was dressed in black empress-cloth, and had on a pretty black hat, and some kid gloves, — mended, but they did very well. For all her upper-skirt was just hemmed, she looked very nicely — very; I would n't have minded even taking her to a Symphony Concert, just as she was.

Of course, I saw and thought all this before I had kissed her twice. She could stay till night, she said; must go back in the last train; but she wanted to go out and see how the heather looked; and then she had something to tell us, and she thought she might as well come on and tell it herself.

Now I thought in a minute, "Engaged! She 's engaged — to some Lynn fellow; and she has come to tell us." And I wondered why I had never thought of such a thing about Lois before; but I never had; it had never occurred to me that she could be engaged.

"I 've about made up my mind what to earn my living for," said Lois, smiling. And I thought, "She wants to buy her wedding-dress and parlor furniture, like any other girl"; but I only said, "What is it?" smiling to see her smile.

"I 'm going to be a doctor," said Lois, quietly, taking off her hat and sitting down beside me.

"A DOCTOR?"

"A doctor."

I dropped all my quilling, and sat with my mouth open looking at her.

"Well," said Lois, "what 's the matter?"

"Why, nothing 's the matter; but — a *doctor!* Why, Lois, you have n't any education!"

"I can get it," said Lois, shutting her thin lips.

"Nor any money!"

"I can earn it," said Lois, with her lips shut quite out of shape.

"Nor any home!"

"I can board," said Lois.

"And you 're twenty-three years old."

"I can work the harder to make up," said Lois.

"And nobody believes in women doctors!"

"Somebody must be *made* to," said Lois.

"And they have to starve, and take in washing and sewing and all that, to get along."

"Not exactly," said Lois; "there was a woman doctor who made ten thousand dollars out of her practice in New York last year; and one somewhere in New Jersey who thinks nothing of seventeen."

"But *you* 'll never make ten thousand dollars."

"No," said Lois, "I never shall; but I shall make a living, I guess."

"But you 'll have to begin — why, you 'll have to begin —"

"I shall have to begin at a high school," said Lois, promptly. "In fact, I 've begun."

"Begun!"

"I entered this term. I studied evenings, after I came home from the shop, all last year; I saved up enough to pay my board this term, and passed the examination, and got into the middle class. It will take me a year more, if I can go straight through."

"And then you will have to go to a medical school!"

"Yes, and then I shall hope to go to a medical college."

"How long will *that* take?"

"Three years," said Lois, composedly.

"Three years! Can't you get off with less?"

"I won't be a quack!" said Lois, not so composedly. "I will have an honest and honorable diploma, or I 'll stay in Lynn till I die! I 'll know what I know, or I won't know anything! I 'll be as fit as other doctors to take people's lives in my hands, or I 'll make shoes to the end of my days! Of course, I can't make a scientific celebrity of myself with my education, but I 'll make a good, plain, trustworthy doctor; and if I don't know as much as some medical students I saw coming in on the horse-car to-day, — Harvard fellows, with eye-glasses and such eyes! — why, I 'm mistaken, that 's all."

"What are you going to live on for three years — for four years to come?"

"Shoes!" said Lois, shortly, "and my wits, perhaps, and pluck. I 'll

get through somehow. I shall go into the shop vacations. I shall go in on Saturdays, too. I can get work of my overseer any time."

"But you 'll die, to work so hard!"

"You can't kill me very easily," said Lois, slightly smiling. "I 'm half Scotch. Scotch people never die. My father never would have died if he had n't been drowned. Besides, I can teach school when I know enough. If worst comes to worst, I can insure my life and borrow. Other people do."

"It 's very dreadful to run in debt, I think," said I.

"Not so dreadful as it is not to, sometimes. But maybe I sha' n't come to that. I don't mean to."

"How much do you pay for board?" asked I.

"Four dollars a week."

"And how much do you earn at the shop?"

"About twelve; sometimes a little more."

I counted it over fast, to myself; twelve weeks' vacation, and fifty-two Saturdays — allowing for no sickness, no doctor's bills, no travelling —

"Lois McQuentin!" said I, "do you think you can dress, and live, and pay for your books and tuition, and nobody knows what not, on forty-two dollars a year, after you 've paid your board?"

"I can try," said Lois, laughing. "I 've set my heart on it. I 'll begin, and see what comes. My mother used to say, 'I 'll make a spoon, or spoil the horn,' and I *will!*"

I brushed away all my poplin quilling, — it seemed so foolish to me, lying round while Lois was talking, — and I put my elbows on my knees, and my chin into my hands, and looked into Lois McQuentin's face, long and steadily.

Lois is n't handsome. She was pale and thin that day. She was sad and worn. Her hair was short. Her lips were thin. Her hands were brown. But she had a grand look to me; and her great pale-blue Scotch eyes, looking back into mine, were so brave and bright! They made me think of watch-fires burning on a windy night.

"Hannah Colby!" said I to myself, while I sat and looked at them, "*you* don't amount to much!"

"Lois," said I aloud, "what made you think of this, and decide upon it, and take it so to heart? If you want to get out of the shoe-shop, you might do a dozen easier things than study medicine."

"I heard my mother say one day," she answered in a low and earnest voice, "that there ought to have been women doctors at that hospital. And she said," added Lois, after a moment's pause, "'Little woman! I wish I could have given you Hannah Colby's chance.' 'What for, mother?' said I, 'to make a doctor of *me?*' 'I should like that,' said mother. But she never said such a thing again. I never thought of it myself, till I found it was so different — without mother; and so lonesome to earn a living for nothing — without mother."

"There 's another thing," said I. "Your mother used to call you —"

"Well!" said Lois, sharply.

"Why, it seems so — so strong-minded, and all that," said I. "It does n't seem to me somehow like anybody's 'little woman'; ours, or — hers."

"Hannah Colby," said Lois, "don't you suppose I 've thought of *that?* And don't you suppose that I know, and my mother knows, and you ought to know, that if it means *anything* to be a 'little woman,' — I don't care whose, — it means to be the most, and the best, and the noblest, and the most needed thing that you can get or make the chance to be? If there 's a better or greater or nobler thing for a woman to do in this year 1872 than the thing I am going to do, I should like to see it! That 's what *I* think. And I 'm not afraid," said Lois, with a light all through and over her thoughtful face, — "I 'm not afraid of not being my mother's little woman!"

"Not if you cut off people's legs and arms?" I laughed; but I felt like crying, I 'm sure I could n't have told why.

"Not if I cut off a museumful of legs and arms!" said Lois, laughing back. "Why, Hannah! what is the matter with *you?*"

I brushed away the tears, for I did not know how to tell her how I honored and loved and envied her, and how I felt about the poplin quilling, and my easy, silly, good-for-nothing, restless life; how I knew that I never, never could do what she is doing; and how I knew that I should never, never be contented with what I am doing, and what a difference there was, and how it puzzled me.

"Then there 's Mary Alice," said I. "She does n't even bother about the difference. She quills, and I quill; but I don't feel as if the world were made to quill in, — since I knew you, Lois, — and she does. Then there 's Tom. They 're engaged, I suppose, and so happy!"

"Mary Alice engaged!" said Lois.

"It 's about the same. Mother makes them call it an 'understanding,' till Tom gets through college. And there 's another thing!" said I. "We 're all in a jumble, Lois, — we girls, I think."

"What thing?" asked Lois.

I tried to tell her what I had never told anybody in my life before — how I thought sometimes that *I* liked Tom myself, and how it made me feel. But I could n't say how it made me feel, not even to Lois.

"But I sha' n't marry, at any rate," I said. "I shall never marry, Lois; I 'm nineteen, you see; I 'm old enough to know. If I must n't love Tom, I won't love anybody. And that makes a part of the difference about the quilling, and the other things that trouble me. But I don't want to earn my living, either; and how could I, if I did? And *that* would n't make me great and noble and so on, unless I were great and noble behind it, Lois. And so goes my 'chance,' that your mother used to talk about! It 's too late for it, I think." Lois smiled, and kissed me in her dear and scanty way, but made me feel as she always makes me feel, as if she were so much older than I.

"If you were nineteen hundred instead of nineteen," said Lois, "it

would n't be too late. It is never too late for the kind of chance that mother meant. But run and call your mother now, and Mary Alice, for I must hurry, or I shall lose my train."

And so that was the end of that.

Now that I have written it out, I see how plain and right-along and broken off it all is; and I wish with all my heart that I could see half a dozen years ahead, to finish this true story of my cousin Lois.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

THE SONG OF A STAR.

I AM your star, sweet sleeper;
Night by night I gleam
Down through the casement on your curls,
In the dim room where you dream.

I love you dearly, dearly,
More dearly than you think,
Ripe little mouth and dimpled arm
And shoulders plump and pink!

Sometimes you softly watch me
Just ere you drop to sleep,
Filled with sweet fancies whilst I shine
From heaven's blue, limpid deep.

You wonder much about me,
But ah, you never guess
What love I bear you in my beams,
What yearning tenderness!

And in the years hereafter,
'T is sad for me to know,
You will not give one least vague thought
To the star that loves you so!

Yet always when they pay you
Praise for some noble deed,
I shall have set within your heart
Its sacred, precious seed.

This is my comfort, surely,
Here in my distant sky
To be your guardian, guide, and friend,
Though you never dream 't is I!

Edgar Fawcett.

NIMROD, THE MONKEY.

RUMBLE! rattle! bounce! jolt! jump! creak! up, up, and around that tall spiral hill! Whoa! Was ever that call more welcome? If the horses had had hands, how quickly they would have wiped the sweat from off their broad chests and tired necks!

Nan stood up in front of the lumbering old Jersey wagon, to shake out her dress and look around her, while Farmer Murphy hitched Jo and Peg to a post. There was not much to see save trees of hemlock and pine, rising tier above tier, until the summit was lost in the blue overhead; except just in front of them an avenue, with a Gothic cottage at the end of it, which glowed in the August sunshine like a huge sapphire.

A minute after, and down the main walk ran Vinnie Reed, the twelve-year-old hostess; another instant the twelve-months-parted cousins were rapturously embracing one another, while a half-dozen kisses were sandwiched between the salutations, "You darling Nan!" and "You dear old Vin!"

"How can you call this place dull!" said Nan, as her free, joyous spirit looked out through a pair of clear hazel eyes upon glinting leaves, swaying boughs, narrow brown paths up green hills, distant rocks, and swallows twittering from the eaves of the house gables.

"I 'll not do it again while you are with me, be sure of that," said honest Vinnie, as the girls entered the cool, matted hall; and almost from the giving of that pledge, began the "once upon a time" of this story.

Dinner was soon announced. The dining-room was cool as a May morning, the table was beautifully adorned (for the Reeds had refinement as well as money), and as Vinnie slipped her hand over to Nan's, while Uncle Reed asked a blessing, there stole into Nan's heart a delicious consciousness of present comfort and "lots" of fun ahead.

"Amen," said Uncle Reed, devoutly.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo! doo, oo-o!" said somebody else, very near him. And Nan's closed eyes opened upon a stately Shanghai rooster, as tall as a baby, and with a comb red as a ripe strawberry.

"It is too bad, Joss! Why did you not pen him up?" said Aunt Reed, reprovingly, to the little black waiter who stood grinning from ear to ear behind her.

"'Deed I did, mistus, but he flewed over de fence. 'Spect he knowed we had watermillion."

"Ka-tah, ka-tah, tah!" responded the rooster, in a voice soothing as a creaking door, while with a flap of his strong wings he arose and balanced himself on the back of Uncle Reed's chair.

"Billy Button, Miss Nan," said Vinnie.

"Your admiring cousin," responded delighted Nan.

Billy swayed to and fro like a "rock a by, baby, on the tree-top," his

bright eyes fixed upon a luscious melon, which, cut like a tulip, adorned the centre of the table.

"You never wrote me a word about the queer old fellow," said Nan, reproachfully.

"Because they all made so much fun of me," replied Vinnie. "I can tell you his story in a minute though. Speckled Queen Victoria had nine little yellow peeps, — all but one; he was streaked with black, and she would n't own him. I pitied the poor little lonely chick, and put him to sleep in a box of cotton every night for two weeks. He lived all over the house in daytime. Every one petted him, for he was as fearless as a kitten. One day I made him a little white red-riding-hood to sleep in. O, he looked the cutest in it you ever saw! One morning when he was about five weeks old, I forgot to undress him, and he found his way into the poultry-yard. Mother heard an awful fuss among the chickens, and when she got there the hens were huddled in one corner, nearly frightened to death at the spectacle of little Billy running about in his night-clothes. Even Victoria stood in awe of her son, and let him pick among the oyster-shells without pecking at him as usual. After that he stayed among his family until he would hear the dinner-bell ring. Instantly he would run into the hall, his 'cheep, cheep,' being the first sound we would hear. At sundown he always came in to get his riding-hood put on, and, until he was half grown, used to roost on the foot-board of my bed. *Now* he is king of the entire yard, doing just as he pleases, and will come in to his meals all we can do to prevent him, and crow after papa says grace. On Sunday he takes a strut up and down the front balcony, and crows at the people going to church in their wagons."

"Yes, Billy is a bird of liberty," said Uncle Reed, handing him a generous bit of roast beef which he gobbled down at one mouthful, "and thinks himself monarch of all he surveys."

Prophetic words! Well for his majesty that he did not understand school-boy classics, nor dream of a future beyond the present hour.

It was about three o'clock, when, tired with the extreme heat and their explorations through house and garden, the girls sought Vinnie's up-stairs room for an afternoon's nap. Its one tall window opened out into a veranda covered with morning-glories, and from beyond them arose a prospect of mountain crag, tree-tops, and green shaded aisles, which would have wooed a less reckless pedestrian than our adventurous and daring Nan.

"I 'll make Vin hunt me," she said to herself, as, tying on her leghorn hat, with its drooping white feather, she crept unseen across the rear yard and disappeared among the pines. It was delicious to the town girl, this spicy air and unmeasured freedom. Higher and higher, through whortle-berry-bushes and scrubby laurel, up she climbed, until a table rock, draped and fringed with lichens, invited a rest.

"Who is that throwing?" she suddenly exclaimed, as a pine cone struck her on the shoulder. "Who are you? Stop it!" was her more emphatic query, as a second and larger one hit her arm.

There was no answer, nor sign of any living creature among the thick boughs overhead.

Presently a heavy twig of decayed wood came crashing down through the branches, and, as she leaped aside to avoid it, something landed on her hat, crushing the brim down so close to her eyes, that to see was impossible. Another something like a snake curled around her neck, followed by a pawing, sliding, and ground-and-lofty-tumbling on the very crown of her head.

With an awful fear she tore the green hat-string loose from its hold. The hat tumbled backward; and, still sitting on it and waving aloft the pretty feather, was a Vervet monkey, with the most conceited, wrinkled old face ever seen, surrounded by a pair of whiskers as white as silver. There was a narrow collar of red morocco around his neck, with a tiny silver plate stitched on it bearing the simple inscription "Nimrod," but it was not at that informal meeting Nan first discovered it.

There *he* sat, looking up at her as wise and paternal as though he was a hundred times over her great-grandfather; and there *she* stood, not knowing what to say or do next. Nimrod spoke first, chattering something which sounded so much like "crackity, crackity, crackity," Nan involuntarily put her hand in her pocket for a peanut. Nimrod understood the motion, and immediately a little black paw with a naked palm followed it, jerking out handkerchief, ivory tablets (her mother's parting gift), and gloves, and then trembled with delight at finding a paper of mint lozenges at the very bottom.

Long live lozenges! They won Nimrod's monkey heart, and made him henceforth, during their brief association, Nan's "most obedient servant." Having greedily filled his cheek pouches until they stood out like walnuts, and were unable to hold another grain, he leaped on Nan's arm, leaned his black head caressingly against her, and would have looked pathetic, but for those ridiculous pouches. All fear gone, the woods rang with her laughter.

"Now I 've caught you!" shouted Vinnie, who, with Joss, suddenly appeared from behind the rock. One glance at Nan's queer companion, and she stood dumb and motionless. Not so, however, Joss. Having never seen a monkey, he advanced with hands and eyes uplifted in genuine amazement, exclaiming, "Whar on earth, Mis' Nanny, you fine dat little ole nigger man?"

A second after, Nimrod was clinging to Joss's wool like a burr, while the terrified lad dashed down the path homeward, yelling, "Take him off! De debbil 's got me! O, take him off! I 'll be good, sah, 'deed I will! I 'll scour de knibes clean, *'deed I will!* Oh! oh! O massy!"

The girls ran after him, Nan telling all she knew "between breaths"; and surely if an odder, merrier, noisier party than those four ever invade the quiet of a household, "may I be there to see."

Aunt Reed, not feeling very well bodily, was reclining in an easy-chair in the library, when this tornado of excitement burst upon her quiet, headed

by Joss. With eyes wildly rolling, and every muscle of his body twitching and jerking as though under the influence of a powerful galvanic battery, he flung himself at her feet speechless with horror, while Nimrod, coolly disentangling himself from his "coal-black steed," leaped upon a marble-topped table near by, and, seizing a small tumbler standing on it, which was half full of a cloudy liquid, drank the contents in one long draught. Poor monkey! The tumbler contained a large spoonful of essence of Jamaica ginger, weakened with a little sweetened water, but quite too pungent for Aunt Reed's palate (as she afterwards averred); hence she had not taken it. The immediate effect upon Nimrod was pitiable. He gasped for breath and clutched at the air wildly. No one knew what to do. Joss sprang to his feet, and, comprehending the situation in an instant, his distorted face grew almost radiant, as he struck his bare heels together, and, throwing up his hands, shouted, "Golly, golly, mistus! He 's dead sure!"

Brief triumph. In another instant the glass was hurled at him, and, as Joss vanished like a shadow through an open window, Nimrod disappeared behind the carved cornice of a high bookcase, where for a while they heard him thumping his head and lashing his tail as though in a fury.

Whose was he? Where did he come from? How did he get here? The speculations were piled up until they grew into a pyramid of mystery. In the mean time Uncle Reed came in from a neighboring lumber-mill, and after everybody had "spoken at once," he was expected to sit in judgment upon the case. Mounting a step-ladder (for matters had become very quiet near the ceiling), he peeped cautiously behind the cornice, and reported Nimrod fast asleep with his arms tied up in his tail. A closer examination revealed the collar and its legend, and led to the opinion, shared by all, that he was somebody's valued pet.

"You 'll not advertise him at once, papa," pleaded Vinnie. "There is no harm in not being honest for just a week; and he is no watch or pocket-book, you know."

"You will be glad enough when the owner comes," replied Uncle Reed, with that wise shake of the head which only those versed in monkey lore could translate.

When the tea-bell rang, there was no Joss to ply the fly-bush. He was reported to have been last seen clinging to the lightning-rod of the barn, and in a loud voice confessing his sins and praying for mercy; but the roof was now vacant. Billy Button, however, strutted in with all the majesty of a great Tycoon, and prepared to take his usual crumbs of comfort.

Fowl disaster! As Uncle Reed bowed his head to ask for the evening blessing, Nan espied two wicked eyes peering over the cornice, and, as Billy opened his bill for a speedy response, Nimrod pounced astride of his back with his face to the rooster's beautiful tail, which he clutched and clung to, as a timid child-rider to a horse's mane. It is impossible to describe that mad gallop round and round the table, with Billy emitting the most unchicken-like screeches, and Nimrod urging him to greater speed, as though he was on an Epsom race-course, instead of being in the dining-

room of a respectable country gentleman. Nobody could stop them. With a last despairing effort, Billy raised his strong wings, suddenly dislodging Nimrod, who, standing on the floor with each hand full of lovely feathers, saw his victim scrambling through the window after poor Joss.

The events of such a week as followed Billy's self-exile — for "his comb was cut" too badly for him ever again to come back — a dozen more pages would not contain. Nimrod's dislike to Vinnie, who wore a lawn dress of deep pink the first day he saw her, seemed as instantaneous as his predilection for Nan. True, he never bit her, but neither would he allow her to handle him; while for Nan he would exhibit the most jealous fondness, imitating her in the most trivial things. Seeing her tuck her napkin under her chin while eating soup one day, he suddenly appeared with the best lace tidy from off the parlor rocking-chair under *his* chin, having thrust his long arms through it for arm-holes. Springing into her lap, he unceremoniously dipped his little black hand like a ladle into her plate, and, when he found his fingers becoming greasy, wiped them on her flowing hair.

All hands were busy one morning, when Aunt Reed said, "Girls! cannot you make some brine for those gherkins? Fill the little cedar tub with water, and add coarse salt until the water will bear an egg."

Nimrod watched the operation from his perch on a window-shutter, then vanished. When next seen, he had Uncle Reed's best black silk hat standing under a spout, from which water was always running, half filled with small stones, and — ruined.

"I 'll advertise at once," said uncle, and he did.

Elsie the cook, a kindly-natured, portly colored woman (Joss's grandmother), took an immediate fancy to the little waif. She whispered to Nan: "Now don' you laff, honey. He 'minds me ob my ole man who jined his hebbenly Marster 'fore you war born. Oscar had jis sich a peart look about him, an' sich nice whiskers." Consequently, although Joss would fly at his approach, Elsie always had a smile of welcome for him, and browned coffee grains, which he never wearied of cracking.

Having watched Vinnie fill a newly starched toilet-cushion with pins, he paid a visit to the kitchen. Elsie was out, but on the table stood a Turk's head, with a risen tea-cake in it, ready for the oven. Brilliant idea! He knew just in what corner of the dresser was a tin box which had held baking powder, but which was now half full of rusty pins. Quicker than I can write it, his nimble fingers had thrust several dozen of them up to their heads into the "Sally Lunn"; then, whisking up a kitten which lay near the stove, he leaped into the hall before Elsie had returned with her burden of fire-wood.

Nan, with an atlas on her knees, sat on a stool writing a letter to Kiggins. Her theme was Nimrod (of course). As he approached her, carrying the kitten like some fond little mother, he looked as mild and inoffensive as a patriarch. She continued writing until called away "just for a minute" by Vinnie, who was spending her compulsory hour at the piano.

"I dare not stay, for Nim is in the hall nursing the kitten."

On her way back she heard a faint mewing. Nimrod was already seated, a model of herself, with the book and paper on his lap, completing that letter; but instead of the pen (which Nan had taken with her), he was dipping the kitten's tail into the wide mouth of the inkstand, and with it making railroads and islands, wherever a white spot was left. But for the fact that Aunt Reed's knife struck against a pin, when she cut the cake an hour later, that supper might have proved a fatal one.

O, the almost hourly pranks which crowded that ever-to-be-remembered week! the frights poor nervous Aunt Reed had, the daily terror of Joss and the chickens, and the one unbroken frolic of the girls! All the work of one coquettish, sensitive, intelligent monkey. Regularly at sundown, he went to sleep atop of the bookcase, his first place of refuge; but one midnight, the piano having been left open, he took a rapid promenade up and down the key-board, running the scales after such a brisk and vigorous fashion that all the household were aroused and astir. On another occasion, he whitewashed Elsie's black crape Sunday bonnet, which she had worn unaltered for five years. Then, perching it high up in a plum-tree to dry, he hid himself in the bandbox, where he was caught napping, and soundly spanked.

But on the eighth day after his arrival, Uncle Reed came home from the mill at an unusual hour, accompanied by a pleasant-looking, well-dressed young Frenchman.

"Where is Nimrod?" he asked his wife.

"Up in the girls' room. They are making him a Zouave uniform."

He came down quietly on Nan's shoulder, but no sooner did his glance fall upon the stranger, than, springing on his breast, he gave vent to the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. Tears (or something like them) ran over his wrinkled cheeks, until, overcome by his emotion, he cuddled in the stranger's arms and panted like one exhausted.

There was no mistaking the owner of his heart. The mystery was soon explained. Monsieur Estephe was an acrobat, attached to Blank & Co.'s circus and menagerie. Nimrod was one of the performing monkeys, brought with him from France. On the voyage, he was named after "the mighty hunter" by a sailor friend, on account of his skill in ridding the vessel of roaches. Three weeks previous, while the company were travelling, there was a railroad collision; some of the menagerie wagons were broken, and numbers of the valuable animals escaped, Nimrod among them.

"He has shared my fortune for years. I have sought him far and wide, and now, dear young ladies, thank you, *thank you* with all my whole heart," said the impressed and impressive "circus man."

There was a dearth felt at the Pinery for many days after, Nan declaring with the most sincere lips, —

"I did sympathize with the man when I heard his story, but then, the monkey, and *such* a monkey! He is worth so much more than *such* a man."

Nellie Eyster.

CONFIDENT CHARLIE.

A TALK ABOUT THE AURORA.

"O FATHER, do come out and tell us what this is!" exclaimed Lizzie, bursting into the parlor in hat and shawl, one chilly evening in October, as Mr. Leslie sat quietly reading his newspaper.

"Yes, father! do come, quick! I never saw anything like it!" joined in Ada, the older of the two daughters, who was standing on the porch.

The father dropped his paper, and, seizing hat and overcoat, rushed into the garden. Here he found Charley gazing upward with a wondering expression, but trying to look collected and very wise. The three young people had been taking an evening stroll together, which had been prolonged till after nightfall, when their attention had been attracted by some unusual appearances in the sky. As Mr. Leslie stepped out of the house, he first caught a glimpse of the northern horizon, from which were flashing upwards long shimmering shafts of white and ruddy and greenish light.

"Look up, father! Look overhead!" shouted all three children in concert. On looking as directed, a brilliant spectacle indeed met his view. The whole heavens were spanned by a broad arch of white light, towards and beyond which were shooting long lances of colored flame from the north.

"Did you ever see anything so strange?" anxiously inquired Ada.

"Yes, something similar on one occasion; only then the arch was crimson instead of white," was the reply.

"Is it going to hurt us?" tremblingly inquired little Willie, a timid seven-year-old, who by this time had joined the party.

"No, no, my child; there is nothing to be afraid of. It is only something grand and beautiful to look at."

"But what is it made of? Does anybody know?" asked Charley, who was fond of exhibiting his superior knowledge to his sisters, but now found himself beyond his depth.

"Nothing very substantial, as you will see by that tremulous wavy motion in some parts of it," replied his father. "And, besides, you can see the stars through it in several places. But it is now beginning to break up and fade away. Let us go into the house, and I will tell you some curious things about it."

As they were entering the house, Willie's eyes were attracted by an increasing ruddy glow in the northeast, looking much like a large fire just over the hills, and he exclaimed, "O dear! Is the world going to be burned up, papa?"

"Not this cold night, I think, my boy," was the answer.

Next morning the papers stated that fire alarms occurred in several places, caused by an uncommonly brilliant display of the northern lights.

When all were seated in the parlor, Mr. Leslie proceeded: —

"I don't wonder, children, that you have been a little startled at what you have seen to-night. Such phenomena are not very common, and many

people have gone through their whole lives without ever seeing an aurora so remarkable."

"What is a *phenomena*, father?" interrupted Lizzie.

"Anything strange or curious in nature may be called *a phenomenon*. This is a Greek word, and means merely *an appearance*. *Phenomena* is the plural of it, meaning *appearances*.

"I was going to say, it is thought these brilliant displays of aurora borealis are becoming more frequent than in ancient times, at least, in this part of the world; though somebody says they occur less often in Eastern Asia than they formerly did."

"What kind of a *roarer* did you call it?" again broke in Lizzie, with a puzzled look. "I did n't hear any roaring sound, did you, Charley?"

Charley answered with a roar of laughter, in which his father could scarcely help joining.

"Not *roarer*, my dear, but *aurora borealis*. These are two Latin words commonly applied to the northern lights, and their precise meaning is *daybreak of the north*. Similar lights appear around the earth's southern pole, which are called *aurora australis*, or *daybreak of the south*. But your question reminds me that, especially in the far North, where these phenomena are more frequent and brilliant than with us, they are said to be accompanied sometimes by 'rumbling, hissing, murmuring, and crackling sounds,' which render them very awe-inspiring to the simple inhabitants. Even Pliny, the great Roman historian, who lived about the time of Christ, speaks of such sounds being emitted by the aurora. And the ancient Greeks and Romans imagined that at times they heard in it the noise of trumpets and of the clash of arms, and they thought these strange sights and sounds portended great events at hand, as wars, battles, triumphs, or overthrows."

"But is it common, away up north, for arches to be formed overhead, such as we have seen to-night?" asked Ada.

"In the arctic regions it is quite common for a brilliant arch to appear, and sometimes two, like a double rainbow, spanning the whole northern sky, and perhaps completely surrounding that part of the globe, like a halo around the head of a saint. From this arch, or from the centre of the circle of which it forms a part, shoot upwards myriads of streamers of various colors, constantly moving and changing with great velocity. The people of Northern Europe have sometimes fancied that this radiant arch formed a bridge from heaven to earth, and that the moving figures upon it were the shadowy forms of deceased warriors, descending in battle-array, with glittering spears and shining armor, to take part in the conflicts of men.

"When I was a boy of ten or twelve years, living in an interior town of New England, an aurora occurred which occasioned great alarm and foreboding among the rustic people. There was no shining arch, like that seen to-night, but the flashing streamers of white, red, and green were very vivid in the northern sky; and people declared that they saw the marching of armies, the waving of banners, and the horrors of a bloody battle-field pictured in the air. I can never forget the terror I felt while hearing the

The Aurora in the Arctic Regions.

older people talk over the dreadful sight. That it portended war and bloodshed there seemed no sort of doubt. But no such calamity came; at least, not till many years afterward."

"Would n't it be grand, though, to stand off somewhere — say, on the moon — and see the earth with her crown of glory on! She must look gay in such a head-gear!" suggested Charley.

"No doubt," said his father. "I once knew a man who took great interest in these phenomena, and studied them much, who held that as the earth grows older and riper, or more refined and perfected in her forces and materials, — we might say, more saintly, perhaps, — these displays will become still more frequent and brilliant, until, at length there will be about the north pole a permanent and resplendent crown, a perpetual source of light, beauty, and joy to the people of the northern hemisphere.

"As to the real cause of the aurora, though many conjectures have been made by scientific and unscientific men, no one can be said as yet to have fully explained it. Yet it is safe to say that some recent discoveries have thrown some light on the subject. It has long been suspected that that mysterious thing or force called *electricity* has had some part in producing these lights, but in just what way it was not easy to tell. A few years since, however, a chemist discovered that discharges of electricity through rarefied air (that is, through a glass tube from which most of the air had been pumped out, and the ends sealed tight) caused flashes of light closely resembling the aurora; and, further, that if gases or vapors of cer-

tain metals, as iron, silver, etc., were mixed with the thin air in the tube, then precisely such colors were seen as those in the aurora. Now, it is certain that the air high up from the earth must be very thin; and if there are gases of metals mixed with it, as is very probable, then electric currents passing through those high regions would show just such colored shafts as you have seen to-night, though when passing through the denser air near the earth no such colors are seen."

"Did you say gases or vapors of metals, father?" asked Lizzie. "You don't mean that such solid things as iron and silver can be made into vapor or gas, do you?"

"Certainly; there is nothing known so solid that it cannot be changed into gas by intense heat. Even the hardest steel disappears in thin air when subjected to a powerful electric current."

"If anybody else had said that, I should have thought it was 'all gas'," interposed Charley. "But I should like to know where all this electricity comes from, and what it is, to be cutting up such shines around us."

"These questions are much easier asked than answered," was the reply. "But some things have been lately observed which may lead us to the *source* of these electrical discharges, if not to a knowledge of the nature of electricity itself. You have all seen a magnetic needle, have you not?"

"Is n't that what they call the pointer in a ship's compass?" asked Charley. "I saw one on board the steamer when I went to New York. They said every ship had one, and that they steered by it in foggy weather. It always pointed to the north, or near it; but I could n't understand what made it do so."

"Why, how can they steer a ship with a needle?" earnestly inquired Lizzie. "I thought needles were to sew and knit with."

Charley had another laugh at his sister's expense, but Mr. Leslie went on: —

"Magnetic needles are not made like sewing or knitting needles, though either of these may be made magnetic by passing a magnet over it, or by letting electricity play around it. When a needle or any piece of steel or iron is magnetic it will attract to it other steel or iron. Here is my pocket-knife, the blade of which has been magnetized by rubbing it with a magnet. If one of you will hand me a small needle, you shall see what it will do."

Ada passed her father a cambric needle from her work-cushion. Laying it on the table, he presented near it the point of his knife-blade, when the needle seemed to leap up to the blade, and to cling to it strongly.

"Why!" said Willie, with surprise, "it hugs the knife as if it *loved* it!"

"Yes, it acts very much as you do when you love mamma. Now if you hang up by the middle a needle or bar of steel which has been magnetized, as it is termed, one end of it always turns towards the north, and the other of course towards the south. Should you change the ends, they will change back as soon as they are free. A ship's compass is one of these magnetic needles suspended in a round box, with the points of the compass and degrees of a circle marked around the rim. By the constant pointing of

this silent finger, the sailor, wherever he may be, in the darkest night or the thickest fog, is told which way is north, and consequently which is south, east, or west.

"Now, it has been found that whenever an aurora takes place, whether visible or invisible to us, — for these electrical discharges sometimes occur in the daytime, when their effects cannot be seen, — magnetic needles everywhere become curiously agitated. They will sway to and fro, often over several degrees in a few seconds; and, what is still more remarkable, the movements of these needles keep time with the waving of the streamers in the sky! This shows plainly that both movements are caused by the same force.

"But this is not all. Telegraph operators have noticed that every aurora is accompanied by a disturbance in the currents of the telegraph wires. They call these disturbances 'magnetic storms.' The atmosphere becomes so full of electricity, — or electro-magnetism, as they call that peculiar kind of electricity used in telegraphing, — that frequently the wires can be worked to send messages without a battery; but sometimes the disturbance is so great that no messages can be sent for a time, and operators have received violent shocks if they touched the machinery. The disturbance in the telegraph wires, however, begins some time before the aurora is seen, so that the operators always know in advance that a display is coming. And these magnetic storms are often followed within a few hours by storms of wind and rain. All this seems to show that auroras are produced by immense discharges of electricity, apparently taking place somewhere in the vicinity of the north pole.

"But a still further discovery, recently made, is perhaps most surprising of all. Astronomers have found that these phenomena occur at the same time with great disturbances on the surface of the sun; while the spectroscope shows that the light of the aurora is not the same in kind as that which comes from the body of the sun, but is like that which is seen in the tails of comets, and in the *corona* or crown of the sun, — a luminous appearance seen during eclipses, extending from one to two millions of miles in every direction around that great body.

"From all this it seems that the sun, which is more than a million times as large as our earth, is the great battery from which spring the forces that cause these strange sights and agitations on our little planet. But we can as yet form little idea of what is going on in that immense orb to produce such effects." *

"But after all, father, you have n't told us what this electricity *is* that plays such curious freaks. That 's what I want to know," persisted Charley.

"That question puzzles many older heads than yours. Scientific men who have long been studying this mysterious something are not yet agreed whether it is a *fluid*, or *two* distinct fluids, or simply a *mode of motion* in ordinary matter, or a mere *force*. But they have learned many interesting things about the ways in which it acts, and how it may be made very useful

* A most excellent work on this subject, and one which cannot be too strongly recommended to our readers, is Guillemin's "The Sun," published in Scribner & Co.'s admirable Library of Wonders.

to us, which I shall be glad to tell you some time. We have talked long enough for one evening; yet I must remind you what reason you have to be thankful that you are not left to be tortured with superstitious terrors in view of these grand phenomena of nature. And I trust you are beginning to realize, what many never seem to learn, that you live in A WORLD OF WONDER AND OF BEAUTY, which will become only more wonderful and beautiful to you the more you know of it."

N. A. Eliot.

GREEN SALT.

YOU 've seen it, though perhaps you don't think you have, set in gold and used for a breastpin, or earrings, or for a gentleman's ring. Or, if not in that shape, I 'm sure you 've seen it on clocks, or columns in fine buildings.

Do you think those are funny places for salt? Well, they would be for any but this lovely green salt.

It is n't a plain dull green, but is made of all shades of the richest green, waving and zigzagged into each other, and it is commonly called *malachite.*

Now perhaps you remember to have seen it. But you don't see why I called it green salt.

It was simply because those gentlemen called chemists — who are wise as owls, you know, and know all about these things — tell us it is a salt. So it *is* a salt, and there 's nothing more to be said, excepting that it is n't a bit like our old friend who comes on to the table in the salt-cellars.

If you don't like that name, you may call it by its scientific, chemical, Sunday-go-to-meeting name, — carbonate of copper, — and see if you like that any better.

This beautiful stuff — whatever you may call it — was once a liquid, and it gradually grew hard by falling a drop at a time, and hardening in the air. That also is the reason why the color is so different, in different parts.

Of course, being a blossom of the copper family, this pretty green salt is never found very far from copper mines, and is rare anywhere.

Beautiful as it is, and much desired for ornamental uses, it is a very difficult substance to manage. It can't be melted and run into shape, like its copper relatives; nor can it be chiselled and hammered into shape like stone. It has a troublesome fashion of crumbling to pieces in the air, and a bad habit of breaking very easily.

But it was so pretty it could n't be allowed to crumble its life away in cabinets; and so, after many experiments, and many "try, try again's," that your school-books tell about, those patient fellows, the Russians, found out how to manage it.

It is used in very thin slices, or veneer, as it is called, never more than a quarter of an inch thick, and generally much thinner.

To get it into these slices requires a fine circular saw, and plenty of fine sand and water, all the time running over it. And then they are not nice square slices, like a slice of a marble slab, cut off in the same way. By no means! they are of all shapes and sizes, and there 's plenty of exercise for patience after they are sliced.

In the first place, the edges of every piece must be ground off, so they can be fitted to each other. Then the beautiful green waves and circles must be made to match, so that it will seem to be one piece.

To make a clock, for instance, the frame is first made of plain copper or iron, and then carefully covered, bit by bit, with these odd pieces of malachite. Every piece is fitted and cemented on, till the whole is covered.

If there are any cracks, and there generally are plenty of them, they are filled up with plaster made partly of powdered malachite, and then the whole surface is polished.

The first malachite was used in Russia, and the Russians have learned better how to use it than any one else. In some of their fine churches they have exquisite fluted columns, covered with it; and they work it into tables, chairs, vases, clocks, and many other things.

I have even heard of wonderful ornamental doors entirely covered by it.

Olive Thorne.

LITTLE OLD LADY.

LITTLE old lady is daintily neat, —
A pocket edition of woman, complete.
There, by the side of her mother she goes,
Bright as a daisy, and prim as a rose.
How she will talk of the girls nowadays,
How she regrets all their frivolous ways!
This is the reason, as I have heard said,
Those little shoulders have got the wrong head.

Little old lady, in dress, is quite plain,
Ribbons and feathers she treats with disdain.
Why, you would think, by her manners beguiled,
That she was the mother, her mother the child.
Such an old look in her sunshiny eyes!
Quaint are her questions, and odd her replies.
Now, if at eight she 's as old as you see,
When she is eighteen how old will she be?

George Cooper.

MY EXPERIENCE AT THE MER DE GLACE.

THE little town of Chamonix was just beginning to awake, and the poor wood-carver across the street was opening his shutters, and arranging his wares in the most favorable light, when a little cavalcade left the Hôtel du Cygne and started off for the Mer de Glace. I had the honor to head the procession on a great awkward mule, led by a superannuated old Swiss guide. My uncle, also on a mule, and the judge on a white horse (rather a novelty for those parts), made up the party. How I longed to whip up my beast and have a good gallop through the narrow stony streets! But a mule is a mule, and that 's equal to saying that I was forced to submit to a snail's pace.

"Well, we crossed a queer place, half sandy and half icy, the remains of an avalanche which had fallen, doing considerable damage some time before, and then began to ascend, up, up, up, in and out, in and out, (it was very "zigzaggy,") until we could look 'way, 'way down upon Chamonix now gleaming brightly like a toy-village in the sun.

Above and below us immense pines reared their cone-crowned heads. Here a mountain stream rushed across our path, hastening to swell the river below. There a deep "crevasse," filled with the *débris* of trees and stones and earth, told us that some time not long since, a terrible avalanche had swept ruin and desolation upon the peaceful peasants of the valley. Here we pass so near a glacier that we can look down into its blue depths. Ah! How it makes one shudder to be so high! There up above us tower the *grands mulets*, like body-guards to the grand Mont Blanc. Over across the valley is La Flégère.

"Mais prenez garde! voici de la neige!" Sure enough, there lay a great patch of snow at our feet, and, near by on a rock, a little bunch of blue violets mocked this vestige of old winter. Just think, violets and snow side by side, and in June!

All this I noticed and much more while going up, and it was well I did, for after seeing the Mer de Glace, what with the long tramps and mule-rides of the preceding days, the fever and ague came upon me in all its violence, and quite spoiled my pleasure for the rest of the day.

But then, one must make the best of inconveniences; and now it is quite ludicrous to look back upon the little, bare, prison-like room where I slept, smothered in feathers, — boots, gloves, and all on (persons who have been visited likewise will understand), — and the funny, bustling little hostess, and the host with his blue trousers and red vest and redder nose and all, chattering away at the top of their voices, and I the only interpreter!

From the little inn at the top of the Montanvert to the shore of the glacier it is a good walk. Of course, to my great regret, I was unable to go. My uncle and the

judge started off with Guichard, the guide, and left me with the "chills" running through and through me, and my head throbbing with pain, to try and sleep, which I finally succeeded in doing.

After a troubled sleep, mingled with dreams of avalanches and prisons and *mers de glace*, I woke and heard talking in the *salle-à-manger*. All that was said could be distinctly heard, there only being a slight partition between the rooms. It proved to be my uncle and the judge considering whether to wake me or not, for they had returned and were evidently hungry. "No, they would n't wake the poor little thing, that would be too bad." But then, they must have something to eat, and how to ask for it was the trouble.

"We can get along with bread and cheese and wine," said my uncle, calmly.

"Yes, but what shall we say?" The judge was getting excited.

"Why, say, cheese, or cheeso, or keeso, or some other outlandish word. If you say it loud the old fellow ought to understand."

"But why in the world can't they talk like Christians?"

"There! that 's it," said the judge, rejoiced, "you 've hit it! It 's *kasie;* I 've heard my wife say it."

So they went after the red-nosed host and cried, *Kasie!* with all their might; but the poor man of course looked stupid, and must have thought they were mad. *Kasie!* they shouted again and made signs of eating and drinking, I suppose, but without the desired effect. All this while I was forgetting my headache and laughing at their dilemma, with a little self-conceit too, I must confess. But I was dreadfully selfish and resolved to let them fight it out. Meantime mine host summoned madame (the men always do fall back on the women), but in this instance even madame could n't settle the matter.

"Les messieurs sont fous!" Fortunately they could n't understand. "Mais à quoi servir les messieurs?"

"O, I know," and the judge clapped his fist on the table, "it 's *frummidge!*" (*fromage*). "I saw it in the conversations; the other 's German. *Frummidge*, madame, *frummidge!*" I could n't stand it any longer (perhaps I felt myself the need of food); I jumped off the bed, opened the door, gave the necessary orders, and, in a short time, we were all three enjoying our lunch, — that is, two were, and I was pretending. "We 're so glad you woke up," said they, "for the heathen would n't give us a thing to eat." I was naughty, however, and did n't confess that I 'd been listening to it all.

The ride home was utterly indescribable. Imagine a miserable being wrapped up in winter cloaks and uncles' overcoats, a woollen scarf tied around the head and neck, tossed and jolted down a steep mountain-path, all this with a raging headache, the rain pouring in interrupted, April-like showers, and two men asking how you feel now, and now, — and you have a picture of poor, wretched me.

They were kind though, and old Guichard was kind; though he was so provoking as not to understand when I asked him to pick me up some of "those brown things" which fell from the trees. My fever had set me all adrift, and I could n't even recollect the French for cones.

With coaxing and pulling and tugging, however, at my obstinate mule (who was n't at all considerate), old Guichard finally brought us down in safety, and I was only too happy to alight, feverish, cross, and homesick as I was.

I really think that the purgatory of that ride amply punished me for my little bit of wickedness at the Mer de Glace.

Irene.

MAPLE LEAVES.

When the grass is growing green,
And the ranging geese are seen
Flying forth
To their place of congregation in the rivers of the North,
Then within its heart of wood
Stirs and leaps the maple's blood,
Ever joyously ascending till the leaves begin to bud.
Over all the verdant meadows newly risen flowers are seen
In the bright unshadowed season when the maple leaves are green.

Like a dream the moments fly;
Now autumnal days are nigh;
All the summer's bloom is lost, and the fingers of the frost
Leave the maple leaves all radiant with a sanguinary dye.
All its lowly comrades scorning,
Careless of the season's warning,
Proudly towers the tinted maple, as it sought to reach the sky;
In its ire
Lifting higher;
From the withered earth arising like a pyramid of fire.
Now the maple leaves are dazzling in the clear September day,
While the splendor of their color hides the tokens of decay.

Still the cold is waxing stronger,
Days are shorter, nights are longer,
While the nipping breezes chill what the frost has failed to kill,
And the voices of the summer sound no more on plain or hill.
Now the maple leaves decayed
Fall and fade,
And the parent tree dismayed
Writhes and tosses, while the whirlwind, from its icy cave set free,
Shouts around the naked branches in demoniac jubilee.

Henry De Wolfe, Jr.

HOW HANS KILLED THE GRIZZLY.

Hans had been riding over and over the range all day, in search of strayed sheep. It was after sundown when he got them all together, and he was several miles from home. Driving the sheep into a small open place, where the brush formed a natural corral, he made preparations to camp. Picketing his horse where there was plenty of wild oats, he built a fire and cooked a rabbit. Having satisfied his hunger, he piled some large logs on the fire, and, spreading out his blankets on the ground, lay down and was soon lost in dreamland.

In the night he was awakened by a low growl from Shep and a crackling in the chaparral. Too tired and sleepy to rouse up, wondering for a moment whether it was his sheep or a wild animal making the disturbance, he again sank into a deep sleep. In the morning he saw, within a few yards of him, the remains of two sheep

which had been killed during the night. Around them were the tracks of a "grizzly." A small band of sheep had made their escape from the corral, and two of them had fallen a prey to Sir Bruin.

Taking out a bottle of strychnine, which he carried for occasions such as this, Hans seasoned the meat well with it, for the grizzly on his return; then drove the remainder of the flock home. For two days afterwards it rained, and the trail was so steep and slippery that it was almost impassable; but the third day dawned bright and clear. As grizzlies usually come a second time for their meat, and as we knew how Hans had prepared for this one, we felt sure he was dead, and were all eager to go over to see him. The sight of the head and skin would not be at all satisfactory; we wanted to look at him just as he was. So early the next morning, before the sun peeped over the mountains, the horses were brought to the door, "all saddled and bridled."

Mounting our frisky little ponies, we rode away, singing and laughing. Nita, my Spanish pony, bounded along, tossing her mane and arching her pretty, glossy black neck.

The trail led up mountains and across little flats or benches. At last we began descending and had to dismount. The trail was on the north side of the mountain, and the sun had not dried it off. In some places it was so steep that Nita had to put her feet together and slide down; while I had to hold on to the bushes, and plant my feet in the tracks. Think of going a mile in that way, down and down, slipping and sliding!

After going through the brush a short distance, we came out on a broad flat; it seemed as if we had got into a large, beautiful garden. Manzanita bushes were there with their dark green leaves, red polished bark, and clusters of pinkish-white flowers; golden buttercups nodded to each passing breeze, and bunches of portulacas blushed crimson from out their soft green leaves. "Bloody warriors" peered at us from behind great moss-covered rocks, and the birds filled the air with their warblings.

Crossing this flat, we again came to the brush. After a short ride we reached an open place. Hans said it was here he left the poisoned meat. I was a little in advance of the party; suddenly Nita snorted and turned back. There, a short distance from us, near the brush, lay a dead grizzly. The rest of the party now came up and we all dismounted. Although the bear was evidently dead, I approached him very cautiously. He was an enormous creature; he could not have weighed less than eight hundred pounds. His fore legs were much shorter than the hind ones, and his claws were long and sharp. I saw his tracks where the ground was soft; they looked very much like those of an Indian's bare foot, only much broader. His teeth were frightful, and more than once I looked behind me, half expecting to see his mate coming out of the brush ready to carry me off. The fat on the grizzly's back was four inches thick, and when tried out we had four gallons of oil.

While Hans was skinning the bear, a party of Indians came up, and what is most unusual for them, expressed their wonder at the size of the animal in loud tones and broken English. They wanted to know if we were going to eat it. They then wished to know if they could have it. On being told it had eaten poisoned meat and would kill them if they ate it, one took out his knife and, cutting off a slice of the meat, threw it to his dog. After watching him a short time, he said, "No kill um dog, no kill um Injun." We left them helping themselves.

The grizzly's head, skin, and claws filled one large gunny-bag, and the fat filled another. The day was warm, and we might have been tracked all the way home

by the grease which melted and dripped out of the sack. Jennie, the pack-horse, shone from head to tail.

It was almost sundown when we reached the foot of the great mountain. We were all tired, and the sight of the mountain, steep and muddy, was most discouraging. It would have been hard enough to ride up, but, what was worse, we had to walk. The trail was fit only for deer and other animals, and to go up on horseback was out of the question, for it would have been impossible for any one to keep his seat, and if one got to rolling off, there was no telling where he would stop.

We put the bridles over the horns of the saddles, and started the horses on in front of us. We then wearily began ascending the mountain. We were getting along slowly, when some one proposed taking hold of the horses' tails. As we were all too tired to make any objections, the proposition was carried out. The horses took it good-naturedly, and all we had to do was to hold on and keep our feet from tripping against the many roots and stumps where the brush had been cut out. The horses went by the jerk, taking a few quick steps and then stopping to rest, panting and snorting the while. After going through these manœuvres times too numerous to mention, we reached the top of the mountain just as the sun was sinking down behind the hills; and just as the moon arose over the top of an old pine-tree we rode up to the door. Thus ended one very pleasant day.

Nettie A. F.

Knoxville, Cal.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

One fine summer morning we left our hotel in Cork, to make a little excursion to Blarney Castle, four miles distant. Concluding that it would be fine to see the country, we chartered a "jaunting car," which, by the by, well deserved its name, and on that occasion did its duty remarkably well, landing us at Blarney Castle in a wofully unsettled state. The old noble aspect of the fortress is gone, and but little of it yet remains standing, save an old, square tower, the top of which is surmounted by a parapet reaching to a man's waist.

On the summit of this tower, our guide assured us (on receiving a sixpence), was the celebrated "Blarney stone," which tradition says confers on him who kisses it wonderful powers of speech, or, in the native tongue, "Blarney." None of our party essayed the climbing of the tower except myself and another young Yankee, who agreed with Daniel Webster and your humble subscriber that there was "room higher up"; and so indeed there was. After quite a weary climb we reached the summit, kissed the stone, and then irreverently seated ourselves upon it. The view from the tower is very fine, looking down as it does from its rocky foundation upon a beautiful valley far below. It stands high on a limestone cliff rising from the deep vale, and is situated in a very commanding position.

After admiring the fine prospect awhile we began our descent; on arriving at the bottom, what was our surprise and indignation to be told by the guide that what we had kissed was not the *real* "Blarney stone," but that that lay four feet below the outside parapet of the tower, and could only be reached by being suspended by the heels from the summit. This kind office he politely offered to perform for us at the moderate rate of "a guinea per head," but we as politely declined, execrating him for an Irish humbug. We arrived at Cork late that afternoon, having immensely enjoyed our excursion, including the cheat, and the "Blarney."

Mark S. Hubbell, age 15.

Montrose, N. J.

METAGRAM. — No. 169.

First I am a kind of fuel.
Change my head, I am orderly.
Change again, I am a resting-place.
Change again, I am an act.
Change again, I am an article of food.

"Percy Vere."

WORD SQUARE. — No. 170.

A mineral.
Something boys like.
Poems.
A cozy residence.

"Two Whites."

HIDDEN ISLANDS. — No. 171.

1. Hay-time is fast approaching.
2. He must be in port, or I consider the bargain dropped.
3. Will Agnew found Landlord Davis at home.
4. In December mud and snow abound.
5. I can realize a land of wonders.
6. Chauncey longed to go.
7. He was borne on a stretcher.

G. W. L.

ENIGMA. — No. 172.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 12, 18, is a city.
My 10, 6, 22, a measure.
My 7, 19, 7, a valuable feature.
My 9, 8, an unpleasant person.
My 5, 13, 2, 17, an Irish term for my 15, 23, 11.
My 14, 3, a city.
My 21, 8, a girl's name.
My 4, 20, an exclamation of surprise.
My 16, 2, 13, 5, 17, a department of literature.
My *whole* is a proverb specially applicable to Enigmas.

Gummidge.

METAGRAM. — No. 173.

First, I am something to read.
Change my head, and I am a cosey place.
Change that again, and I am something that lovers exchange.
Change that again, and I am a bird.
Change that again, and I am an important personage in the household.

Mary B. Beale.

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 174.

E. Z. E. Nuff.

No. 175.

E. Z. E. Nuff.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.

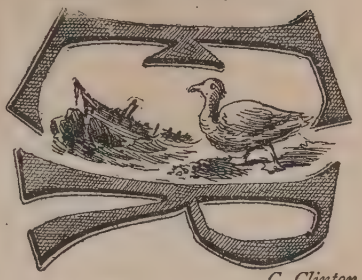
No. 176.

The work of a "man of letters."

Willie D. Jacobus.

No. 177.

A straight puzzle. Why?



C. Clinton.

No. 178.

DISTRESS.

"Jay Bee Aye."

ENIGMAS. — No. 179.

I found that I became my first
Because I lived in it reversed.

Jack Straw.

No. 180.

I am composed of 7 letters.
My *first* is in ruin, but not in spoil.
My *second* 's in bake, but not in boil.
My *third* is in spit, but not in broil.
My *fourth* is in hunter, but not in foe.
My *fifth* is in rake, but not in hoe.
My *sixth* is in deer, and also in doe.
My *seventh* is in lance, but not in dart.
My *whole* was a well-known master of art.

Ella Hinman, age 12.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

No. 181.

1. Hard Working Brethren.
2. Marvellous Light.
3. Her Books Sell.
4. Comic Delineator.
5. Woodland Warbler.
6. Unusually Successful General.
7. Great For Talk.
8. Always Loyal.
9. Terrible Complainer.
10. Mighty Artist.
11. War's Triumphant Soldier.
12. Wonderful Historic Perseverance.
13. Widely Honored Statesman.
14. Our Worthy Humorist.
15. Oliver's Youthful Friend.

METAGRAM. — No. 182.

Behead a country of Asia, and leave a country in Asia. *Geologist.*

ANSWERS.

147. Pans, naps, span, snap.

148. 1. Tomato. 2. Potato. 3. Onion. 4. Pea. 5. Bean.

149. 1. Coral, Cora. 2. Warp, war. 3. Carl, car.

150. Pate, mate, date, hate, Kate, gate.

151.
T E S T
E T T A
S T I R
T A R T

152. Constantinople.

153. "What 's the worth of anything
But so much money as 't will bring?"
(W hats) (thew) (earth) (o f)(an y)(th in g) (butt) (so much) (money) (as 't) (will) (bring).

154. "Great Expectations," (Great X *specked*, a tie *on* S) by Dickens.

155. "The Newcomes," by Thackeray.

156. "Foul Play," by Charles Reade.

157. E, ear, east.

158. Sofa.

159.
N A I L
A N N A
I N N S
L A S H

160. Gilmore.

161. Horace Greeley.

162.
I O N I A
O P E N S
N E E D S
I N D I A
A S S A Y

163. 1. Flute, lute. 2. Glass, lass, ass. 3. Scowl, cowl, owl; scow, cow.

164. "The girl I left behind me."

165. Erie.

166. Tag.

167. 1. Diamond. 2. Amethyst. 3. Ruby. 4. Onyx. 5. Topaz.

168. Matrimony.

NEXT YEAR.

THE number for January, 1873, begins the NINTH VOLUME of "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

The magazine is now older in years than its youngest readers, while — as we are gratified to learn from numberless sources — its oldest readers have not outgrown it. "I am now *twenty-seven*" writes an original subscriber, "but I am not yet *aged* enough to do without you, and I trust I never shall be." "Although we commenced taking 'Our Young Folks' as a juvenile," writes another, "we now keep on taking it as a family magazine, and we older ones are quite as eager to see its dear, familiar face each month, as any of the younger children can be." "Last year," writes a youth of twenty, "I thought I was getting too old to take 'Our Young Folks' any longer, so I subscribed for —— and —— instead; but I have come back to it again this year, and I still find in it more really entertaining and instructive articles *for me*, than in both the other periodicals."

These extracts, taken at random from among hundreds of similar expressions of good-will by readers both old and young, are quoted here, not in any spirit of vain-glory, but as showing that the plan on which this magazine is conducted has proved a permanent success. Although specially adapted, by the style and subjects of its articles, to interest youthful readers, our aim will still be to make it entertaining and instructive to all. Even in providing for the wants of the youngest, we shall endeavor to give what will at the same time amuse the more mature.

THE following may be named as some of the leading features of "Our Young Folks" for 1873: —

A new serial story, by the author of "Jack Hazard" and "A Chance for Himself," entitled

"DOING HIS BEST."

Although designed to be complete in itself, like each of its predecessors, this story will continue the narrative of Jack's fortunes, showing him at school (where he has some funny experiences), going into business for himself (before he is sixteen), and meeting with some curious adventures, in which Lion and others of our old friends have a share. It will begin in the January number, and be continued throughout the year.

This will be accompanied by one or two shorter serials, sketches of Travel, biographical tales, papers on the Photograph, the Telegraph, Astronomy, Electricity, etc., sketches of Natural History, and a great profusion of stories, poems, miscellaneous articles, and puzzles.

"Our Young Contributors," which has proved so popular and unique a feature of this magazine, will be continued.

All our favorite contributors will remain with us, and some new ones will be added to the list.

"Theodora," who, as "The Prairie Nymph," has achieved so wide a popularity among "Our Young Contributors," will be promoted to the body of the magazine. The first of her sketches as an "old contributor," entitled "The Little Sac's Revenge," will appear in our next number. One or two other "Young Contributors" will also be promoted during the year.

Picture Stories will continue to be a feature of the magazine; and "Our Letter Box" will be open to our many friends as heretofore.

TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS": —

A question of philosophy has been brought up, and we have agreed to leave the decision to you. The question is: whether there is any sound proceeding from a fallen object, if no one is within hearing distance? The theory has been advanced that all sound is not heard. Can there be any sound where there is no ear to hear it? The example has been given of a fallen stone; when persons are within hearing distance a sound is heard, but when no one is within hearing distance, is there any sound?

If any of our "Young Folks" can give us any ideas on the subject, we would be much obliged if you would permit them to do so in the "Letter Box."

Wishing for a speedy solution, we are

Yours truly,

IDA DAVIDSON, EDMUND DAVIDSON,
ESTELLE MORRIS, LOTTIE MORRIS,
CARRIE DAVIDSON, LULU ROMER.

We should like to answer your question by asking another. "What do you mean by the word 'sound'?" Your difficulty lies in a definition. If sound is, strictly speaking, "the sensation excited

in the organs of hearing by the vibrations of the air or other medium," then certainly there can be no sound where there is no ear to hear it. But taken in its larger sense, as certain vibrations of which the ear is designed to have cognizance, sound may be conceived to exist where there are no organs of hearing. This is the popular idea of sound, and it is in accordance with common sense. Light is also supposed to be produced by vibrations, though of another sort; but would you say that there can be no light where there is no eye to perceive it? — See articles on "Acoustics" in any Cyclopædia or Natural Philosophy.

WE are sure that not one of our great family of Young Folks can read the following remarkable letter without emotion, but that all will share our deep and earnest sympathy with the suffering, patient, cheerful writer. It has done us more good than many a sermon; may its beautiful lesson touch the hearts of all as it has touched ours!

MEADOWCROFT, September 23.

DEAR "YOUNG FOLKS, —

I would like to write to you once. I have taken you ever since you first came out, and have learned to love you dearly. I am lame and sick, and I shall never be well again. The other day I was reading the October number, and my little niece said, "Auntie, do you think you can be happy in heaven without the 'Young Folks'?"

I love dearly to read of children, as well as to watch them. I never was a real child. I am eighteen now, and since I was six years old I have never put my foot on the ground or been farther than the garden. I have many friends, old people and young people, middle-aged people and children, and everybody is very kind to me. I count all my books my friends too, and you are one of the dearest.

Dear "Young Folks," may your life be a long one! May you cheer other hearts as you have so often cheered mine! When I am gone, may you live on, helping the right, hating the wrong, teaching good wherever you go! I have read many books written for children by great and good men, by gentle, noble women, but I have read nothing that seems to me so well suited to the needs of children as your bright pages. I have suffered much in my lifetime, and have tried hard never to complain; often when I could do nothing but lie with my eyes closed to keep back the tears, I have wished your bright face came oftener to cheer me.

Good by, dear friend! I may not live to see you enter on a new year. I cannot live till the spring flowers come again, and read your welcome to them. God is going to take me home soon; I know it and feel it. He has called me, and I will go gladly to him, knowing that I there shall find no pain and no sorrow, though he has seen fit to give them to me here. May your life be long and prosperous!

Lovingly,

MARY ST. JOHNS.

Written for her by her niece.

Alice M. S. — By looking into Worcester's Dictionary you would have found *culvert* defined as "an arched passage or drain for water beneath a road, canal, or railway." The description, and accompanying illustration of Jack's escape from Sellick, should make the subject clear to an attentive reader.

Annabel V. D. — Scott was thirty-nine years old when he wrote "The Lady of the Lake." He produced "The Lord of the Isles" when he was forty-four. — Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney resides in Milton, Mass. — Bret Harte's full name is Francis Bret Harte.

H. L. H. — We do not remember the advertisement you ask about. — The address of the makers of the toy steamer "Nellie" has twice appeared in the "Letter Box," in answer to correspondents. Please hunt it up, and save us the trouble of giving it again.

Jenny Bouncer writes: "I want to tell you how very much I liked 'In the Old Time,' in the October number of 'Our Young Folks.' It is such a sweet picture! 'Our little Woman,' too, I like very much, — but so I do everything in your magazine.

"I am so glad every month when it comes. . . . . I don't believe the 'Young Folks' all know what a nice book the magazine makes bound. I am so proud of mine! Do J. R. O. & Co. bind them?

"Is 'Theodora' never to write any more? Perhaps she has no more adventures. I am sure those she has told about are enough for one girl, or would be anywhere but in Kansas.

"Love to all my Young Folks cousins."

You will see by our announcement elsewhere that "Theodora" is to appear as an *old* contributor (though still young in years) in our next number. — Yes, Jenny, J. R. O. & Co. do bind "Our Young Folks," and a very handsome volume the numbers for each year make.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL OUR READERS. — Now is the time to renew your subscriptions and to induce your friends to subscribe. Take this number of the magazine, show it to those who are unacquainted with it, tell them what you know of it, calling their attention to the publishers' prospectus, and see how easy it will be to send us half a dozen new names.

FITCHBURG, October 10, 1872.

DEAR EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," —

Will you be so kind as to explain through the columns of "The Letter Box," the meaning of the symbolical letters in the cross on the cover and title-page of Longfellow's "Divine Tragedy"? I have followed the advice of Mr. E. E. Hale, and confessed ignorance to those wiser than myself, without obtaining the desired information.

Yours sincerely,

I. A. HARRIS.

This beautiful cross,

in which the central X, itself a cross, is made to do service in the spelling of each of the four words composing the legend, and thus to bind them ingeniously together into one four-sided symbol, is used not only in "The Divine Tragedy," but appears on the covers of each of the three volumes of Mr. Longfellow's great poem of "Christus: A Mystery," — "The Divine Tragedy," "The Golden Legend," and "The New England Tragedies." The words are Latin, and their signification is as follows: LUX, THE LIGHT; DUX, THE LEADER, GUIDE, or HEAD; REX, THE KING; LEX, THE LAW, — all appropriate epithets applied to the character of Christ.

"*Naturalist*," who had a letter in our October "Letter Box," is informed that there is a letter waiting for him at this office.

"*Ruhtra*." — It is not *known*, but it is considered tolerably certain, that Sir Philip Francis wrote the "Junius Letters." — The authorship of "Consistency, thou art a jewel" is not known. — We should prefer original articles to translations, for "Our Young Contributors."

Our Young Contributors. Accepted articles: "*Musical Boxes*," by Redgauntlet; "*At the Fair*," by C. E. M.; "*Baby Waking Up*," by Daisy; "*Carl's Playthings*," by Alice C. Osborne; "*The Young Lexicographers*," by Bertie Clark; and "*Lighthouse Martha*," by Blanche Van Wagenen.

Again this month our *honorable mention* list contains some very creditable essays and poems; — "*A Long Tramp*," being a description of some boys' adventures at the White Mountains, by Excelsior; "*You and I*," a pretty little poem by Alice M. E.; "*A Day's Snipe-Shooting on Long Island*," by Wm. Roberts; "*Garrets*," by Constance Marvin; "*The Story of a Sunflower*," by H. E. B.; "*A Christmas Story*," in verse, by Mary E. Sinclair; "*The Three Maidens*," by Ella C. Hartley; "*Our Voyage*," by May; "*A Walk through the Thuringian Woods*," by Fanny M. Winsor; "*Morning*," by Alice L. Lothrop; "*Fairies and Fairy Stories*," by Edith Chesterfield; "*Accomplishments*," by Effie Vernon; "*Shakers*," by Maud Huntingdon; and "*My Life in Camp*," by Daisy, — as good as anything on our list, though rather long, and the writer neglects to state her age.

"*Our Lou*," by Ivie, age 12, is a pretty picture in verse, — but, dear Ivie, *down* and *long* cannot possibly pass for rhymes in "Our Young Folks."

SOME NEW BOOKS. — We hope all the readers of "Our Young Folks" are collecting libraries, and, as fast as circumstances permit, are securing the best new books suited to their age and tastes. The following books, lately published, are well worth their attention: —

"Marjorie's Quest," by Miss Jeanie T. Gould (James R. Osgood & Co.), is a very fresh and readable book for such older young folks as appreciate and enjoy Mrs. Whitney's and Miss Alcott's stories. It is not like these, but is for readers of about the same age, and has the elements of a large and healthy popularity.

"Roundabout Rambles," by Frank R. Stockton (Scribner, Armstrong, & Co.), is an illustrated library of wonders in one volume, crowded with a great variety of excellent pictures accompanied by descriptions or stories of nearly all marvellous things under, on, and above the earth.

"Daisy's Companions," "Deborah's Drawer," and "Doll World," by Mrs. Robert O'Reilly (Roberts Brothers), — a little box full of wholesome and finely entertaining stories for our younger readers, who will find these books good and pretty enough for a place of honor in their little libraries.

"Boarding-School Days," by Vieux Moustache (Hurd & Houghton), is a handsome book for older young folks, and so sensible and readable that young-hearted old folks will find it attractive. The adventures and experiences of school life are recounted with spirit, and a fine manly tone pervades the story and makes it doubly commendable.

"Little Folk Life," by Gail Hamilton (Harper & Brothers), — a series of stories of school life at Applethorpe, interesting in themselves and told with the vivacity and humor for which the author is famous. The book is intended for younger readers, but is too fresh not to attract the attention of parents as well.

"The Adventures of a Brownie," by Mrs. Mu-

lock-Craik (Harper & Brothers), — a sort of fairy story, of a Brownie who lived in a cellar, played harmless pranks, but took delight in helping children be good-natured and kind.

The second volume of Underwood's "Hand-Book of English Literature," comprising "American Authors," has just been issued by Messrs. Lee & Shepard. It contains selections from, and biographical and critical notices of, more than one hundred and fifty of the leading writers of this country, giving thus a more complete survey of the field of American Literature than can be found anywhere else within so small a compass. The first volume, devoted to "British Authors," has already been noticed in these columns and highly recommended.

"Lessons to Children about Themseves," by A. E. Newton, is an excellent little work, which, in the form of questions and answers admirably designed to teach children to think, gives an amount of useful information on the all-important subjects of the *human body*, *health*, and *life*, which one might look for in vain in many a larger treatise. The style is clear and simple, and the book is well illustrated. Sent by mail, prepaid, by the publishers, Newton & Co., 19 Brattle St., Boston, on receipt of the price (60 cents).

"A Chance for Himself" has just been issued, by J. R. Osgood & Co., in a handsome volume, with all the original illustrations, and a new frontispiece showing Jack with the basket of coin stumbling over the log upon the heads of the Huswick boys and their watermelons. This makes the second volume of the "Jack Hazard" series, of which "Doing his Best" is designed as the third. For sale by all booksellers; sent also by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the price ($1.50) by the publishers.

Home Amusements. — *Our* young folks have been greatly delighted by the receipt of a box closely packed with a large variety of games, puzzles, and home amusements for the winter evenings. They are mostly new, and highly entertaining as well as instructive. Among those best adapted to our readers, are the parlor games of *Carromette* and *Magic Hoops;* also the *Checkered Game of Life*, *Monarchs and Thrones*, *Nationalia*, *Authors*, *Characters from Dickens*, *Sequences*, *Japanese Backgammon*, etc. The *Model Ship* and the *Smashed-up Locomotive* are mechanical puzzles from which the names of the several parts of vessels and their rigging, also of locomotive engines, may be easily learned. The *Kindergarten Alphabet and Building Blocks* and *Weaving and Braiding* will interest the younger members of the family circle.

The publishers and manufacturers of these amusements are Milton, Bradley, & Co., of Springfield, Mass., who deserve the gratitude of old folks as well as young for their many ingenious contributions to the means of making home attractive and happy. Send them a stamp, and you will receive a complete catalogue of their manufactures and publications, with prices.

An old friend of "Our Young Folks" contributes to the Letter Box this capital Charade. Who can find the answer?

First.

First step in the ladder of scholarly knowledge,
First half of a title bestowed by a college, —
Well known in all lands, though in Greece it was nursed,
Though small, yet a leader far-famed, is my first.

Second.

Wilful, eager, restless, rude, —
Seldom fairly understood, —
Needing patience, having none,
Risking limb and life for fun.

Third.

Should you walk up Broadway
On the first day of May,
Or through Donnybrook during the Fair,
My third you will find,
Even should you be blind,
In perfect development there.

My Whole.

A penniless boy in an Orient land,
A magical treasure held fast in his hand,
Before which wild visions of beauty unrolled, —
Recall but his name, and my riddle is told.

Laura D. Nichols.

Jessie Elliman. — The lines

> "There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

occur in the second scene of the fifth act of Shakespeare's Hamlet.

In answer to *Alice C. Tuck's* question, "How to preserve leaves and ferns?" —

Carrie Johnson writes: "As soon as they are gathered lay them between wet paper, put them under a press or pile of books, and keep them there until the paper is dry; they retain their natural color and do not curl up."

C. A. Morse says: "A kind of varnish called 'megilp' rubbed over them, after they have been carefully pressed, will preserve them very well."

E. Grace Shreve says: "Press them with a warm iron under a newspaper, and then place them in a large book and put heavy articles on that until you wish to arrange them in vases.

Elsie Ventnor says: "Bleach them. They must be dried and pressed first, after which wash them carefully in 'Labarraqué's Solution' (a preparation made for the purpose, and that can be procured at any drugstore at fifty cents per pint). After this wash them several times in clear water, then dry them in a warm sun, or by the fire. They

can be put underneath a glass shade and kept for years in this way. — Another method is to arrange them as a bouquet, tacking them on a piece of pasteboard. The green of the ferns contrasting with the rich autumn tints gives a very pretty effect. The leaves look better when varnished. — Or you can fill a vase with sand, and arrange the ferns in it. They will look as if they were growing there and will do nicely to ornament a bracket or mantle. In all of these cases the ferns and leaves must be dried first."

C. A. M. is informed that his question regarding paper money has been answered in the "Letter Box."

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," —

I see you sometimes insert puzzles that are not original. I will send one which was cut from an old paper some time ago, and which I think (if you consider it worthy a place in your magazine) may interest some of the young people.

I do not know the answer, and have not met any one who could solve it.

A constant reader,

P. E. K.

"50 Pounds Reward. — The celebrated Anne Steward left in her will a bequest of 50 pounds sterling to whoever should solve this riddle. — We believe the reward has never been claimed.

"The noblest object in the world of art,
The brightest gem that Nature can impart,
The point essential in a lawyer's case,
A well-known signal in the time of peace,
The farmer's prompter when he drives the plough,
The soldier's duty, and the lover's vow,
The planet seen between the earth and sun,
The prize that merit never yet has won,
The miser's treasure, and the badge of Jews,
The wife's ambition, and the parson's dues.
Now, if your noble spirit can divine
A corresponding word for every line,
By the first letters quickly will be shown
An ancient city of no small renown."

NEW YORK, September 20, 1872.

EDITOR "OUR YOUNG FOLKS," —

Will you please answer me a few questions?

1. Which is farther east, United States or Brazil?

2. What is the origin and meaning of the phrases "suited to a T." and "O. K."?

3. Where is a good place in New York City to get your magazine bound?

4. What do you think of my handwriting?

JOHN B. POWERS.

1. For the answer of your first question we refer you to any common atlas.

2. "Suited to a T." means suited to the nicest point. The origin of the phrase was probably an emphatic repetition of the last letter of the word *suit*, — "It will suit to a *t*." "O. K." are the initial letters of the comically spelled words *oll korrect* (all correct); the meaning is obvious.

3. Take your magazines to be bound to the New York agents of this magazine, E. P. Dutton & Co., 713 Broadway.

4. We do not specially admire your handwriting.

THERE is ingenuity, if not much sense or poetry, in these rhymes, arranged in alphabetical order, by a well-known contributor: —

Bella declares that I 'm not able
To make a dozen rhymes to *Babel*.
So here I boldly cut my cable,
And voyage in quest of rhymes. To-day, Belle, —
If I may invent a little fable, —
The swallows flitting about the gable,
And robins building of sticks and hay, Belle,
And bluebird's beak and noisy jay-bill,
(I own, *that* rhyme is n't quite *O. K.*, Belle,)
And many more birds that I can't label,
For I 'm not wise like you and Mabel,
(Why *Mabel*, do you ask me? Nay, Belle,
Do not be too precise, I pray, Belle!)
All in their holiday array, Belle, —
Doves in purple, and crows in sable,
The little brown wren that haunts the stable,
And even the canary over the table, —
All joined, this meaning to convey, Belle,
That "where there 's a will, there is a way," Belle.
I willed to rhyme, and did it! Yea, Belle,
Here I am at *Z*, and cry, "*Huzzay, Belle!*"
"Execrable! abominable!
Worse and worse!" I hear you say, Belle.
Still, here are *two dozen* rhymes to *Babel!*

B. C. TRENCK, Jessie Elliman, Mrs. D. H. Clark, Lucy Lee Batchelder, Eleanor G. Whitney, "The Happy Four," and "Jot," send answers to all our last month's puzzles; Alice Eddy, T. G. S. W., Tony Bricktop, Minnie B. King, Alec Beasley, and the "Two Whites," answers to all but one; and Carolina, Belle Vannevor, and Mary and Matt, answers to all but two. Other early answers are received from Ruth Miles, F. Lewis, Mattie H. Munro, Allie Withington, Mary Giles, Arthur G. Hatch, "Percy Vere," Charlie L. Cook, Gracie Raymond, Harry Walsh, Carrie Johnson, Mary B. Beale, E. D. C., Helen F. Mackintosh, E. Grace Shreve, Addie E. Hahn, Johnnie Brooks, Agnes L. Bennett, and C. H. Green.

Rhymed versions of the Picture Story of "The Hornet's Nest," by Jenny Bouncer, C. Y. F., and Ella D. C.; prose versions, by Mary B. Beale and Paul E. Moore (age 7). — *Millie Savage* sends a list of 637 words made from "Manufactories," *E. Grace Shreve* a list of 918 words, Willie A. McClure, 700, Edward P. Metcalf, 801, Nellie E. Packard, 1,000, and Israel A. Kelsey, 1,304.